

Additional Train Services Montreal Quebec C. N. R

Additional train services between Quebec and Montreal, which are now in effect are announced by the Canadian National Railways.

Train No. 75 will leave Quebec (Palais Station) at 4.50 P. M., daily, arriving Montreal 9.35 P. M.

Train No. 76 will leave Montreal at 1.20 P. M., daily except Sunday, arriving Quebec (Palais Station) 6.05 P. M.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

320 acre dairy ranch in Manitoba. Clear, 2 1/2 miles from R. S. Stores, etc. 1 1/4 miles from school. 125 miles from Winnipeg.

POTATOES AND TURNIPS

We will be buying every day at our warehouse Hogan's Wharf. Highest prices for good stock.

J. LESTER DOUGLAS Charlottetown, P. E. Island Phones 798 and 938 REVIEW—(TAKE IN) ...

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BELL & MATHIESON R. R. BELL D. L. MATHIESON, LL. B. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Money to Loan.

Mark R. McGuigan, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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A Mid-morning Pick-me-up

WHEN eleven o'clock comes and you grow a little weary—that's the time for a steaming, nourishing cup of OXO—IT'S BRACING!

In 6-oz. Flasks and Tins of 4 and 10 Cubes



It's "Meat and Drink" to you

SMILES

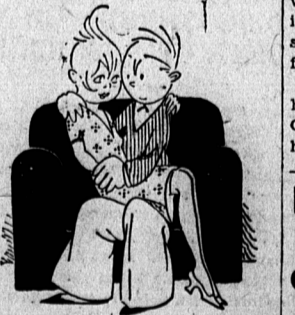
GABBY GERTIE



"Those who have been fleeced know that love letters are sheer nonsense."



"No, Sir; no man could forge my name to a check and get it cashed." "Hard signature to imitate, eh?" "No, no bank account."



"You are not the first girl I ever loved." "Then you've got a lot to learn."



"The sexton says he believes his church is haunted. He hears queer noises in the steeple." "He's got bats in his belfry, that's all."

Dock workers of London have formed a horticultural society with 600 members.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS

By Homer Croy

(Continued)

One and all, when the taxi drew up before Notre Dame, they experienced a sense of disappointment. Here was one of the most famous churches in the world—much more famous to them than was St. Peter's in Rome—and yet it did not look grand, it did not seem imposing, and about it was the sorrowful, unpleasant, decayed look of old age.

Mrs. Peters was determined to like what she saw, but as they entered disappointment came upon her. She had expected something expensive and awe-inspiring, with gold and silver and beautiful carvings; instead she was a great vault poorly lighted, lined with stone pillars and having the cheapest kind of stiff, upright, cane-bottomed chairs. Her eyes went to them again; she had expected great pews and impressive seats and here were poor make shift chairs. How out of place they seemed in a great cathedral. She did not know that the chairs were moved about for different ceremonies and sometimes taken out altogether, and that during the Revolution they had been dragged into the street, piled into heaps, and burned. She was surprised to see how poor the floor was—not the even, high boards of the churches at home, but big, rough, uneven stones.

"It must be bad for rheumatism," she thought, guiltily. Fastened on the walls were black plaques with gilt letters begging the saints for protection, and set into the walls were tombs with Latin inscriptions. Everywhere were these tombs. Never before had she seen a tomb in a church; now and then in Oklahoma she had seen a colored memorial window, but never had she heard of anybody being buried in a church. She tried to walk along the aisles but here set into the floor were more tombs. She tried to step over them, feeling that it was sacrilege to step on them, but, noticing a priest ahead of her moving quickly along, un mindful of the silent graves below, she picked up courage to walk on them. Soon she forgot all about them.

She was amazed to see the great number of chapels along the walls, with little railings before them, and all containing seemingly endless aged, gilt symbols of worship—gaudy, poorly done plaster figures of the Boy Christ Mary the Mother, Christ on the Cross, and dim, cheap-looking paintings of saints. Her feelings, on the whole, was disappointment, but she did not admit it.

"It's most impressive," she said aloud. As the Peters family came out, Pike turned to look back.

"It kinda grows on you," he said. "Only, I don't see why they stick all them crazy waterspouts on it." He indicated the grotesque gargoyles which fringe the ancient building. "Why, I wouldn't put them awful devil heads and yelping animals on a garage, let alone a church. But outside of that it's fine."

They went to visit the Louvre and were amazed to find how large it was. They wandered along its endless corridors and wings until they were lost, and yet they hadn't found the things they wished to see.

"I suppose some of this stuff is very wonderful," said Pike, "but by gracious! if I had seen some of it at a second-hand shop, I'd thought the feller had over-stocked."

And yet certain things appealed to him with keen, thrilling pleasure. One was the Mona Lisa painting. He had expected it to be a big picture.

Heart and Nerves Caused Her To Have Cold Hands and Feet

Mrs. Joseph Price, Red Pine, N.B., writes:—"Several years ago I was troubled with my heart and nerves and was so bad, at times, my hands and feet would become numb and cold."

"I happened to see



advertised and started taking them at once. I continued for some little time, and since then I have had no return of my trouble."

Price, 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SALE

Farm for Sale at Albany of 110 acres, 100 acres clear land, near school and shipping, good location. For further particulars apply to

URVILLE LARGE, Albany. 1106-1-16-18-21-22-26-28.

BACKACHE

Can Be Stopped often in a few hours.

If you are losing pep, health and strength from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Bladder Weakness, Burning, Leg or Groin Pains, or Rheumatic Aches why not try the Cystex 48 Hour Test? Get Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today at any drug store, for only 60c. Money back if you don't soon find pains gone, sleep fine, feel younger, stronger and full of pep.

such as were on the walls in the state Capitol, for Pike unconsciously thought that the larger the picture the better it was. Also he was disappointed that it was lined and cracked—these lines and cracks had never shown in the pictures of it he had seen. But after a moment its haunting spell laid hold of him.

"I wonder what she's smiling at," he said, as millions before him have. "How much do you suppose it's worth?"

They found the Venus de Milo standing on a pedestal in a corner. Mrs. Peters felt a sense of disappointment; she had expected to be swept off her feet at its beauty, but it was off her feet at its beauty, but it was not greatly different from reproductions she had seen. But she would not admit it.

"Isn't it just exquisite!" she breathed. But Pike was more honest. "She's sure sold a lot of lead-pencils," he said.

They went, during the following days, to the Pantheon, Cluny Museum, Madeleine Church, Sacre Coeur, and the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery and the show places of Paris.

"We're not meeting anybody," said Mrs. Peters one day. "We're just running around by ourselves and not meeting the right people at all. It's time we met them."

"How you going to do it?" asked Pike.

"You leave that to me," returned Mrs. Peters. "If you want anything long enough and earnestly enough you can always get it."

"I dunno," said Pike. "There was Bryan."

CHAPTER 5

Mrs. Peters met unexpected difficulties in getting acquainted with "the right people." At first, it had seemed enough to live at the most celebrated hotel in Paris, but soon she saw that it took more than that. She went to the most expensive shops she bought the most costly clothes for Opal and herself; she watched other women secretly; she would learn from them. She talked to people in the lounge, smiled, and was most gracious. In their chatter she heard mention of teas, soirees, and receptions; and the names of the American Ambassador and famous generals were on the lips of these favored people who moved in this bright social world. Sometimes she felt frightened; then courage would return and she would begin again. She read eagerly the society news in the American papers published in Paris. How could she be invited to these receptions at studios? But all she could get were cards to the fashion shows.

She got acquainted with an American woman and her hope rose. The woman had the latest and most fashionable clothes and Mrs. Peters cultivated her. Maybe this new-made friend would give her introductions and she invited her to an elaborate luncheon at the Cafe de Paris, only to find that the well-dressed American lady was a buyer for Cedar Rapids department store, on her first trip to Paris.

"If I make good, I get to come back next year," said the aspiring lady. While Mrs. Peters was trying to meet the right people, Pike himself made an acquaintance. It happened one evening in Montmartre.

The family all except Rose, who was now immersed in his own pleasures—started out to view that famous section of Paris. Pike knew vaguely what Montmartre was—that it was the center of the bohemian night life of Paris. Here it was that the shocking things he read in the papers happened—the things which contribute so greatly to the lure of Paris and especially to solid, substantial citizens with secret yearnings.

The brilliancy and animation of the street scenes stirred Pike as they drove along. Never had he seen anything like it. There were not the endless, winking, blinking, hard advertising signs as in New York, which made Broadway one long commercial glare. Here a multitude of inviting lights danced and glimmered, with only an occasional advertising legend. As they approached the Opera, the press of taxicabs grew thicker and threaded among them, like a refrain in some moving song, were magnificent private cars housing splendid ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes. Paris, always the city of pleasure, was now seeking its nightly sociable.

Here and there in the shadows of the doorways Pike saw shiny human beings standing with hands in their coat pockets, dirty muffers around their necks. When a man alone approached, one of these creaking creatures would slide out from his foud shadow.

"Want to see a post-card? Please, Russian Comedians, just their popular in Paris. Pike had the sense of going into a dark, overstuffed cave packed with tables and people. In one corner there was an orchestra, while on the walls were flags and banners of Russia, and a weird eagle with strange, outspread wings. The amiable proprietor came up and hovered ingratiatingly over them.

"What is that danged stuff?" he demanded. "Vodka," returned the manager proudly. "Maybe you first please drink the drink of my own country," he said.

Pike hesitated over the complicated bill of fare. A waiter brought tiny cups filled with a colorless liquid. Pike felt a streak the width of a baby ribbon slowly burning its way down his throat, and a hot, nauseating odor rose in his nostrils.

"What is that danged stuff?" he demanded. "Vodka," returned the manager proudly. "Maybe you first please drink the drink of my own country," he said.

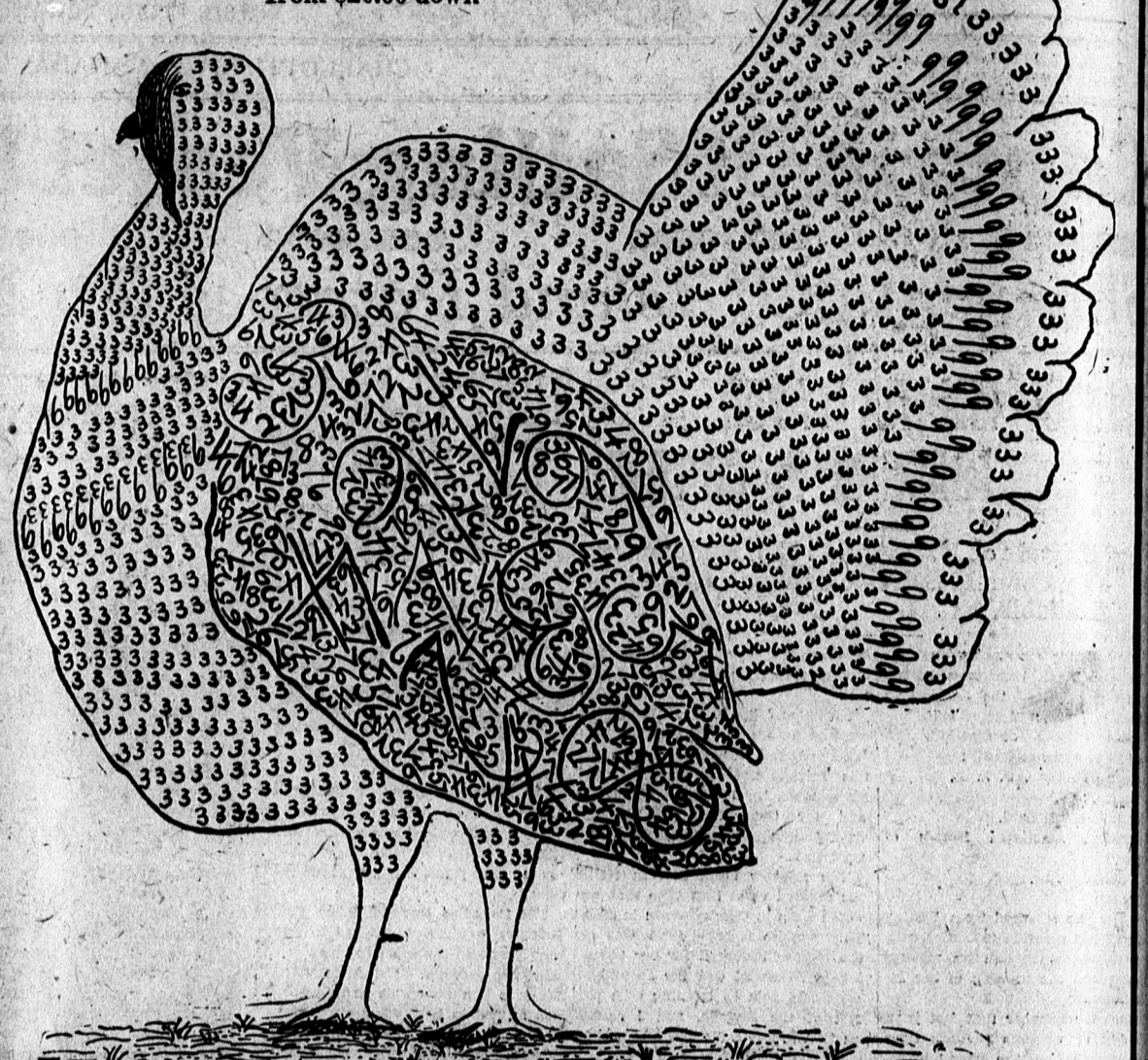
"Hell's huckleberry," panted Pike, wiping his lips "no wonder they had a revolution in Russia. It makes white mule taste like a milk-shake."

(To be Continued)

A memorial to Thomas Hardy is to be erected at the western entrance of Dorchester, England. Tenants in municipal houses in Aberdeen, Scotland, are petitioning for better quarters.

What About the Feathers On the Turkey?

\$50.00 to the Person who counts them correctly — Other awards from \$20.00 down



The feathers on the Turkey are made up of figures 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. The problem is to take these feathers off the Turkey and add the figures. The total of the added figures will be taken as the number of feathers on the bird.

PRIZES—For the correct, or nearest correct, solution prizes in order as follows will be paid in cash.

Table with 2 columns: Prize Rank and Amount. 1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$20.00, 3rd Prize \$10.00, 4th Prize \$5.00, 5th Prize \$4.00, 6th Prize \$3.00, 7th Prize \$2.00, 8th Prize \$1.00.

IT COSTS NOTHING There is absolutely no responsibility, obligation or cost of any kind to try for a prize. The solving of the problem will provide a few hours most interesting work.

COMPETITION CLOSES The competition closes Saturday, January 25, 1930, at midnight. All solutions to be considered, must reach the address below before that hour.

In case of a tie the prize will go to the one who had sent a new subscription with his solution in accordance with condition No. 3.

If those who tie have both, or all sent in new subscriptions; then the prize will go to the one whose subscription on which he or she became eligible, is paid the farthest in advance into the year 1930. If both or all are paid in advance to December 31, 1930, then the money will be divided among such proportionately according to the number of winners.

Cut this out on the border lines, fill in and mail early. Mark on outside of envelope "Turkey Feathers Competition."

SOLUTION TURKEY FEATHERS COMPETITION. To Turkey Feathers Competition The Guardian, Charlottetown, P. E. I. (a) My solution of the Feathers on the Turkey is... (b) I am eligible for the competition on the... (c) Amount enclosed on account of the above Subscriptions... (d) New Subscription. Name... (e) I agree that the decision of the Judges shall be indisputable and final. Signed... Dated... 1929. Address...

NOTE: Sections (c) and (d) are for use only if subscription is in arrears, or if sending in a new subscription.