

We Use Pictures

INSTEAD OF WORDS

To Show You

Why "Aspirin" Works So Fast



WHY "ASPIRIN" WORKS SO FAST IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

Drop an "Aspirin" tablet into a glass of water... By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach— "Aspirin" tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

Quick Relief for Headaches, Neuritis, Rheumatic Pains

The old adage says, "what you see you believe." So the scientist, pictured above, shows you two actual photographs to prove the quick action of "ASPIRIN."

Look at them, and you will see one reason why Scientists rate "ASPIRIN" among the fastest agents, now known or ever known, for the relief of headaches, neuritis, neuralgia and rheumatic pains.

You'll see that an "Aspirin" tablet, dropped into a glass of water, starts to disintegrate, or dissolve, before it hits the bottom of the glass. Hence, it is ready to go to work almost instantly you take one. For what happens in that glass

happens in your stomach when you take an "ASPIRIN" tablet. Relief comes in a few minutes.

Countless thousands know by experience that it brings the quick relief you want when in distress.

Keep this in mind the next time your work or play is handicapped by a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain. Learn for yourself how fast you can get relief.

"Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Be sure to look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

Demand and Get "ASPIRIN"

Suitable Eyewear Improves Appearance

You will occasionally hear a person complain that she objects to wearing a correction of her eyes... That argument no longer applies. The modern eye service considers appearance, which can now be correctly chosen eyewear be enhanced.

G. F. Hutcherson

TOWN CONSIDERS POTATO INDUSTRY

MAGRATH, Alta., April 24—(C. P.)—The possibilities of the humble potato as a means of increasing town and farm income are being investigated here. If plans are found feasible a plant will be opened next fall for the manufacture of potato products.

A manufacturing process being investigated by a special committee of the town council claiming for itself the production of 14 marketable products from potatoes. They include a dry paste for paper hanging; baby powder; corn starch; potato flour; laundry starch; meat packers' and butchers' flour; pulp for cattle, hogs or poultry and fertilizer.

Culls and No. 2 potatoes only would be used in the plant. No. 1 potatoes would be sold for table use.

Building Lots For Sale at Brighton

ESTATE DR. S. R. JENKINS AND ESTATE D. O'M. REDDIN

Large desirable lots on Brighton Road, on York Street and on new Street being opened between Brighton Road and York Street. Larger lots have a frontage of 72 1/2 feet and a depth of 110 feet. Very desirable location. Prices moderate.

Persons planning to build under the Housing Scheme or otherwise, should inspect these lots and see plans and prices before locating. For full information regarding location, size and price of lots, apply to, H. F. MACPHEE, Solicitor, OR: IVAN Y. REDDIN, Brighton Apartments, L-3076-4-23-24-25-26-30-5-2.

NOTICE

PAVED HIGHWAYS CLOSED TO MOTOR VEHICLES

Commencing on this date, until further notice, all paved highways in this Province are closed for motor vehicle traffic, except in such cases where the total weight of vehicle and load does not exceed 4,000 pounds.

Anyone driving on the highway contrary to this order shall be duly prosecuted.

Dated the 19th day of March, A. D. 1936.

By order,

P. S. FIELDING, Clerk of the Executive Council

FOR SALE

Just arrived 2 more carloads choice Ontario horses, well broken, double and single. Also a number of good island horses.

WELLINGTON McNEILL Buntain & Bell's Wharf

MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY

Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

After a little while Hales departed. Sheila went to show him out and lingered for a few minutes at the door. When Eddie drove the garish car away it flashed down the short steep hill to the main road at a suicidal speed.

"Howard," said Sheila, when she came back to the drawing room, "after lunch today Eddie asked me to marry him. We went to the Reindeer, at Breckon Hamstead. He opened his heart to me. I was the only being in the wide world who could make him pull up, he said. Of course, I refused. I tried not to hurt him. I felt sorry for him. You'd scarcely believe it, but with all his success and in spite of all his friends and the admiration of his shower on him, he is really about the loneliest man I have ever met." Tears filled Sheila's eyes.

"I know," said Howard. "But supposing you did marry him, could you cure him? If the man can't save himself, what a hell of a life it would be for you."

Sheila nodded. "I know. I told him so. And ever so much more. He knows how impossible it all is—but still, I feel frightfully sorry for him."

Howard saw no more of Eddie Hales until the middle of the week. On Wednesday, after dinner, he drove over to Pleasant Place, having arranged to spend the evening with her. But she was out and the note she left for him explained that she had been called away to Garner Owen's. She was to meet Mario Casini there and they were to talk over finally the last details of the concert. She would be back at about ten, she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntley were out. Howard shut himself up in the library, smoked his favourite pipe and read a book.

At half-past nine the maid, Maria, came to him. Her eyes were wide and she looked embarrassed. "Sir," she said, "Mr. Hales has called and he's—"

"Drunk?" "He's funny, sir. I told him Miss Sheila was out, but he didn't seem to believe me."

"Thanks, I'll go and see" him, Maria. Eddie was in the hall, standing in front of a mirror and rocking himself backwards, and forwards on toes and heels, whilst he ran his fingers through his tumbled hair.

"Sheila's out, Hales," said Howard coldly. Eddie swung round and leered at him. His eyes were filmed and his speech was thick. "Hello," he said "it's the mountebank. Sheila don't want to see me, eh?"

"She's out, I say. Don't you think you had better go home?" "Too early to go home," objected Hales. "Who's looking after you band?" Eddie pulled a face. "Frank—Frankiss," he hiccupped. "Fine fellow. Jesht as good as me. Didn't feel like it. Thought I'd take a night off. I wanted to see Sheila."

"Well, you won't see her tonight," Howard told him. He gave Hales his hat and gloves. "Now, you go home. But you'd better not drive in your present condition. I tell you what, let me drive you home. I'll garage your car and see you safely indoors."

Eddie wrenched his arm free of Howard's hand and glowered truculently. "Who wants your help? I can drive a car as well as any man."

Howard urged him to the front door and opened it. He pushed him out gently. He followed Eddie to the car and tried to persuade him to take the spare seat and not to drive the car.

But Hales would not hear of it. Again he broke away. He slipped on getting into the car, but once stationed safely behind the steering wheel he set the engine going and a moment later was flashing down the hill at the usual breakneck speed. It was a miracle he had not been crushed, Howard thought, as he watched the flashy car go.

He had scarcely regained the front door when a taxi chugged up the slope to No. 7, and Sheila climbed out of it.

"Howard, I saw Eddie's car," she said, her eyes wide with anxiety. "He very nearly collided with my taxi. Has he been here?" "Yes, and I sent him away," answered Howard.

Sheila understood.

TRIUMPH

Within a few days of the tickets for Sheila's concert being distributed, every seat in the Aeolian Hall had been sold.

In an earlier essay in that direction Mr. Huntley had lost money over the venture, but at that time Sheila had been green and unknown and they had only the smaller circle of their own relations, friends and acquaintances to appeal to.

But on this occasion the venture had the magic of Casini's name attached to it and Garner Owen loomed in the background, a colossal figure whose patronage was assurance that the concert would be worth while.

The singer and the pianist were star artists. And yet Miss Sheila Huntley's name was printed in large type than that assigned to the names of Mdm. Martitia and Signor Forsetti.

Howard bought half-a-dozen tickets for his mother and father and some friends as soon as the knowledge was offered for booking. He spent the eve before the great day with Sheila and found her nervously excited.

To ensure her having the finest roses he could buy in London he placed a special order with a Bond Street florist and secured thirty exquisite blooms with stems almost as long as his nose. They were to

be handed to Sheila at the end of the concert. When he rang her up in the morning she was quite elated. "Thank you for your letter of good wishes, Howard," she said. "It was a kind of you to write. I have already had over thirty letters. I am so excited I can't eat. But I will soon be over now."

"Good luck, dear heart," he answered. "I know you are going to make a great hit. You can't help it."

An hour before lunch Sheila took her violin out of its case and tried to play it. To her dismay she could scarcely move her fingers and the same nervous agitation that had almost caused a breakdown at Garner Owen's assailed her again. She put the violin away and looked at herself in the glass. Her face was like a gamble. Dismayed, she dabbed some rouge on her cheeks, working it in cleverly.

Supposing she were to fall? The thought terrified her. She would let Garner Owen down, Mario Casini, too, and everybody who had helped her. She went down to lunch looking like a gamble.

But later, when she donned her new dress and her wrap and went out to the taxi which was waiting to drive her mother and father and herself to Gond Street, the colour was back in her cheeks and she felt firm. A smile curved her lips, her anxious frown had vanished. She talked brightly of the ordeal which faced her.

When they reached the hall they found a long line of cars and cabs in front of them, each of which discharged its passengers at the doors. They swept into the hall and up the steps, a distinguished throng, mostly women, who chattered as they went.

Sheila's father, as proud as a peacock, carried her violin. Her mother looked after her music. They found a Gamble Owen and Mario Casini waiting for them at the entrance to the hall.

Mario Casini offered her a long box. "For you," he whispered. "Wear them for luck."

Sheila raised the lid of the box. "Orchids, how glorious. Thanks, Mario," she said.

The hall was almost packed already and echoed to an excited chatter. Sheila's heart beat faster at the sight of the well-dressed women and the smart men.

"A complete success," said Garner Owen, his eyes shining. "There will be a big profit. I congratulate you."

She left him and made her way behind. Soon it was time for the concert to begin and Sheila was to open the bill. She was sorry at the last moment that she had not arranged for Forsetti to start the programme with a pianoforte solo, but it was too late now. She must adhere to the programme as it was planned.

Suddenly a loud outburst of applause started her and on looking at the platform she saw Masjo Casini standing there, looking as if old. It marked his re-entry into the musical world proper—but not as a player.

In a few well chosen words he spoke about Sheila Huntley, and a moment later, bowing, he beckoned to her.

Sheila at once strode on to the platform and faced the applauding audience, wearing the orchids Mario had given her across her right breast, a charming contrast to the lilac dress she wore.

She sang no music. A pause, a sign, and Forsetti began to play. The rich full notes of the violin broke in and Sheila began with "Hymn to the Sun" from "The Golden Cock," by Rimsky-Korsokov.

Sheila surprised herself. What had happened to her fears? Her nerves were highly strung, but she had never felt so masterful.

Looking forward she saw Garner Owen lean forward slowly in his seat and start at her in surprise. The audience was lost in rapt attention.

When the mail, the only man who seemed unmoved by her fine playing was a strikingly handsome person with a bush of deep brown hair, who looked indolently in the seat next to Garner Owen.

Sheila ended in a torrent of applause. She then played Tchaikovsky's "Korvareg," trying harder to charm the apathetic stranger, who among them all seemed unimpressed by her playing.

As she finished, she saw him bring his hands together loudly and nod in appreciation.

Again the applause was deafening. Forsetti, too, was in grand form. And later Mdm. Martitia charmed with her Spanish songs, little things that were vocal gems, difficult to render, which she sang delightfully.

Lately as an encore, Sheila played the "Spanish Dance," and then "Zapateado," of Sarasate, with great refinement and ease.

By then she had conquered. The women in the audience were smiling happily and the men were exchanging eager comment. She saw the stranger turn to speak to Garner Owen.

"Who is that man with Garner Owen, Forsetti?" she asked as the pianist was arranging on the rest of the piano the accompaniment to the Minuet in G. by Beethoven.

Forsetti flashed a quick glance at her. "Him? Oh, that is Casanne."

"Sheila's heart seemed to expand. Casanne! He had come to hear her of his own accord, if Garner Owen had not brought him. The knowledge only spurred Sheila to higher things and she played to perfection. This time Casanne did not stint his applause.

And then all was over and the concert ended the floral gifts were brought to her, great bouquets and baskets of flowers, which were

(Continued on Page 5)

W. C. T. U. Notes

"SABOCTRANT"

REV. FRED LEWIS RYON

Though for a while, fierce clouds may seem to hide the face of Love, yet, in their depth may ride invisible, The source of Life and Light Forcing the way Through troubled dreams of night To sun lit day.

God's face is there Though hid by mist or shade: My soul, why be afraid? Or shrink the test? What if but clouds are seen Soon will appear Their linings silvery sheen And skies will clean.

Have faith in God: Faith not though cynics sneer Who blinded are: Reach up: Father is near And out the cloud To meet thy direct need, Reaches adown To bring thee thy just need Spite thund' rings loud.

Cease not thy song: Clouds will not always last To hide Love's face— Trust 'til the cloud is pass'd Nor yield to doubt But Plow and sow and reap: Nor duty shun— Thy eyes will Heaven keep, 'Till shines the sun, Green Cove Spring, Florida. (Formerly of Fenwick, Ont.)

ALBERTA LIQUOR FURTHER FORTIFIED

The Canadian Liquor Traffic is being successfully its never-wearying fight to create an even stronger foothold on Canadian soil.

In April last, Alberta Province reduced its liquor fees from \$2.00 to 50 cents, and at the same time it was announced that sales of bottled beer are to be allowed to be taken from hotel premises, and this has been obtained by a governmental majority of one vote.

Back in 1916 prohibition sentiment was strong enough to give a majority of 21,086 for provincial prohibition.

Alberta was favored by having advocates for the retention of provincial prohibition possessing wide recognition for leadership. In this classification was Mrs. L. C. McKinney, Claresholm, who was the first woman to be elected to Parliament within the bounds of the British Empire. Mrs. McKinney represented her home constituency in 1917 and from 1903 to the time of her death, July 6, 1931; held office in the W. C. T. U. ranks, being in the line of her demise First Vice-President of the World's W. C. T. U. in addition to being acting Canadian president.

When delivering her annual presidential address at the 10th Alberta Provincial Convention, 1923, she said: "The greatest danger lay in the fact that so many members were lulled to sleep with a false sense of security; and did not realize that in thinking people would be disposed to believe the arguments put forth by the enemies of prohibition."

During that year the Hotel Association pressed the Government to provide for the sale of full strength beer in hotels, wholesale houses, clubs and dining cars.

On November 5, 1923, this clause was approved by the electorate. Mrs. McKinney gave the following summary of this act adopted: "Provision may sell direct to customers; holding a permit and may deliver direct to the homes. There are to be no restaurant licenses but certain bona fide clubs may sell beer to their members and hotels may have beer licenses. Hotel guests may have liquor in their rooms and may also treat their friends if they so desire. It shall be lawful for the holder of a permit to carry liquor on his person."

George Bernard Shaw says many plain and sensible things. He gives reason for not drinking beer: "I don't drink beer first, because I don't like it, second, because my profession is one that obliges me to keep in critical training, and beer is both to training and criticism."—Selected.

McKenzie, Souris; 3rd, Muriel Richards, Souris. Intermediates: 12, 13, 14 years: 1st, Pauline Richards, Souris; 2nd, Marjorie Poole, Souris; 3rd, Arthur Dewar, Cambridge. Seniors, 15, 16, 17 years: 1st, Archibald Johnson, Murray River.

Provincial Honors Juniors, 9 years and under: 1st, Ruby Morrison, Hampton; 2nd, Vernon Clark, North Wilshire; 3rd, Helen Stewart, 20 Elm Ave., Charlottetown.

Seniors, 10 and 11 years: 1st, Harold Drummond, Freetown; 2nd, V. Jean Campbell, Freetown; 3rd, Catherine Wright, Charlottetown. Intermediates, 12, 13, 14 years: 1st, Deane Bell, Carleton Siding; 2nd, Frances I. Cairns, Freetown; 3rd, Marguerite Craig, Middleton.

Seniors, 15, 16, 17 years: 1st, Lucile Chosen, Rose Valley; 2nd, Miriam Vessey, York; 3rd, Hilda Deacon, Freetown.

JUR BADGE In 1885, Miss Willard, in her annual address at a National Convention in Philadelphia, gave this account. She had just attended the Massachusetts Convention, and met a delegation from Waltham, who informed her that Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, the Red Ribbon reformer, about the year 1876, organized a W. C. T. U. in his town. It occurred to him that a badge was desirable and as his men wore the red, and the Murphy movement had adopted the blue, he suggested the remaining national color for the ladies, calling attention to its significance of purity and peace. His suggestion was followed, and the Waltham Union had the distinction of being the first to adopt the color.

Concerning the Badge, our Chief-tain said further: "White light includes all the prismatic colors, so the White Ribbon stands for all phases of reform, and there is no phase which the drink course has not rendered necessary. Our emblem: hold within itself the colors of all nations, and stands for universal Prohibition and Philanthropy and Peace."

"Wear your White Ribbon always. Show your colors."—Exchanged.

An exchange says:—"Teacher's example will be no excuse for Pupil Johnny's habits. If the District of Columbia School Board Treasurer has his way. He is drafting a resolution for presentation to the Board, asking removal of all teachers who smoke or drink. He cited a recent incident in which a youth replied: 'Well, the teacher does it.' I wonder—R. McK.

Seniors, 9 years and under: 1st, Alan McLean, Souris; 2nd, Lillian Poole, Souris. Juniors, 10 and 11 years: 1st, Arlene Yeo, Souris; 2nd, Marion

Business and Professional DIRECTORY

WHEN in need of professional or specialized business of any kind, consult this directory and here you will find listed reliable professional and business firms, of P. E. I.

Art GULLISON'S ELITE BEAUTY Salon, 176 Great George Street. Large competent staff. Prompt, satisfactory service. Phone 1329.	Electrical MOTOR SERVICE AND REPAIRS. Refrigerators, Washers, Vacuum Cleaners, Blowers, Oilburners. All commercial motors. When in trouble phone 1444. Palmer Electric, 155 Great George Street.	Second Hand Store USED STOVES AND FURNITURE bought and sold. C. A. McLenahan, 101 Sydney Street.
Barbers THE FASHION BARBER SHOP, 156 Queen Street. Sanitary and most inviting. Expert barbers in attendance at all times. We solicit your patronage. Frank Riggs, Proprietor.	Footwear EVERYTHING IN FOOTWEAR. Correct fit. Latest styles. Best quality. Most reasonable prices. Mail orders promptly attended to. Purdie - Ferguson Shoe Company, Charlottetown.	Service Station RED INDIAN STATION, CORNER Great George and Fitzroy. Try us once—you'll be back. Phone 1234.
Battery Service PERCY WALSH, 167 GREAT George Street. We guarantee all our work. Try us.	Jewelers G. H. TAYLOR, 121 GRAFTON Street. Watches, Jewelry, Expert Repairs. Phone 353.	Shoe Shine TRY LORNE HARPER FOR A real good shine. Smokes, Soft Drinks, Confectionery. Opposite Central Garage, Kent St.
Battery Service BATTERY SERVICE IN ALL its branches. Radiator repairing, Exide and Prestolite Batteries. Mallets Battery Service. Phone 980.	Painting LOUIS WATTS, PHONE 816. 44 School Street. You'll get service. Satisfaction guaranteed.	Tailoring MURDOCK ROSS, CUSTOM Tailoring, Cleaning, Repairing, Pressing. Also representing Lowndes famous 20th Century Brand made-to-measure clothing. 172 Kent Street. Phone 387.
Coal PHONE 583 FOR HIGH GRADE, well screened, Drummond, of Shore Coal. Hughes & Edmonds.	Photography PHOTOGRAPHS, AMATEUR Finishing, Enlargements. Island colored views. Craswell Studio, Great George Street.	Taxi PHONE 1161 - MacDONALD'S Taxi. No delay, No reckless driving. Most reasonable rates.
Clothes Cleaners SUITS CLEANED, PRESSED, repaired. Suits made to measure. Theo. Sentner, 124 Kent Street.	Plumbing FRED H. TRAINOR, PHONE 393-J. Guaranteed plumbing and heating service. Try us. 80 Grafton Street.	Tire Service PHONE 909 AND EVERYTHING is fine. Whitlock's Tire Service, 162 Kent Street.
Clothing NEW METHOD CLEANERS. Phone 983 for satisfactory service. We clean all kinds of clothing and any fabric. Also clean and block hats. 130 Longworth Avenue.	Radio GET YOUR TUBES AND BATTERIES from VALL'S Radio Service. Phone 107. 178 Kent St.	Typewriter Service PHONE 1116-J - PETER S. Robichaud. Twenty years experience in overhauling, repairing and adjusting all makes of typewriters. Reasonable monthly service rates. 42 Queen Street.
Clothes Cleaners KELLY & MacINNIS, MEN'S Wear. Don't guess, buy Society Brand Clothes and be sure.	Restaurants S. F. DUFFY, 304 RICHMOND Street. Quick Lunches, Soft Drinks, Smokes, Fruit, Confectionery, Ice Cream.	AUCTION SALE Of Stock, Crop and Implementations on the premises of LORNE NUNN, Winsloe North. April 29th at 1 o'clock p.m. See handbills for particulars. L3931-4-23-25-28

Not in a spirit of exultation but rather of genuine sorrow are the champions of the prohibition policy now pointing to the rapidly increasing evidence that their warning of the utter futility of "saving youth from the ravages of alcoholism" by opening the floodgates of breweries and distilleries was well founded.

Three months of repeal have started tens of thousands of boys and girls on the road to the ranks of confirmed alcoholics. They are of grade school high, school, and college age.

This is attested by a press, reluctant to do so in most cases. Newspapers that were earnest champions of repeal are compelled to tell the sordid stories of early morning drinking orgies where youth predominate in the night clubs that infest our cities and our highways. Testimony of unwilling witnesses carries weight. This evidence cannot be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulder nor the hurling of the wet epithets, "fanatic," "puritan," "kill-joy."

But eyes can be closed and ears can be stopped, and therein lies the answer to the question that's troubling many an aching heart, "Eh'v long, Oh Lord, how long?" The Master of Men, you'll recall, condemned those who had eyes but could see not and ears but could hear not.

ONLY UNDER LICENSE COULD THIS BE

It was impossible to convince some people whose memories were faulty that the old-time saloon was far more dangerous to youth than the much discussed speakeasy of prohibition days. The picture of the pre-prohibition beer and dance halls at whose tables and on whose polished floors boys and girls congregated, mingling with the demigods of the underworld had faded during the four years of no open saloons. But these people can not now plead faulty memory in contrasting present conditions with the prohibition era. Three months ago there could not be found anywhere in this nation of ours any drink resort where high school boys and girls were made drunk in such wholesale fashion as in that resort described by the Chicago Herald-Examiner, located in the neighborhood of Lakeview high school. And the shame of it is that it was operating under the protection and sanction of the law, although it was violating the law.

FOR SALE
Farm in North St. Eleonors, consisting of 206 acres, 30 acres under cultivation. Balance, woodland. This farm is one mile from Railway Station, School, Stores and Churches and five miles from Summerside. Price \$3,200.00. Terms arranged. Apply to owner
WILLIS E. WARREN, Summerside.
L-3633-4-18-22-25.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
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Bell & Mathieson
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Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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Phone 85.

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