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THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Croy

(Continued)

"Grandpa didn't have it, that's the reason," said Clark McCurley, and the two laughed in sympathetic understanding.

Unclasping his silver pencil from his pocket, Pike wrote the address. "Well, so long," said Pike as they arose. "Glad to see you any time."

"Maybe I'll do it," said the young man, and picked up his sample case—the only person among the throng of idle loungers at the tables with anything savoring of work.

"That's the sort of fellow I like," thought Pike as Clark McCurley turned away. "Got push and snap to him. He's going to get somewhere in the world."

The brisk figure disappeared. Pike continued to linger, the glow of stimulation still upon him, when he found himself idly watching a taxicab drawing up at the curb directly in front of him was a girl.

"Why hello, Ross! Where in creation did you drop from? I thought you was in Monte Carlo." He wrung his hand and half placed his arm around Ross's shoulders. "We had a picture postal from you this morning, and now, by jiggers, here you are as big as life and twice as natural!"

Ross looked at his father in startled surprise, and then his eyes moved to his companion.

"Y—yes—Here, wait till I pay off this man." When he turned back he had righted himself. "You see, I just got back to-day. I want to introduce my friend—" In the confusion Pike made out that her first name was Fleurie.

He shook her tiny hand. "Glad to meet you, Miss Fleurie," and he took off his big hat.

"Enchantee," piped Fleurie. "Well, come over and soak up a drink," said Pike, and suddenly felt a great rushing warmth. "Say Paris ain't so big when you can run onto one of your own family right here in the sock-center of it. What you drink in," Miss Fleurie?"

"She doesn't speak much English," Ross explained. "I'll ask her." And he asked her rather fluently, "American frog?"

Fleurie arranged herself and looked proudly at Ross's handsome face. His was not the long thin face of his father, but the round, chubby, almost beaming one of his mother. Ross favored his mother, while Opal had the general features of her father. Ross was painstaking in regard to his clothes and was in the language of his generation, a snappy dresser. But he had given up American clothes and Pike was surprised to see him arrayed in what he considered the sissy clothes of the French. Ross's one aim now, it seemed was to make himself as nearly as completely a Frenchman as possible. His coat was narrow across the shoulder, with a protruding chicken tail, and brought in at the waist after the manner of corsets; and trousers were a different color and a different material from his coat; a muffler was tied around his neck in one loop, with the ends flowing loose; he

SMILES GABBY GERTIE



"A girl is nobody's fuel when she refuses to get lit."



Miss Footlight: I shall sue those people who used my picture without my consent. Miss Limelight: Do you object to the notoriety? Miss Footlight: No, indeed. I desire still more.

"WHAT AILED HIM?" "My little dog has fleas," the woman cried. "Do give me something that will cure them, please?" And then the puzzled drug store clerk replied: "What seems to be the matter with the fleas?"



"I heard Sam was going to Reno to get rid of his wife." "He did intend to, but he changed his mind and decided to buy her an airplane."



"I wish I could borrow some money to tide me over." "Haven't you got lots of friends?" "Yes. But they don't know yet that I need money."

smelled of lavish perfume, and a little round blue cap, without front or back, reposed on his head—a cap such as a boy of six or eight might wear.

Pike started at it. "Didje lose a bet or something?" he asked humorously.

Ross moved uneasily. "Lots of the Frenchmen wear them," he answered. Fleurie's slender fingers fluttered to Ross's hand and she spoke something in French.

"She wants a cigarette," explained Ross, and brought out, after the French fashion a crumpled package of cigarettes. Fleurie tapped one on the back of her hand, placed it in her mouth, lit it gave it a good puff, and then passed it back to Ross. Then she started one going for herself.

Pike stared in surprise. Never had he seen it done before.

He turned to Ross. "I was just about to pull stakes," he said as he looked at his son fondly. "Wasn't it lucky I didn't?"

Now he could talk. He loved Opal more, but all his commercial dreams were centered in Ross. Ross was to go into business with him and learn its details, and they were to work and plan together and to become mighty men in Oklahoma. Although he did not know it, the idea had come from Henry Ford and Edsel, his son.

"When I'm knocked out the business'll go on just the same," he said to himself, now and then. "How did you like Monte Carlo?" he asked.

"All right." "How much did you clean up?" Ross hesitated and turned his eyes to the little saucer. Pike gave him a playful clout on the arm.

"Well, I expected it, but a fling or two ain't going to hurt you—only don't let it get ahold of you, that's all. What do you think of the place, anyway?" he pursued. "I'd like to run down there myself and watch the little ball roll. I'm considered pretty lucky at poker."

"How are Mummie and Opé?" asked Ross, after a moment.

"Fine as silk. I guess it'll be quite a surprise when we walk in on 'em." Pike had his fill of the lonely chateau; he wanted to be back to the city, or on to new sights and, half laughing, half complaining, he drew a picture of the chateau for Ross. "It's worth seeing; all right, but it's a wonder they don't sell tickets to it. It's the first place in France I've struck where they don't. The coachman met us in a carriage that P. T. Barnum overlooked, and we've got six servants to wait on us and help us—and we ain't got a thing in the world to do. The hardest work I've done since I hit the place is to open a hard-boiled egg. When the agent said the place was four hundred and eighty years old I wouldn't believe him, but I do now. By the side of it, Noah's Ark is a mushroom. Napoleon slept there once and since that, they seem to have cut every bed in the place thinking he was coming back. When I climb into one of the French beds, I've got to sleep like an inch-worm gettin' ready to move. Oo-la-la," and Pike gave Ross another playful clap.

"You're going to see things you never saw before!" "Dad," said Ross abruptly, "I want you to get into a taxi and come with me."

"Sure. Any old place you say."

Getting Up Nights

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POWNAL NEWS

At the end of a long life of almost eighty-eight years, David Jones of Pownal was laid to rest on Friday, Jan. 31st in the cemetery at Alexandria. Considering the severe weather and bad travelling there was a large attendance at the funeral, of relatives neighbours and friends.

Their last tribute of respect was paid in all sincerity. It was a tribute to an octogenarian who had lived an honorable and christian life, loved by all who knew him best, and admired and esteemed by all who appreciate stirring integrity, keenness of intellect, kindness of heart and tolerance of spirit. The services at the home and grave were conducted by Rev. H. E. Campbell, of Pownal United Church assisted by Dr. Vincent of the Charlottetown Baptist Church. The hymns sung were "Jesus Lover of My Soul, Lead Kindly Light and There is a Land of Pure Delight Mr. Campbell took the theme of his discourse from the Psalms of David. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. The late Mr. Jones was never known to be confined to his bed until three weeks ago when he was stricken with pneumonia from which he recovered sufficiently to be able to sit in his chair and it was while thus he took a weak turn and peacefully passed away. He was blessed of God, with splendid physique, wonderful intellect, and a wonderful memory, and up to the very last his faculties remained unimpaired, his memory was clear, his intellect keen and bright. He was ever a great reader, keeping in touch with current events. It was a pleasure and an inspiration to converse with him as he always had something that offered food for thought and was not without a sense of humor.

While we all shall cherish his memory we feel that life has been made richer for us from the fact that we knew him so well. He has gone but he has not lived in vain. The influence of his life in this community will go on, and like ripples on the surface of a pond keep extending in ever widening circles until they touch the shores of eternity.

Reference was made by Mr. Campbell to the fact that February 9th is the birthday of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, she being 83 on that day and her life partner would have been 88 and in twelve more days, February 11th they would have celebrated their sixty-second wedding day, but God willed otherwise. By a sleep he has ended the heartaches and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Thus another landmark has been removed from our midst. Of this family of six boys and four girls one only remains, Mr. J. B. Jones of Pownal, who despite his 83 years is bright and active, besides his widow nee Margaret MacLennan of Alexandria, there are two daughters, Mrs. Linda Gordon and Mrs. Rhoda Wood, also two sons, Cecil in Calgary, Alberta and Robert on the homestead who will ever cherish the memory of a fond and loving father. The floral tributes were beautiful and spoke a silent message of love. The pall bearers were six nephews of the departed namely Locke Jones, Seymour MacLennan, George Jenkins, Hubert Jones, Walter Jones, and Robert MacPhail.

The many Pownal friends will be sorry to hear that Mrs. Thomas K. Burhoe was suddenly taken ill at her home on Saturday evening last. The doctor was summoned and pronounced it heart trouble, all hope she will soon be about again.

We are all glad to see our popular pastor, Rev. H. E. Campbell out again after being confined to his rooms with an attack of grippe.

Mrs. W. Chester S. MacLure, City, spent a short time here with her Aunt Mrs. David Jones, where she attended the funeral of the late Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jack Birch, City, visited his mother, Mrs. J. Arthur MacKinnon, Alexandria on Sunday last.

The many friends of Mr. Wilfred Lawton will be sorry to learn of his illness all hope to see him about again soon.

Mrs. Linda Gordon who journeyed home from Waltham, Mass., to attend the funeral of her father is recovering some time with her mother, Mrs. Jones.

On Saturday last two of Pownal's

BRADALBANE AND VICINITY

Mr. Colin Matheson was a recent visitor to Hartsville.

Mr. Everett Taylor was a recent visitor to Bradalbane.

Mr. John Falconer, was a recent visitor to Bradalbane.

Miss Laura Fogarty left Wednesday morning for Halifax.

Mr. Hugh MacKinnon, was a recent visitor to Summerside.

Mr. Roy Morrison spent the weekend at his home in Granville.

The farmers of this vicinity are busy now, securing their winter fire wood.

Mr. MacGregor (section foreman) was a recent visitor to Charlottetown.

Miss Flora Falconer, Providence, is spending the winter months visiting her mother.

Mr. Major Murray is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stevenson.

Mr. Richard Stevenson (veterinary) is kept very busy attending to his customers.

Mrs. Clinton Morrison and son J. Raymond, are still making their home at W. F. Stevenson's.

Misses Mabel MacLennan and Bertha Stevenson have returned home after visiting friends in Tryon.

Mrs. W. W. Mutch and little daughter Eileen, is spending a few days visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. M. Kennedy.

Miss Bertha Stevenson has returned from Charlottetown, after attending Burns Concert, where she had a most enjoyable time.

We are all sorry to hear that Miss Mabel MacLennan has returned from Summerside, where she was studying the nursing profession on account of ill health.

youth and beauty set forth over the hills the gentlemen on skis his better half on snowshoes. Side by side they journeyed through the woodland, reaching their destination they spent an enjoyable time with friends.

But hurrah for the return trip as they emerged to the top of one of our neighbours hills the skis shot forth whoopee, leaving the snow shoe girl as if she were gazing at a fast disappearing comet. As he looked back at the speck on the hill top no doubt he felt like saying, "Tis Iser rolling rapidly."

The Y. P. L. met last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Jenkins, Cherry Valley. Despite the cold night a goodly number were present and an enjoyable time spent on Monday night, February 10th three members of our Society are meeting the Marshfield-Dunstaffnage Club in open debate in the Pownal hall. A very interesting time is looked forward to. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Jenkins served a beautiful lunch.—P.

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Farmer's Meeting

The Annual Egg Circle Meeting will be held in Central Bedouque Hall, Monday, February 10th at 7.30 P. M. Reports of Farmer's Week Meetings will be given, also rebate cheques. Everybody welcome.

T. J. INMAN, Secretary. 1547-6-8-10.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Stanley Dairy Co. will be held in the Masonic Hall, Stanley, on Tuesday, February 11th, 1930. A full attendance of the shareholders and patrons is requested as there are matters of great importance to the Company to be discussed.

H. S. MacEwen, Secretary. 1541-2-6-8-10-11.

Hazelbrook and Vicinity

The semi-annual examination of the Hazelbrook School was held on Friday afternoon January 31st with a number of parents and visitors present. The pupils were examined in the different subjects by their teacher and showed marked proficiency.

Mr. Gordon McDonald, Argyle Shore spent the week end here the guest of Mr and Mrs Aubrey Myers.

Mr and Mrs J. A. Drake were recent visitors to Marshfield.

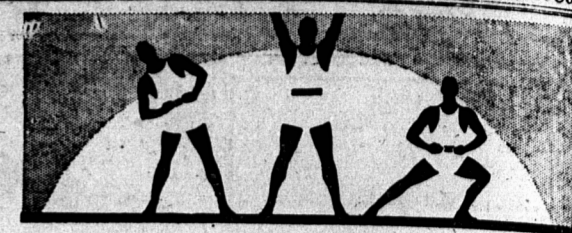
The Mt. Herbert Community League met at the home of Mr and Mrs Ernest Lund on Friday evening with a large number present. A very interesting feature of the evening entertainment was a debate, "Resolved that Modern" Amusement is beneficial some very strong points were brought out on both sides which made it very interesting for those looking on. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in games and music after which lunch was served by the hostess to which all did ample justice.

Mrs. Reginal Vessey City was a recent visitor to Bellel.

Mr Alvin Myers, teacher Argyle Shore spent Sunday at his home here. H

"NERVES ALL SHOT NOW FEEL FINE"

For further particulars, apply to the undersigned. ALLAN SHAW, President. J. A. McDONALD, Secretary. 1542-2-astjuesthus-2wks.



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PEAKES ROAD SCHOOL

Following is the Honor Roll for January. Grade VII.—1. Mary Hughes, 2. Rose Crane, 3. Alton Crane, 4. Alvin McInnis, 5. Helen Clarkin.

Grade VI.—1. Caroline Grant, 2. Syprian Grant, 3. Elmer Grant 4. Pearle Hughes.

Grade IV.—1. Daniel McInnis 2. Elizabeth Crane 3. Edward Crane 4. Helen Hughes.

Grade III.—1. John Wm. Crane, 2. James Crane, 3. James Hughes. Grade II.(Sr.)—1. James MacDonald, 2. Mary MacDonald.

Grade II.(Jr.)—1. Blanche Fisher

2. Bruce Crane, 3. Mabel MacInnis Grade I.(Sr.)—1. Vernon Crane, 2. Lucille Grant.

Grade I.(Jr.)—1. Nelson Crane, 2. Harry Hughes, 3. Miriam MacKay 4. Reta McInnis, 5. Eileen Fisher, 6. Herbert Crane, 7. Earle MacKay.

Perfect Attendance: Mary Hughes Syprian Grant, Helen Hughes, Edward Crane, James Hughes, Harry Hughes, Elizabeth Condon, Teacher.

Revival of "Treasure Island" in the London theatre recently was nearly stopped because the parrot, perched on John Silver's shoulders insisted on biting the actor's ear.

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"Announcement"

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