



FREE GREAT BIG COASTER... BOYS, You don't need to pay \$1.00 or \$1.50 for the coaster you wish.

The Western Guardian

—IT PAYS to buy in this Province.

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

—SCHOOL CONCERT.—A very successful concert was held in Enmore Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 22nd.

—TWO CENTS per word each insertion for advertising in this column.

—CHURCH OF CHRIST.—On Jan. 21st Rev. H. R. Bell will preach in Central Street Christian Church, Summerside at eleven a. m. and seven p. m.

—SPECIAL TRAINS from east and west yesterday were crowded, and the town was full of people.

—MEETING.—The regular monthly meeting of the Emerald Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. Clarke Wednesday Jan. 17th.

—BOARD OF TRADE.—The annual meeting of Summerside Board of Trade was held in the Council Chamber on Tuesday evening and we regret to say was poorly attended.

MRS. J. A. ARSENAULT.

A shadow of gloom was cast over the inhabitants of Palmer Road North on Tuesday, January 16th, when the angel of death visited her midst and claimed as its victim Mrs. John A. Arsenault at the early age of 35 years.

She leaves to mourn her loss a loving husband and family of six children to whom the sympathy of all is extended in their sad bereavement.

At North Wiltshire on Thursday, January the eleventh, 1917, Mrs. Mary Ann Godfrey, widow of the late Thomas Godfrey, departed this life at the advanced age of 83 years.

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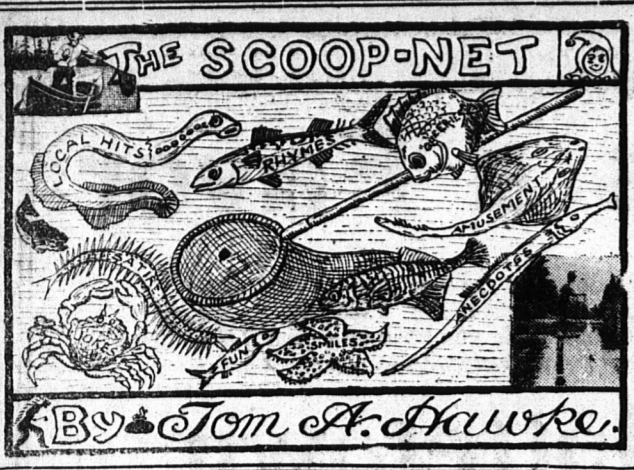
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Clean bright faucets. No grease and grit in the cracks or joints—when you use Old Dutch



the eternal boy will always demand oes. The injury done is to taste rather adventure hot from the grill, and if er than morals. But if the classics do it is clean adventure it will do him not appeal, there are many worse no harm, even if now and then it books than the "Nick Carter" tales leads him to emulate his chosen her. for young imaginations to browse in.



KING CONSTANTINE is about the most slippery thing in Greece.

THE SOLDIER who made a proposal over the telephone wasn't afraid of a wire entanglement.

WE have often heard of people being killed by kindness, but never met any of the sufferers.

SOME small boys are regular incubators, constantly hatching out a fresh brood of trouble.

PEOPLE who talk and say nothing are excellent examples of how not to do it.

SOMEBODY calls the German-Americans the Hyph-Huns. Hyph-Huns is good.

THE KING of Greece and President Wilson both seem to have their weather eye lifting for that Nobel peace prize.

THE ROARIN' GAME.

Today the curlers wear a grin and hope the frost bites deeper in. They want a freeze and lots of ice, and will assist to expedite the weather man in bringing cold. So warmly clad, with faces bold, they'll start the roarin' game around. With little glide, the big stoves slide, then "Sweep, you ham, it's going wide. Yet all the same she's some game. Those curlers never find it tame. From morn to night, you'll find them there, until the ice has gone in air.

The Sunnyside Crockery.

Good Values Here Now in Lamps

Our lamps not only give you excellent illumination, but cut down the oil bill and beautify the home as well. See the complete variety here now of Parlor lamps, Hall lamps, Kitchen lamps, Bedroom lamps and lamps for every purpose. Our prices are as low as the quality will permit.

BLACK & CO. Sunnyside

THE PRICE of fish is going up. Lock up the jar of gold-fish, please!

OWING no doubt to the increasing cost of everything it has been decided to close off the passes in the Macedonian war theatre.

OUR SOLDIERS at the front are grateful to the ladies at home who are sending them sex. This sending of sex is really a religious duty—a sole satisfying religion.

NOT A PROHIBITION RAIDER

That German raider which has been putting down so many schooners may yet come to grief at some bar.

THERE seems to be some probability that Charlottetown next year will have an up-to-date street car service. Now, listen, and you'll hear the "anties" speak right out in meeting.

SOME SMACK

The earth and sky once fell in love. Their love there was no files on. The sky bent down and kissed the earth. Right square on the horizon.

AND THIS IN KANSAS.

(The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.) A woman in Kansas City asks that her daughter be committed to the insane hospital because she persistently refuses to wear clothes enough to keep her warm. If this is an evidence of insanity the hospitals for the insane will have to be enlarged abnormally.

HIS CHOICE.

"I like simplicity in dress," he said, "and hate to see a woman gailyvaning round with dresses to her knees. Now yonder is a girl who knows the proper thing to wear; observe her gown of modest length. And smoothly parted hair."

Just then came tripping into view. A vision in a mink. A skirt so short that half a yard of silk hosiery showed; paint, powder, tresses auburn-dyed and coiffured right to date. And lo! he left the modest maid To wed the fashion plate.

EX.

THE OTHER FOOT.

"We came out of the trenches one bitterly cold night," says a soldier, "and were billeted in a barn, where we were packed like sardines in a tin. Though numb with cold, we were soon asleep. I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on. After he had been trying for a minute or two, I heard the fellow next to him say:— "What the dickens are you doing?" "Putting my boots on," was the reply. "Well, that's my foot, you idiot!"

MAGNIFICENT ACT OF HEROISM AT SEA

LONDON, Jan. 18.—"The Times" says:—We have received from a correspondent, who signs himself "An Englishman," the following account of a splendid act of heroism at sea:—

In "The Times" of December 11 there was reported among the shipping casualties the loss by an enemy submarine of the s. s. Conch (529 tons), belonging to the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. Ltd., which had been torpedoed on the previous Friday. There was just the bare report no more.

May I, through your columns tell the people of this great naval country of ours a tale of heroism? At about a quarter of eight on the night of Thursday, December 7, the steamship Conch, carrying 8000 tons of benzene was torpedoed and set on fire by a German submarine. At 3 a. m., or thereabouts a huge conflagration lurched through the water at a speed of some eight knots as observed by one of His Majesty's destroyers. She at once proceeded full speed in the direction of the blaze. A large steamer was discovered burning fore and aft, and to the horror of every one, there were some 30 men aboard, huddled together and seemingly doomed. Three destroyers, all larger and tougher than the destroyer, were steaming along about a quarter of a mile away from this terrifying spectacle. They had been there for hours, powerless to help. What could be done? How could they help?

The blazing Conch had been left with engines running, and she was under no control. A nasty sea was getting up, and she was from end to end a mass of flames. More horrible still, her cargo of benzene was every moment welling out from her sides, causing lakés of fire all around her.

Can you blame the stoutest hearts for keeping well away clear as these three steamers did?

I want the country to know the following tale of glorious heroism. The captain of the destroyer saw it was sheer madness to attempt to go alongside her. She was still lurching at eight knots all over the place. Three times by magnificent seamanship, he placed his vessel across the

bow of the doomed oil steamer, throwing overboard his rafts, his lifebelts, and buoys, and finally his boats, and shouted to the crew to jump for their lives. Many did so, to be saved by the destroyer's boats, but not all.

After two hours' magnificent seamanship, there were still nine men left on board.

The flames were now but a few feet off them, and the ship was going fast, but still stumbling along like some fearful living thing. But the captain of the destroyer found that there was no single life-saving apparatus left aboard his ship. The three other steamers waited, watching. I would have given years of my life—and so would any man—to have seen the slight, boyish figure of the destroyer's Captain on his bridge, smiling a trifle sadly—he had a wife and a baby boy two days old at home—as he ordered about his ship. The three other steamers waited, watching. I would have given years of my life—and so would any man—to have seen the slight, boyish figure of the destroyer's Captain on his bridge, smiling a trifle sadly—he had a wife and a baby boy two days old at home—as he ordered about his ship. The three other steamers waited, watching. I would have given years of my life—and so would any man—to have seen the slight, boyish figure of the destroyer's Captain on his bridge, smiling a trifle sadly—he had a wife and a baby boy two days old at home—as he ordered about his ship.

At 6.24 a. m. After forty-eight minutes of the most nerve-racking, terrible, and magnificent seamanship and judgment that had ever been seen, the British destroyer was placed gently and superbly alongside the Conch, and every single man of those doomed creatures was taken off. Two or three sharp orders, and the British man-of-war was clear. Ten minutes later the Conch had disappeared.

I have told the story but feebly and badly. Not a word has been said, not a sign of recognition. Let us at least see that justice is done. Which was the destroyer and who was the gallant and splendid man who standing alone there on his bridge, smiled on that December morning?

DEUTSCHLAND REPORTED TO HAVE SAILED

BREMEN, January 16.—Preparations have been made for the sailing today for an American port of the merchant submarine Deutschland.

JOFFRE'S PROUD TITLE

Toronto Mail and Empire.—General Joffre's services to France have been recognized in a very striking manner by the French Government. He has been made a field marshal, and is now entitled to wear the baton that Napoleon once said every private soldier carried in his knapsack. Joffre was once a private soldier, and after many years this is the honor at which the cooper's son has arrived. The distinction means more in France than in any other nation. In most European countries—the rank of field marshal or something corresponding to it is not gradungly bestowed, although the recipient has usually distinguished himself in some military way. Sometimes the rank is a mere honorary one. King Constantine of Greece, for instance, is a field marshal of the German army. The title gives one the right to wear a special gaudy uniform, and to appear at reviews with a wooden baton instead of a sword. In France there have been no field marshals created for nearly fifty years. It is not likely that there will be more than two or three others for another fifty.

"NICK CARTER"

Philadelphia Ledger.—The death of the writer who concealed himself under many names, but was best known as "Nick Carter," is an event which should not pass unnoticed. There was a time when "Old Sleuth" divided with him the admiration of the small boy, but his fame had grown rather dim of late. There are those who affect to believe that stories of the "Nick Carter" kind ought not to be permitted to youthful minds. Mr. Tozer himself never took that view. He held that the thrills he gave his readers were quite as legitimate as those to be found in the pages acknowledged as literature. One thing is certain—

BRINGING UP FATHER

