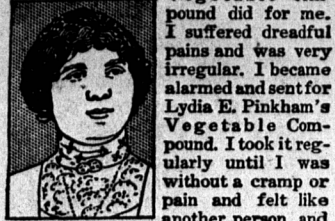


THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health."



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

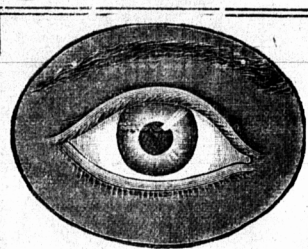
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

FIRE INSURANCE

We write fire insurance in good companies. Keep your buildings and furniture fully insured. Call or write. Phone 75.

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SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I. 1146-15mlmtt



The eyes have a lens system with which they focus objects near and far. In defective eyes this focal power is more or less limited. Our system of supplying lenses to relieve defective eyes is an exact science.

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Fresh Fish

We have on hand always a choice line of Halibut, Salmon, Mackerel Haddock, Codfish, Eels and Smelts which we are offering at the lowest prices consistent with the quality.

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An appeal to the eye of the woman who is looking for perfection in her footwear will be found in Empress' Shoes for Women, and what means more to her, satisfaction and comfort. We carry a complete line of "Empress."

Morris & Smith Queen St.

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN

THE MORNING DAILY Guardian can be obtained at Lafferty's Tonsorial Parlors, Summerside.

MR. E. P. FOLEY Guardian representative in Alberton will gladly receive subscriptions and advertising matter.

SUBSCRIBERS should renew a week or two before the time they have paid for has expired and thus not miss an issue, as all papers are discontinued promptly on expiry date.

MUD DIGGING.—Owing to the changeable weather mud-digging has been started late this year. A number of car loads have been shipped recently by different parties, and if the weather conditions are favourable there will be a large number of cars loaded this season.—X.

WEDDING BELLS.—On Tuesday, January 26th, St. Malachi's Church, Alberton, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Lena Florence, eldest daughter of Daniel and Mrs. McDonald, Carleton, became the wife of Mr. Daniel O'Connell Noonan, son of Mr. Joseph Noonan, Albany. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. McDonald, P. P. The bride was becomingly dressed in cream satin, white hat, with ostrich plume. She was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Georgina, who wore purple velvet, white hat and ostrich plume. The groom was ably supported by his brother, Mr. Gratton Noonan. The many beautiful and useful presents which the young couple received showed the popularity of both. The groom's present to the bride was a set of mink marmot furs. In the evening a reception was held at the home of the bride where a number of invited guests gathered and where they engaged in singing and merriment until the wee sma' hours in the morning, when all departed wishing Mr. and Mrs. Noonan many years of happy wedded life.—X.

WESTERN PERSONALS

Mr. J. A. Brace, Summerside, was a passenger to Charlottetown by the morning train on Tuesday.—X.

Mrs. Wm. H. Arnett, Albany, is spending a few days with friends in Wilnot and Bedouque.—X.

Mr. John Goodwin, Wellington, was in Summerside on Tuesday of this week.—X.

Mrs. Rice, wife of Rev. J. M. Rice, Summerside, who was taken ill at her home a few days ago, was on Sunday last removed to the Prince County Hospital and from latest reports she is doing nicely.—X.

His many friends are pleased to learn that Mr. Leonard Goodwin, son of Mr. John Goodwin, Wellington, who recently underwent an operation in the P. E. Island Hospital, is much improved and expects to be able to leave the hospital in a few weeks.—X.

ALBERTON

CARNIVAL.—A very successful carnival was held in the Alberton rink on Friday, Jan. 29th. Despite the inclemency of the weather and the poor condition of the roads quite a large number were present. The large number of costumes, with the consequent variety of shapes and colours, presented a scene which was extremely picturesque. The subjects represented ranged from "The American Eagle" to "The Dam Family." All the costumes were good, some being worthy of special mention. The prize donated by Mr. James E. Birch for the best patriotic costume was won by Miss Bessie Fielding in a representation of Canada. Other very good costumes were those of Archie Lewis, representing "The American Eagle"; Daisy Agnew, "Dunce"; Blanch Leard, "Autumn"; Effie Agnew, "Ireland"; Jennie Bowless, "Red Riding Hood"; Mabel Clitinger, "Ireland"; Berice Campbell, "Queen of Hearts"; John Agnew, "Home Guard"; Jennie Campbell, "Nations of Europe"; Ernest Champion, "Goddess of Beauty"; Mrs. David Monson, "Tipperary"; James Rayner, "Cowboy"; Fred Clark, "Cream of Wheat"; Hunter Weeks, "Chick"; Coop Robber. Much favourable comment was made on Archie Lewis's costume. Some pronounced it superior to anything they had ever seen. Though the costumes were on the whole exceedingly good, no doubt the success of the carnival would have been considerably augmented had sufficient number of prizes had been offered to engender a spirit of competition.—A.

Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unequaled

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year's end to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wholly unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what became of it. Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, and is famous throughout the world for its ease, certainty and promptness in overcoming bad coughs, chest and throat colds. Get the genuine. Ask your druggist for 2 1/2 ounces Pinex, and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

(Manchester "Guardian.")

"Vorwärts," the great German Socialist paper, chooses this curious time for a long and elaborate article on the peculiarities of English pronunciation. It is particularly struck by our different vowels—different, that is, from any other European language. It explains that "a" is pronounced "ei" and "e" is pronounced "i" and that "i" is pronounced "ei." But it is completely baffled by our short "a" as in "hat." "Vorwärts" can only represent it by an "a modified," and prints the pronunciation of "national," for example, as "naschni," which in English pronounces "spelling would be 'brant'." The oddity of this is that the article gives an elaborate and fairly accurate account of the Cockney pronunciation. Is it possible that they expect to get to London.

For a more practical reason, "Bob" in the "Independence Belge" last night gave a little account of the difficulties his countrymen in London are having with the English language—the language, as he calls it, of Shakespeare and Mr. Asquith. Some of them, he declares, are still pale from the effort of finding out how to pronounce "brougham," "creature," and "viscount." But it seems that the "Himalaya of difficulties" is the word "Southampton." If a Belgian ever gets nearer to it than "Saventhem," "Bob" thinks he deserves a prize. He gives us a phonetic spelling of "What time is it?" the phrase "boite a musique," and for English people to see the resemblance is a useful exercise in French pronunciation.

To Belgians as to other European nations the Latin or Romance languages give the most agreeable sound to civilized ears. Someone has said that Spanish is the language of gods, Italian the language of women, French the language of men, English the language of birds, and German the language of horses. The characteristics of English is the most likely to puzzle an Englishman. It is quite true that to foreigners English has a twittering sound. We hardly use our throats in talking at all. Even in pronunciation of vowels most of our speaking is done at the front of the mouth, so to speak. Even our "r" is done with the tip of the tongue instead of with the throat.

"First rate" as an adverb. "Nice" indiscriminately. "Had" rather for "would" rather. "Had" better for "would" better. "Right away" for "immediately." "Party" for "person." "Promise" for "assure." "Posted" for "informed." "Post graduate" for "graduate." "Depot" for "station." "Try" and "do" for "try" to go. "Try" and "do" for "try" to do. "Cunning" for "smart," "dainty." "Cute" for "seemly." "Funny" for "odd" or "unusual." "More than" for "beyond." Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough. The matter "of" for the matter "with." "Like" I do for "as" I do. "Not as good as" for "not so good as." "Feel" "bad" for "feel" "bad." "Between" seven for "among" seven. Seldom "or" ever for seldom "if" ever or "seldom or never." Taste and smell "of" when used transitively. More than you think "for" for more than you think. "These" kind for "this" kind.

Dog Brought Him to Life. The story of a dog which saved from burial one of the survivors of the "Formidable" disaster who was believed to be dead, is told as follows in the Glasgow Herald:— One of the most interesting of the many interesting experiences of the survivors is that of John Cowan, an A.B. of the Royal Fleet Reserve. Cowan, who is a Fishershire boy, hailing from Lochgelly, was carried into the Pilot Boat Hotel and placed on the kitchen floor in the belief that he was dead, all efforts to restore him after he had been lifted out of the boat having failed. All he had on was a pair of tin pants and a vest, and in this meagre dress he passed through the fearful experiences of those unforgettable 22 hours. Seeing that 14 of his comrades, some better clad than he, had succumbed to exposure and exhaustion, it is small wonder that it was thought he, too, was dead.

Have Become Fast Friends. Immediately willing hands completed the work the dog had begun, and in a short time Cowan sat up. Since then the dog and Cowan have been inseparable, and as Cowan is not yet allowed out, he and the dog spend most of the time before the kitchen fire cultivating the acquaintance so curiously begun.

HUSBANDS AS MASTERS. Two friends who had often wondered how many husbands were masters in their own homes formed a plan for deciding the matter. They were to start out with two horses and a chicken. If the first man they met proved to be the master of his own household he was to have one of the horses; if the wife was the ruler he was to have the chicken. They had not gone far when they came upon a farmer, and they put the question to him. Dropping his rake and stretching himself to his full height of six feet, he replied that he was "boss of everything for forty acres round," and he would like to see the woman who could order him in any way! "Very well, sir," said one of the investigators, "we are glad to find a man who is the actual head of his home, and we are going to give you one of these horses in appreciation. Which do you prefer, the brown or the grey horse?" "Well," replied the farmer, "I don't know just yet which one of them is the best; they're both handy-looking. I think I like that brown." Then he went off into the house. As he reappeared a window was raised hurriedly, and a thin, clear voice called out, "John, you'd better take the grey one." The farmer began to look the animal over. "Gentlemen," he said, with affected indifference, "I believe I've changed my mind. I'll take the grey horse." "You most certainly will not!" cried the two men. "You will take the chicken."

TO OUR OWN. All day long there sing to me, Far and near and sweet and true, Thoughts of things that ought to be, Dreams of things we ought to do, All day long above them all— Sweet I hear the message fall— Serf or slave or king on throne— Let's be loving to our own!

PATCHWORK. "We women have organized a society to reduce rents." "I am mighty glad to hear it. You can begin on little Johnny's trousers."

TO STOP HEADACHE. Headache usually comes from a sluggish liver and bowels. If you feel bilious, dizzy or tongue is coated and stomach sour, just get a 10-cent box of Cascarets to start your liver and bowels and your headaches will end.

A PETITION.

Light of the Years! The way is all unknown— Make plain my path to me, Give me a faith serene— The end I cannot see! Deepen my trust! Brighten my hope! Ere comes the evening time— O Light of the Years!

Light of the Years! Give me a work to do— A life in service spent! If mine but humble part, Give me a soul content! Sweeten my heart! Dispel my pride! Ere comes the evening time— O Light of the Years!

Light of the Years! Give me a vision clear To see and know the right! A courage that is strong To do it with my might! Quick my powers! Enlarge my mind! Ere comes the evening time— O Light of the Years!

Light of the Years! In midst of life's hard fight, And its strife and stress, When burdened out with care, Thy presence soothes distress— Strengthen my soul and nerves my will To toil till evening time— O Light of the Years! —Joseph Henry Ayers, in the "Christian Herald."

SLIPS IN ENGLISH.

It is said that a teacher at Wellesley College has prepared for the benefit of her students the following list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided. We in Canada are perhaps not less in need of such a list. We could add to it some of our own particular mistakes.

"Guess" for "suppose" or "think." "Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare." "Ride" and "drive" interchangeable (Americanism). "Real" as an adverb in expressions— "real good" for "really" or "very good," etc. etc.

"Some" or "any" in any adverbial sense, for example: "I have studied some" for "somehow"; "I have not studied any" for "at all." "Some" ten days for "about ten days." "Not as I know" for "that I know." "Storms" for "it rains" or "snows moderately."

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment. Singular subject contracted plural verb, for example: "She don't skate well." Plural pronoun with singular antecedent: Every "man" or "woman" do "their" duty, or if you look anyone straight in the face "they" will flinch. "Expect" for "suspect."

FRENCH'S LOVE FOR THE GAME.

"My brother will be one of the happiest men on the field," says Mrs. Despard, in an interview reported in "T. P.'s Weekly."

Mrs. Despard's brother is Sir John French. "The war game," she says, "is his one passion. He loved it when a boy. He has been a soldier, and still is, his hero—Napoleon the soldier, not Napoleon the politician. Indeed, he holds very strongly that the soldier should stick by his sword, the peasant by his plough—you know Frederick the Great's dictum? That is one of his first axioms in life."

"Why this Napoleon worship, then?" "Because the Corsican was the greatest tactician the world has ever known. In one curious way his Napoleon cult has been unexpectedly useful. In pursuing his hero-worship he has traced every hillock and hedge-row of the country over which he is now fighting. He knew the Belgian theatre of war by heart through the Waterloo campaign before he ever landed."

"He is something of a basilisk abroad. I remember one of his men remarking once that 'The General don't bark much, but he knows Jolly well how to bite.' Yet by his own fireside he can be quite a rattle."

"For all the strength of the brow, his moustache masks a most sensitive mouth." "Why," he said to me once, "I've never yet done anything worth doing without having to screw myself up to it." Physical fear he doesn't know, but spiritual doubt—yes.

"That, I think, is how my brother regards war. It is the game—the game he best loves, the game he has spent his life in learning—the greatest game of all. He is the Happy Warrior in being."

She that waits when evening creeps Up the sun-set-mantled steps! Those who chatter by her side, Waiting, too, with eyes grown wide; All day long dust and strife Something whispers soft of tone— In this vale of love and life— Let's be loving to our own!

They that need it let them feel That their faith is worth the while; They have many wounds to heal, Let us help them with a smile: Up and down the world it goes, Life's low message—zone to zone— As with lily and with rose— Let's be loving with our own! —Baltimore Sun.

WE ARE ALL VEXED WITH JULIA. "We are all vexed with Julia." "For what reason?" "Well, Alice married a man named Jones—I married a man named Brown—and Julia has gone and married a Mr. Von Booster, when she promised to marry a man named Smith."

Was Personally Attended by Dr. A. W. Chase

Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book.

Here is a letter from an aged gentleman who consulted Dr. Chase, long before his Receipt Book attained a world-wide circulation or his family medicines became known to the ends of the earth.



Like most people of advanced years his kidneys were the first organs to break down and when doctors failed to help him he MR. O. D. BARNES, remembered the physician who cured him of pleurisy in his younger days.

Mr. O. D. Barnes, R.F.D. 1, Byron, Mich., writes:—"About fifty years ago I was living in Ann Arbor, Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, was called on to treat me for pleurisy. Ever since that I have used and recommended Dr. Chase's Medicines, and have two of his Receipt Books in the house.

"Some time ago a cold settled in the kidneys, causing backache, frequent urination, dizziness, and affected the eyesight. My appetite failed and I could not sleep nights. Two doctors failed to do me any lasting good, so I started using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. The results have been highly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved, I gained in weight, sleep and rest well, and feel strong and well. My kidneys resumed their natural functions, and I believe that my cure was due to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. I am 78 years old, superintend work on my farm, and can turn in and do some work myself."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

PIGEONS THAT WHISTLE.

One of the most curious expressions of emotion in life of the Chinese is the application of whistles to a flock of pigeons. These whistles, very light, weighing hardly a few grammes, are attached to the tails of young pigeons soon after their birth, by means of fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind blowing through the whistles sets them vibrating and they produce an open-air concert, for the instruments in one and the same flock are all tuned differently. On a serene day in Peking where these instruments are manufactured with great cleverness and ingenuity, it is possible to enjoy this aerial music while sitting in one's room.

There are two distinct types of whistles—those consisting of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and a type based on the principle of tubes attached to a gourd body or wind-chest. They are lacquered in yellow, brown, red and black, to protect the material from the destructive influences of the atmosphere. The tube whistles have either two, three or five tubes in some specimens the five tubes are made of ox-horn instead of bamboo. The gourd whistles are furnished with a mouthpiece and small apertures to the number of two, three, six, ten and even thirteen. Certain among them have, besides, a number of bamboo tubes, some on the principal mouthpiece, some arranged around it. These varieties are distinguished by different names. Thus a whistle with one mouthpiece and ten tubes is called "the eleven-eyed one."

The explanation of the practice of this quaint custom which the Chinese offer is not very satisfactory. According to them, these whistles are intended to keep the flock together, and to protect the pigeons from attacks of birds of prey. There seems, however, little reason to believe that this innocent music to keep aloof from satisfying his appetite; and this doubtless savors of an after thought which came up long after the introduction of this rational and practical interpretation of something that has no rational origin whatever; for it is not the pigeon that profits from this practice, but merely the human ear, which feasts on the wind-blown tunes, and derives aesthetic pleasure from this music. And here again it seems to be a purely artistic and emotional tendency that has given rise to a unique industry and custom applied to nature life—merely one of the sidelights on the peculiar Chinese.

GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPES. Grandma is one of those who can mix and flavor and bake to perfection without the aid of a cook-book. She was born to her profession, not made for it by practice and discipline. But also for her who hopes to copy grandma's recipes, for they do not exist save in her own brain, and they could never be transferred to paper.

Not so long ago one of the granddaughters went over to the old house with pencil and paper to take down some of the most valuable rules, to make a cookbook of her own, and present copies to all the neices.

Grandma was delighted to be asked. She sat down, smoothed her apron, folded her plump hands and said: "Yes, dear, yes. I should admire to give you my receipts, every one of 'em."

"We'll begin with the simplest," said Dora, in a businesslike tone. "Apple sauce, now. You're better than anybody's. How do you make it?" "Well," said grandma, genially, "I peel my apples nice, and quarter 'em, and put 'em on the stove with a little water."

"How many apples?" inquired Dora. "How much water?" "That was a possum. Grandma looked at her in real distress. "Dear me, child," said she, "I can't tell you that to save my life! Why, just take 'em to the pump and pump a mite on 'em."

"Well," said Dora, trying to approach the subject by a different road, "sugar, now. How much of that to a quart saucapan full of apples?" Grandma looked at her benignantly. "I just take the sugar-box over to the stove," said she, "and put on—well, what's required. Yes, dear, with my little scoop."

The apple sauce was given up for grave matters; but here, also, lurked defeat. When it came to butter, grandma put in currants, but—how many? "Oh, I don't know, dear," said she, easily. "Not many. Here and there a traveller."

Lamb broth she simmered "till it was done." "When the goodness is all out of the meat, child," said she, somewhat stily, "Dear me, you can tell that." Scum milk gingerbread is one of her masterpieces. Yet how much soda does she use to a cup of milk? "Enough to sweeten it, dear," says grandma, "and make it rise real good. You'll know when you try it."

The interview was given up. Dora sat with idle pencil and useless paper while grandma, quite unconscious of proving a disappointment, beamed through her glasses and discoursed on the ease of cooking properly, if one only gave one's mind to it. Then the dear old lady rose and went out to "get supper," a meal calculated to fill any experienced cook with envy to the brim.

Grandma could do it to perfection, but she could not tell how.—Youth's Companion.

INEQUALITIES OF EXISTENCE. "We rest," said the distinguished lawyer for the defence. "An' such is life," added Raggy Rufus, recounting the circumstances to Pleading Pete; "we rest, and get the dog on us. He rests—and gets paid fur doin' it!"

NOT MUCH ACQUAINTED WITH HIM. "Your husband," said the caller sympathizingly, "was a man of excellent qualities."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I was not much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six lodges."

Professional Cards. A. A. McLean, K.C. Donald McKinnon, McLEAN & KINNO, Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law Brown Block, Charlottetown. C. McLeod, K.C. W. E. Bentley, K.C. McLEOD & BENTLEY, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law offices—Bank of N. S. Chambers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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MORSON & DUFFY. Barristers and Attorneys Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada MONEY TO LOAN.

The Saturday Night. Says in its Issue of Jan. 23rd. "The Editor of these pages has a very high regard for the Policies issued by Imperial Underwriters Corporation of Canada. Policies issued by that Company are guaranteed by the Sun Insurance Office of London England, and are perfectly sound"

FOR RELIABLE FIRE INSURANCE. Write, Call or Phone G. J. McCormac, Agent for The Imperial Underwriters Corporation. Offices Revere Hotel Block, Charlottetown. Phone 351 P. O. Box 74 8165-2-4 theMSi

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