

Teach Your Child the Lesson of Clean Teeth

Now is the proper time to get one of our children's tooth brushes and a tube of Penslar Tooth Paste.

The earlier your child is taught the necessity of keeping his teeth clean the healthier he will be in future years.

This week only we are selling one tube of Penslar Tooth Paste, 25c. and one child's tooth brush 15c both for 30c.

E.A. Foster Central Drugstore

THE REAPER

Wordsworth

Behold her, single in the field; / You solitary Highland Lass! / Reaping and singing to herself; / Stop here, or gently pass!

No nightingale did ever chaunt / More welcome notes to weary bands / Of travellers in some shady haunt, / Among Arabian sands;

Will no one tell me what she sings? / Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow / For old, unhappy far-off things, / And battles long ago;

What is the theme, the maiden sang / As if her song could have no ending, / I saw her singing to her work; / And o'er the sickle bending;

LOGICAL

Mr. Bacon: "Did you make these biscuits, wife?" Mrs. Bacon: "I did."

PERSONALS

Amongst the passengers by the Aramore Saturday morning were Pte. Ernest McCarroll of the C. A. M. C.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Classified ads, under this head cost one cent per word per insertion where cash accompanies order, with minimum charge of 25 cents per insertion.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL FOR "The old reliable Ponthill Nurses." We teach our men to sell Experience unnecessary, highest commissions paid; handsome free equipment. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS NEEDED FOR SAS-katchewan and Alberta schools, opening first of January. Apply stating qualifications, to Canadian Teachers Agency, Regina, for Saskatchewan schools and Beveridge Building, Calgary for Alberta positions.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—BOY ABOUT 14 OR 15 year. W. N. Tanton, Jeweler, 1252-11-19M1F.

WANTED BOY OR YOUNG MAN for boot and shoe business. P. O. Box 55. 1450-12-1M3E1.

SALESMEN—EXCLUSIVE LINE for city, town or country. Big earnings guaranteed. Permanent, all-year job. No experience necessary. Write Luke Brothers, Ltd. Montreal. 1495-12-1ME61.

DEEP GLOOM IN HAMBURG

Great German Port Dead as Result of War and People Grumbling

"No other place in Germany has been hit so hard by the war as Hamburg," writes an English woman just returned from the big German port after many years' residence there.

"To the thousands of English people who knew Hamburg in its gay, prosperous, well-fed days the Alster city would present a sad and sorry sight today. There is no sign whatever of its former prosperity.

"The Hamburg goose was a once-famed national dish. A goose, when it can be had, now costs \$25 of \$30; in the old days a fine one cost \$1.50 to \$2.25. There is no lack of money; but money is worthless because only in rare instances can one buy anything with it.

"Hamburg depends to an enormous extent on English trade and good-will for its prosperity; and though the Hamburgers at first prayed that Gott would strafe England, they are beginning now to think of the future. They hope England will forgive and forget, and help the port to regain some of its greatness.

"Yet if Hamburg is a sample of the rest of Germany, I do not think that even such hardships as I have described are going to make the country stop fighting. They know things are going badly, but they have not yet abandoned faith that, somehow or other, they will win."

ARMY SHYLOCKS.

How Tommy is Unmercifully Robbed

In money-lending and usury, as in everything else, the war is establishing its own inglorious record. Among the unscrupulous rogues whose consciences are elastic enough to allow them to rob the men who are bravely fighting their country's battles is the Army Shylock.

"It is not so much the obliging pal," remarked the officer, "who will help a comrade in distress with a paltry loan, but the professional shark who has been driven into the Service by the conscription Act, and whose business initiative does not see any harm in making an 'honest' penny out of the 'boba-day' fighter.

"As in civil life, the Army Shylock never heals the financially wounded, but always kills in the end. He is not registered, pays no licence, and his rate of interest is not regulated by statute. It is possible for such scoundrels to reap a rich harvest at the expense of the man who is doing his bit, and the method adopted by these harpies is to 'bleed' their victims, frequently to the amazing figure of 2,000 per cent. interest!

Blood-Suckers in Khaki.

A system said to be favoured by the "khaki" money-lender is to conduct his business with the help of agents. Say, for instance, he belongs to the 12th Southshire Regiment; in each company he has in his employ an agent who for a small commission will canvass for "customers," advance loans, and collect the profits.

"Every member of a unit goes on duty twelve hours daily, taking night and day shifts in turn. Sometimes there is little going, at others it is doubly strenuous. And every girl must clean her own car, a performance which, needless to say, takes hours. French roads, too, in winter, are like London pavements.

"A thriving trade is also done with petty cash and the impecunious Tommy who is in need of a shilling can always procure same at 2d. a week interest. Although the transactions may not be on a large scale, the receipts of the Army Shylock with large clientele is very profitable, for the interest charged is well over 2,000 per cent!

"In conversation with a private, T. B. man was informed that in his company was a conscript who, before joining up, was managing clerk to a firm of commission agents, and put to that conducted a private inquiry bureau. In the Army he was reaping a clear profit of over £18 a week by his financial side-lines. A man of the world with a plausible tongue, this harpy was always ready to meet the requirements of his client with loans of £5, £10, £20, or even £50; all the "hard-up" need do was to sign for the sum advanced plus 20 per cent. interest for one week. If the debtor did not pay up immediately, the ex-inquiry agent "struck" him off his list, and refused to loan him any more money until the interest had been paid up in full.

"There are other 'very' of beautiful mauve sweet peas and pink and raven double poppies. The loveliest flower to be seen, however, is the cornflower. It is such a rich, intense blue; there are whole fields of it and the sight is most glorious. There are some tall yellow flowers, very much like mustard, and the reddish brown seed of the cock's foot adds to the effect. Here and there are large pools of water, caused by the shell holes. The trees, too, that were blown to bits have thrown out shoots to cover up the ugly stumps. The unlevel nature of the ground adds a great deal to the beauty of the scene, truly a most lovely winter garden. Last year it was a veritable inferno; this year a veritable paradise. It proves what the Great Gardener can do.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. EZEKIER DUKE.

In the death of Mrs. Ezekiel Duke which occurred Nov. 22nd at her home in Greenwich, St. Peter's Bay the community has lost one of its most highly esteemed citizens. Although not feeling well for the past year her death came very unexpectedly and she will be greatly missed where with her gentle and cheerful disposition she had endeared herself to all.

CANADIAN GIRL DROVE AMBULANCE

Where the roar of London's traffic echoes to the skies, drowning the shrieks of the raid sirens, muffling the very thunder of the bombs themselves, by the crowded curb past which flows that endless stream of taxis, motor vans, carts, wagons along the mighty river of the Strand, the writer stood chatting the other day with a blue-uniformed Canadian girl just back from France. Her neat navy serge and tight black cap proclaimed her an ambulance driver in the British Red Cross.

"And would you believe," she remarked, "driving a car in Toronto is far harder than steering a vehicle through this maelstrom? See how smoothly everything goes, how well paved the streets are, how the traffic policemen have everything under control. Then, too, notice the lack of 'tooting' their horns. People over here wouldn't stand for the row drivers are permitted to make at home, grinding their claxons at your half a mile away."

"Every member of a unit goes on duty twelve hours daily, taking night and day shifts in turn. Sometimes there is little going, at others it is doubly strenuous. And every girl must clean her own car, a performance which, needless to say, takes hours. French roads, too, in winter, are like London pavements.

"The old farmer lay dying. The minister was sent for and prayed at the bedside. Then at the last minute, the sick man rallied. "Ah, my dear," he said to his better half, "it may be I'll be spared to you yet." The old wife frowned and said grimly: "No, no George. You're prepared and I'm resigned. Die now."

STOCK QUOTATIONS

HALIFAX, N.-S. Dec. 1.—(Quotations furnished by F. B. McCurdy & Co., stock and bond brokers, members Montreal Stock Exchange, McCurdy Building, Halifax, N.S.)

CLOSING PRICES. Yesterday Today Atchison 83 83 A. P. 65 65 1/2 Am Loco 53 53 1/2 Anaconda 57 57 1/2 Am S. S. & R. 75 75 Can Pac—X. D. 2 1/2 132 133 Cen 68 69 Cruc. 54 54 1/2 M. F. C. 96 95 1/2 Mex Non Power 79 79 1/2 P. R. S. 54 54 Reading 69 70 South Pac 81 81 S. T. U. 45 45 U. S. 91 92 U. T. 76 75 U. P.—X. D. 2 1/2 112 112

HOW THINGS FREEZE IN THE ARCTICS

The cold came upon us gradually. The first thing that really struck me was the freezing up of our water casks, the drip-candle appearance of the bungees, and our inability to lay the tin cup down for five minutes without having its contents made solid.

Next came the complete inability to obtain drink without manufacturing it. For a long time we had collected our water from the beautiful fresh pools of the icebergs and fogs; now we had to quarry out the blocks in flinty, glassy lumps, and then melt them in tins for our daily drink.

By and by the sludge which we passed through as we travelled became pancakes and snowballs. We were glued up. Anything moist or wet began to strike me as something to be looked at—a curious, out of the way production.

All of our eatables became laughably consolidated, and after different fashions, requiring no small experience before we learned to manage the peculiarities of their changed condition.

Dried apples became a solid mass of flinty fragments. To get them out of the barrel, or the barrel out of them, was a matter impossible. We found, after many trials, that the shortest and best plan was to cut up both fruit and barrel by repeated blows with a heavy ax, taking the lumps below it thaw.

Sauerkraut had to be extracted by means of a crowbar with chiseled edge. Sugar formed a very funny compound. It had to be extracted with a saw.

Butter and lard, being less changed required a heavy cold-chisel and mallet. Flour underwent little change, and molasses could be half scooped, half cut, by a stiff iron ladle.

Pork and beef required the crowbar and handspike, for the ax could hardly chip it. A barrel of lamp oil, denuded of the staves, stood like a yellow sandstone roller for a gravel walk.

Teas for the desert come unhidden in all imaginable and unimaginable variety. Mix some sugared cranberries with a little butter and scalding water, and you have an impromptu cranberry ice. Such is the quality of our teas that they are brought in served on the shaft of a hickory broom. So hard is the ice at the end that it might serve as a truncheon to knock down an ox.

You must handle your spoon cautiously, or it is fastened to your tongue. One of our mess was tempted the other day by the crystal transparency of an icicle to break it in his mouth. One piece froze to his tongue, two others to his lips, and each carried off the skin.

Now let us start out on a walk, clothed in a well-fashioned Arctic costume. The thermometer is 25 degrees below zero, and the wind is blowing gently. Close the lips for the first minute or two, and admit the air suspiciously through nostril and moustache. Presently you inhale a dry, pungent, but agreeable atmosphere.

The beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and the down of the ears acquire a delicate white cover of venerable hoar frost. The moustache and under lip form beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust, and some skill is required to release it.

The less you talk, the better. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the luting aid of your beard. My eyes have often been so blue as to show that even a wink may be unsafe.

As you walk on, you find that the iron work of your gun begins to penetrate through two coats of woollen mittens, with a sensation like that produced by hot water.

But we have been supposing your

back to the wind, and, if you are a good subject, a warm glow has already been followed by a profuse perspiration. Now, turn about and face the wind. What a change! How penetratingly the cold trickles down your neck and in at your pockets! Make your way back to the ship! DR. KANE

COMRADES

British Empire Review.

This finely pathetic poem, which was written in the early days of the South African War by the Rev. Lancelian Maclean Watt, the popular poet-preacher of Edinburgh, will touch a responsive chord in many a bereaved heart today.

Are you lying out under the stars, where the sleet of hell on your face. Slew you, my brother, my more than brother, the man whom I love, and the seas and the deserts between us, and no stone on your sleeping place.

And a pitiless sky, unknown, looking down from above? No more by the loch in the mountains afar away. Shall we walk and talk while the glooming lies on the sea.

No more, when the boat speeds out to the islands beyond the bay. Shall you and I together go sailing over the sea.

Ab! never again shall we talk of the brave, and dream of brave deeds done. When a glamor of the world has lost for evermore. Lingered along the land, while our hearts beat loving as ease.

We twain, where the waters sang with laughter upon the shore. That we twain had but stood together when the last wild cry was made. No more, when the boat speeds out to the islands beyond the bay.

That our hands had been clasped in truth and our love confessed. That together we'd lain where they find us when the dreary play was played. And the same grave fold us, waiting for God—"Twere best.

Kind heart, is it long I wonder, till all is done? Shall we, who are left to be weary, wait long for the waking? Shall we seek each other again in the rising sun. And know, as of old we knew, in the grey-dawn's-breaking?

Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious Spells Brought Sick Headaches—Lost Much Time, But is Now Completely Cured.

Newton, N. B., Dec. 3.—Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and downhearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales. Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newton, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep, every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines and also many other patent medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach."

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, Druggist, of Sussex, N. B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they are completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

On Last Lap FOR Xmas Campaign

The great race for the Charlottetown Guardian's Christmas Circulation Prizes is now on its last lap. Candidates and their friends must rally for the Great Final efforts to secure the coveted awards.

1st. GRAND PRIZE \$1135. McLaughlin Touring Car Summerside Dealers R. T. Holman Ltd. Ch'town Dealer J. Stanley Wedlock

2nd. GRAND PRIZE \$400.00 Willis Louis XV. Piano Agent A. E. Toombs, Charlottetown

3rd. GRAND PRIZE \$255.00 Victrola Agent R. T. Holman Ltd.

4th. GRAND PRIZE \$135. Sleigh, Harness and Robe Agents Grant & Kennedy, Charlottetown

DISTRICT PRIZES \$100.00 Diamond Ring \$ 75.00 Diamond Ring \$ 50.00 Diamond Ring 3 Handsome Wrist Watches Supplied by W. W. Wellner, Charlottetown

The total value of these magnificent prizes is over \$2,100.00 Something worth striving for surely.

Charlottetown Guardian Circulation Campaign Dept.