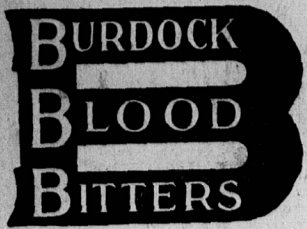


ELEVEN BOILS ON HER ARM AT ONE TIME

Mrs. S. Petib, Fisher Home, Alta. writes: "I was troubled with boils and had eleven of them on my arm at one time. "I tried all kinds of medicine, but got no relief. "I took two bottles of



BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS and have never been troubled since." B.B.B. banishes boils and all other blood disorders; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Infantile Paralysis

and the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions, especially as found in children. All appliances are made to meet the requirements of individual cases.

These appliances are fully protected by United States and Canadian patent laws. DR. KENNEDY, Osteopath Specialist, 145 Great George Street, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Office Phone 1048-L Residence 479

FARMERS

We are buying dressed pork daily paying highest market prices.

Swift Canadian Co. Ltd. 2-2-dt 24

FOR SALE

A choice farm consisting of 84 acres in high state of cultivation. Ideal potato farm, 1 mile from Carleton Sliding. Handy school, stores and churches. First class building.

STEWART MacMICKEN Carleton 2709-2-24-41

MEETING

A meeting of the Bunbury Black Fox Co. Ltd., will be held in the office of E. T. Higgs, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Tuesday, Feb. 28, at one o'clock p. m.

JAS. McCALLUM, Pres. J. WALTER JONES, Sec'y. 2-18-swa-31

FOR SALE

Farm at St. Catharines, 95 acres of land with good buildings in high state of cultivation. Well watered, 70 acres clear, balance covered with old growth Hard and Softwood. Handy school and Churches. This is choice land for potato growing and handy shipping within 2 chains of West River Bridge. Apply to

LAURENCE KICKHAM New Haven. 2418-2-sw-61.

TURNIPS WANTED

We wish to secure a few cars of sound table stock turnips.

Farmers who can load in car lots in "Bulk" please interview our P. E. I. representative, F. R. Newsom, Charlottetown, Phone 431.

NEWSOM & MacLEOD, Boston. 2691-2-23-61

EYES TESTED AND Glasses Fitted

Competent service with latest equipment. E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR OPTOMETRISTS. 142 Richmond St.

SMILES



"Sometimes a girl admits that she was crazy to become an actress."



THE DIRTY DIG

"Why is she angry with him?" "He's only a day laborer, you know and he gave her a dirty dig



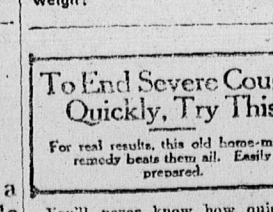
He: If I proposed, would you say yes? She: If you propose a dinner would.



ACCOUNTS FOR HIS SPEEL "The way of the transgressor is hard." "Probably that accounts for it speed he makes on it."

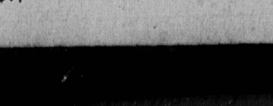


JUST CURIOS "My husband has just been made a floor walker." "Oh, indeed? That is a surprise. And how much does he weigh?"



To End Severe Cough Quickly, Try This For real results, this old home-made remedy beats all. Easily prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous home-made remedy. The immediate relief given is almost like magic. It is easily prepared, and there is nothing better for coughs. Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 10 ounces. Or you can use clarified honey, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it. You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and palatable guaracola, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O.

By E. Phillips Oppenheim (Copyright 1927 by E. Phillips Oppenheim)

(Continued.)

He stood for several moments apparently fighting a battle with himself. Then he caught her arm just as she had turned toward the door. The three rigidly had passed from his features, the flame from his eyes. He seemed suddenly older.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Brown," he said. "It has happened to me only once before in my life to be carried away like this. I offer you my humble apologies."

The new Miss Brown disappeared. She ceased to button her mackintosh and sank back into her chair a little helplessly. Her eyes were full of forgiveness. "I am so very sorry," she faltered. "Don't let us waste any more time. Let us think out just what may have happened."

He, too, sank into a chair. For a few moments he said nothing. He was like a man from whom the body had been expelled. He had that shattered look of impotence which is the most perfect negative expression of despair. Often afterward he remembered that in this crisis—and he had not yet through many days what they called the command of the situation—"You say that the chief commissioner and some one from the Home Office went to the bank?" she reflected. "The bank manager would not dare to refuse them what they asked, neither would he dare to attempt to deceive them. Therefore he handed over what he thought was the right packet. I suppose it couldn't have been changed on its way here?"

"The Chief Commissioner of Police brought it straight through to this room," he answered.

"Very well then," she went on. "we will rule that out of the question. This book—a bogus book—come from the bank, and the manager may have really believed—probably did—that this was the original one I left when he handed it over to the Chief Commissioner. There must be a clerk or some one there, though, in league with your enemies, who knows that there were two similar packets. Colonel Dessiter, when he told me about it, took the Chief Commissioner of Police and a representative of the Home Office to obtain the bogus one. Why shouldn't the real one still be there?"

Dessiter was beginning to think again. For once in his life he was worth their while to have planned all this," he reflected, "unless they had evolved some scheme for obtaining possession of the genuine one."

"It isn't a certainty that the scheme had succeeded, though," she argued hopefully. "There is a distinct chance that the real packet—the one with my book and the letters—is still in the vaults of the bank."

"There is certainly a chance," Dessiter admitted. "This one was only fetched away just before closing time this afternoon. I wish I'd searched for the letters before at the bank in a quarter of an hour."

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow morning I shall present myself there and demand my packet," she announced. "I shall leave it to you to see that I am not molested if by any chance Miss Brown's letter will arrange that," he promised. "We have a regular department here now, and a very good service. I'll have you fully protected. They haven't had much opportunity yet to get away with the real packet. The more I think of it, the more I believe there's a good chance that it's still there," he added hopefully. "The manager told the Chief Commissioner that no single clerk was allowed down in the vaults alone. This may be, will have to wait for his opportunity."

He paused in his restless pacing of the room, went to a cupboard, brought out whisky and soda and helped himself. "Some wine, Miss Brown," he invited. She shook her head. "Nothing, thanks," she replied. "Then there's something else, Colonel Dessiter. You can't have forgotten what you dictated to me. Why not start it all over again this moment? Why not even hand in your information direct?"

He drank steadily half a tumbler of whisky and soda, and lit a cigarette. "I've done a little in that way already, Miss Brown," he admitted. "And the worst comes to the worst, of course, I can recollect, but there are the addresses and those letters I want particularly—especially one of the letters. And then, you see," he went on, "for the successful carrying out of our plans, it was most important that they shouldn't know exactly how much we've discovered. Tell me," he asked abruptly, "when did you recognize me?"

"Only when you lost your temper," she assured him. "Up till then I was quite content to believe that the things in your dossier reminded me of Colonel Dessiter; they were family traits. When afterward you looked at me," she went on coolly, "as though you were going to take me by the throat and strangle me you were!" He nodded.

"I'm glad I didn't give myself away altogether," he said. "I have kept in the background all my recent life to such an extent that

Thick! Strong! Rich! Flavours! MURSE'S SELECTED ORANGE PEKOE TEA A Perfect Blend of Indian and Ceylon Teas

few people know me even by sight. "Would it be indiscreet," Miss Brown inquired, "to ask why your death was announced and why you seem to be in hiding?"

"Under the circumstances, nothing that you could ask me would be indiscreet," he told her. "It was Hartwell's suggestion—Hartwell is the chief of our Home Secret Service. It's better for many reasons that the people whom we're up against just now should believe that I am a spy. I haven't quite finished my job yet, and there are fifty of them in London at the present moment who, if they thought I was still alive, would manage to get at me somehow, even if they hadn't a ghost of a chance of success. I will say this for these blackguards," he went on thoughtfully, "that they think no more of their own lives than they do of the person's they set out to kill."

"They really do believe, then, that you're dead?" she asked. "I'm pretty well sure of it," he answered. "They're showing signs everywhere of coming out more to the open. If they are once convinced that they've got hold of what they look upon as my death certificate and that sort of thing, they'll be giving themselves away all the time."

"It all seems very difficult," Miss Brown mused, "to a practical person like myself. For instance, how did you manage about death certificates and that sort of thing, and how did you contrive to escape any inquiry about the man you killed?"

"We had to have a little help from the authorities naturally," Dessiter replied, with a grim smile. "They're not so altogether behind up in red tape as they used to be. If things turn out as I hope I'll place the whole story together for you one day."

He walked to the window, and, throwing it open for a moment, stood there listening. "The rear of the traffic jam across the Bridge had changed to Piccadilly and westward."

"Not at all," he went on. "Some times when one's a little depressed it's inspiring. One isn't working for nothing. One's working for them—the millions."

There was a knock at the door. Mergen entered with a tray. Miss Brown stood up and reached out for her hat.

"Some more plates and things," Dessiter ordered. "They drew a table over to the fire, and then arranged the chairs and Dessiter carved the chicken."

"Well," the latter remarked, as they began their meal, "the wheel of life moves strangely for us. A fortress in Whitehall with an officially dead man. Over company that made you wander into Lombard Street that foggy night?"

"I was a little frightened," she confessed. "I was trying to get away from the main streets and find a tube."

"You weren't easily frightened, either," he said. "I should have been terrified of

you half an hour ago if I hadn't been so angry. "I was a brute," he admitted. "I don't often lose my self-control, though I'm ashamed to have done it before you. I was at a disadvantage, remember. The only woman I see anything of nowadays are the women I made use of abroad and one or two in England of the same class. I suppose that's why I'm against the sex. I hate spies, although I am a spy myself. Some of these women, especially those I make use of in England—I will sell their husbands, their best friends, even their own souls, for a pearl necklace."

"There are plenty of men with the same lack of principle," Miss Brown observed. "Just as there are plenty of women who would refuse to have anything to do with your bribes. Have you never been married?"

"I'm married?" he scoffed. "Not likely! You can't disappear from a wife like you can from your friends, and sometimes I've had to doggo for a year at a time."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

A FRIEND ADVISED HIM TO GIVE THEM A TRIAL

QUEBEC MAN RESTORED TO HEALTH BY TAKING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mr. Joseph Roy Suffered With His Kidneys for More Than a Year

Waterbury, P. Q. Feb. 24. (Special)—Having met a friend who had obtained great relief by taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I decided to try them," writes Mr. Joseph Roy, a well-known resident of this place. "I took a few boxes and they have done me much good. I strongly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have saved my life and restored my former health."

Availing oneself of the best information, the broadest and most practical system of relief in the world to-day, is the one in which the sufferer ascertains for himself the nature of his disease, and then chooses the most certain means of healing, this has been known for the past thirty years as the Dodd's Kidney Pill treatment.

All that is claimed for Dodd's Kidney Pills is that they are a kidney remedy. They have been successfully used as a treatment for Rheumatism, Backache and Urinary troubles for over a third of a century.

CRITICIZE MORROW ON MEXICAN POLICY

Catholic Register And Canadian Extension

The first outcropping of criticism of Dwight W. Morrow on account of the intimate personal and official relationship he seems to have established as Ambassador to Mexico with President Calles, came on Dec. 27 in a letter addressed to President Coolidge by the National Council of Catholic Women.

The letter also mentions Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's visit to Mexico City, saying that this visit and the intimate relations between Ambassador Morrow and President Calles are "widely interpreted as condoning, if not approving, the method by which the Calles Government seems to destroy liberty of religion, liberty of the press and liberty of education."

Chiefly, the letter of the National Council of Catholic Women is a protest against "the un-Christian and uncivilized persecution" by the Calles Government, which, it is charged, "has killed peace in Mexico and is injuring it in our own country. President Coolidge is called upon to show his Government's disapproval of such tyranny."

One statement in the letter is that "we, and we believe all right-minded American citizens," are "bewildered" by the "most unusual evidence of good will" shown toward the Calles Government by the United States.

Instances are given of indignities to nuns, including the shooting of a Mother Superior, and it is stated that a price has been placed on the head of Archbishop Orozco.

Attention is called in the letter to the responses of the United States Government to former protests, the attitude of the Government being that it was not within its province to interfere with the international questions of another country and must remain neutral.

To this statement of policy the National Council of Catholic Women replies that "now our Government is doing all it can to show its good will and the good will of our country to President Calles," and constantly adding to the political strength of Calles and his followers on the eve of a political election.

The National Council of Catholic Women contends that these actions of the United States "give evidence of definite interference of our own Government in the internal affairs of Mexico."

In conclusion, the organization calls on President Coolidge to make some statement to give reassurance that his Government is true in its international relations to the principles of human rights and human liberty which it claims always to have championed.

The letter to President Coolidge is as follows:— Dec. 27, 1927 To His Excellency, Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. The White House. Dear Mr. President:

At this time of the year when the whole world celebrates the birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, whose coming was heralded by the message, "Peace on earth to men of good-will," the National Council of Catholic Women wishes respectfully to present to you their protest against the un-Christian and uncivilized persecution carried on in Mexico by the Calles Government, a persecution which has killed peace in Mexico and is injuring it in our own country.

We earnestly request that our own Government take effective steps to show before the world its disapproval of such tyranny. We, and we believe all right-minded American citizens, are bewildered by the most unusual evidence of good-will manifested by our Government toward the Calles regime in Mexico.

The intimate relations established by our Ambassador with President Calles and the visit of the idol of the American people, Colonel Lindbergh, are widely interpreted as condoning, if not approving, the method by which the Calles Government seeks to destroy liberty of religion, liberty of the press and liberty of education. For reasons unaccountable to us, the press of America is strangely silent concerning the incidents of outrages and mutilations which are abhorrent to all decent people.

From hundreds of similar instances of brutality, we cite two or three that have occurred recently. 1. In a suburb of Mexico City the police raided a building and arrested seventeen women found on the premises. These women offered no resistance, admitted they were members of the Carmelite order and devoted to a life of prayer. The sisters were locked up at police Headquarters on the charge of violation of the religious laws. No other charges were brought against them.

2. In capturing the town of Union de Tula, General Izquierro arrested a religious community known as the Nuns of Ejulita. The Mother Superior was shot and the sisters carried off to be a prey for the soldiers.

3. The parish priest of Tamazula was seized—his hands were cut off for the stated purpose of making it impossible for him to ever again offer the Sacrifice of the Mass. The outrage cost him his life.

A price has been placed upon the head of Archbishop Orozco. He is to be taken dead or alive. This, too, despite his injunction to his people in his pastoral letter, Aug. 15, 1927: "I would deeply regret that anything which I have said be interpreted as propaganda of a seditious character. This is a role unbecoming to me as a pastor of the Church and is wholly foreign

A DOCTOR'S ADVICE

GO LIGHT ON LAXATIVES!

Everyone needs a laxative AT TIMES. But there's no need for making it a HABIT. If you have the habit, you can't be rid of it in thirty days. Or less! And this is how:

The next time you go to take any strong cathartic—don't. Instead, take a little Cascarets. That's not a vicious drug, but the bark of a tree. The laxative made with cascara couldn't harm a child. It is, in fact, the one cathartic many physicians will approve for children. Gentle as it is, cascaring is just as thorough in cleansing the colon as the more powerful purgatives that actually sap a person's strength.

Proof that there's no habit from cascara begins the very day after taking. Instead of being clogged worse than ever, the bowels are more inclined to move OF THEIR OWN ACCORD. You may have to take cascara several times to establish regularity. But the times you need this gentle stimulant grow further apart. And you NEVER find you must increase the amount.

Cascarets' ideal form is the candy cascaret that pleases any palate, and you'll find them at the first drugstore you ask.



REGAL FLOUR

Makes bread that pleases every member of the family

to the purpose which I pursue. "From the very beginning, I told you that my sole desire is to sustain in you your Christian courage, faith and devotion in the midst of these adversities."

In reply to former protests against the un-American as well as uncivilized tyranny of the Calles regime, our Government has stated that it is not within its province to interfere in the internal questions of another country. Those former protests requested our Government to raise its voice in defence of our country as founded and which are being menaced by Calles preparation, both in Mexico and in our own country.

The protests were met with the answer that our Government could do nothing. It must remain neutral. But now our Government is apparently doing all it can to show its good-will and the good-will of our country to President Calles. It is constantly adding to the political strength of Calles in Mexico. It is strengthening him and his followers on the eve of a political election.

Such friendly and supporting ventures give evidence of definite interference of our Government in the internal affairs of Mexico. Why should not the good offices of liberty and of peace, rather than in support of a Government that brutally opposes both? We respectfully request some statement that will reassure our people that our country stands true in its international relations to those principles of human rights and human liberty which we know to be our own salvation and which we have always claimed to champion before the world.

Very Truly Yours, Mary G. Hawks, President.

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor)—"Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billous? I don't see any marks."

Visitor—"Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken."

Johnny—"Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billous was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red."



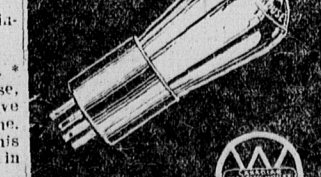
ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If the name Bayer appears, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it's not! Headaches are dispelled by Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Aspirin—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) indicating Bayer Manufacture. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assure the public against imitations, the Tablets will be stamped with their "Bayer Cross" trademark.

UX-201A NOW ONLY \$2.00



Replace That Poor Tube

One poor radio tube in a set prevents your enjoying the evening's program. Have your dealer inspect your set and replace defective tubes with genuine Westinghouse Radiotrons. They make a hood set better and a better set the best.

A public house has recently been named after Marshal Foch—a peculiar honor which assures him of enduring fame.

The Romans honored their heroes by erecting triumphal arches; the Greeks built statues. In the Old Country they pay them the compliment of naming an inn after them.

The comest inn sign is the claim to celebrity was that he originated the term "to go bald-headed" for anything. When about to lead a charge at Minden he was commended "You have lost your wig, my lord." "Hang the wig; we will charge bald-headed," he replied. When on some exceptional festivity filled the inn so completely that guests had to sleep at an adjoining mansion, the arms of the host, at fixed to their lodging, told the guests that they had found the correct billet. Hence we find scattered about the country "Devonshire Arms," "Rutland Arms," and the like.