

MONDAY,

**McDonald's Seeds**  
Grow Good crops

Your crop—the profit from your labor, fertilizer and equipment is largely dependent on the seeds you plant.

Ask for 1923 Seed Book

**Kenneth McDonald's Sons Limited**  
Market Square, Ottawa, Canada

**—ANOTHER STORM.**—One team got away from Summerside for Borden on Wednesday morning, taking mail. With this exception there was no movement inward or outward so far as mail and express was concerned in Summerside and very few people were about the streets. The snow fall of the early morning was more than three inches on the level and in many cases this had drifted up into a most sizeable hill. Many of the Summerside stores are banked in snow hills more than twelve feet high, completely isolating that side of the street from the other thoroughfares.

**Minard's Liniment for Distemper**

**This Easter**

SEND YOUR FRIENDS A PORTRAIT BY BAYER

It's a body-builder for young and old.

**STEWART'S CREAM BREAD**

YOUR STATE OF LIFE

**Distillers Dried Grains**

(FEED FOR COWS)

A very bulky feed much used by cattlemen making good milk records. It has a high protein and fat content and thus relieves the use of the heavy concentrates Cottonseed and Ollinake to a considerable extent.

Just arrived, one carload (20 tons). We are supplying the Experimental Farm, the P. E. I. Government and Burnbury Farm where cows are kept continually on test, and whose proprietors have experience in mixing good rations. Try a bag of this excellent feed only \$2.25 per bag of 100 lbs. Ask us for special prices on ton lots and over. Every dairyman should feed this great milk producer.

**Carter & Co. Ltd**  
Seeds Grain Feeds

**H. J. MABON**  
Optometrist

Eyes Examined Glasses Fitted

Montague, P. E. I.

Graduate in Optometry Toronto College Exclusive Test Room Connected with Drug Store

**Western Guardian**

**—WE ARE NOW TAKING** potatoes at our cellar on mid days, at highest market prices. M. Kennedy & Co., Bradabane 32 mwt 1mt.

**—WELCOME VISITOR.**—At the Prince County Hospital, born a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Mulligan. Congratulations.

**—SERIOUS CHARGE.**—A Summerside lad arrested last Friday afternoon on a charge of stealing jewelry came before Mr. H. J. Massey, J. P. on Saturday afternoon and was remanded for trial.

**—CONDITION UNCHANGED.**—The condition of Mr. Charles Laferty, the veteran barber of Summerside, was unchanged at last report last night though more hope is held for his recovery than previously.

**—DEATH REGRETTED.**—The death took place at Summerside on Saturday morning of Mrs. J. M. Cox of Summerside at her home on First St. The funeral was held on Monday at the Episcopal Church, Summerside thence to St. Eleanor's Cemetery. The pall bearers were: A. C. Saunders, Archie Sharp, L. A. Moore, Albert Tanton, Elmer Burt and B. W. Tanton.

**—REBEKAH SOCIAL.**—Members of the Rebekah Lodge of Summerside held a most enjoyable social on Tuesday night, which was attended by more than fifty members and friends.

**—PAINFUL ACCIDENT.**—Tanton McNeill, three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McNeill of Summerside had the misfortune to break his arm on Sunday morning while watching the people returning from church he fell from one of the lower windows in his home and broke his arm just above the elbow.

**—40 HOURS DEVOTION.**—The Forty Hours Devotion was held in the Roman Catholic Church at Summerside beginning on Sunday morning, March 11th and ending on March 13th at 9 o'clock. The priests which assisted at the devotion were, Rev. Father Smith of Kinross, Rev. Father Monaghan of Miscouche, Rev. Father Monaghan of Borden, Rev. Father Gallant of Edmond Bay, Rev. Father Arsenault of Mt. Carmel.

**—HOCKEY GIRLS TEAM.**—Coached by Leo Gauthier and William Daley, the Crystal Hockey Team has formed into excellent shape for their coming and long-postponed game with the Red and Black of Charlottetown and it is expected that the combat, when it is staged, will be one of the most interesting hockey games of its kind that has been played in Summerside for many years. At present the team is composed of Mrs. William Daley, Captain and Misses Ruth Brehaut, Beatrice Gordon, Euphemia Gallant, Fausta McCullough, Clara Mountain, Pauline Noonan, Patricia McMillan, Gertrude Leokie, Mr. L. M. McNeill is manager of the team.

**Kidneys Must Have Plenty Of Water**

Also Take Salts Occasionally if Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control micturition. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia. It is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which may quickly relieve your bladder irritation. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

"The many friends of Mr. Lemuel Mellett of Souris, will be glad to hear that he is rapidly recovering from his operation under the skillful care of Dr. F. Chandler and is now convalescing in the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital Boston. Mr. Mellett will remain in Boston indefinitely."

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children

IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

**—CONGRATULATIONS.**—The stork visited the home of Mr. W. A. Allen, Summerside, on Monday morning and left a bouncing baby daughter. Congratulations.

**—A MISS SUMMERSIDE.**—The craze has struck Summerside and from the bevy of beauty which is asked to present itself at the Crystal Ring next Friday night a Miss Summerside will be chosen. We all have our notions probably as to who really is. It is our own judgment in this regard but it will be interesting to know what the other fellow thinks especially as we understand that married ladies are eligible. Our particular choice however may not enter the content preferring to still blush unseen.

**—INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.**—One of the express drivers for the firm of R. T. Holman, Limited, Summerside, had an interesting experience while he was on a special trip to Borden Tuesday evening, endeavoring to secure some of the storm-torn goods for the concern. On his way back to Summerside the driver was overtaken by the storm and for a considerable part of the journey he had to walk ahead of the horse, breaking the roads and making sure of the road, as he had a heavy load in the sleigh. At one time, finding the horse rather tired, he left it standing in the track and went ahead to see if he could find a shorter cut. He couldn't, nor could he find the horse, when he returned. After considerable circling around, he found the horse, which in some way had got clear of the sleigh and the drivers, next difficulty was to find the sleigh. Getting on towards midnight he collected his outfit complete, and again started on his journey and travelled for quite a little distance until he came to a house with a light showing through the window. Here he stopped and tried to find out if there were a shorter cut to Summerside, when he was told by the farmer that he was not on the road to Summerside at all, but a goodly distance back along the track he had come, going towards Borden.

**—TOWN COUNCIL.**—The first regular monthly meeting of the Summerside new town council was held on Monday evening, Mayor Lidstone and all the Councillors being present. It was a short and business like session and consisted mainly of the routine of the election of the town clerk (scavenger) and the appointment of Committees. A large number of citizens were present and the Mayor extended to them a hearty welcome. The meetings he said were open to all and every citizen to whom he extended an invitation and the assurance of it is staged, will be one of the most interesting hockey games of its kind that has been played in Summerside for many years. At present the team is composed of Mrs. William Daley, Captain and Misses Ruth Brehaut, Beatrice Gordon, Euphemia Gallant, Fausta McCullough, Clara Mountain, Pauline Noonan, Patricia McMillan, Gertrude Leokie, Mr. L. M. McNeill is manager of the team.

The Town Clerk read the Sheriff's returns for the recent civic election and announced Mayor Lidstone and Councillors Johnston, Arnett and Wood duly sworn and eligible to take their seats. The election of town officials resulted in the return of all those holding office last year with the exception of the street form and the Assessors to the former office Mr. James Millman was elected and to the latter Messrs. Colin S. Schurman and Vincent Harrington. The following were the standing committees chosen for the ensuing year, the first named being chairman in each case: Finance and Purchasing—Councillors Grady, Phipps and Wood. Street—Councillors Phipps, Johnston and Bowness. Police—Councillors Wood, Arnett and Johnston. Property—Coun. Bowness, Grady and P. Phipps. Fire and Light—Coun. Johnston, Grady and Bowness. Assessors—Coun. Arnett Wood and Johnston. Parks and Schools. Coun. Arnett, Phipps and Wood. The report of the Milk and Meat Inspector showed that all animals slaughtered during February had a clean bill of health. Asked by the Mayor whether any citizens had any questions to ask or anything to say Mr. Arnett-Oaks raised the question of the discrimination between the small and large users of Electric Light in regard to Discount. He wishes to know when the current would be cheaper and supplied without any distinction between rich and poor. Coun. Johnston welcomed the question as newly appointed chairman of the Light Committee. He would like a little time to look into the matter, he would do his best to see whether the Light would not be made cheaper for all. The Mayor added that this matter would be taken up in businesslike manner and for the welfare of the citizens as a whole. Council adjourned to the next regular night of meetings.

**Four Years Alter**

By Canon F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D. S. O.

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**CHAPTER 11**

The house used as St. Barnabas Hostel, at Amiens is about two hundred years old. It lies in a quiet street which leads to the Cathedral. In former days, the house must have belonged to wealthy people. A large gate opened into the paved courtyard and here are the several arches leading into the building which surrounds it on three sides. At the back, is a pleasant garden where in olden times, no doubt, many entertainments were held. The house forms a convenient place for the lodging of strangers visiting the battlefields and one of the attics is fitted up as a chapel. The kindness and consideration by the ladies who run the place for the benefit of visitors are beyond all praise. On the morning after our arrival, we went down to the breakfast room where we found ourselves in great comfort and among pleasant companions. We could not go on our journey to the front without first visiting the old Cathedral. Amiens is a beautiful old town and, like some English Cathedral Cities, sleeps among green meadow lands. Her past industrial prosperity is now but a dream. In the time of her wealth the Cathedral was built and now it reigns in exquisite beauty amid the sleepy poverty of a town that has been left behind in the march of time. The building is being repaired by the French Government and is looked after as a national monument. It is well that it is so, for the Cathedral of Amiens could not for the selves afford to keep it in order. Some of the exquisite glass unfortunately had to be sent to Paris after the war to be re-loaded, and while it was there the building, in which it was waiting, was burnt. A rich art treasure has thus been lost to mankind. The Cathedral was now flooded with sunshine, and was free from the sand-dust which once hid the delicate carvings of the front doors and oak-choir stalls. The whole revivified place thus stood to one of the large tablets placed there as a memorial to their comrades by the Canadian Dragoons. Other tablets and several flags of Australian and British units adorn the nave and Lady Chapel.

Near the Cathedral, stands the monument to Peter the Hermit who preached the first Crusade. He was a native of Amiens and it seems strange that the great Crusade against oppression and tyranny should have gone so far to battle from the city and neighborhood of Amiens. Our train for Albert left at 11 a. m. and as usual was very crowded. We had to stand in the passage, but we did not mind this as we were the better able to look out of the open windows. We passed through the curious district where market gardens are kept in a flourishing condition by little canals which mark them off like a miniature Venice. The land is low and well watered, so the produce of the gardens must be very rich.

(When we came to Comble, we saw the large church standing up great beauty and knew we were now coming into the war zone. At the train drew up at Albert and, with beating hearts, we got out and stood once more in that ruined town. The little temporary station was very dusty and there were crowds of people on the platform for Albert is making great efforts at restoration. There were many autos placed at our disposal by drivers who asked some exorbitant fees in return, but we were not beguiled, as we wished to take one who had been recommended to us by our friends at St. Barnabas Hostel.

It was a hot day. The sun beat down upon the dusty rains, and

the desolation was without doubt probably the worst that we had seen. Albert has been almost entirely levelled by the ground and it will take years before it recovers itself.

It was some time and after a long walk, before we found the Hotel. The place when we had lunch. The Hotel is only a low wooden structure, like a French war hut, but it was said to afford the best accommodation for travellers. After lunch we started off on our way to Regina Trench, taking the Bapaune Road. Here we were on familiar ground, for this had been the main highway for Canadians during the battle of the Somme in 1916.

We stopped at the garden gate of the old house which had been our 1st Division Headquarters. The garden was overgrown and ruinous, and nothing of the building remained but heaps of stone and the tiled floor of what had been our offices and mess room. It made one feel lonely to think of the old days when men were coming and going here, and when "C" messes reigned in all its glory, undisturbed by the shell which one day burst in front of the windows and blew dirt and broken glass over the table-cloth. I suppose that in the future a new house will be erected on the spot, the past will be forgotten, and the life of Albert will go on in peace and prosperity.

Further up the road, on the outskirts of the town, at the foot of Tarn Hill, are the numerous huts used by the British Graves Commission. The officer in charge is an Australian major who was badly wounded in the war. He gave me all the information about the district that I needed and we resumed our journey. Not far from the offices of the Graves Commission is the little cemetery on the right hand of the road called the "Bapaune Post Cemetery". It must be for me the most sacred spot in France, and here on my son's grave we laid a wreath of flowers. The cemetery was just being put in its permanent form, and by this time, no doubt, stones have replaced the little crosses. I saw the graves of the other officers of the 87th Battalion and the large Australian memorial. There were many flower-tranches in the plot but the soil is very poor, the white chalk being so near the surface. Further off on the sky-line was the row of trees on the high ground on which the 87th Battalion had been quarantined before they went into the trenches in October, 1916.

We continued up the road, now almost as hot and dusty as in war days, till we came to La Boisselle. Here there was the usual activity in reconstruction, and a wooden hut serves as a restaurant. The huge crater nearby remains just as it was, and is a powerful witness to the strength of the attack which the British launched here on July 19th, 1916. It appears to last until the end of the world, it certainly will never be forgotten by men who saw it in war days.

We passed on to Pozieres. Ah the district looks bleak and waste, and on every hand shows scars of war. Beyond Pozieres, we turned down the road to Courcellette and then up some byroads till we came to the Regina Trench Cemetery. It lay there baking in the July sun, the lines of little crosses neat and regular. Before them flowers were struggling for life in the dry chalky soil. Here and there hanging on a cross would be a wreath of artificial flowers, showing that the grave had been visited by friends. On all sides the treeless country rolled off in wide stretches of undulating fields. Some were green with wheat and barley, and some looked bare and gray. Near the cemetery were remains of the famous trench, and under the long green grass were many old shell holes.

One of the party and I determined to leave the car and walk over the old ground. It was in many places a rough scramble, although the trench itself is not very shallow. We could see the various saps and dead shelters now so silent and empty. For a long distance, the land has been ploughed up, and a dwarfed crop of wheat was thinly struggling for life in the chalky soil. As we passed on without speaking, picking up here and there the little mementoes of the war. In the shape of nose caps, shell cases and cartridge clips, we thought of the awful days when Battalion after Battalion was sent and torn as it endeavored to take that line of defence. Under blue sky, and in the silence of the summer heat, it was hard to imagine the great struggle, the bursting shells, the courage and determination of strong men, and the agonies of the wounded and dying. Sacred forever to Canada must that region be. It certainly has been richly watered with Canadian blood.

In the distance to the north we

saw the red roofs of the new villages of Miraumont and Pys, once the strongholds of the Germans. We continued till we reached the road in which lies the Adana Cemetery. Two old soldiers were at work in it and it is neatly kept. Here we were joined by the car which had come round by Courcellette. We had to catch the afternoon train for Amiens, so could not linger as we should like to have done among the scenes of our fighting days. Near Courcellette we crossed Death Valley, looking pretty much as it did with its chalk gougons and lines of white trenches. It was indeed the Valley of the Shadow of Death to thousands who traversed it.

I hunted in vain in Courcellette for the ruins of the Red Chateau which was our corps dressing station. New houses are being built there and the ruins of the old village have largely been carted away. The inhabitants were working busily and it was easy to see that the war to them had no romance about it. Vegetables were growing in the little gardens on which the sunlight fell through the broken boughs of lifeless trees, but it will be many a year before Courcellette regains a portion of its former picturesqueness.

When we reached the Bapaune road, we turned towards Albert and sped down the highway, filled with wonderful memories and an undefinable yearning for something which had gone—the excitement, the crowds of men, and the great struggle for victory which had been the animating principle in our hearts in 1916. We passed several monuments on the way, and at last once again entered Albert. We went through the well known streets and at every turn some house or byway recalled the past. No longer the statue of the Virgin holding up her child hangs from the Cathedral spire. The whole building is in ruins and the school house where our main dressing station had been is entirely demolished. I thought of the nights we had passed there when the wounded were brought in on muddy stretchers, and of the awful sights that had been disclosed as, one after another, the poor victims were laid upon the white tables under the strong light of acetylene gas lamps while the blood stained clothes were removed. We went on to the Communal Cemetery in part of which our soldiers were laid. Here I had buried many a gallant comrade who was pleased to see that the place had not been shelled and the bodies rest in peace.

It will be a long time before Albert recovers from the shock of war. The memory of it haunts me. The brilliant sunshine falling on the dust and on the helpless ruins was too pitiless. The train bore us from the station but it could not sever the ghostly ties which linked our hearts to the martyred town.

**Mrs. Stewart's Fund**

The committee wish to thank Mr. J. D. Stewart and his office staff for kind assistance and his legal service, free of charge, in administering the estate of the late Wesley B. Stewart; also Mr. Georges DeBlois and Mr. Gordon Holmes who gave valuable clerical and other assistance. They also wish to thank those creditors who have kindly sent in receipts for small amounts due them from the estate. —David Proud, chairman. Handed to committee. Charles Godfrey, North Will.



**Is the water you wash in hard?—Then use Sunlight**

Sunlight Soap is the finest water softener in the world and the soft rich lather that comes so easily as you wash the clothes with Sunlight softens the water that clings to the fabric and takes away the dirt. Sunlight lengthens the life of your clothes.

Use Sunlight Soap in hard or soft water.



|       |                                |
|-------|--------------------------------|
| 2.00  | Cyrus Holmes                   |
| 1.00  | William Younker                |
| 1.50  | Ernest Newson                  |
| 1.00  | Owen Younker                   |
| 1.00  | Bertam Willis                  |
| 5.00  | Oswald Newson                  |
| 1.00  | Albert Newman                  |
| 10.00 | Derri White                    |
| 2.00  | William H. Paul                |
| 1.00  | Charles E. Paul                |
| 7.50  | W. R. Proud                    |
| 1.00  | William Colwill                |
| 1.00  | Cornelius Cahill               |
| 1.00  | John Colwill                   |
| 1.00  | Hammond Newman                 |
| 2.00  | Anthony Buchannon              |
| 2.00  | Maccom Buchannon               |
| 2.00  | George Sinnott                 |
| 1.00  | William McPhee                 |
| 1.00  | Everett Holmes                 |
| 1.00  | Michael McManus                |
| 1.00  | Bertram Younker                |
| 1.00  | James Drake, Meadow Bank       |
| 1.00  | Robert Willis                  |
| 1.00  | Total                          |
| 1.00  | Penouche                       |
| 1.00  | 3 cups brown sugar; 1 cup      |
| 5.00  | 1/2 cup butter; 1 teaspoon     |
| 1.00  | 1/2 cup Sun-Maid raisins; 13   |
| 5.00  | broken walnut meats.           |
| 3.00  | Cook sugar, milk and butter    |
| 1.00  | gather until it forms a hard   |
| 1.00  | when tested in cold water.     |
| 1.00  | move from fire. Add nuts, rais |
| 1.00  | and vanilla. Beat until        |
| 3.00  | Put into buttered tins and     |
| 1.00  | nearly cold cut in squares.    |

**SMOKE OLD CHUM TOBACCO**

The Largest Sale of any Brand in Canada

**"QUALITY TELLS"**

Packages 15¢ & 25¢ Also in 1/2 lb. tin

—BY GEORGE McMANUS

**BRINGING UP FATHER—**

Panel 1: I'M GOIN' TO COME FLOWERS FOR CASEY TO PUT ON THE TABLE. BY HIM.

Panel 2: FINE—WE WANT TO SWEET BANQUET OF THIS.

Panel 3: GEE, HE'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE GETS OUT OF JAIL TO SEE WHAT A FINE DINNER WE'RE GONNA GIVE HIM!

Panel 4: I'LL FIX YOU UP A FINE BUNCH OF ROSES FOR YOUR FRIEND CASEY.

Panel 5: I WANNA PAY FER 'EM AN I TAKE 'EM WITH ME. I DON'T WANT ME TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

Panel 6: YOU KNOW ME WIFE IS NARROW MINDED—IN FACT IT'S SO NARROW COOP'T THINK SHE HAS ANY MARRIED MEN MUST KEEP TOGETHER.

Panel 7: MR. JONES, THE FLORIST SENT THESE TO YOU—MR. JIGGS!

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