

ARENA PROGRAMME.
SEASON TICKET & GENERAL SKATING
Monday & Thursday Night
Tuesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons

Special Skating
Tuesday and Friday Night, Skating with Band
Only 15 cents

Wednesday and Saturday Night
Special 10c Skate
No Band
Admission to Promenade 10 Cents.
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You Catch Cold

Because you are weak, tired and rundown. Get rid of the cold and build new strength and vitality at the same time by taking

HUGHES' Palatable Cod Liver Oil

with Hypophosphates. It is a general tonic that is agreeable to the taste cures coughs and colds, and fortifies you against further attacks.

50c and 1.00 per bottle

Geo. E. Hughes
"The People's Druggist"

The Central Guardian

IT PAYS to buy in this Province.

FISHING ENDED.—The small fishing season ended Saturday. It is understood that the catch was considerably behind that of recent years.

C. G. S. PRINCE EDWARD.—The car ferry steamer did not leave Pictou on Saturday until 10.30 owing to the late arrival of a train. She docked in Georgetown at 2.30. The mail train with passengers from the steamer arrived in the city at 5.25. p. m.

RATES.—Return rates at single first class fare on standard certificate plan will be issued for the Second Fairs at Murray River, February 28th; Souris, March 2nd; Georgetown, March 6th; Charlottetown, March 7th and 8th. 4546-224M2L.

TWO RECRUITS.—The patriotic meeting at Hunter River Friday was well attended. Stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. R. G. Fulton, who presided, E. T. Carbonell and Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan. Two recruits were secured, Jack McLeod of Hunter River, and Louie Stevenson, of New Glasgow. The latter has three brothers in active service.

COURSE ENDED.—The special course in Agriculture at Kensington ended on Friday night. Mr. Andrew McRae, West Royalty gave a splendid address on the care and management of the dairy herd. He laid stress on the importance of keeping records in order to find out the limit of production of the best cows. Mr. F. T. Morrow, Dairy Inspector gave some timely advice on the care of milk and cream on the farm and supported the record of performance work suggested by Mr. McRae, as an aid to increased production.

FUNERAL.—The funeral of the late Mr. George Garnum took place this morning from his late residence Hayland Street to St. Dunstan's Cathedral and was largely attended. A high Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. Frank McDonald. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Joseph McDonald, William Scale, Joseph Gaudet, Patk. Fitzsimmons, John McDonald and Robert Sample. Service at the grave was performed by Rev. Maurice McDonald.

THE SONG THEY SING.

(Boston Globe, 15th.)
We beat you at the Marmie,
We beat you at the Aisne,
We give you hell
At Neu Chappelle,
An' ere we are again.

The great audience of more than 3,000 persons at Symphony Hall last evening just roared when "Ian Hay"—Captain Ian Hay Beth—told how a London cockney regiment led a charge at the Somme last July singing these lines:
It was only one of the many interesting incidents as told in the hour and a half he spoke for the benefit of the British Imperial Relief Fund of New England. A collection that netted \$5,000 was taken up.

A Baboon Elopement.

(Peter MacQueen, in World Outlook for January.)
We camped for a while in Africa with Couth Coudenhove, a young Austrian noble. Near his camp there was a family of baboons. We fed them with bananas every morning. They came at the same hour, 9 o'clock each day. I noticed a quarrel between an old broken-handed baboon and a young dude with fine fur. The trouble was about a fair young baboon lady. The dude was always getting thrashed. At last the whole family united and kicked him out of the tribe. Then he came down to our camp every morning for ten days, alone, an hour before the rest of the family. On the eleventh day, however, he came, and behold, the young lady was with him. She had eloped with the dude.

The publisher of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces is writing to us stating:
"I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would be competitors and imitators."

FREE DEMONSTRATION.

Ladies who are not satisfied with the appearance of their hair should consult Mrs. White, Queen Hotel. 4543-224M1L.

MEETING.—To our members of the Eclectic Rebekah Lodge, No. 73, Kensington, are hereby notified that night of meeting is changed from Friday night to Monday. Signed Carrie Kennedy, Recording Secretary. 4553-226M2L.

CAPE MAIL SERVICE.—The mail boats left Capt Tormentine on Saturday at 9.50 and arrived at Cape Traverse at 2.40. They brought no mails at it came via Pictou. The boats which left Cape Traverse at 10.10 had fifty-nine bags of mail. They reached Tormentine at 2.35 p. m.

RACES POSTPONED.—Owing to the inclement weather the Charlottetown Driving Club races which were to have taken place Saturday, will be held Wednesday afternoon. Further entries in either class can be made off the track with the secretary.

IN MEMORIAM

MR. JAMES MITCHELL.

Mr. James Mitchell died at his home at Ruskin on Tuesday the 20th inst. at the advanced age of 98. Deceased was a native of Fort Augustus Queen's Co., and was an uncle of Hon. James H. Cumiskey formerly Commissioner of Public Works. Mr. Mitchell was a life long Conservative having voted Conservative continuously for seventy-six years a record probably unequalled in the province. His wife who was a Miss Bradley, pre-deceased him some years ago. He reared a large family of whom the following members survive: Patrick and Charles on the homestead and John and David in Maine, U. S. A. His funeral to St. Teresa's on Thursday the 22nd inst. was largely attended, showing the respect and esteem in which he was held. The pall-bearers were Mr. Grant, Joseph Fisher, Henry Clark, Robert Mooney, Thomas Kelly and William Birt. The services in the church and at the grave were performed by the pastor Rev. I. R. A. Macdonald. May his soul rest in peace.—E.

MR. WILLIAM NEWCOMBE.

There passed away at his home in Northam on Feb. 19th, Mr. William Newcombe at the advanced age of 84 years. He was born near Barnstable, Devonshire, England and immigrated to this country in 1839. When a young man he staked out his claim to land in the centre of what is now the prosperous settlement of Northam, but which then was an unbroken forest. By industry and thrift he literally cleared for himself one of the most valuable of his farming properties in this province, a beautiful farm. Here he raised a family of girls and boys. The sons are William and Lewis in Boston, both successful contractors. Stashey and Arthur in Maine, and John, Ernest and Charles at home. The daughters are: Mrs. Bruce and William Ramsay, Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Major Milligan, Miss Gertrude at home and Miss Agnes in Boston. He was survived by his widow formerly Miss Ellen McLaughlin. The funeral will be held on the arrival home of his absent sons.

CARDIGAN HORSE RACES.

The races on Cardigan ice on Saturday last brought out a large number of people who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent days sport. The day was an ideal one for the purpose and the ice in splendid condition which drives the different "fliers" and their best. There was a large number of entries in both races. The first race was won by Mr. William McPhee's Progress mare driven by himself, the second race which Mr. McPhee has won on this ice within three weeks. This is a somewhat unique record in the annals of horse racing and speaks volumes of the speed of the Lorne Valley mare. Mr. McPhee is receiving many congratulations on his victory which was won against considerable odds. Mr. William Martin of Martville won second place in this race. The Green Race of Free to all was won by Mr. Hugh McEachern of St. Peter's Road.—E.

THE WAY OF THE GAME.

There he's sitting, waiting, dreaming, Little fellow, eyes of blue; In his childish way he's scheming, Planning mighty things to do; Looks into the years before him, Quite forgetful little man, That a mother might adore him As a mother only can; Wants to get out there and mingle Where the combat's at its height, Feels his youthful pulses tingle With the glory of the fight.

There he's sitting, waiting, dreaming, Where the walls shut out the light; Busy planning, busy scheming, How he may keep up the fight; One into the future peering, Thinking mighty things to do; Halfway doubting, halfway fearing, That his dream will not come true; Still he's hoping, ever hoping, That some day his dream will come; On into the future groping, Drawing nearer to the end.

There he's sitting, waiting, dreaming, Eyes now dimmed and hair quite gray; But his dream has lost the gleaming Of that far-gone yesterday; Dreams no more of battles gory, Wealth or power, might or fame, Dreams no more of worldwide glory, But he's dreaming just the same Just the same No, I'm mistaken, For the dream has changed since then; Now he sits alone, forsaken, Dreaming he's a boy again.

MARK TWAIN AS A SAMARITAN.

Here is a new Mark Twain story that sounds as if it actually might have happened. It dates back to the period when Mark was living in Hartford, on the next block from Harriet Beecher Stowe and her husband, Professor Stowe. One cold and blustery winter morning, after an unusually heavy snow-storm, a neighbor, sneaking Mark on the street, slowly plowing his way through the drifts, with a cornob pipe in his mouth and a snow-shovel over his shoulder, asked him where he was bound. "Oh, just around the block—an errand of mercy," drawled Mark, removing his pipe from between his teeth and pointing over his shoulder with the stem of it. "Mrs. Stowe has just telephoned me that Professor Stowe is under the weather this morning, and I'm on my way around there to shovel him out!"

A SONG OF THE PLOUGH

(Morning)
Idle, comfortless, bare,
The broad bleak acre lies;
The ploughman guides the sharp
plough-share
Steadily on.
The big plough-horses lift
And climb from the marge of the sea
And the clouds of their breath on the
clear wind drift
Over the fallow lea.
Streaming up with the yoke,
Brown as the sweet-smelling foam,
Thru' a sun-swept smother of sweat
and smoke
The two great horses come.
Up thro' the raw cold morn
They trample and drag and swing;
And my dreams are waving with un-
grown corn
In a far-off Spring.
It is my soul lies hid
Between the hills and the sea,
Come, ploughman, lift with thy sharp
ploughshare,
And plough the field for me.

BE TENDER TO THE OLD.

How few in the hurly-burly of the world's affairs pause to reflect upon the sadness, the sorrows, the loneliness and heart-hunger of those who have swept aside by the current of years into the neglected eddies of old age? Surely, though Cicero has dis-couraged so eagerly on the beauties of the evening of our human life, there is more of melancholy reminiscence than of philosophic joy in the period of physical decrepitude. Divorced from the active pursuits of the teeming, vital, enthusiastic tumult of existence about them, the aged sit apart with helpless hands and dream upon the years ago with all the vanished hopes, loves, aims, and glories of their youth.
Happy they who have such pleasant retrospect! Too often it occurs that some old couple have toiled and slaved and sacrificed during all the years that make up the three score and ten, only to have the shadows of loneliness and isolation make night of life before the night of death.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Bargains in Rubbers

Men's 75c
Women's 50c

We have about 200 PAIRS
NEW UP TO DATE RUBBERS

in odd lines which we want to clear out SO HERE GOES while they last MEN'S WOMEN'S

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Select your Toilet Soap with Care

If more care were exercised in the selection of toilet soaps, there would be less need for skin foods and kindred preparations.

Because of its carefully balanced formula and the fact that its mildly antiseptic, is not so pronounced as to harm the most delicate complexion, instantly commends.

Rexall Medicated Skin Soap

Each cake wrapped, three cakes to the box.
Per Cake, 25c.

The McKinnon Drug Co.
The Rexall Drug Store

Ask for HICKEY'S Twist

Ask your dealer for Hickey's Twist and insist on getting the genuine for it's the Cleanest and best Chewing Tobacco.

HICKEY'S is a large, clean, fragrant juicy plug that gives real satisfaction to chewers after they have tired of other kinds.

TRY HICKEY'S TWIST—the change will do you good.

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Our wish that Health, Happiness and Prosperity be your good fortune during the coming year

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Jeweler

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Clip out and present five coupons like the above, bearing consecutive dates, together with our special price of 98c

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FEBRUARY 26th.

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We have about 100 pairs of these \$6 shoes which we are clearing at \$4.95

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The chamois antelope is almost extinct, yet the name clings to soft pliable skins which became popular under the name of CHAMOIS SKINS & CHAMOIS VESTS

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100 bags Millrun Oat Feed, a good feed for Horses and Pigs and Poultry regular price \$2.00 per 100 pound bag. For a few days we will sell this lot at the low price of

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A fresh stock of Bone Meal, Beef Scraps, Bone and Beef Scraps, Alfalfa Meal, Charcoal for Poultry, Feed wheat, Cracked Corn, Cornmeal, Oil Cake Meal etc. all at lowest prices Wholesale & Retail.

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Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

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In response to several appeals, Mr. E. B. McLaren, Georgetown \$2.50
A. W. Bruce, Red Point, has opened David T. Dover, Suffolk \$2.00
a Roadmaster's Patriotic Fund, the William Coody, Hazelbrook \$2.00
idea being that every Roadmaster contribute \$2.50 to the Fund. The money may be sent to Mr. A. W. Bruce, to Mr. H. W. Binning, Bank of Nova Scotia, or to the Editor of the Guardian and it will be acknowledged in the columns of the Guardian.

John O. Campbell, Long River	2.00
Mr. Theo. Enman, Emmore Road	\$2.50
James J. McNeil, Miscouche	\$3.00
W. H. Wood, Mt. Mellik	2.50
Frank Driscoll, Mt. Herbert	2.50
Francis Hagan, Kelly's Cross	2.00
Harry Webster, Cape Traverse	\$2.50
D. A. McTavish, Newton, Belfast	2.00
Paul McDonald, East Point Road	2.00
Geo. A. Leslie (per Mr. Grin-sell) Charlwood	2.50
Patrick Smith, Newton E.	2.00
Dominique Doiron, Rustico	2.00
Peter Morrison, Grandville	\$2.50
James Lamplier, Pleasant Grove	\$2.00
John Nolan, Cheapside	2.00
Peter J. Campbell, Red Point	1.00
Artemas Betts, Cumberland	\$2.50
James Dingwell, North Lake, (additional)	.50
Alexis Doiron, Wheatley River	2.00
John Munn, Murray River	2.00
Wm. Molyneux, Milltown Cross	2.00
Andrew Bradley, Blooming Pt.	\$2.00
* Paid into the bank at Souris.	

NOTE:—By request it has been agreed to accept \$2 contributions as it is more convenient to mail this amount.

MOTHERS!

12 o'clock at night. Baby has a Croupy Cough!

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Robin Hood Breakfast food, Regular 25c for 20c
Cream of wheat Regular 20c for 15c
Pure jam—Raspberry, Strawberry and Plum Regular 28c for 20c
Pure Syrups—Raspberry and Pineapple Regular 25c for 20c
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Apricots..... 15c per pound
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