

The Prime Minister at Georgetown and Charlottetown Wednesday

PIMPLES WERE VERY PAINFUL
On Forehead, Cheeks and Chin. Cuticura Heals.

"My face began breaking out with pimples, first my forehead, then cheeks and chin, and it was an awful looking sight. The pimples were hard and red and after a time came to a head and scaled over. They were very painful at times and the trouble lasted about three months.

"I tried different remedies without any benefit. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I was completely healed after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Lundgren, McCord, Wis., Aug. 12, 1924.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: Canadian Agents: "Cuticura, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap, 15¢; Ointment, 15¢ and 25¢. Talcum, 10¢. Cuticura Shaving Stick, 25¢.

SMILES

She: "I've had loads of chances to marry."
He: "So've I—but I don't take chances."

WATCH YOUR HAT OVERCOAT

NOT AS A HOLE

"Don't you think a doughnut makes a pretty good lunch, taken as a whole?"
"Taken as a hole, I think not."

ELEVATOR

NOT A CROWD

"You said you had room for one more didn't you?"
"Yes, lady, but only one more."

TIVOLI BORDER DRAMA

BETTER HALF-SHOT

Thrill-Seeker: When you go to a play don't you like to see every body shot?
Fun-Lover: No; they're so much more entertaining when they're only half-shot."

KOTEX

WAS ABOUT DONE

Mistress: What do you mean by talking and acting in this insolent way, Maria? You've been cooking in this house for over thirty years.
Maria: True, ma'am, quite true—an I think I'm about done!

"These Women"
BY MALCOLM DUART

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXVIII

The young man whirled, and drew back.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

He was tall and heavy-shouldered, not at all the usual type of dancing man, except for the uncommon polish of his hair, and the exaggerated style of the clothes he wore.

Morton stepped toward him, deliberately, and closed the door behind him.

"Can we use your private office, Abe?" he asked.

Mr. Sunshine assented. "Help yourself—but there's a lot of girls with Miss Morton in the back room. They'll all be coming in to listen if you don't."

"You come in too," Morton proposed.

The young man was edging along the wall, keeping a wary eye on Morton.

"Get in that other room," ordered the latter, crisply.

"I'd like to see you make me!" The young man thrust out his chin and leaned forward. "Just make me."

Morton was shorter, and much lighter, than the other, but his air was holly assured as he advanced.

"Go in there," he said, his eyes meeting the hostile stare of his opponent.

The young man took a step backward, and then another. Mr. Sunshine, deeply interested, entered the situation.

"Come along you big bum," he suggested, affably.

He took the larger man by the elbow, and without further parley the three went into the private office.

"Take that chair in the corner, Joe," continued Mr. Sunshine. "Mr. Morton, you sit here."

Abe dropped into his own revolving chair, and surveyed his guests.

"This is better than a show it self," he said. Then, with sudden purpose, he went to the door of the innermost room and opened it.

A roar of girls' and men's voices emerged, punctuated by the strains of a piano.

"All you people keep out of my office," he shouted, "until I open this door. Anybody who comes in, gets fired." Putting his head farther inside the room and looking sidewise, he continued: "Young lady, you wait. I'll tell you when your man comes."

Withdrawing his head he slammed the door and returned to his seat.

Morton sat with his chair tilted back against the wall, his knees crossed.

"Abe," he said, "I find I didn't know the whole story when I talked with you. This fellow here—this Joe—indicating the large young man—tried to work the 'badger game' on me not long ago. He didn't get far with it."

"I bet not," interrupted the sympathetic Abe.

Morton continued: "He had a little dancing partner. They were broke. Nona told me this fellow and the girl could get a job in a London supper club if they could get passage money. I was sorry for the girl, and sent them the money. This lad here lost it all shooting craps. He took the girl's jewelry and pawned it. He kept the money. He got three hundred dollars from Miss Morton, and didn't tell his partner anything about it."

"He left her hungry—almost starving."

He bent his brows at the man Joe. "And all the while the girl was worrying about him. Now he is trying to extort a thousand dollars from Miss Morton! What had we better do with him, Abe?"

"Exactly," he said. Waving toward the corner, he proceeded: "And here's Joe."

The girl advanced, timidly, as the crowd behind her was shut out. Morton moved a chair for her, and shaking, she sat down. Her eyes moved from Morton to the young man and back again.

"Audrey," said Morton, "I'm going to tell you something. Listen carefully." He stood over her, holding out his forefinger and moving it to emphasize his remarks. "No girl, and no man, who is innocent, ever has to pay money to keep a blackguard quiet."

"This gentleman here—" he indicated Joe—"is a blackguard. He has started a career in which he proposes to live off women—off the money that women give him."

Audrey, with fear, looked at the large young man.

"Watch me a moment."

Morton stepped to the corner and deliberately struck the man first on one cheek, and then the other, with his open hand.

"Fie!" roared the other, without arising, "you can't do that to me, you!"

Morton swiftly with the back of his fingers, smote him on the mouth.

"That will be all from you," he said, turning his back.

Joe, his face purple, moved as if to spring into the agent's arms, but he was held back by the young man, who in innocent, ever has to pay money to keep a blackguard quiet.

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"I'd like to know what he means using my office to collect money from women," suggested Abe.

"He wanted me to meet him on a street corner first," said Audrey, timidly. "Finally he said to come here."

Morton had returned to his chair and was thinking. "Audrey," he said, at last, "I'm not going to ask why you were going to give him that money. I can guess what sort of threat he made. But don't ever yield to fear again if you meet another such situation."

"This whelp was really more afraid of you than you were of him. But he thought he'd take a chance and he almost won."

His forehead drawn in perplexity he continued, "I don't know exactly what to do about him. He turned to Joe! I'm going to let you go out of here. I'll decide later whether I'll hunt you up money from your dancing partner. Let the girl alone!"

He rose and crossed the room. Standing close to the young man, he concluded, softly: "And I am quite certain that you will never come into contact with Miss Morton again, directly or indirectly. Do you get my meaning?"

"Yes," growled the other, turning his head away.

Audrey was back at the Sunshine offices the same afternoon to meet Nona. She passed directly into the room, where Mr. Sunshine himself was criticizing the work of a group of dancing girls.

"Those notes are all sour and that dancing is all wet," he pronounced.

The piano player suspended operations. The girls, panting, clustered around the producer. He turned to Audrey.

"Mr. Morton picked this chorus," he said, with dissatisfaction, "because he said he wanted 'em moral. I wish they wasn't so moral and had more pep. Try that last number again!"

The piano whanged and the girls, looking albino, tripped down the floor. As usual, they were clad in rompers or bathing suits, for ease of movement, and their flesh showed the glisten of perspiration. Turning, they moved in pairs to the upper end of the room, swinging their legs high in time to the music. At the reverse they trooped in threes and became tangled.

"Stop it!" cried Mr. Sunshine. Sound and movement halted abruptly.

"You girls all go down to Dan Baster's school right away," Abe directed. "I'll telephone them you're coming. That dance is rotten, and you've got to start rehearsing another. You're not to come back and show me until you've got it right. Beat it!"

Exhausted, the girls leaned against one another until they recovered their breath. Then they retreated behind a curtain that covered a corner of the room and began to change their clothes.

"Baster's my partner," explained Abe, turning to Audrey. "He drills 'em; I produce 'em. I hope you dance better than they do. Got your dancing clothes?"

Audrey pointed to the bag that stood beside her on the floor.

"Those girls'll be out in a minute," said Abe. "Then you go back of that curtain and change. Nona'll be here in a minute."

He sauntered into his own office

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under trying hygienic conditions is assured this new way. Gives absolute protection—discards like tissue

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No laundry—discard like tissue

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PAINS ALL OVER BODY

Two More Cases of Feminine Illness Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Barrington, N. S.—"I had terrible feelings, headaches, back and side aches and pains all over my body. I would have to go to bed every month and nothing would do me good. My husband and my father did my work for me. I have two children and we have quite a big place. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then got a little book about it through the mail, and my husband sent to Easton's and got me a bottle, and then we got more from the store. I am feeling fine now and do all my work and am able to go out around more. I tell my friends it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that makes me feel so well."—Mrs. VICTORIA BARRINGTON, Barrington, Nova Scotia.

Dull Pains in Back

St. Thomas, Ont.—"I took four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found great relief to the dull, heavy pains in the small of my back and the weakness from which I suffered for five years after my boy was born. After taking the Vegetable Compound and using Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash I am feeling better than I have for the past seven years, and advise my friends to take it."—Mrs. F. JOHNSON, 49 Moore Street, St. Thomas, Ont. C.

Peters Road And Vicinity

Was it M. Plainville, the great statesman and scientist of France, who said that the excessive rains were caused by radio waves? That he, so, farmers and others have much to be thankful for in this particular, as the long continued droughts of former years almost rendered farm work futile. Now there is a short cessation of the important work of hay-making. All the crops give a most promising appearance, although the hay crop is to a great extent tarried by the presence of two or three virulent noxious weeds, which are taking charge of our meadows, and may well be named the "white menace" and the "yellow peril." (To be Continued)

Stock Quotations

HALIFAX, July 26.—Quotations furnished by Johnston and Ward, Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange:

At. Top and Santa Fe Ry.	133 3/4
American Can. Co.	67 1/2
Am. Car and Fdy. Co.	99 3/4
Am. Smelt and Refng. Co.	128
Am. Soda Ash Co.	18 3/4
Anaconda Cop. Min. Co.	49 1/4
Canadian Pacific Co.	163 1/2
N.Y. Con. and Hud. Riv. R. R.	129 3/4
Consolidated Gas Co.	103 3/4
Mis. Kan. and Tex. Ry.	217 1/2
Reading Co.	93
Southern Pacific Co.	106
Union Pacific Ry.	152 3/4
U.S. Industrial Alcohol Co.	63
Westinghouse Electric	68 1/2
United States Steel	137 1/2
Bell Telephone	158
Abitibi	75
Brazilian	99 3/4
Montreal Power	220 1/2
National Breweries	63 1/2
National Breweries	99
Spanish River	99
Spanish River Pfd.	100

FOR SALE

Cottage at Uigg Station built in the latest style including six acres land and barn and hen house. Also new pump at door.

This is an ideal home for a retired farmer. For particulars apply to Mrs. J. E. Rodd on premises or to McKinnon & McNeill, Charlottetown. 919-7-26-21.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk, Charlottetown, P. E. I., up to Wednesday, August 4th, 1926, for supplying the City with 500 feet of Fire Hose, tenders to be accompanied by samples.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk. 799-7-20tu51.

HAY SALE

I will sell by public auction on the farm of Mrs. Charles Palmer, Victoria, on Wednesday, July 28th, 1926, at 2 o'clock p. m., fifty acres of standing hay. Terms at sale.

HUGH MORRISON, Auctioneer. 877-7-23-41.



The latest photo from England of Sgt. G. Emalie, who was top man of the Canadians at the Blenheim shoot. He got 72 out of a possible 75 in the final stage of King's Prize (won by Sgt. A. G. Fulton, England) which was 15 shots at 900 yards.

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RED ROSE TEA
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Tenders For Lighting

Tenders will be received at the Office of the Town Clerk, Alberton, P. E. Island, up to August 30th, for supplying electricity for street lighting and domestic purposes. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For further information apply to

C. T. GREEN, Town Clerk. 939-7-27-tu31.

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This is an ideal home for a retired farmer. For particulars apply to Mrs. J. E. Rodd on premises or to McKinnon & McNeill, Charlottetown. 919-7-26-21.

THE BANKERS AMALGAMATED SILVER BLACK FOX COMPANY, LTD.
"The Voluntary Winding Up Act"

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the Shareholders of The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Limited will be held in Y. M. C. A. Rooms in Charlottetown on Thursday the twenty-ninth day of July, 1926 at the hour of eight (8) o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports of the Directors and Officers and for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding Up Act" and for the appointment of Liquidators for such winding up and the giving of consequential directions.

Dated this Second day of July, 1926.

By order of Directors,
GEORGE F. DEWAR, President
JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary-Treasurer

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