

# Asthma

I have used one bottle of your Overseas Asthma Remedy. It has helped me so much that I have gone back to work again, feeling fine." Catherine McInnis, c/o Edward McInnis, Cape Breton Hospital, Sydney, N. S.

If this new internal treatment doesn't more than meet your hopes, return it and the full price will be refunded. \$2.50 at your druggist's or direct.

## OVERSEAS Asthma Remedy

CAREY & FRASER  
Phg. Chemists - New Glasgow, N.S.



### Handy Tools

FOR THE "HANDY MAN!"

The vises, saws, hammers, pliers and other handy tools required for odd jobs around the home can be bought here at substantial savings. Handy men who like to make their own repairs will revel in the wide assortment from which selections can be made quickly, conveniently and economically.

## The Rogers Hardware Co., Limited

### For Sale

#### SCHOONER "MONA"

Now lying in the port of New London, in first class condition and ready for sea.

Length	72	2
Breadth	22	
Depth	17	6
Displacement	7943	4
Carrying capacity	150 tons	
Equipped with engine	hoist.	
DUNCAN MacKENZIE, Owner.		
French River, P. E. Island.		
1014-1-9-31.		

### Professional Cards

**Prohibition Commission**  
Chairman, Mr. GEORGE E. BROWN, Margate, P. E. I.  
Send all information regarding infractions of Prohibition Act to the above

Or to  
Chief Inspector E. J. Haywood  
75 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown.  
Phone 709  
9101-11-16-17r.

### Mark R. McGuigan, B.A.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
MONEY TO LOAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Importers of high grade  
GASOLINE - KEROSENE - OILS  
We Believe in Prince Edward Island  
Office, 29 Queen St. Phone 404.  
Trunks, Spr. Pk. R. R. Crossing  
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### McLeod & Bentley

J. A. BENTLEY  
W. E. BENTLEY, K. G.  
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
Office: 180 Richmond Street  
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Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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### Dr. D. T. Waye

DENTAL SURGEON  
130 Richmond Street  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Office Hours Phone 543  
A. M. to 1 P. M.  
1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

## SMILES

GADDDY, GERTIE



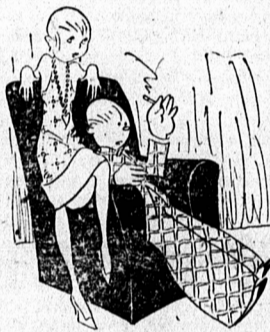
"There's a difference between the way a woman drops her lashes before and after getting her man."



"O-o-o, Harry. A horrid man stole poor little Spot."  
"Awful! And to think I wouldn't know the man to thank him if I met him on the street."

### HER ANSWER

When I asked her  
To be my wife  
She simply said,  
"You betcher life."



"What kind of a suit shall I get?"  
"Get a woiseless one, for a change."



S. S. Teacher: How did Daniel come to get in the den of lions?  
Tommy: I suppose he was getting material for a lecture tour.

## THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Croy

(Continued)

A hoarse deep-throated whistle sounded—the signal for visitors to go ashore. The hubbub of voices around them grew louder; the press of people turned toward the gang-plank. Giant ropes were pulled off piles and timber-heads on the docks, they splashed in the water, came aboard the ship, leaving snaky trails on the deck. The air quivered and queer vibration beat in the ears... the whistle was blowing its last warning. An officer carrying papers came up the remaining plank a hand signaled and this last link with the land dangled in the air. Two busy little ants of tugs at the end of the ship darted in, propellers churned and the black water turned white and foamy; other little ants along the length of the sea giant began pushing and shoving; the deck gave an uncertain quiver a slight bob—the monster was moving.

The skyscrapers drifted majestically by. How big and personal and alive they were when the Peters family had visited them; now they seemed like toys. Brooklyn Bridge, the Statue of Liberty; the confusion of the harbor, ships busily steaming into the unknown crossing, criss-crossing, threading in and out—battle-ships sailing ships, ferry-boats, barges, yachts—saved by some miracle from colliding. A pale, smoking blotch to the left—Brooklyn; Coney Island ahead, lighthouses buoy bells monotonously and mournfully clanging; New York now behind, already a fading dream... the open sea.

"How're we goin' to find our way back to our rooms?" said Pike. "I don't even know which direction they are."

The little family entered into this strange, bewildering world without confidence. In Clearwater they knew everybody; people were glad to see them coming and everybody was their friend. Here they counted for little. How easy and free these wise, experienced people about them seemed. And as much money as the Peterses had others had more; more clothes, more jewelry, and with what swagger in confidence they went about the ship, demanding the best, looking with cold and deliberating eyes on this silent, bewildered family from God knows where. They saw them hesitating at the great salon, wondering if there was admission to pay, looking for seats in the corner, and then, not finding them, abruptly moving on—again as if searching for some elusive friend. After they had walked around and around the deck, covered watching the other people so nonchalant and appropriately dressed for sea, the little family, clinging together, sank down in deck chairs. A hard-eyed woman ruffed up—her chair had been taken. Coldly and bitterly she ejected them and they crept away, understanding for the first time that deck chairs must be reserved and paid for extra. And there was that first, awful evening in the dining-saloon. The bugle blew and Mrs. Peters and Opal, so anxious to be correct and at ease in their evening clothes just out of the stores in New York with Pike and



Ross clumping patiently in the rear, marched toward the glittering dining-room with its paintings and gleaming pillars and with its uniformed waiters scurrying about. But no one else came; they lingered at the door with growing uneasiness pretending to be looking at the palms and paintings. The hat-check boy came, and more waiters and stewards; now and then an officer passing by looked at them in surprise, then hurried on. And there during the long trying minutes they stood, afraid to ask, afraid to turn back. At last the uniformed trumpeter again took his stand and again began to play; at this second summons the people began coming—but not in evening clothes, for at sea it is not until the second night that formality reigns. The humility and bitterness of it... the only ones in the great dining-room in evening clothes The stewards stared, the calm, confident people exchanged glances. The family was marked.

At the table Mrs. Peters tried to make up for it; she would get acquainted with somebody and worm points from her. She smiled at a glittering iceberg opposite her and, with the friendly neighborliness of Clearwater, asked, "Is this your first trip?"

The iceberg lifted frigid eyes. "It's my thirty-fifth crossing," she replied.

And then the family realized, in this new cold world they now moved in, an ocean journey was not a trip, but a crossing.

And what old and experienced sailors these people were. They had crossed endless times, they had been everywhere—London and Paris and Vienna and Bombay and Rio were constantly on the lips. Heretofore these cities had been only vague names to the Peters family; here were people who had actually been there and spoke of them as impersonally as they themselves spoke of Guthrie, El Reno, or Pawhuska. Even New York, which had so confusingly whirled about their ears now seemed remote and inconsequential as these other cities and countries were so carelessly dropped before them by these world travelers.

And then something strange and wonderful happened. They got up early one morning; there was a confusion of trunks and bags and boxes in the narrow passageway, with men pulling and heaving at them; hatchways which had remained covered now stood open, winches whined and huge nets containing more boxes and trunks came squirring up out of the mysterious depths of the ship; a hurried breakfast and then on deck they saw something unbelievable. To the right lay a dim cloud fading into the water.

"That's France," said some one casually, and their hearts leaped at the miracle.

Soon they would be actually on land, in wonderful, mysterious, glorious France.

A lighthouse rode toward them; walls on the land began to stand out like veins on an old person's hand; a gray clay bank of a city appeared; a tender put out from shore. A boy in uniform rushed up and down the decks beating a gong. "Cherbourg, Cherbourg," he called.

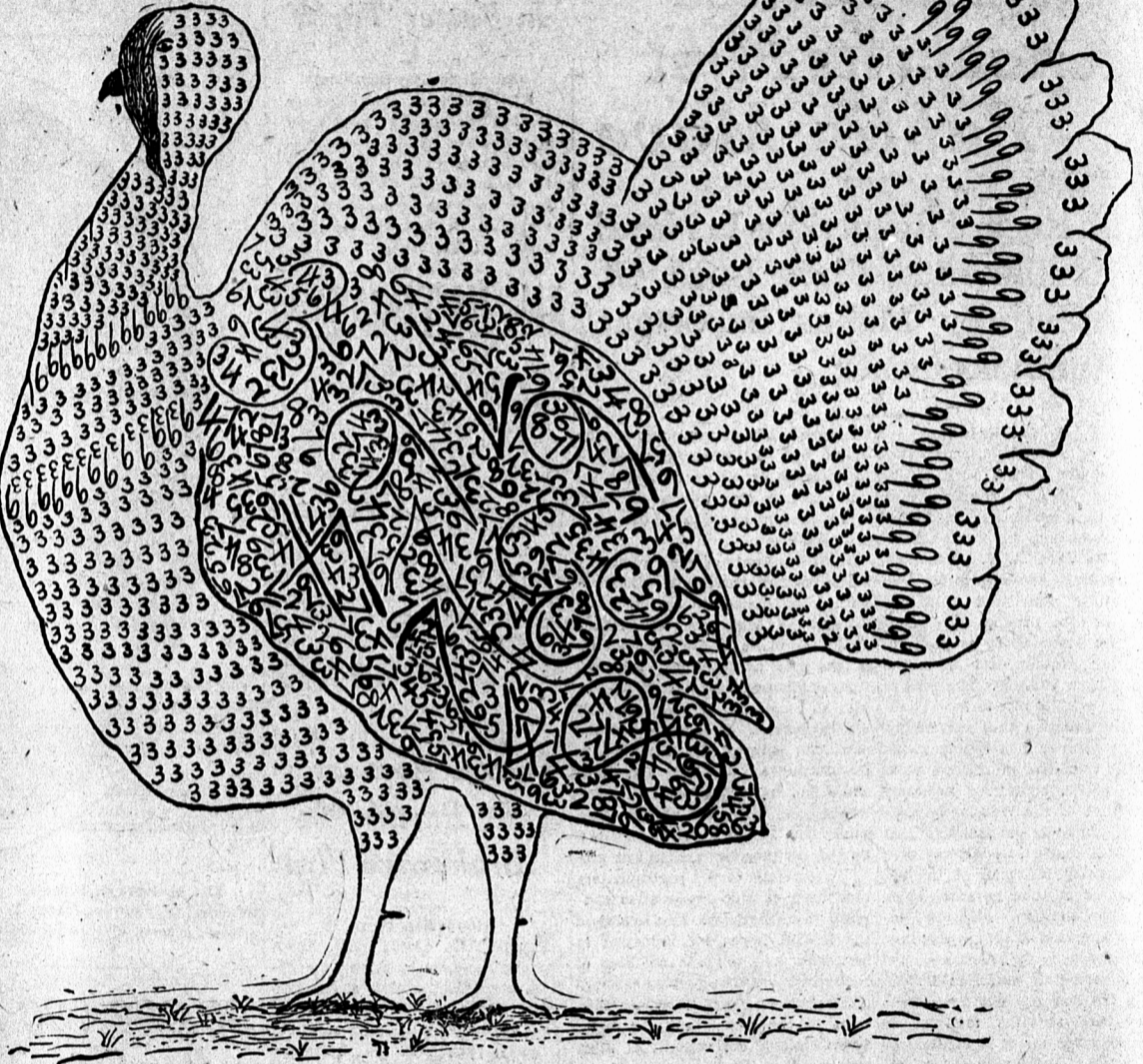
Now they must tip. How much? Again that perplexing, everlasting question. The great ship was now gently floating; no longer was there the faint, mighty tremble of the propellers ceaselessly throbbing; strange officers wearing caps and sleevebands came scrambling up with papers in their hands. More confusion; passengers they had never seen before popped out of cabins... At last the family found itself on shore going toward a toy train with doors opening out of the side like little rooms. Porters shoved the baggage into tiny net racks overhead and stood expectantly, and again the problem of how much to tip. Doors banged; a train official reached into his pocket, pulled out a little tin horn and gave a squawk;... they were on their way to Paris.

They sat looking at this bewildering world, their eyes leaping, a strange exhilaration pounding in their breasts and were amazed to see other persons standing in the narrow corridor, yawning and gazing dully ahead of them. To those travelers this railroad journey was boring and tiresome; to the Peters family it was a splendid, unbelievable dream. But how tiny and old and in some undecipherable way, disappointing everything was. Such little freight cars bobbing along on the tracks—they were almost laughable. In fact, how little everything was and how old!

The train drew into Gare St. Lazare and soon the family found themselves in two decrepit taxis outside the station. One contained Ross and the suitcases. There was a clank of gears, a groaning, a sudden lurch, and the taxi containing Pike and Mrs. Peters and Opal dashed furiously down the street, in stopped abruptly and stood patting and out paying not the slightest attention to the frightened, leaping pedestrians. A confusion of endless gray buildings flew by, while policemen, wearing capes and carrying little white wooded sticks in their hands, stood on the corners calmly surveying the mad race. A baby-carriage appeared at a crossing; immediately an officer leaped into the middle of the street, blew a whistle, and held up his little stick. The dashing cars

# 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	..... 30.00	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 CLOSES

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 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, 1929, 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.

## FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

320 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.

## IN BANKRUPTCY

IN RE ESTATE  
A. ROLAND MacDONALD  
AUTHORIZED ASSIGNOR

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned on the stock in trade consisting of Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Drugs, and Household Furniture, now in store and dwelling at Eildon, P. E. I., according to inventory to be seen at the office of The Rogers Hardware Company, Limited. Parties tendering may bid on all or by departments. Tenders to close at noon on January thirteenth next.

NEWJAMIN ROGERS, Trustee.

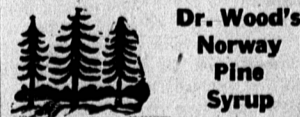
800-12-30-121.

## EYES TESTED

AND  
GLASSES FITTED  
E. W. TAYLOR  
J. S. TAYLOR  
Optometrists  
142 Richmond Street

## A Tiresome Cough Was Left By A Severe Cold

Mrs. Chas. Eldershaw, Morrell, P. E. I., writes:— "Some time ago I was seized with a severe cold that left me with a bad, tiresome cough."  
"After trying different cough medicines, to no avail, my husband brought me home a bottle of



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup  
which I started to take at once, and before I had taken several doses I noticed a change, and when I had finished the bottle my cough was completely gone."  
Price, 35c a bottle; large family size 60c; at all druggists and dealers; manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## FOX FEED FOR SALE

Beef Tripe  
Beef Melts  
Beef Lips  
Beef Tongue Trimmings  
Boneless Beef  
Veal, (in carcass)  
Lamb Flanks  
Lump Tripe  
Lamb and Mutton, (in carcass)  
Horsemeat, (carload lots or less)  
Hogs Livers  
Hogs Liver  
Horse Liver.

The Island Cold Storage Company Ltd.  
11-25-U.

Police of Cape Town, South Africa. A city-beautiful movement has been started in China.

## FOR AROMA AND DELICIOUS FLAVOR

## USE BRAHMIN TEA

Sold Only in Red, Airtight Packages.

(To Be Continued)

Airplanes recently carried gold worth \$20,000,000 from London to Paris.

France has launched a world campaign for aerial safety. Ten new American motor buses have just been placed in operation between Chefoo and Ninghai, China.