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"I was for two years totally unable to do my work with Asthma. I was so run down that I could not sleep day or night. I had no appetite. I tried several treatments but got no relief. A friend advised me to try Overseas Asthma Remedy. I got a bottle and it has helped me so much I am now able to be about my work as I used to be. I can sleep all night without smothering and choking as I have been for two years. I have a good appetite. I am willing to answer letters asking about what it has done for me." Mrs. John J. McAdam, West St. Peters, R.R. Mt. Stewart, P.E.I.



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FOR IMMEDIATE SALE WITH NO ENCUMBRANCE 100 Acre Farm At Springfield Lot 67

The property of the late John R. MacDonald, located in one of the best farming sections of the province and on main highway leading from Charlottetown to Kensington, convenient to Churches, Schools and Railway. Joint deed signed by all claimants guarantees perfect title. Apply A. F. McQuaid, Barrister, Souris, or Leonard MacDonald, 218 Knox St., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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POOR CONSOLATION She knows as well as others know She wasn't cast in beauty's mold; Yet, while she can't be pretty, young, Some day she may be pretty old.



Patient: Where did you get your fur overcoat, doctor. Doctor: I got this when Mr. Brown had appendicitis.



Chottil: I'm doing my best to get ahead. Kitty: Well, heavens knows you need one.



"Was Maude good as Juliet in the amateur theatricals?" "Well, the audience applauded wildly when she died."

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Auction Sale

Auction Sale at EPHRAIM McQUAID'S Kelly's Cross, Lot 23, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1930 at One O'clock P. M. Sharp

Of Stock, Crop and Implements. Sale positive as farm is cold. If day is stormy it will take place the first fine day following. For particulars see handbills.

JOHN P. BRADLEY, Auctioneer.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Croy

(Continued)

But Mrs. Peters had been in the grip of a fixed idea so long that it was not easy to see his side of it. "It's not right," she sobbed. "You're trying to ruin your daughter's life—trying to tear her away from the man she loves."

"Shucks! she don't love him—not what I call love. Call her and let her talk for herself."

Opal was brought and Mrs. Peters turned to her with tears in her eyes. "Opal, don't you love Jean-Marie?" she cried.

"Yes," declared Opal. "I—I think he's just wonderful. He is the most polished gentleman I ever knew."

"And don't you want to marry him?" continued her mother.

"Yes."

Mrs. Peters turned to Pike triumphantly. "There!"

"Now let's look into this," said Pike. "I suppose Opal, you know what gettin' hitched up to him means. First rattle out of the box, you become a French citizen and if you have any kids they'll have to fight for France."

He went over the things he had told Mrs. Peters. Engaged in her pleasure romance, Opal had not stopped to give thought, and as Pike continued, her enthusiasm for the step she was about to take lowered. "That's just a sample of the things you'll bump up against. Remember, Opal, I'm not going to stand in your way—but do you love him that much? Are you willing to go through all that and a lot more for him?"

"I—I love him more than any man I ever knew."

"It will be such a brilliant marriage," put in Mrs. Peters.

"A skyrocket's brilliant, too," said Pike, "as long as it lasts."

"Besides, Jean-Marie loves her devotedly," declared Mrs. Peters. "Don't you let your father sway you, Opal."

"Well, let's just see how much Jean-Marie loves her," said Pike as Opal withdrew. Pike had always hated the name Jean-Marie for a man, and now he curled his tongue over it. "Just bring in your Jean Marie Marie, I'm sorry I flow of the handle," he said when the marquise and the lawyer came up, "and I want to take it all back. I've just talked things over with Mrs. Peters and we are willing for the marquise to marry our daughter, so far as we are concerned, but we can't give her any dot."

The lawyer was aghast and the marquise was even more disturbed. They were both polite. Evidently, they said, Mr. Peters didn't understand the French custom. Pike admitted he didn't, but he understood American money. Jean-Marie and the lawyer, reticent, talked it over, and when they returned the lawyer looked happier. He was pleased to report, he said, that the marquise, on account of his deep attachment to Mademoiselle Opal, would be willing to accept a nominal dot—in fact, half the sum originally named.

Pike shook his head. "He'll have to take her just as she stands."

There were advances and retreats, and there were Mrs. Peters's tears, but the tears were growing farther apart. Pike enjoyed it. It was a game he liked to play—"dickering," he called it—and a game he hadn't got to take part in a long time.

"Smicker!" he said and rattled the old aluminum case. "Sorry, boys, but I can't see you. You'll have to come all the way. I won't budge a peg."

At last, the lawyer and the marquise left. They would write, they said.

Pike sat down on the well-curb, and in spite of the excitement he was smiling. There was the hum of a car climbing the hill, and Pike, going to a slit in the wall through which arrows had been fired in days of old, looked out and saw Clark McCurley Clark came in carrying a black box.

"Hello, Mr. Peters!" he greeted. "What are you doing—eating worms?"

He continued in his loud genial way. Suddenly he sobered. "Say," he said, jerking his thumb down the winding road, "what did that damntool want? Anything special?"

"He wanted to talk over a business proposition."

Clark showed his astonishment. "Is he going in business?"

"No, on my money," said Pike. "Do you see what I've got here?"

"What's that?"

"A black box."

"What's in it?"

"A radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

"Yes, a radio set."

"A radio set?"

when Appetites crave REAL FOOD

Satisfy those ravenous appetites with a bean feed of delicious

Ben's Beans

said Clark, as he displayed the black box. "It's a radio set and I'm going to put it in for you. I—I thought maybe you'd like it," and his eyes searched the windows. "You can get the good old U. S. A. with it and you don't need an aerial or anything. It's the finest little radio set ever put in a box." Clark told more about what a good radio set it was. "We can turn it on and have some dance music now and then, say," and his mind was back to business again. "I think it'd be a good idea to have a photo taken, after we get it installed, and send it back to the advertising department to show our outfits are being used in the chateau of France. What do you think of the idea Mr. Peters?"

Clark was so genial and so full of the future that Pike was more drawn to him than ever. And the more he knew about Clark, the better he liked him. "He washes well," Pike commented privately. Clark had made a record in his new work and there had been an offer for him to return to the home office. He was a graduate of the state university, and although his chief interest was business, he had taken time to go to the Louvre and to the art galleries and he was constantly reading and studying French history and current international affairs.

"While I'm over here I want to get all I can out of it," he said.

But there was something on Clark's mind.

"Are the folks at home to-day?" he asked with an effort at carelessness. "I see the car's here."

"They're at home, but they've got a terrible headache. I'll tell you what you do," Pike said confidentially "you take this back with you"—he indicated the black box—"and then in three or four days you drop in again. I think they'll be all right then. I ain't needed particularly around here to-day," he continued as they passed over the drawbridge, "and I think I'll go in with you. Do you mind if I drive a little, Clark? I'm just aching to get my hands on a steering wheel."

"Sure! drive all you want to," said Clark.

They climbed in, and the cook, peering out of his little grilled window, took one of the individual casseroles pots off the stove, for he was a frugal cook and hadn't wasted anything in years.

(To be Continued)

IN MEMORIAM

FREDERICK EARL MURPHY

"Death" How many hearts are torn with pain and sorrow by the coming of this intruder who brings in his wake such feelings of sorrow. Never was the strength of this work more forcibly brought home than on Feb. 24 when the news that Frederick Earl Murphy, eldest son of Mrs. Teresa Murphy, had bid farewell to this "vale of tears," and

could not sleep HEADACHES Were So Bad

Mrs. A. M. Aronault, New Aberdeen, N.S., writes—"For a period I had been troubled with headaches and they were so bad they kept me awake at night."

"I was advised by a friend, after having used many different kinds of medicine, to try

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

"After taking three bottles I was completely relieved, and can recommend it to be a perfect medicine."

Put up only by The T. Millham Co. Limited, Toronto, Can.

one to his Heavenly reward, after only a few days' illness. The vicinity of Chelton is shrouded in gloom and people spoke in whispers for the death of such an enterprising, intelligent young man at the early age of twenty-nine was almost incredible; but then they realized that God's ways are not ours and one of such fine instincts and noble character could not be long intended for this place of probation.

Deceased of his father, at the early age of fourteen, this ambitious young man continued his studies in Chelton School and the following spring passed the matriculation examinations a fact which goes to prove that he was of more than ordinary intelligence and his possibilities were of outstanding character but Dame Fortune did not choose that he continue his education and he resignedly began his farming career. It is not necessary to note that in this he made a success for one of his stamps is invariably successful. Besides being mourned by a heart-broken mother, one brother and four sisters, The Guardian joins in extending sympathy to the family.

MR. JOHN TRAINOR

In the death of Mr. John Trainor which occurred at his home on Wednesday morning, Grand River, one of its most prosperous farmers and prominent citizens. Though Mr. Trainor had been ill most all winter, and his passing was unexpected yet his death was a great shock to his family and friends.

Born sixty-eight years ago at Grahams Road Mr. Trainor when only a young man moved with his late parents to Grand River and settled on the farm adjacent to the one on which he died. He later married Annie McNeill, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nelly McNeill and of this union were born two children, Margaret and Linus who with their mother mourn his loss.

Mr. Trainor was possessed of a shrewd, ambitious nature and the beautifully equipped homestead which he has bequeathed to his family stands as a fitting testimonial to his thrift and industry. He was gifted with an acute mind, pure judgment, and a pleasing personality which naturally raised him to pre-eminence in the community. He was a strict, conservative and for many years was Returning Officer for Avonlea Poll. He took a leading part in the councils of the Grand River Dairying Company and at one time served as president. He was a frequent member of the Catholic Church and when a few years ago a relic of St. Patrick was obtained for Grand River Church he had the honor of supplying a reliquary for the same. During his illness he was frequently visited by his pastor, the Rev. John A. McDonald and received from his hands the last comforting rites of Holy Mother Church.

In addition to the family above mentioned he is survived by one sister, Mrs. Margaret Trainor at present in Boston. Mr. Trainor is the third member of his family to die in recent months his sister Mrs. John Deighan Harmony having died in February last year and his brother, Mr. James Trainor, Southport, having passed away suddenly last November.—N

MR. GEORGE E. HOLLAND

The death of George E. Holland, a life time resident of Elmira, took place at his home on Friday, Feb. 7th, at the age of 65 years.

Deceased had been ailing for some months but it was not realized until a few weeks before his death that his illness was of such a serious nature and despite best medical care and kind attention his usual vigorous and healthy constitution failed to respond. Mr. Holland in life was generously distributed with the many sterling qualities which compose the kind husband, loving father, good neighbour and gentleman in all dealings; and in passing is mourned not only by his immediate family but by all who knew him. His home and property are a monument to his industry and thrift as well as an example of that can be accomplished by strict application of energy to the task in hand; and a word of honour beyond question. He possessed a genial and amiable disposition and was ever ready with a joke which never savoured of sarcasm or vulgarity.

Deceased was first married to Mary Pierce who died about thirty-eight years ago, to whom two children were born: James and Rosetta. (Mrs. W. B. McDonald).

His next wife was Honora McMahon survives him. To this latter union three children were born, Emerie now of Charlottetown; Michael and Arthur of Boston, Mass., all of his family being present at his bedside during the latter part of his illness and death.

The following brothers and sisters survive: Michael, Francis, Henry, Philip, Amelia and Elizabeth, all of

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Advertisement for Windsor Salt, featuring images of salt containers and text: WINDSOR TABLE SALT, WINDSOR IODIZED SALT, WINDSOR SPECIALLY PURIFIED SALT 99.9% Pure, CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, CANADIAN SALT DIVISION, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

who have resided in the United States for some years. His funeral was held at St. Columba's Church on Monday, February 10th and was very largely attended notwithstanding the inclement weather prevailing. Services at church and graves were performed by his kind pastor, Rev. J. McDonald who visited him frequently and administered the sacraments of the Church. The pallbearers were: Wallace Murphy, E. A. Pierce, John Pierce, D. J. Harris, Stephen McLeck, Jr. and Joseph Bailey.

Mass Cards and letters of sympathy were received from the following kind friends: MASS CARDS—Emerie and Kettle; James and Annie Michael; Arthur; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McDonald; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dally and Mary E.;

Miss Gertrude Campbell; Miss Regina Campbell, Boston, Mass.; Miss Annie Harris, Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. Mary E. Coombs, Bridgeport, Conn.; Agnes and Annie McNeill, Elmira; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Mossy, Bethwell, P. E. I.; Miss Laura Campbell; Miss Mary Harris; Miss Gertrude McDonald; Miss Lillian Redmond; Joseph and Margaret; Melvin; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Gallant; Mr. and Mrs. Adas Peters, Charlottetown.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 14—Published reports that President Hoover had sent new instructions to the United States delegates at the London Naval Conference, were denied today at the White House. China's exports in the last five year were 15 times that of 60 years ago.

Advertisement for Frigidaire Hydrator, featuring images of the hydrator and text: See the magic work of the Frigidaire HYDRATOR. Actual photograph of stalk of wilted celery before being placed in the Hydrator. This celery is tough, unpalatable, useless. The same celery as it came from the Hydrator the following morning. The magic action of the Hydrator has restored the celery to its original state—fresh, crisp, delicious.

Attend the special demonstration now going on at our showroom. Delicious salads and desserts served... FREE recipe books... Open 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

ALL this week we're giving a special demonstration of the Frigidaire Hydrator. We're showing what an amazing difference this new compartment makes in vegetables. We're showing how it revives wilted celery—how it restores lost crispness to lettuce and radishes—how it keeps tomatoes firm and delicious. And, in addition to the Hydrator, we're demonstrating the latest cabinets in Porcelain-on-steel and the famous "Frigidaire Cold Control." We are showing how the "Cold Control" cuts down freezing time—how it increases the variety of frozen delicacies you can make. Stop in today. Let us tell you also about our easy payment plan. We are open every day during the demonstration until 5.30 P. M.

R. T. HOLMAN, LTD CHARLOTTETOWN P. E. ISLAND