

Saves time and labor



MR. EDWARD SMITH

The Best in the World Says Charlottetown Man

That's How Edward Smith Regards Drecto, the Famous Herbal Remedy, and he Speaks From Personal Knowledge

Mr. Edward Smith, of 60 Cumberland Street, Charlottetown, joins with many other Prince Edward Island people in acclaiming Drecto's remarkable success as a corrective for deep-rooted, distressing digestive ailments.

"I was greatly troubled with stomach disorders and indigestion. Everything I ate would cause gas to form in my stomach and I would have headaches all the time.

Severe pains in the small of my back frequently bothered me as did constipation also. However, I am much better now and am going to keep on with the Drecto treatment until I get my full strength back.

I cannot praise Drecto too highly, for it has made me feel 100 per cent better. I strongly recommend Drecto for all who suffer from complaints similar to mine.

Drecto helped Mr. Smith because it is prepared from the juices of herbs, roots, bark and leaves, known for centuries as nature's correctives for digestive complaints.

Drecto is being specially introduced in Charlottetown by E. A. Foster. It is also sold as follows: Montague—H. J. Mabon, Souris—Souris Drug Co., Summerside—Gallant Drug Co., Limited, and by a good druggist everywhere.

The Middle Ground

By Marion Rubinom

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Amy Talbot has been overworked for so many years that she has gotten completely out of touch with life and new ideas. She finds this out when her son Luther returns to the farm with his newly married wife Claire, and when Jane, her daughter, comes home from college.

Mrs. Talbot is so worried about her girls' future and goes to them in the city. Amy is studying for grand opera, and will not look at the always-faithful Dick; Jane is in love with a doctor too poor to marry her.

Everything in the city shocks and terrifies the mother—Luther and Claire are separated; Claire wants a divorce. Amy's prettiness attracts scores of admirers—she threatens to marry a rich man she does not love.

Jane is on the point of going away with the doctor, who does not want to marry her. There is no sympathy between the strict and narrow ideas of the mother and the broad, but what she calls "loose" ideas of the children.

Then the doctor finds a post in a South American mining camp, and can afford to marry. He and Jane elope and go to South America. Luther has a note from Claire. Amy's engagement to Adam Arnold, rich and more than twice her age, is announced.

LUTHER'S GUESS

Chapter 102

She danced with the young giant that time, and listened silently to the compliments he paid her. Usually in these mixed dances, and in these so-called unconventional restaurants, the proprietors were most rigidly observed.

The young giant however, knew Claire from having seen her act, he adored celebrities and wanted to say casually next day at the office.

"Oh yes, I was out with Claire, the 'Snowball Girl' last night. While we were dancing together she said—"

"But Claire said nothing, so he had to use his inventive powers next day. He took her to the table, bowed and left—and Luther came back again."

"I'm tired, let's go home, dear," Claire said suddenly, in her best domestic tone of voice.

"But you've only come! Dearly, you never go home before two. If being married again is going to spoil you as a good sport—"

"I have to see Beinfeld early tomorrow. He wants me to take the star part when the show goes on the road," Claire gave as her excuse.

Luther glanced at her quickly. Maisie was all curiosity and held her back.

"But, dearie, isn't that grand? Your name is electric lights and everything. Dearly, you do that and he'll star you on Broadway next season—see if he won't!"

"But poor Loo—will you leave him so soon? Still you can always have another honeymoon when the show ends—"

Claire wanted to get out as fast as she could. She pulled her cloak around her, said goodnight and went out, not caring now whether she was the centre of attention in the restaurant or not.

In the taxi, she slid her hand into Luther's. His fingers were limp, they did not take hers.

"Loo, dear, I'm glad that's over," she whispered. "We didn't stay long, it's not one yet."

"Loo, why don't you say something? Didn't you want a party to celebrate—celebrate making up?"

Norman E. Trimper



THIS MAN TELLS YOU HOW TO KEEP FIT!

Bear River, N. S.—"My back was so bad I could hardly work. I was always tired out and had no ambition; was nervous and dizzy, and everything seemed to worry me. I also had terrible pains in my right side. I felt badly for about eighteen months, and could not do my work as it should have been done."

RUB PAIN OUT OF RHEUMATIC JOINTS

For 65 years, millions have rubbed soothing, penetrating St. Jacobs Oil right on the tender spot, and by the time they say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distressing St. Jacobs Oil is a harmless rheumatism and pain liniment which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin.



Her face was near his, Luther sat quietly back in the cab. "Are you sure you made a sufficient impression on Clarke?" he asked coldly.

Actress that she was, Claire could not help starting. Of course he had overheard every word. "I thought I pretended we'd been living together a long time—well, don't you see, it would be an old story and they wouldn't gossip!"

The taxi stopped at her apartment house, Luther paused at the door, hand out in goodbye. "Don't go away cross," Claire begged. He said he would come back the following day.

"Come up—and have a cigarette," Claire pleaded. "Oh come, it's all right, it's your apartment anyway, and the elevator boy has gone for the night."

In her own living room she was sure of herself. She threw off her cloak and walked toward Luther. Luther had turned his back, and was opening the silver cigarette box. His hands were not quite steady—which was why he turned away from her.

Claire went up and putting her hands on his shoulders, turned him around to face her. "You mustn't be cross at me, Luther, you mustn't," and her eyes were irresistible.

"And Clarke?" "I'll never see him again, if you don't want I never cared—only for you, Loo dear."

Luther was holding her tightly. "Please don't go away," she begged, in terror of losing him. "Please don't go stay here—please."

Luther bent over her and their lips met in a long, frank kiss. Claire had ceased pretending. Monday—A New Problem

Be Pretty! Turn Gray Hair Dark

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Southerners Claim Real Estate in New York

(Canadian Press) NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Another group of out-of-town claimants to valuable Manhattan real estate, with the customary search for the "estate" of an ancestor who bought land a century ago, appeared when 38 North Carolinians asked Charles C. Daniels, brother of former Secretary of the Navy Daniels, to press their claims.

The Pultzer Building, in which The World is published, stands on part of the "estate," which they believe to be worth \$400,000,000.

Heirs of R. E. Edwards, who left Wilson, N. C., a century ago, believe he bought parcels of land in this city and leased it for 99 years. The lease is about to expire, the claimants assert.

Asserts Lignite is Economical

(Canadian Press) REGINA, Feb. 12.—Thomas M. Molloy, Commissioner of the Saskatchewan Bureau of Labor and Industries, characterizes the report from Ottawa that Saskatchewan lignite is not economical as absurd.

He points to the great number of commercial companies and public institutions that are using this product and says that it is growing more popular every day.

ACTION STUFF By Robert Welles Ritchie

The Passing of Don Porfirio

Strange it is how many a man counted great in the world's eyes draws near to sublimity only in his darkest moment of tragedy.

There was the instance of Don Porfirio Diaz, perpetual President of Mexico, who one day in the last of May, 1911, found himself a hunted fugitive pushed to the sea's brink and about to sail into exile from the nation he had ruled for thirty-five years.

It was a blue and gold day in Vera Cruz, the port on the Gulf to which the Old Lion and his family had fled during a night of desperate rioting in Mexico City.

On the sand dunes near the gas tanks—in the veriest slums fringe of the city—stood a battered old frame house facing the pillory not fifty yards distant. Four machine guns were posted at the corners of the old rookery to command approaches from the town.

A single company of Zapadores—a pitiful remnant of the Federal army to remain loyal to the old conqueror—had slept the night through behind these ma-pone-chine guns. The Hamburg American steamship Ypiranga, which have a photograph of him as he was to transport Don Porfirio to Spain, awaited sailing orders at her dock two miles away in the heart of Vera Cruz.

A murmur of voices behind a closed door, then out onto the porch and into the sunlight striking down upon his white head like an acetylene flame, stepped Don Porfirio. I can see how the sunlight gave his dock two miles away in the heart of Vera Cruz.

He held his head high, this beaten dictator! The mask of power still was there.

That same photograph shows too, another Indian face: that of a man in uniform standing a step below Diaz and looking up into the face of his old master with a strange pucker about the eyes.

Victoriano Huerta, who a few years later was broken by the unbending will of an American schoolmaster.

Don Porfirio began to speak—his farewell address to his army! He said little except to wish peace for his tortured country.

"I go now to end my life across the seas. But if ever the enemy from the north (by which he meant the United States) invades this fatherland you have but to summon me and I shall return to fight."

When he had finished, one by one the officers stepped up to the fallen president to give him the abrazo, with arms slung widely over Don Porfirio's shoulder. Into the ears of each the old warrior

whispered some special message of farewell. Then when the last officer had stepped back, a command was given and all the ragged soldiers presented arms.

Just a half minute of tense salute. Then a cry, wild as a forest beast's.

One of the Oaxaca Indians dropped his gun and stumbled forward to fling himself at Don Porfirio's feet. With sobbing and guttural sounds he kissed his chief's boots.

Stars streamed down Don Porfirio's cheeks. He stooped, patted the black head and said something in the Indian tongue. The soldier stepped back into line and snapped his rifle into the salute.

An hour later the Lion of Pueblo commenced his exile.

Into the Sunlight Stepped Don Porfirio



Mother Forgets Baby Boy

VANCOUVER, Feb. 12. (Canadian Press.) Temporarily losing her reason, a young mother left her five months old baby boy in the nursery department of one of the large department stores, and forgot to call for the child. It was held until midnight, when the grandparents of the little one claimed it.

According to the sad story told to the police by the parents of the young woman, she had been ill for some time, and worried as well. One day she took the baby and went out to look around the stores. She came home at supper time without the child, and the parents were horrified to find that her reason was suffering from temporary derangement. They questioned her respecting the baby, but she could not remember where she had left it. The information was finally obtained that the nurse in charge of the nursery at the store had taken the little one home with her. She was located, and the grandparents came for the baby at midnight.

Heal Skin Troubles With Cuticura

If you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, itching and burning, which disfigure your complexion and skin, Cuticura Soap and Ointment will do much to help you. Always include the Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

Don't Miss FORTUNE'S FOOL by Rafael Sabatini

One of the best stories from the pen of the world's greatest historical novelist.

STARTING IN THE GUARDIAN FEBRUARY 22nd

Century Salt. A fine, sparkling, white salt is Century Salt—pure as new-fallen snow. Century Salt is an established favorite for cooking or table use.

Boy Had Tack in Lung, Now Ready for School

(Canadian Press) NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Johnny Mitchell of Long Island City, who was just a nine-year-old boy until the doctors pulled a tack from his lung a few weeks ago and made him front page news, made a speech to 25 of his friends, who had been invited to dinner by his father and mother.

"Wait, fellows," said Johnny, "I'm offa tacks for life."

He expects to go back to school next Monday with his sister and five brothers.

Shore Farm for Sale

I offer for sale my farm at Argyle Shore, consisting of 100 acres, more or less, about 80 acres clear. Ten acres plowed. Good shore for sea manure. Nicely situated. Good dwelling and out buildings. Level and easily worked, and in good state of cultivation.

Open for inspection anytime. For further particulars apply to owner on premises or to A.J. McNevin, 208 Dorchester St., Charlottetown.

If not sold by private sale, will be offered at public auction on Monday, February 18th at 1.30 p. m., together with stock, implements, crop etc.

J. BRADFORD BOYCE, Clyde River, R. R. No. 2, 1404-2-9-stt41. Argyle Shore

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W. K. ROGERS, City Ticket Agent or W. M. FLYNN, Station Ticket Agent

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TRAVEL "THE NATIONAL WAY" Wide choice of Routes embracing Rail and Sea Trips.

The Route you choose is an important factor in the pleasure and comfort of your trip.

Travel one way through the Canadian Rockies via Jasper National Park, Mount Robson, the North Pacific Coast Route to Vancouver and Victoria, B.C., Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Consult any agent of the Canadian National Railways for full particulars.

TO CALIFORNIA FOR THE WINTER

To California, British Columbia and Pacific Coast points is the objective of many who wish to escape the rigors of a cold winter.

Those who are in a position to spend this period in a land of sunshine and warmth, where flowers bloom all the year, can make the journey comfortably and quickly by Canadian National Railways and connecting routes.

Any Ticket Agent of the Canadian National will furnish the required information as to thorough train service, routes, fares, etc., or write General Passenger Department, Moncton, for this information.

Auction Sales

The Guardian Job Department is well equipped to turn out sale bills.

Any person having an Auction sale should advertise in both ways.

An advertisement may pay for itself if it brings only one more bidder to the sale.

The Charlottetown Guardian

1412-2-3-Stt171.

Removal Notice

To reduce our very heavy Stock and facilitate transfer to our new premises on Queen Street, opposite Apothecaries Hall, we offer special inducements to Cash Buyers.

Fennell & Chandler