

Catch Cold Easily?

If so, or if you have a persistent cough, your resistance is low. Neglect may result in a long and serious illness. Strengthen your system so that you may throw off coughs and colds, or better still, not contract them at all.

A spoonful of Fellows' Syrup three times daily in a little water invigorates, enriches the blood and builds up resistance to disease.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Over half a century's successful record in 53 countries for
Bronchial Troubles Malnutrition Retarded Convalescence
Anemia Loss of Appetite Fatigue Nervousness

Capt. G. C. Dickens, grandson of Charles Dickens, the novelist, has just been appointed Rear-Admiral of the British Navy.

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Twenty-one foot Boat and four (4) Horse Power Imperial Motor. Good as new. Bargain.
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FERTILIZERS

Our farmers in general are not yet placing their orders for fertilizer requirements. Conditions do not permit their doing so.

We have in stock and to arrive the latter part of April a full supply of chemicals and mixed fertilizers. We believe we are stocking enough to meet the full seasons demands.

We will supply your requirements now or later in the season if you prefer. Or we will take your orders now for shipment when you wish.

At the request of a large number of our best farmers we are this year shipping our superphosphates and mixed fertilizers in bags of 100 pounds each. This makes lighter handling and simpler calculating.

All our goods are freshly ground at the time of shipment from the factory excepting sulphate of ammonia and nitrate of soda. This guarantees the goods delivered you in first class condition and packed in bags 100% sound.

Our prices are and will be in line with our competitors. And we guarantee you that our present prices will not be advanced while our supply now in stock and to arrive the latter part of April remains unsold. As already stated we believe these supplies will be enough for our seasons requirements.

We will be pleased to serve you.

The Island Fertilizer Co., Ltd

CHARLOTTETOWN

"ISLAND GOODS FOR ISLAND GROWERS."

1710-3-28-61.

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)

"So you have, The Petersons lived here for generations."

"Do you mean?"—Jean stared at him in astonishment—"do you mean that they lived at Coombe Bay?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? They used to own Charnwood—a place about a mile from here. It was sold after your grandfather's death. Did your father never tell you?" She shook her head.

"He always avoided speaking of anything in connection with his life over here. I think he hated England. Is there anyone living at Charnwood now?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes. It has changed hands several times, and now a friend of ours lives there—Lady Latimer."

"Then perhaps I shall be able to go there some day. I should like to see the place where my father's people lived"—eagerly.

Nick laughed.

"You've got the true Devonshire homing instinct," he declared. "Devon folk who've left the country always want to see the place where their people lived." I remember about a year ago, a Canadian girl and her brother turned up at Staple. They were descendants of a Tormarin who had emigrated two or three generations before, and they had come across to England for a visit. Their first trip was to Devonshire; they wanted to see the place where Dad's people had lived. And by jove, they knew a lot more about it than we did! They were posted up in every detail, and insisted on a personally conducted tour over the whole place. They went back to Canada rejoicing, loaded with photographs of Staple."

Jean smiled.

"I think it was rather dear of them to come back like that," she said simply.

They swung round the head of the lake and, as they turned, Jean caught sight of a woman's figure emerging from the path which ran through the woods. Apparently the new-comer desisted the skaters at the same moment, for she stopped and waved her hand in a friendly little gesture of greeting. Nick lifted his cap.

"That is Lady Latimer," he said. Something in his voice, some indescribable deepening of quality, made Jean look at him quickly. She remembered on one occasion, in a jeweller's shop, noticing a very beautiful opal lying in its case; she had commented on its casual, and the man behind the counter had lifted it from its satin bed and turned it so that the light should fall upon it. In an instant the red fire shimmering in its heart had waked into glowing life, irradiating the whole stone with pulsing colour. It was some such vitalising change as this that she sensed in the suddenly eager face beside her.

Hastening their pace, she and Nick skated up to the edge of the lake where Lady Latimer awaited them, and as he introduced the two women to each other it seemed as though the eyes of the woman on the bank asked hastily, almost frightenedly: "Will you prove friend or foe?" And Jean's eyes, all soft and luminous like every real woman's in the presence of love, signalled back steadily: "Friend!"

"Claire!" said Nick. And Jean thought that no name could have suited her better.

She was the slenderest thing, with about her the pliant, delicate grace of a harebell. Ash-blond hair, so fair that in some lights it looked silver rather than gold, framed the charming Greuze face. Only it was not quite a Greuze, Jean reflected. There was too much character in it—a certain gentle firmness, something curiously still and patient in the closing of the curved lips, and a deeper appeal than that of mere wondering youth in the gentian-blue eyes. They were woman's eyes, eyes out of which no weeping could quite wash the wis-

dom of some past or present sorrow.

"So you are one of the Charnwood Petersons?" said Lady Latimer in her soft, pretty voice. "You won't like me, I'm afraid"—smiling—"I'm living in your old home."

"Oh, Jean won't quarrel with you over that," put in Nick. "She's got a splendid castle all her own somewhere in the wilds of Europe."

"Yes. Helmfield is really my home. I've never even seen Charnwood," smiled Jean. "But I should like to—some day, if you will ask me over."

"Oh, yes, certainly you must come," replied Lady Latimer a little breathlessly. But she seemed unaccountably flurried, as though Jean's suggestion in some way disquieted her. "But of course, Charnwood—now—isn't a bit like what it must have been when the Petersons had it. I think a place changes with the people who inhabit it, don't you? I mean, their influence impresses itself on it. If they are good and happy people, you can feel it in the atmosphere of the place, and if they are people with bad and wicked thoughts, you feel that, too. I know I do." And there was no doubt in the mind of either of her hearers that she was referring to the last-named set of influences.

"But I think Charnwood must be lovely, since it's your home now," said Jean sincerely.

"Oh, yes—of course—it is my home now," Lady Latimer looked troubled. "But other people live—have lived there. It's changed hands several times, hasn't it, Nick?"—turning to him for confirmation.

Nick was frowning. He, too, appeared troubled.

"Of course it's changed hands—several times," he replied gruffly. "But I should think you influence would be enough to counteract that of—of everybody else. Look here, chuck d'ussing rotten, psychic influences, Claire, and come on the ice."

"No, I can't," she replied hastily. "I haven't my skates here."

"That doesn't matter. We've a dozen pairs up at the house. One of them is sure to fit you. I'll go and collect a few."

He wheeled as though to cross the lake on his proposed errand, but Claire Latimer laid her hand quickly on his arm.

"No, no," she said. "I can't skate this morning. I'm on my way home."

"Oh, change your mind!" begged Jean, noting with friendly amusement Nick's expression of discontent.

"No, really I can't." Claire's face had whitened and her big eyes sought Nick's in a kind of pathetic appeal. "Adrian is not—very well to-day. My husband," she added explanatorily to Jean.

The latter was conscious of a sense of shock. She had quite imagined Lady Latimer to be a widow, and had been mentally engaged in weaving the most charming and happy-ever-after of romances since the moment she had seen that wonderful change come over Nick's face. Probably her impression was due to the manner of his first introduction of Claire's name, "A friend of ours lives there—Lady Latimer," without reference to any husband lurking in the background.

She observed that Nick made no further effort to persuade Claire to remain, and after exchanging a few commonplace remarks the latter continued her way back to Charnwood.

It was so nearly lunch time that it did not seem worth while resuming their skating. Besides, with Claire Latimer's refusal to join them, the occupant on seemed to have lost some of its charm, and when Jean suggested a return to the house Nick assented readily.

"She is very sweet—your Lady Latimer," remarked Jean, as they walked back over the frostily crisp turf. "But she looks rather sad. And she isn't the kind of person one associates with sadness. There's something so young and fresh about her; she makes one think of spring flowers."

Nick's face kindled.

"Yes, she's like that, isn't she?" he answered eagerly. "Like a pale narcissus."

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, the thoughts of each of them dwelling on the woman who had just left them. Then Jean said softly:

"So that's the 'pale narcissus'?"

"Yes," he acknowledged simply.

"You never mentioned that she had a husband concealed somewhere. I quite thought she was a widow till she mentioned him."

"I never think of him as her husband—shortly. 'You can't mate light and darkness.'"

"I suppose he's an invalid?" ventured Jean.

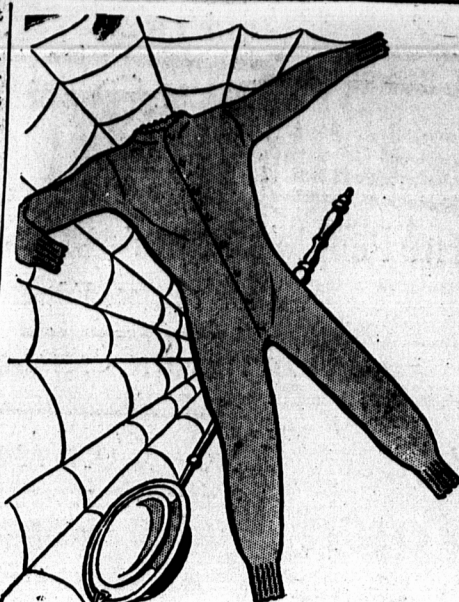
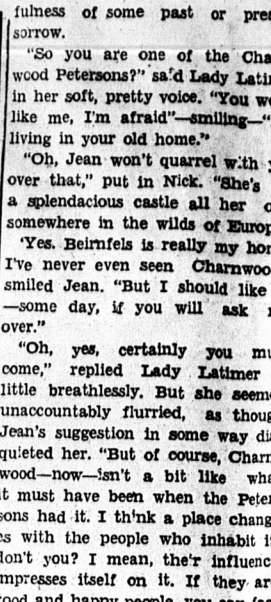
Nick's face darkened.

"He's a drug fiend," he said in a low, hard voice.

"Oh!"

After that one breathless exclamation of horror Jean remained silent. The swift picture conjured up before her eyes by Nick's terse speech was unspeakably revolting.

Years ago she had heard her once.



Red Flannels and Bed Warmers have gone...

Why not the old-fashioned idea about Hot, Heavy Foods?

TIME WAS when the winter season brought out the old red flannels, the bed warmers—and a switch from fresh, crisp foods to hot, heavy dishes. We've said good-bye to flannels and warming pans—thanks to our modern steam-heated homes, warm offices and well-heated schools. However, a lot of folks still think that cold weather makes it necessary to spend hours over a hot stove, cooking heavy foods. That's why winter menus are usually more trouble and more monotonous. But a change is taking place here too. More people every day are eating crisp, ready-to-serve cereals like

Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And what a delightful difference it makes! No work (unless you heat the milk for the children). Meals as crisp as summer itself! Delicious and healthful. Try Kellogg's tomorrow for breakfast. Enjoy them with either cold cream or hot milk. Splendid for the children's evening meal. These crunchy flakes, thoroughly steam-cooked by Kellogg in London, Ontario, are so easy to digest they encourage restful sleep. Rich in energy, full of appetite appeal—dietitians advise them. Why not order a red-and-green package of Kellogg's from your grocer?



Enjoy a bowl of Kellogg's

father describing the effect of the drug habit upon a friend of his own who had yielded to it. He had been telling her mother about it, characteristically obvious of the presence of a child of eleven in the room at the time, and some of Glyn Peterson's poignant, illuminating phrases punctuated by little, stricken murmurs of pity from Jacqueline, had impressed a painfully accurate picture on the plastic mind of childhood. Ever since then, drug-mania had represented to Jean the uttermost abyss. And now, the vision of that slender, gracious woman, Nick's "pale narcissus," tied for life to a man who must ultimately become that which Glyn Peterson's friend had become, filled her with compassionate dismay. It was easy enough, now, to comprehend Claire Latimer's curious lack of warmth when Jean expressed the hope that she might go over to Charnwood some day. It sprang from the nervous shrinking of a woman at the prospect of being driven to unveil before fresh eyes the secret misery and degradation of her life.

(To Be Continued)

Lord Louis Mountbatten, of England, has just had patented his new polo club, which gives a greater loft and a better trajectory to the ball.

His Kidneys Have Not Bothered Him Since

States Nova Scotia Man After Using Dodd's Kidney Pills

Dodd's Kidney Pills Should Be Taken Regularly. They Make All The Difference To The Health Of A Lifetime.

Weatherley, P. O., N. S., March 30.—(Special)—"I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills for bad kidneys and they have done me a wonderful lot of good," writes Henry Huey, a real-estate agent, "I cannot praise them enough. If it had not been for Dodd's Kidney Pills I don't know what I should have done, my kidneys were so bad. After using two boxes my kidneys got better and I have not been bothered since."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have become a household remedy all over the world, because people have tried them and been more than satisfied with the results. Thousands of people are buying and using Dodd's Kidney Pills solely through the recommendation of their friends who have tried them.

Don't delay. Delays are dangerous. If you suspect your kidneys, act at once.

Souris

Mr. Ernest Poole of Souris is at present visiting at Bay Fortune the guest of friends.

Mr. A. J. Keays, Priest Pond, is at present visiting in our town.

The Misses Helen and Jean MacLean, from Mt. Allison Ladies College Sackville spent the Easter holidays at their respective homes in Souris.

The marriage took place recently in Halifax, N. S., of Miss Bertha Poole of Souris to Mr. Ernest Lane a former resident of our town. The Guardian joins with their many numerous friends in wishing them a happy wedded life.

Mr. William Taylor, Charlottetown is at present in Souris visiting his mother Mrs. C. A. MacDonald.

Miss Elsie Townshend of Charlottetown is visiting in Souris the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crockett.

Hon. Senator J. J. Hughes, arrived in Souris from Ottawa to spend the Easter recess at his home at Souris west.

Mr. Melvin McQuaid of St. Dunstan's University spent the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John McQuaid.

Mr. Stuart Weir, of the Freight Office at Souris left on Saturday morning on his way to Alberton to spend a few days the guest of his parents Rev. A. S. and Mrs. Weir.

The Ladies Aid of St. James United Church, Souris, held a Pantry Sale at the store of Matthew and MacLean Ltd. on Saturday afternoon which was well patronized.

Mrs. Irene Dunlop of Moncton, is visiting relatives in Souris.

There passed away suddenly at Souris on Thursday, Mr. Adam F. Powers in his 68th year. Mr. Powers for the past two years had resided in our town and up to his death had been engaged as proprietor of the W. L. Dingwell Meat Market. Prior to Mr. Powers taking up his position in Souris he had been engaged in the meat business in the United States for a great number of years. Mr. Powers' wife predeceased him a number of years ago. The funeral which took place on Saturday morning was largely attended showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

Detroit Feels Financial Pinch

DETROIT, Mich., March 29.—This city's financial difficulties today led Mayor Frank Murphy to seek postponement, at least for one year, of payment of some \$31,000,000 in municipal obligations.

That amount, in interest and maturities, falls due during the 1932 fiscal year, with no rent source from which to obtain it. Lagging tax payments forced the city to seek large emergency short term loans. The loans are due soon, and tax collectors have shown no appreciable increase.

The Mayor's plan, which would require the assent of the city's banker-creditors, calls for an issue of low-interest bearing bonds to cover the indebtedness.

A beautiful roof—right over your old one

LAY Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles right over your old roof and you'll be through with roofing troubles from then on! The best of it is that your new roof will always be beautiful, fire-proof and never will wear out. These shingles are weather-proof, fire-proof and time-proof. Made of asbestos fibre and Portland cement, they cannot rot, curl, warp, split or burn. No repairs, no replacements. The first cost is the last cost. There will be no dirt, litter or delay of ripping off old shingles. Just a quick, clean job, well done. Get in touch with us and we'll tell you how inexpensive it really is.

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