

The sale of this Brand exceeds the sale of any Orange Pekoe Tea on the market



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\$20 acre dairy ranch in Manitoba. Clear, 2 1/2 miles from R. S. Stores, etc. 1 1/2 miles from school. 125 miles from Winnipeg. Near Portage La Prairie. Want farm on P. E. I. Might assume some. Write particulars to H. COUGHLIN, 3129 W. 17th Ave., Spokane, Wash.

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THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS
By Homer Croy

(Continued)
A shout went up from the crowd; a wild delirium seized the people; hats went flying into the air; men pounded one another on the back and shouted indistinguishable things into one another's ears. The black liquid was now up to their shoes, but nothing so trifling mattered. Even the most hopeful and optimistic had not expected anything so wonderful as this.
Now the men must fight to quell the great fountain; it must be capped and yet in such a way as not to stop its flow; sometimes wells were so completely capped that they never bubbled again; the oil had rushed to some other hidden and unseen chamber, for queer are the tricks of nature in the oil fields. Nor must fire touch the gas now rushing out; sometimes this had happened, and fire caught from the match or pipe or cigar had burned for days, the wells roaring with that sickening sound so well known in the South-west. Then giant feasts were performed to conquer the leaping, howling, hissing flame shooting high into the air. What a picture it was!—tiny, creeping ants in the clothes of men mining and worming their way through dark tunnels while the volcano roared overhead, to put their chains around the pipe and throttle its roaring. This must not happen here.

The crowd had pushed back, standing in a happy, excited circle about the hissing black fountain. Men who owned shares, or parts of leases shouted with ecstasy. A new oil strike had been made in Clearwater. The shallow oil sand had been drained, but the deep well had shown an unexpected golden pool. An old experienced driller came pushing toward Pike Peters, trembling, lurching, and laboring in his ecstasy. His hand sought Pike's in a delirium of excitement.

"Aint it a beauty?" he shouted. "Clear over the crown-block! It's a regular old-time gusher. Say, Doc, you old horse thief, you're a millionaire. How's it feel, anyway? And you saying 'all the time it was as dry as a barrel of shes. How d'you like it?"
And then Pike and Mrs. Peters and Opal all turned to look at one another. Millionaires! Unbelievable as it was, it had happened many times to many other families in the Southwest—now it had happened to them. How sweet the world suddenly was how pleasantly it rocked and swayed and danced before them—what splendid, glorious, dream-things they would do!

CHAPTER II
The well didn't catch on fire, the capping didn't stop the flow and the world didn't seem to an end. In fact the world seemed to be just getting a good start. When the well was connected up with the pipe line it was doing a trifle better than a thousand dollars a day. A thousand dollars a day flowing into Pike Peters' pocket-book. And some people put a question mark after heaven.
Pike floated out to see it.
"Think of it! A thousand dollars a day, rain or shine, seven days a week

PEPS
for COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS

no holidays, no closing up Christmas grasshoppers or no grasshoppers, chinch bug or no chinch bug, and all I got to do is to set back and sign my name once in awhile. And I used to call such things dreams."
A horde of people swept down upon them—people with things to sell, get rich-quick propositions, life-insurance agents, solicitors, inventors with appliances which were going to revolutionize the world, missionary societies who wanted to save China from something or other, planners, schemers, robbers; and letters came from relatives and from people who had known them long ago and who might be induced to come for a visit.

The whole world lay before the Peters family.
They could do anything they wished—here was Old Faithful, as Pike named the cotton patch gurgling away like a baby with a new teething ring. What should they do? What is the dream nearest the heart? What would a human being rather do, of anything in the world, if Luck suddenly came down and perched on his shoulder?

Pike had no hesitation. The secret ambition which slumbered in his soul could now be realized—he could become a big business man. Pike slept, dreamed, and tasted money. It was his life. This love of business, this endless eagerness to be doing something, this boundless, never-ceasing energy which had made him a dominant business man in Clearwater... and now a new rainbow dwelt in his skies. Until now Clearwater had been the limit of his view; now he could run far beyond it, he could become one of the big business men of the state. His name would figure in the state papers; he would be a power in Oklahoma City, the capital. He would be called to Tulsa to sit in important conferences. Here he would meet the great kings of oil; he would belong to clubs where every member was a millionaire. He would be summoned to Washington to meet with legislative committees in the discussion and handling of American oil rights. He thrilled at the prospect.

"Say," he enthused in his own way. "I've just been playing a piker game—piddling along with a Ford agency a garage, a cement-block factory, a store or two—children's toys, that's all they are. I'd hardly pick 'em off the floor now. I've always wanted to hit the oil game big, and now is my chance. Look at Harry F. Sinclair—he started on a shoestring; look at Edward L. Doheny—when he was ten years younger than I am now he didn't have enough to buy a second-hand bologna skin. Then he went in and cleaned up big. And there was Cosden, and Burke Burnett and Fowler," and he ran through a list of gods of the Southwest. "Hell's huckleberry! I've got a running start; on any of 'em. Give me ten years and I'll make Old Faithful look like chicken feed!"
(To be Continued)

POWNAI NOTES

Mr. W. D. Enman spent New Year's day in Mt. Albion.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mutch, Cherry Valley, were visitors on January first at the latter's home, Mt. Albion.

Miss Bell Bruce, Milltown Cross, spent a few days here, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Moore. Miss Bruce was one of our former teachers and many old friends are glad to see her once again and wish her the compliments of the season.

Masters Ralph and Arnold Yeo, City, spent the holiday season with their grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Lock Jones, Jonesville.

Miss Claudine Brown, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, Orwell, spent Christmas here the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown who celebrated the usual family reunion with a seventeen pounder which was led to the slaughter by Mr. Brown amid much merriment and a number of out-of-town guests.

To End a Cough In a Hurry, Mix This at Home

To end a stubborn cough quickly, it is important to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, get rid of the germs and also to aid the system inwardly to help throw off the trouble.
For these purposes, here is a home-made medicine, far better than anything you could buy at 3 times the cost. From any druggist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 oz. bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey to make 16 ounces. This takes but a moment, and makes a remedy so effective that you will never do without, once you have used it. Keeps perfectly, and children like it.
This simple remedy does three necessary things. First, it loosens the germ-laden phlegm. Second, it soothes away the inflammation. Third, it is absorbed into the blood, where it acts directly on the bronchial tubes. This explains why it brings such quick relief, even in the severe bronchial coughs which follow cold epidemics.
Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway Pine, containing the active agent of creosote, in a refined, palatable form, and known as one of the greatest healing agents for severe coughs, chest colds and bronchial troubles. Do not accept a substitute for Pinex. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Our Mr. W. K. Crofer is handling the Taco Farm Machinery, Stoves and Furnaces. For our representative W. R. Dennis, Charlottetown, for Lot 18 and vicinity. See him and get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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We will be buying every day at our warehouse Hogan's Wharf. Highest prices for good stock.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS
Charlottetown, P. E. Island
Phones 798 and 938
REVIEW—(TAKE IN) ...

What About the Feathers On the Turkey?

\$50.00 to the Person who counts them correctly — Other awards from \$20.00 down



The feathers on the Turkey are made up of figures 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. The problem is to take these feathers off the Turkey and add the figures. The total of the added figures will be taken as the number of feathers on the bird.

PRIZES—For the correct, or nearest correct, solution prizes in order as follows will be paid in cash.
1st Prize \$50.00
2nd Prize 20.00
3rd Prize 10.00
4th Prize 5.00
5th Prize \$4.00
6th Prize 3.00
7th Prize 2.00
8th Prize 1.00

IT COSTS NOTHING
There is absolutely no responsibility, obligation or cost of any kind to try for a prize. The solving of the problem will provide a few hours most interesting work.

COMPETITION CLOSURES
The competition closes Saturday, January 25, 1930, at midnight. All solutions to be considered, must reach the address below before that hour.

In case of a tie the prize will go to the one who had sent a new subscription with his solution in accordance with condition No. 3.

If those who tie have both, or all sent in new subscriptions; then the prize will go to the one whose subscription on which he or she became eligible, is paid the farthest in advance into the year 1930. If both or all are paid in advance to December 31, 1930, then the money will be divided among such proportionately according to the number of winners.

Cut this out on the border lines, fill in and mail early. Mark on outside of envelope "Turkey Feathers Competition."

SOLUTION TURKEY FEATHERS COMPETITION

To Turkey Feathers Competition
The Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

(a) My solution of the Feathers on the Turkey is

(b) I am eligible for the competition on the ion addressed

Name

Address

(c) Amount enclosed on account of the above Subscription \$

(d) New Subscription. Name

Address

Amount enclosed: \$4.00 or \$5.00 paying for the first year in advance.

(e) I agree that the decision of the Judges shall be indisputable and final.

Signed

Dated 1929. Address

NOTE: Sections (c) and (d) are for use only if subscription is in arrears, or if sending in a new subscription.

LETTER OF SYMPATHY

To Mrs. John Houston:—We the members of the Mayfield W. M. S. wish to convey to you our sincere sympathy in the loss of your dear partner in life.

We know that you will miss him very much, but the "All Wise God doeth all things well," and trust you may be comforted by the thought

"Not my will but thine be done, and that the parting is only temporary that the reunion will be so bright that this dark hour will forever fade in the beauty of the bliss hereafter."

Signed on behalf of the W. M. S.
MRS. WILLARD NICHOLSON, Secy.

WHEN YOU BAKE USE

MONARCH BAKING POWDER AND WHITE STAR YEAST