

FOR SIMPLE  
**SORE THROAT**  
YOU CAN'T BEAT  
**BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE**

**Let's Talk It Over**  
by "A"

The Community Concert organization of Summerside, recently re-organized, is to be congratulated on its effort to revive those musical treats for Summerside's music lovers. Only in this way do people get an opportunity to enjoy some of the world's best artists at bargain-counter prices. A few years ago, the Community Concert was brought to Summerside, but, although it was patronized by a good many of our citizens, the number fell off in succeeding years until it was deemed impossible to carry the project further.

Charlottetown, which is after all considerably larger than the Prince County capital, continued to take advantage of the service, and there were many expressions of regret from people of Summerside and vicinity that these artists were no longer available to lovers of classical music here. So some of the movement's leaders are making

another attempt, and it is to be hoped that this time their efforts may be crowned with success, of a more permanent nature.

We believe that the executive of the organization should concentrate a great deal of their efforts on getting school children into the group, for if the young people can learn to appreciate the more delicate beauty of music's higher forms, they will carry this love of good music into the tomorrows, and the future of the Community Concert in Summerside will be on a sound basis indeed.

This business of learning to appreciate what is best in music does not come without effort. And some people might ask why they should put themselves to any trouble to learn to appreciate good music when they are able to enjoy the "popular" kind without working and worrying over it. Mozart's life answers that question pretty well. He spent the last ten years of his short life in the pleasure-loving city of Vienna in extreme poverty, because people didn't understand his music and wouldn't buy it. His publisher said to him: "Write in a more popular style, or I won't print a note, or give you a cent." Mozart answered: "Then my good sir, I have only to resign myself and die of hunger."

If Mozart could face starvation rather than lower his ideal of what good music should be, should not people be glad to take some trouble in order to appreciate it?

**BURGESS BEDTIME**

(Continued from Page 10)

winter. He was sitting high in a tree quite a way back from the others. This was one reason he had not been seen by them. He didn't see Jumper, but he did see Tufty and Mrs. Grouse.

"That fellow is almost near enough to catch that silly bird. Any bird is silly who takes a snow bath right out in the open where they are bound to be seen by anyone in the neighborhood. That big Owl doesn't need that Grouse any more than I do and I'm not going to let him have it. No, sir, I'm not. That is my dinner he is trying to catch. I'll show him!" muttered the big Owl.

He spread his big wings and flew out from that tree. His wings made no sound. Like all members of the Owl family, he has silent wings. He flew swiftly. He had waited until Mrs. Grouse had resumed her bath and was making the snow fly with her feet and wings, too intent on what she was doing to pay attention to anything else.

Tufty bounded forward in great leaps as if powerful springs in his legs were helping him. The big white Owl shot ahead with feathered legs and feet stretched forward, the cruel black claws set to clutch Mrs. Grouse. Sammy Jay shrieked. Jumper the Hare wanted to but hadn't the voice to. A cloud of snow filled the air. For a moment or two Jumper couldn't see which had caught Mrs. Grouse. He didn't know as he wanted to. He and Mrs. Grouse were old friends.

Mingled with the shrieks of Sammy Jay was a roar of stout wings and the sound of angry, spitting, hissing and snapping of a stout bill. The cloud of snow settled. Mrs. Grouse wasn't there, only Tufty and Whitey quarrelling, each blaming the other for her escape; each making the silly claim that she had belonged to him.

**Wood-Short Wedding**

A quiet wedding was solemnized in the Park Place Baptist Church, Hot Springs, Arkansas, by the Minister, the Reverend James H. Fitzgerald, on January 28th, when Verma Elizabeth, daughter of the late Vernon Knight Wood and Mrs. Wood, of Charlottetown and Montreal, became the bride of Mr. Eugene P. Short, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Short, Hot Springs. The bride wore an English sky blue wool suit, pink felt hat and matching accessories and a corsage of Tallman roses.

The bridesmaid, Miss Thelma Chambers of Montreal, wore an English wool rose suit, with navy accessories and corsage of carnations. Mr. James Wallace was the groomsmen.

The wedding reception was held in Salon-B of the Arlington Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Short will reside in Hot Springs. The bride was formerly employed with the Canadian National Railways in Charlottetown and Montreal.

**COVEHEAD - BRACKLEY PT. W. M. S.**

The February meeting of the Covehead - Brackley Pt. W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Ira McDonald on Tuesday evening February 3rd, with the president, Mrs. Ramsay Auld presiding.

The worship service was conducted by Mrs. Chesley Hughes and opened with Hymn 483. Mrs. Art McCann led in prayer. Scripture was read by Mrs. Leith McKinnon.

Papers entitled "Prayer" by Mrs. Colin McLure and "Why The Church?" by Mrs. George Shaw were much enjoyed by all. Hymn 483 concluded the service.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by 18 members and two visitors were also welcomed. Reports of the Presbyterial were given by Mrs. Ramsay Auld and Mrs. Chesley-Hughes.

Mrs. George Bearsto invited members to her home for the next meeting, when Mrs. Albert Reed will be devotional leader. Roll call is to be answered with verse containing "love".

An expression of thanks was received from one who had been kindly remembered at Christmas. It was decided that members would bring article for a White elephant sale to be held at next meeting, collection for evening was then taken. The Lord's Prayer and Benediction brought the meeting to a close.

The highlight of the evening was a pleasant surprise received by three ladies, namely, Mrs. Colin McLure, Mrs. Lewis McCallum and Mrs. George Bearsto, who have been very active members and regular attendants at our meetings for approximately thirty-five years.

The many amiable qualities of mind and heart, that we have recognized in your Christian life, have endeared you all to this society, and have rendered you a worthy example to our congregation in general. For many years you have been a vital and inspiring part of our Women's Missionary Society, always having as your goal the higher values and ideals that are enduring; and as gracious hostesses, many have partaken of your kind and generous hospitality.

Into your lives have come the usual joys and discouragements, happiness and trials, which is the lot of all, but your firm trust in God helped you to see beyond the things that are temporal and look toward the things that are eternal. We all hope that you shall be regular attendants at our meetings for many years to come; and as years roll on, should you feel that it is impossible to attend, we can assure you that your absence will be a distinct loss to this society.

At this time, we delight in presenting these little gifts in appreciation of your many years of valuable services, and with best wishes for Happy Birthdays in February, March and August respectively. May God bless you all, and may you all be spared many more years as active members of our Women's Missionary Society.

Our hearts shall keep the courage of the quest. And hope the Road's last turn will be the best. Signed on behalf of the members of W. M. S.

**FREE ICE**

FREEMPORT, N. Y., (AP) — Benjamin Pinekosky was awakened Wednesday by a loud crash in his back yard. He heard an airplane passing overhead. Outside he found a block of ice weighing an estimated 50 pounds.

**THROAT SORE?**  
For common ordinary sore throat  
JUST RUB ON  
**MINARD'S LINIMENT**  
"KING OF PAIN"

**Break O'Day Iron**

Reginald Wright Kauffman

**CHAPTER VIII**

Continued

Lately Glidden had likened Angela to a wolf. The broker's stealthily advancing arm, above its potential victim's turned head, resembled a venomous snake. Jerry watched the two, fascinated.

The fingers closed. Slowly, experimentally, on air — but with a scant inch of their desire. They spread. Some sort of debate both urged and retarded them. The arm half retreated, crept forth again.

"Phew!" gasped Jerry. He required no acquaintance with crime to recognize these as the movements of a stranger. He shook himself.

If that guy doesn't really try it, I've got to keep quiet and stay still. But if he goes to it, I'll be up to me to yell and tackle him."

The arm stole nearer; the fingers crooked. Jerry crouched like a runner on the line.

Twombly, however, changed his mind — or it was changed for him. His intended prey stood erect and faced quickly about. The threatening arm fell. So nearly simultaneously did these things happen that Jerry couldn't tell what happened first. The shanty's door opened, and the ill-paired couple went in. Should he, Jerry demanded of his judgment, have warned the woman in order that she might be on her guard in the future? Should he warn her now? He had, he reasoned, no liking for her, of course; he was quite clearly convinced that she was engaged in some nefarious plot affecting his own interests.

"But a woman's a woman, after all," he said. "If I butted in, I'd go to."

What followed raised no further fear of the unfair attack being resumed. Atiptoe Jerry ran across the bare land and through the kitchen garden. He put an eye to the keyhole—darkness. An ear—and he heard:

"Don't tempt me any more. I near squeezed your throat for you when you had your back to me a minute ago."

"I knew it; but I can take care of myself. Well, you can't say anybody can see us now, Mr. B. B. Twombly, so give me that."

Crisp paper rustled. "It's all you'll get till the deal's closed and some real money begins to come in."

"You're mistaken there."

"This is all I've got in cash, any-

how." "I'll count it." A light was struck. A lantern was lighted.

Eye again to keyhole. Jerry saw into the hut, but the aperture was small and his range of vision included only three hands. One, which terminated in a brown sleeve, passed over a roll of new bills. The other two clutched the money.

"Then I'll go." "Wait till I've counted." Jerry had felt himself upon the threshold of revelation. Now he knew that he had tarried too long in his progress thither. He couldn't afford to be seen. Twombly's hand descended to the knob; Jerry jumped away.

He uncompromisingly ran for the pine stump. He was well advised, too; no sooner had he reached it than, looking backward, he saw Twombly emerge, Jerry stopped dead in the protection of a tree. He peeped around its trunk till he observed the broker fully started on a leisurely stroll in the direction of the turn-

plike. Then, having skirted the cliff edge, Jerry made what haste he could along a course parallel to that distant highway. He must abandon the detour through the woods; it was too roundabout.

He preferred to reach Ironburg ahead of his hotmate, so that the latter would suppose the announced walk to and from Americus had terminated at a normal hour. To be sure, Angie might have told of his appearance at the store, but there was chance enough that her mysterious dislike of Twombly had withheld this information; therefore, as soon as Jerry thought this hurry had given him sufficient leeway, he struck across country to the pike and hurried to the village.

As he ascended the hotel steps, Haster came out. Jerry carelessly inquired for Twombly. He hadn't yet returned.

"Beat him to it," Glidden's thought assured him. "I'm expecting a telegram," said he aloud. "Has one come?"

To be continued.

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If you are interested in having Miss Hogg choose something exclusive for you in fashion apparel she will be very pleased to shop for you in Montreal or Toronto.

Write, Phone or come in and discuss your Spring Fashion Ideas with her.

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Summerside

At the First Sign of a  
**COLD**  
Take 2 Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water...



and feel better **FAST!**

Here's sound and effective advice about colds. No matter how you try to stop or shorten a cold, the first thing to do—before you do anything else—is to take Aspirin. You should do this because a cold is almost invariably accompanied by muscular aches and pains—and a headache, feverish feeling. And for your own good, you need a medication that will relieve these distressing symptoms—relieve them quickly. One reason Aspirin tablets bring this relief is that they're ready to go to work with amazing speed... actually start disintegrating almost instantly. So don't experiment with a cold. Use Aspirin. And for sore throats due to colds, gargle 3 times daily with 3 Aspirin tablets dissolved in 1/2 of a glass of water.

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**CAPITOL Summerside**  
TODAY (Saturday) 2:30 - 7:15 - 9:15  
From the pen of Bret Harte comes one of his greatest adventure stories . . .  
It's written in hot lead, gold fever, gambling chips and high silk stockings.  
A picture with excitement aplenty that will keep action lovers on the edge of their seats.  
Truly a great weekend movie.

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**REGENT** TODAY 2.30, 7 & 9.15  
**2 - BIG ATTRACTIONS - 2**  
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Claton Moore - Chief Thundercloud  
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**"MR. MUGGS STEPS OUT"**  
LEO GORCZY - HUNTZ HALL  
GARRIELLE - BILLY BENEDICT