

Her Little Boy Caught Cold While Out Playing

Mrs. F. Cade, Elmwood, Man., writes: "My little boy caught cold while out playing in the snow. He coughed incessantly all that night and the next day, and nothing I gave him seemed to relieve him. When my husband came home he brought a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

with him. After the second dose my boy was greatly relieved and after the third dose he went to sleep and slept the whole night through without any coughing. I am never without it in the house, and whenever any of the children get the slightest cold it is the first thing I give them.

Price 35c a bottle, large size 60c; put up only by The T. McEwan Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Bilingual Stamps To Be Issued

(Special to the Guardian) OTTAWA, April 6.—Bilingual stamps of certain denominations will be issued for the jubilee of confederation, according to a statement made by Hon. P. J. Venot, Postmaster-General, in the House today.

Hon. Dr. Edwards, Conservative member for Frontenac, enquired before the orders of the day were called, whether it was the intention of the government to make such an issue for the celebration, and whether or not the issue of the Bilingual stamps should be continued in the future.

Mr. Venot replied that the jubilee committee had passed a unanimous resolution in favor of the issue of bilingual stamps for the 60th anniversary of confederation. "So far as our confidence for the future is concerned," said the Minister, "is a matter for consideration."

An underground telephone cable more than 500 kilometers long has been placed in service between Vienna and Nuremberg.

A hand operated letter opener has been so constructed that it cuts an envelope from the outside and cannot injure its contents.

ABSORBINE

will reduce Inflamed, Swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Pock Evils, Quittor, Fistula and Infected Sores quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle, delivered. Book 78 FREE. W. F. Young, Inc., 141 Lyman Bldg., Montreal

WANTED

Old Postage Stamps on or off the envelopes. On the original envelope preferred. You keep the letters. Look through your old trunks, chests, etc., it will pay you. Kindly let me know what you have. Cash for stamps issued before 1875. Kindly correspond at once with Box 596, Summerside. 4833-4-1-141.

FARM FOR SALE

One hundred and twenty-four acres of land at St. Teresa's, owned by Patrick Kenny. Splendid buildings in good repair, seventy acres in high state of cultivation, balance covered with a heavy growth of hard and soft wood. Conveniently situated in the midst of schools, churches, stores, etc., and only ten chains from the C. N. R. Station, it is a desirable property and will be sold at a reasonable figure. For further particulars apply JAMES F. KENNY, St. Teresa's, 4674-1-1111 161

Professional Cards

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MONEY TO LOAN
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital
Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
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Money to Loan
Same as Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

SMILES



GRUBS FOR THE BUTTERFLY
"I wouldn't marry that butterfly if I were you."
"Why not?"
"You'll have to grub all the grubs of your life if you do."



Mr. Hog: A cat has nine lives
How many has a dog?
Mr. Pup: Ca-nine.



AN ULTRAMARINE
"That 'soldier of the sea' seems to be decidedly blue."
"That ought to make him an ultramarine."



NOT FLY
He (trying to ring in): I believe you are the wonderful young lady aviator.
She: Yes, but pass on, please—I'm not fly.



HONEYMOON OVER
"The honeymoon is over with you, isn't it?"
"Oh, yes; I've several times heard her complain of having been chilly when riding with him."

A process developed in France for resurfacing worn automobile tires is claimed to give them 75 per cent of the life of new ones.

Constipation

the result of a weak stomach
Help Nature remedy constipation
IF your Stomach and Liver are weak, your food is not digested. This causes food to be held up in your body. The usual result is constipation, which causes bad breath, headache and severe gas pains. For 64 years, people have sensibly corrected this condition by using Chamberlain's Tablets for the Stomach and Liver. They help the digestive organs stop chronic constipation. Get them at your druggist's, or send 25c to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

EYES TESTED

AND
Glasses fitted by scientific methods.
E. W. TAYLOR
AND
J. S. TAYLOR
Registered Optometrists
142 Richmond Street

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

"Good evening, Mr. Curtis. Just dropped in to show you the double-truck advertisement on our January white sale. And I ran into the editor of our paper. He pulled a proof for me of their big Sunday feature on the new roof garden nursery. Say, Mr. Curtis, it's a knock-out! Betcha they'll be sending reporters down from New York and Chicago to take a look at that day nursery. Nothing like it in any department store in the country."

Thomas Quinn Curtis, known familiarly to every member of his mammoth department store family as "Old T. Q.", though he was only fifty-three years old, smiled wryly at his enthusiastic young advertising manager and motioned him to a seat near the big desk in the library of the Curtis mansion, one of the show houses of Colfax, a rapidly growing city whose chamber of commerce claimed a population of a quarter of a million.

"You're all wound up like a photograph," T. Q. grumbled good-naturedly. "Um-m-m!" He bent his handsome head over the double-page advertisement before him. His deep-set gray eyes, narrowed under heavy black brows, scanned the advertisement with lightning rapidity.

"Now, look a here, Brenner, you've got the linen sheeting priced too high. Who give you them figures? Patten? I'll fire him if he tries to slip in anything like that. I've had a 'white sale' in the Curtis Store every January for thirty years, and I've never sold a square inch of cloth in the 'white sale' that wasn't a real bargain for my customers. Take 20 per cent off the price of that bolt sheeting, and tell Patten I want to see him tomorrow. Anybody else playing shenanigans in this sale?"

"I told Patten you'd catch that," Brenner admitted ruefully. "But his department's been showing a bad slump, and he wouldn't mark the stuff down as low as you told him. Now, sir, take a look at this lay-out. Picture of the store in the middle of a Sunday page, and close-ups of the kids on rocking-horses and drinking their milk—pretty swell, eh? Great! 500 story—how the Curtis Store takes care of the infants of the men employees and amuses the customers' kids while the mothers shop. They've played up the angle of the employees' babies more than I would have liked, for our Ritzy customers may not like the idea of having their kids associating with working women's babies, but—"

"I don't give a hoot what women like that think of the Curtis Store," T. Q. said violently. "I started this day nursery on the roof for the children of the Curtis family, so the mothers won't worry about their babies while they're working. My idea was that those kids need sunshine and fresh air and good clean milk and trained nurse attention, and they're getting it. If the society women of this town don't want their children to play with working women's kids, they can drag them over the store with them while they shop, for all I care. Tell the newspaper people if appreciate this, and I like the way it's handled. You'd better get these corrected proofs back in a hurry. Their forms are locked up at eleven, unless they've changed since I was writing copy for the Curtis Store."

"Deadline's still eleven," and young Brenner grimaced at attention upon the owner of the Curtis Store. "By George, Mr. Curtis, hope I'll know just half as much about running a department store as you do, time I'm an old as you are."

"You'd have to start like I did," T. Q. Curtis leaned back in his big leather-upholstered chair and regarded the young advertising manager quizzically. "I started business in this town in a twenty-by-ten foot hole in the wall, and bought my first bill of goods with money I'd saved up peddling cabbage and gingham and bleached domestic from house to house. You young fellows ain't got the nerve to start that way now. You just look at the eight-story building I got now, and wonder how old T. Q. hornswoiled the public into making him a millionaire. Well, run along. You've all heard how old T. Q. got his start. It must be getting old, or I wouldn't be caught bragging to a young whippersnapper like you. Goodnight!"

After the "young whippersnapper" had hurried sprightly and jauntily out of the room, "old T. Q." slumped in his chair, his gnarled brown hands lying loosely on his knees, his long, lean body and his gaunt face, that had been compared countless times to Abraham Lincoln's, relaxed in utter weariness. In repose, the face was tell you right now that "I'm not go-

sad, stamped with sorrowfulness and disillusionment and loneliness. Only his eyes were curiously childlike, anxious and trusting—the eyes of an idealist. Anyone seeing him offguard would have known his secret instantly, would have known that his frascible temper, his gruff speech, his hard-headed commercialism, were a disguise against a world constantly on the alert to a prey on idealists.

After a few minutes T. Q. stirred with a sigh of weariness and pressed a button on the edge of his desk. When the butler appeared at the door, T. Q. spoke in his usual curt voice.

"Bring some cigarettes—whatever brand it is that my son smokes. And you bring a few more of my cigars, too. The boy will be home again any minute now. Every-thing ready for him?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Curtis," Moore has a little supper ready for him, too, sir, if he'd like a snack before going to bed."

"She would have," T. Q. grinned wryly. "She pampers the boy to death. All of us do. I suppose. Save in a sudden fit of sobbing."

"The boy that everyone pampered arrived ten minutes later. "Well, boy, you're back," T. Q.'s voice tried to be jocular, effectionate, but that unblinking, black stare defeated his effort. "I was right, wasn't I? She turned down, just as I knew she would, when she found you'd be penniless if you married her. Good riddance, boy."

Clay Curtis lounged forward, then his stormy black eyes still fixed unflinchingly on his father. "Yes, I'm back," he said.

He flung himself into the chair that Brenner had drawn to the desk and dropped his head upon his arms, stretched out in a boyish, tragic gesture upon his father's desk. His shoulders began to heave in a sudden fit of sobbing.

"I'm sorry Clay," T. Q. laid a hand on his son's head. "But a girl like that ain't worth worrying over. Every rich man's son runs up against gold-diggers like Claire Donnell—"

"Oh, for God's sake!" the boy flung up his head, shaking it angrily to dislodge his father's comforting hand. "Can't you see it isn't just Claire? It's everything—life's a mess—for me. I'm just a rich man's son. I fell in love with a girl, think she's an angel out of heaven, worship her, write music to her, lay my heart at her feet, and all the time, all the sees is the label pinned on to me—rich man's son! Good for nothing, pampered, spoiled, wrapped up in dollar bills—somebody else's dollars, not mine. Do you know what she said to me when I told her you'd disinherited me if I married a chorus girl out of a nude revue? His eyes glared wildly at his father; his sensitive, poetic mouth trembled like a tragedy-stricken girl's."

"I can guess, boy," T. Q. answered gently. "She said 'The old boy will give us and kick in. He's given you everything else you ever wanted, hasn't he?' I told her she didn't know you, that you mean what you said, and then I begged her to marry me anyway, told her I'd work my fingers to the bone for her—and she laughed, Dad! She laughed! Said I couldn't get a job if they were giving 'em away to the Christians present. She called me a parasite, said I couldn't support myself to save my life, and that I'd have to be a good boy and mind my dad for the rest of my life, if I didn't want to starve. And the next day she announced her engagement to a fat, bald-headed butter-and-egg man that she'd nearly died laughing at when I'd been taking her around to the night-clubs."

His head went down again, but he did not sob. His years had been dried in the fire of his anger.

"Well, boy, I'm glad to have you home again. I'm sorry this had to happen, but maybe it will all be for the best in the long run. I've made a place for you in the Curtis Store."

"That's just it—there it is again!" Clay Curtis raised his head to shout the words at his father. "You've made a place for me! As assistant general manager, I suppose." His voice was bitter with sarcasm.

"Well, yes," T. Q. admitted. "But I don't see why you should take my head off because I give you a job at ten thousand a year—" "Because I couldn't earn ten thousand cents a year as assistant general manager, and you know it! You know there isn't an office boy in the outfit that doesn't know more about merchandize than I do."

"You can learn," T. Q.'s anger rose above his pity for the disillusioned boy. "You're acting like a fool, Clay, and any office boy in the outfit that doesn't know more about merchandize than I do, I was for all he missed, by seeing you enjoy every advantage and Lincoln's, relaxed in utter weariness. In repose, the face was tell you right now that "I'm not go-

Fellowship of Prayer

Daily Lenten Devotion

Prepared by Rev. Charles Emerson Burton, D.D., for Commission on Evangelism of Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Copyright 1927

Topic for the Week

"THE SPIRITUAL STRUGGLE"

Friday

"Desire is Fundamental"

SCRIPTURE: Read—Psalm 49. "I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart" (Ps. 49:8). "If a man love men, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (Jn. 14:23). "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching" (Jn. 7:17).

Ps.—Psalms 37:1; Matthew 23:37; 53:14.

MEDITATION: It is never possible to know too much; it is, however, always possible to misuse what we know, much or little. Most of us must live without exhaustive knowledge. Nobody can know everything; many are quite mistaken. But whoever desires to do God's will can have all the necessary information to keep him busy in righteousness, with more to come day by day, and forever. I will therefore turn my face toward His and do His will as He reveals it. If it takes me by the way of Calvary, as it did Jesus, I will not shrink.

"It is all in vain that the mirror exists in the room if it is lying on its face; the sunbeams cannot reach it until it is upright to them. Even so it is with thee, my soul!"

HYMN: Dear Lord and Father of mankind, Forgive our feverish ways; Reclothe us in our rightful mind, In pure lives Thy service find, In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness, Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the hearts of our desire Thy coolness and Thy balm; Thy sense be dumb, let flesh retire; Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire, O still small voice of calm. —John G. Whittier, 1872.

PRAYER: Pray for—knowledge with pure purpose; effectiveness in

ing to put up with much more of this kind of talk from you. I've tried to be patient with you, because I know that Donnell hussy gave you a knock-out blow, but I want you to pull yourself together, and make a man of yourself—in the Curtis Store."

"You might as well know, Dad," said Clay, his face pale and his black eyes hard with determination, "I'm not going into the store, I'm your store; do you think I'd really have a chance to earn a penny there—as assistant manager? I'd be hated by every man that's supposed to be under an assistant general manager. And the man that had really earned the job would hate me most of all. No, Dad, I'm going to earn what I spend from now on—and if I can't earn enough to live on, I'll starve." (To Be Continued)

"Let the Clark Kitchens help you"



Clark's "Northern" Tomatoes, help to give a distinctive delicious flavor to CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP. It adds greatly to fish, chops, stews, etc. Sold Everywhere W. CLARK Limited, Montreal. 11-27



DOES YOUR SKIN BREAK OUT IN SPRING

If your skin is chafed, sore and irritated, or through rash, blotches or pimples, shows other signs of being 'out-of-condition,' bring it back to healthy tone by the aid of that great skin purifier, Zam-Buk. A regular daily dressing of

Zam-Buk Will Soon Put You Right. Zam-Buk quickly invigorates the tissues and clears them of all impurity. Zam-Buk is a natural preparation of extraordinary fineness and purity and not a mere ointment compounded from pore-clogging fats and mineral drugs. The potent herbal essences in Zam-Buk soak through the tiny pores and heal from below, thereby regenerating the entire tissue. In this, the only natural way, does Zam-Buk expel impurities, allay pain, irritation and inflammation, and restore perfect skin health. When "Spring-cleaning," remember that Zam-Buk heals and prevents sore hands and takes all pain and danger out of cuts, scratches, burns, scalds, abrasions, etc. Zam-Buk is also a fine remedy for eczema, salt rheum, shaving soreness, boils, abscesses, poisoned wounds, ringworm, bad legs, ulcers and piles. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25 all druggists.

Send For FREE SAMPLE BOX and apply the soothing and healing touch of Zam-Buk to any affected skin! We gladly send Sample Free and post-paid. Request to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, brings it by return. (Mention this paper.)

Zam-Buk PURIFIES & HEALS IN NATURE'S WAY

life; lovers of things; parents. living and loving service, for His name's sake. Amen.

Stocks Advance on New York Exchange

(Special to the Guardian) NEW YORK, April 6.—In the broadest market in the history of the New York stock exchange—in which a total of 651 separate issues were dealt in—shares of many sorts forged ahead today, the averages establishing new high records for all time. Railway shares, the motors and the steel stocks were the undisputed leaders of the day's robust advances, and so well did the market deport itself and so determined seemed the buyers of stock of several classes that the bears were in full flight most of the day. The new record for the separate issues interested Wall Street as much as any other feature of the market because it reflected a broadening public interest in securities. Sales for the day were 2,607,170 shares, the second biggest set on Feb. 9, when sales were 2,845,060 shares. In today's advances the average of 25 representative industrial stocks advanced 1.74, the average of 25 railroad shares .28, and the combined as strong 1.01, all of these figures being new high marks for all time.

Mail Order Prices

We'd like to publish a catalog like the mail order houses do, but if we did, we'd probably have to raise our own prices to the level of theirs. This would mean a raise of 11% on the twenty reasonable articles of staple hardware listed below. The prices in the first column are taken from the GOODS DISPLAYED ON OUR SHELVES; and those in the second from the GOODS PICTURED IN A LARGELY CIRCULATED MAIL ORDER CATALOG. We show the goods as well as the price.

No.	Article	Our Price	Mail Order Catal'g	No.	Article	Our Price	Mail Order Catal'g
1	Roofing Felt	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.95	11	Axe Handle	.25	.28
2	Roofing (1 ply)	1.75	1.95	12	Galvanized Poultry Netting (36")	4.25	4.45
3	Roofing (2 ply)	2.50	2.70	13	Oil Stove (2 burner)	1.65	1.75
4	Roofing (3 ply)	2.75	2.95	14	Hay Fork (3 tine) 2 Point	1.25	1.35
5	Fry Pan (Cast Iron)	.85	1.20	15	Barbed Wire (80 rds.) 4 Point	4.05	4.35
6	Galvanized Pail (8)	.40	.45	16	Barbed Wire (80 rds.) 4 Point	4.25	4.60
7	Sad Irons (set of 3)	2.25	2.40	17	Scythe	1.75	1.95
8	Hatchet	.75	1.15	18	Rope, Manila (5/16)	.25	.35
9	Fence Pliers	.75	.90	19	Hay Rope (3/4)	.25	.33
10	Scythe Snath	1.75	1.80	20	Spade	.75	.87

This Is Not a Special Sale

THESE ARE OUR REGULAR RETAIL PRICES IN EVERY INSTANCE. We have compared PRICES. We invite YOU to compare QUALITY.

FENNELL & CHANDLER

—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE

THE BEDTIME STRIP

