

# Night Life Gets You if You Don't Watch Out!

## War Vet almost takes count, but pals help.

HOW would you like it if every two weeks you had to give up your good night's sleep, and work all night instead? This is what happened to W. H. Huggins, of 90 Savannah Street, Rochester, New York. When he came back from the War, he took a night "shift" job.

"It certainly shot me all to pieces," said Mr. Huggins. "I was licked before I started. My pals noticed that the night shift got me, so during a 'lunch' period in the middle of one night one of them said to me, 'Hug, I bet I know what's the matter with you. This irregular life gets us all unless we watch out. Why don't you try Nujol? Most of the boys are onto this little health trick. Try it!'

"Well, that very night on the way home I got a bottle and within a week I felt like a different person. I wouldn't know myself. You can lick any job, even a night one, if you get the poisons out of your system regularly. Nujol sure did it for me!"

That's the great thing about



This kind of man wins no matter where you put him

Nujol. It absorbs the poisons in your system (we all have them) and cleans them out regularly. It cannot hurt you no matter how long you take it, and it forms no habit.

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# THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Croy

(Continued)

"That's a pin-headed point of view," he said with sudden intensity. "If that's what you get out of it, you've missed it altogether. It's a monument to peace and love instead of hate and bitterness. From the way I size up things, that's what's the matter with Europe—everybody hating everybody else. The whole bunch is going around holding out a score thumb and daring somebody to hit it."

The puffy woman stared in surprise. She saw before her a tall, loose-jointed, gangling creature smoking a cigar. In spite of clothes evidently new he did not look well dressed; in fact, he would never look well dressed. She saw a horrid lodge pin in the lapel of his coat, an elk's tooth dangled on his watchchain and on a finger ring was the emblem of another lodge. He looked country and he was country. And most shocking of all, there was a row of cigars in his pocket. His face was lean and sunburnt and lined with endless wrinkles around the corners of his eyes, and his hands were large and sunburnt—never the hands of a gentleman. And what poor grammar he used, what slang!

"Are you a German?" she demanded.

"No, and I expect I did as much in the war as you did, looking after the transportation in our country, selling Liberty bonds, conducting campaigns, and raising money, so don't come that."

"Listen to that," panted the puffy one. "He dares stand here and denigrate this grave. I command him to get out of here."

She lifted a fleshy arm.

"Not too fast," said Pike. "I'm not desecrating the poor fellow under there. It's this thing of stirring up hate that I am dead against—and you're the kind that keeps pumping the old war machine. You're a little war-maker, that's all."

There was a hubbub and the puffy woman flung out the words, "coward," "traitor," "illiterate," and the people turned against Pike indignantly.

Mrs. Peers seized Pike's arm.

"Come on. What is everybody going to say? It's awful to get into such disputes in public."

She led away the tall, raw-boned disturber.

Dang it! My cigar's gone out," said Pike "and now I got to try to light it with one of them damned French matches. Hell's huckleberry! I got to take some back just to show the boys. Then they'll know why they call France brave." Puff—puff—puff. "The old pigeon got pretty hot, didn't she? And the forgiving sunshine leaped into his wrinkles. 'Well, there's nothing like exchanging ideas. Where do we go from here?'"

The incident was over.

Quick to the fire up, intense, violent and opinionated during an argument unable to see any other side than his own, but, after it was all over, quick to forget—that was Pike Peters.

Getting into the taxi, they started for Notre Dame.

As they flew along the family surveyed the panorama of buildings before them and in each was a sinking sense of disappointment. The buildings were not beautiful—not by any

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If not checked promptly it may develop into flu, la grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia, infection of sinuses, mastoid. At the first sign of a cold or cough take

**BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE**

Flash

**"A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT"**

standard they knew. They had come all these thousand of miles to see beautiful, wonderful, glorious Paris—and the buildings were not beautiful, they were not impressive, and the glory of Paris was as faded and tarnished as that of an old circus. Although they themselves did not know it, their idea of beauty was patterned after the state Capitol building in Oklahoma City. The building was new, bright, fresh, and expensive-looking. It was set outside of town on a hill so that it could be seen for miles and miles as one drove across the level stretches, and on post-cards it was most impressive. Printed across the cards was the amount of money the building had cost.

"I don't see why people rave about these buildings so," said Opal, who was more free to express her real mind than her mother was. "They're so old and dirty-looking. Why don't they clean them off? We wouldn't have such buildings in our country."

Although unexpressed in the others, it was the opinion of all.

Pike's eyes were, on the traffic of the streets and he marvelled at its primitive ways. Men walking in the streets pushed or pulled carts or small wagons; sometimes a dog was hitched in front while the man pushed complacently from behind. A great, creaking two-wheeled cart, drawn by three horses in single file, moved slowly over the cobblestones with a constant cluck-cluck-cluck-beating heavily in the ears, while a driver walked beside the horses, cracking a whip with sharp, pistol-like explosions.

"It'll be danged!" said Pike, "they sure don't know anything about hauling in this country—and don't they ever haul anything besides stone and wine barrels? I'd just like to take one of my two-ton trucks and show 'em what I could do." He moved his tongue over his lips in anticipation of such a thrill. "Look at that," he continued scornfully, "them wheels are as high as my head! And the harness rigging on the back of that horse—hell's huckleberry! It'd make an average horse sway-backed just to show the boys. And then having a wagon with two wheels and driving the horse on behind the other—it's simply beyond belief. I don't think much of a country when that's all the sense they've got."

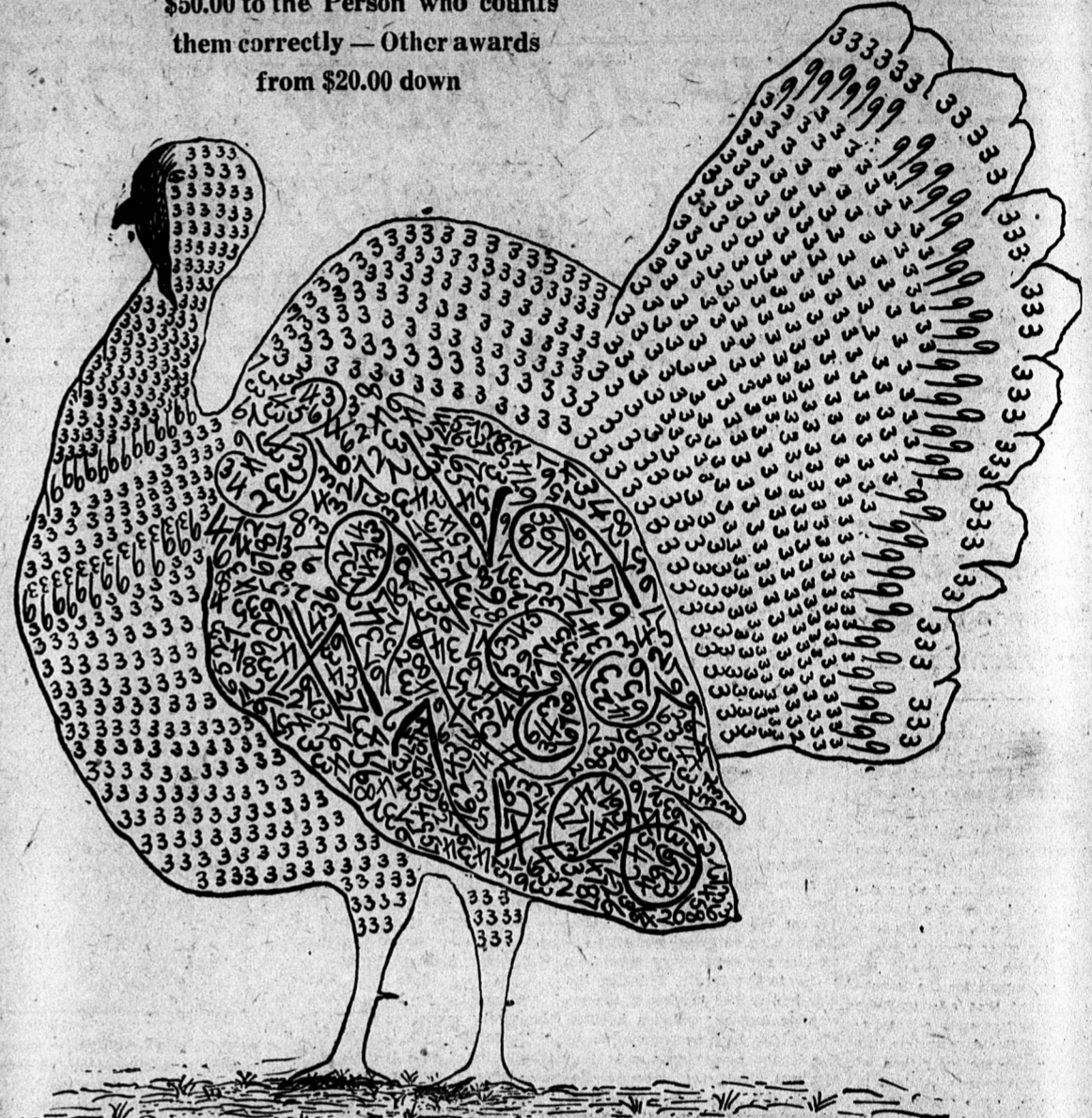
Had Pike known the reason he might have been more lenient in his sweeping condemnation. In France there is a wheel tax; that is, each vehicle has to pay a tax on the number of wheels and the number of horses driven abreast. To get around that the peasants and city haulers use two-wheeled carts and drive their horses in file.

"But I'll say one thing," said Pike more generously, "they've got some of the finest draft horses I ever laid eyes on."

Opal looked at the woman on the streets. She had always heard of the irresistible appeal of French girls. She had seen 'em in pictures with saucy little aprons and always with great, expressive eyes in the act of driving men out of their minds, and now she eagerly looked for these famous creatures, anxious to compare charms, but instead she saw mostly old women lumbering down the streets with bags or loads of vegetables in their arms. Some even had loads balanced on their heads, like some of the old-time negroes who had come to Oklahoma. Everywhere were these fat, practical unromantic women—sitting at desks in the little restaurants and shops, making change, adding figures—in fact, running the business. Now and then a man moved about washing dishes, clearing off tables, carrying out bottles, but he didn't seem to count. It was these heavy, practical often slightly mustached women who ran things. It was only on the boulevards, in the restaurants, and in the fashionable stores that she saw the girls she had expected to see, and she watched every movement and expression. And always these girls seemed to be with the men, hanging onto their arms, looking up into their faces; rarely were the men and girls in little parties and groups, always they seemed to be two and two; walking on the boulevards, going into theaters, getting into taxis. And always talking. She tried to hear what they said, but she now found that in spite of the good marks she had made in high school in French she could understand nothing. Now and then a word leaped out but when she figured out what

# 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 | 5th Prize | \$4.00 |
| 2nd Prize | 20.00   | 6th Prize | 3.00   |
| 3rd Prize | 10.00   | 7th Prize | 2.00   |
| 4th Prize | 5.00    | 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 CLOSSES

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 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 Sub-ription \$ .....

(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.

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520 acre dairy ranch in Manitoba. Clear, 2 1/2 miles from E. L. Stores, etc. 1 1/2 miles from school, 125 miles from Winnipeg. Near Fortage La Prairie. Want farm on P. E. I. Might assume some. Write particulars to H. COUGHLIN, 2129 W. 17th Ave., Spokane, Wash.

## Additional Train Services Montreal Quebec C. N. R.

Additional train services between Quebec and Montreal, which are now in effect, are announced by the Canadian-National Railways.

Train No. 75 will leave Quebec (Palais Station) at 4.50 P. M., daily, arriving Montreal 9.35 P. M.

Train No. 76 will leave Montreal at 12.0 P. M., daily except Sunday, arriving Quebec (Palais Station) 6.05 P. M.

Train No. 176 will leave Montreal at 9.00 A. M., Sundays only, arriving Quebec (Palais Station) 1.45 P. M.

1062-1-14-51.

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## SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



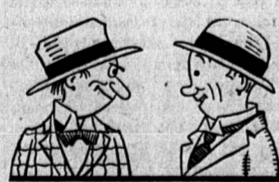
"Girls will continue to take off for Paris so long as France sets the styles."



"Which is the most musical fish?"  
"My guess would be the tuna fish."



"Say, don't you go out now and get full."  
"Why not?"  
"Because I'll probably have the job of bailing you out."



"I hear your wife is in the lecture field. How long has she been at it?"  
"Ever since we were married."

**AN AUTUMN QUERY**  
What makes the college youth give up  
The cigarette, the flowing cup?  
What makes him early seek the cot  
That usually knows him not?

Why does he train his hair to grow  
Till ringlets on his shoulders flow?  
What makes him don the padded  
clothes?

And about strange numbers through  
his nose?  
What makes him laugh at legs  
at-twist  
At ankle sprain and broken wrist?  
What makes him weep when ted  
away

To think he's useless for the fray?  
Pray let us end this long suspense,  
Your suffering must be intense.  
This mania that rhymes with Fall  
is known to science as Football.

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J. S. TAYLOR  
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142 Richmond Street

## Her Little Boy Had Severe Cold and Croupy Cough

Mrs. Henry E. Lyman, West River, N.B., writes: "My little boy caught a very severe cold, and had a croupy cough."

"I tried several medicines, but he got no relief from them."

"I was advised to try



**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup**

and he had only taken three doses when he got relief, and before he had finished the bottle he was all rid of his cough.

"I would not be without it in the house as it is a wonderful cough medicine."

Price, 35c a bottle; large family size 60c, at all druggists and dealers; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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REVIEW—(TAKE IN) .....

It meant the absorbed couple were two sentences further on. What was the secret of the charm of the French girls? Or did they have any more charm than the girls of other countries? Her mind played over this intense, personal subject.

The Frenchmen were a disappointment. They seemed so effeminate. They effected big ha's, wore muffers, wrapped grotesquely around their necks, had high-heeled shoes, were always shaking hands, and there was the feeling that they powdered. When they met one another on the street they lifted their hats. While she looked, a dandy approached a policeman to ask a question. And elaborately he tipped his hat to the policeman.

"I don't think they are so much," she thought.

(To be Continued)

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