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 "is GOOD tea"
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SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT
 by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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(Continued)
 "Stand aside, Bull," said Selwood. He tried the latch, in turn, and, using more force when less failed, jerked at the door violently; still unsuccessful, he pounded on it with his fist.

A watchman within unbarred and opened the door a few cautious inches. Selwood, under the hat of the fallen guard, thrust forward his head. "It's Bull Page. Let him in! He's got a message for Starbuck."

The watchman took no chances. "Hold on," he exclaimed gruffly, and at once slammed the door shut and barred it. While Selwood waited his return—with perhaps more impatience than Bull, who must have felt that to oblige a friend he was taking a good chance of getting shot—the watchman took counsel. He opened the door again presently and with the same caution. "Come in, Bull,"

Selwood in the interval had thrown away the guard's hat and put on the extra cap pulled from one of his numerous pockets; and when the watchman opened the door wide enough for Bull to enter, he attempted to walk in behind him. The vigilant guardian pushed him out again. "No, you don't—"

Bull raised his quavering voice. "His! all right—he's my partner—" "Keep out!" exclaimed the watchman, shoving Selwood roughly back as he tried to edge through the half-opened door.

"But he's got news Starbuck wants," persisted Bull, to whom "You won't need any help," insisted the busy bartender, scornfully. "They're all locked up together right inside here, back of the barber shop. Get old Fyler out the back door, tell him you'll help 'em get away, him first. He'll go out with you because he knows you—all you've got to do it, throw him into the river, Starbuck wants to get rid of him—you'll get paid."

"The old man's wry," objected Bull, spinning out the talk. "I want my partner outside the back door, so the old man don't throw me in. Of course, I'll try it alone if you say so, but if my partner—" An outburst from Barbanet cut short the talk; Bull had said all he wanted to say, anyway. But, still mauling on, he was unceremoniously pushed through the partly open door back into the room. Selwood slipped around the corner to where Pardaloe, close to a window, was impatiently awaiting action. Selwood repeated what he had heard, directed him to watch the back door of the barber shop, take any necessary measures, and to detain Fyler till Selwood could get back to him.

"Say the word," said Pardaloe, "and I'll fire the whole dashed joint. I've got everything laid right here, and good tinder to do it with."

"Don't set this place on fire till we get everybody out of it," exclaimed Selwood. "I must see the inside of the place. I can't plan anything in the dark."

"Here's a sash loose," mumbled Pardaloe, balking of his prey, "right here. Why don't you—" Selwood, knowing the general layout of the inside of the big room, jumped at the chance. "There's a curtain in front of it," continued Pardaloe.

"Out with the sash," said Selwood instantly. "Easy, Bill." "It needed no more than the prying off of a sash-stop, which Pardaloe managed with the blade of his bowie-knife, without making



much noise. He lifted aside the sash. A curtain, tucked up inside, covered the window opening; and while Pardaloe noiselessly set down the sash, Selwood noiselessly set down the sash, Selwood caught an edge of the curtain in his fingers and peered inside.

It looked like a fair chance. The corner was not dark, but it was not brightly lighted. A table stood close to the side of the window through which Selwood was looking. On one side of the table sat a man leaning forward, with his head buried in his arms, as if asleep. His hat lay on the table. Selwood watched him pretty closely for a moment—he was the nearest element of danger—but reached the conclusion he was stupid with drink. The curtain was short. Hung from hooks at the upper corners, it reached only to the window apron. Selwood could see men standing in small groups not ten feet away, but the entire room, probably for reasons of safety, was only meagerly lighted.

The gambler thought he could make it. He whispered brief instructions to Pardaloe.

"If you don't hear any shooting, Bill, you'll know I'm moving safe. If you hear one shot, just pay no attention. Have your shotgun up here on the still; the instant you hear two shots, fire one barrel at that big lamp." Selwood pointed to the lamp hanging in the front end of the room. "Let the other barrel go into the middle of the crowd—that will give me a chance for the front door."

(To be Continued)

SOURIS

Mr. Charles Styles, of St. John, N.B., paid a visit to Souris last week.

Mr. Samuel Johnson, of Bay Fortune, was a recent motorist to Souris and vicinity.

A Tea Party was held in Souris on Wednesday under the auspices of the Souris Branch of the Canadian Legion. Meals were served on the grounds, also many kinds of games which were well patronized.

Elmira visitors to Souris on Wednesday included Mr. Wallace E. MacDonald.

Mr. George Rose, Lakeville, was a visitor to Souris on business on the 24th instant.

Mr. George Sutherland, of Charlottetown, passed through our town on Wednesday.

The marriage took place on Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Chapel, Souris, of Miss Josie Cheverie, daughter of Jerome and Mrs. Cheverie, to Chester MacDonald, of Souris. The Guardian wishes the young couple many years of wedded bliss.

Messrs. Fraser Morrow and Brenton, of Charlottetown, paid a visit to Souris and the Eastern end of the Island this week on business.

Captain Gault Murray arrived in Souris this week from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, with his vessel. We

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Just a drop or two of Putnam's on any sore corn and out comes all the pain. The corn shrivels up and drops off. No scar, no pain, no pinching from tight shoes. You can dance or walk in comfort. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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drive through the country at this time is a perfect delight, for everywhere one looks, the eye beholds a picture which only the Creator knows how to paint.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowness, of Summerside, were recent visitors to Cape Traverse.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent at North Carleton shore, June 23rd, when the Institute women of Albany Village held their annual picnic. The afternoon was spent in swimming, bathing and sports, after which a bountiful supper was served, everybody enjoying themselves.

Albany Village School has been making continued progress throughout the past year and as the last days are drawing to a close, the examinations for grading have been completed and the teachers, Mr. Wilfred McCauley, Principal, and Miss Frieda Bowness, Assistant, have spared neither time nor knowledge in preparing the pupils to enter which a bountiful supper was served in life.

The Albany Dramatic Society staged their three-act play, entitled "A Manhattan Honeymoon", in Cape Traverse Hall on Thursday evening, June 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Trainor were visitors to Charlottetown recently.

A large number of people attended the tea party at Bedeque rink on Wednesday, June 24th.—A.

Minard's Liniment for Neuritis.

A social reformer declares that all people with inferior brains should be placed on a lonely island. The only trouble is that all the really large islands are being used at the moment.

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SMILES



"Darling, when people are in love they can live on air."
 "Yes, Reginald, but after they are married they can't live in air castles."



1st Student: Say, Tom, you're not pinning your faith on a girl like Sue, are you?
 2nd Student: Nope; only my fraternity pin.



"There is a woman who has never searched her husband's pockets."
 "Great! what's her name?"
 "Miss Sylvia Yellowleaf."

JUST LIKE THE FISH
 Said the fool-killer: "I tried today! All these fool fish liars to slay. I captured a few. Of the lesser crew, But the big fellows all got away."



Jaggley: Hello, Chalker, you're looking fine. On the water wagon again?
 Chalker: Not quite, but I'm in the half-water wagon—I'm driving a milk route.

Spinning and Weaving

Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into blankets. Single yarn is 25 cents and doubled 25 cents per pound. Blanket \$2.25; it takes five lbs. of wool to make a blanket. They will all be laundered unless ordered otherwise. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium and double yarn fine, medium and coarse. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside; otherwise we will not be responsible for losses. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lbs.
 WML LANDRIGAN,
 65 Queen Street, Charlottetown.
 4327-5-1-thursatt4 months.

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 DOMINION DAY
 West River Bridge and return calling at McEwen's Wharf both ways.
 Leaving Pickards Wharf at 1.30 P. M., returning leave West River Bridge, at 6 P. M.
 RETURN FARE 50 CENTS.
 Meals and Lunches served on board.
 5010-6-27-31

HEADACHES

Ended by Kruschen

"I was a martyr to headaches, with frequent attacks of dizziness affecting my vision. My occupation is a very sedentary one—a printer's reader. I gave Kruschen Salts a good trial, and from then onwards I seemed quite another person. The headaches disappeared and the dizziness, and the most wonderful thing to me is that I have gone back to meager glasses, a lens which I had discarded some years ago as not being strong enough. I also suffered from bad circulation during the early mornings of winter. Now at 58 I can enjoy cold baths all the year round, and am an eager fan of my food, and am what I consider very fit—the sort of fitness that makes living a joy."—(G. F.)

Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach or to partial constipation—a complaint many indoor workers suffer from without ever suspecting it. Kruschen Salts go right down to the root of the trouble and remove the cause by gently persuading the organs of elimination to function exactly as Nature intended they should.

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MR. AND MRS.

JOE, YOU'LL SEE MISS FRUMP TO THE STATION?
 SURE

Joe Sees His Duty And Doesn't Do It

WHY, I WOULDN'T HEAR OF YOU COMING OUT ON MY ACCOUNT. IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF BLOCKS

YOU'RE QUITE SURE YOU CAN MAKE IT?

WHY, OF COURSE. IT'S NOT LATE. I DON'T MIND A BIT

JOE, YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE WITH HER

DARN IT, I ONLY TOOK HER AT HER WORD

MORE TOMORROW