Don't forget

To put Colman's Mustard on your list for Camp or Summer Home. Then you can have real Mustard with your bacon, fish, meats, sandwiches, etc.

Colman's Mustard aids digestion

437C

FOR SALE

ATTENTION OF FOXMEN, GARDENERS AND RETIRING FARMERS AN OPPORTUNITY

The farm of 15 acres of rich fertile soil, with buildings and garden, situated at Corner of Brackley Point Road and St. Peter's Road in Charlottetown Royalty, one mile from City, is now offered for sale with or without crop.

For full particulars apply to owner.

JAS. P. DUFFY,
East Royalty, Ch'Town, R. R. 3.
436-7-7-wf4?l.

STOCK CLEARING SALE

AT EMERALD, P. E. I.,
STARTING MONDAY, JULY 12th

On all Drygoods.
Small Wares
Boys' Suits
Overalls
Men's Pants
Boys' Pants
Boots and Shoes
Crockery and Glassware
Tin and Enamelware
Paints and Oils
Brooms and Brushes

Everything must be sold regardless of cost.

Highest price paid for Eggs.

All accounts due me must be settled by September 1st. Otherwise they will go into the hands of a Collector.

F. PERRY,
Emerald.
475-7-8-tst6i.

MORTGAGE SALE

TO BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, on Friday the thirteenth day of August, A.D. 1926, at the hour of eleven o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL OF LAND situate lying and being on Lot 30 in Queen's County aforesaid bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing at the northeast angle of a tract of land occupied by the Widow MacQuarrie on the west side of the Rhymmey River so called, thence west 101 chains thence north 10 chains, thence east 101 chains to the said river, thence along said river southwardly to the place of commencement containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less as the same is described in a lease bearing date the 5th day of March 1873 made between R. B. Stewart of the one part and Archibald McNevin of the other part. ALSO ALL THAT OTHER tract piece or parcel of land on Lot 30 in Queen's County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing on the western bank of Rhymmey River in the northern boundary of land now or formerly in possession of Archibald McNevin, thence west along said boundary 76 chains or to the line established as a boundary between said land and land now or formerly in possession of James Smith, thence northwardly 13 chains and 2 links or to the south boundary of land now or formerly in possession of James Stewart, thence east along the same to the bank of the Rhymmey River, thence following the various courses thereof to the place of commencement, containing ninety-three acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 18th day of May, A.D. 1922 and made between Neil McKinnon of Riverdale in Queens County, Farmer and Flora McKinnon his wife', (of the one part) and Annie Tweedy of Charlottetown Royalty in Queen's County aforesaid, (of the other part) because of default having been made in the payment of principal and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply at the office of MacDonald & MacPhee, Solicitors, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

Dated this 8th day of July, A.D. 1926.

ANNIE TWEEDY,
Mortgagee.
604-7-10-Sat4i.

SMILES

WRONG GIRL

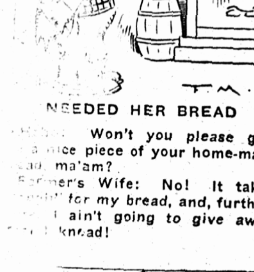
"Dear, dear, can't you see my heart's aflame?"

"Well, do I look like a fire-extinguisher?"

THE RATTLE EFFECT

1st Lady: Algy amuses my baby by shaking his head at him. It always makes the baby laugh.

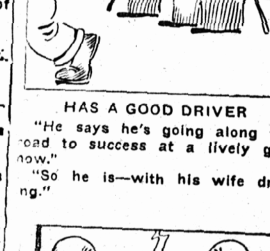
2nd Lady: The effect is that of a rattle, I suppose?



NEEDED HER BREAD

Hobo: Won't you please give me a nice piece of your home-made bread, ma'am?

Farmer's Wife: No! It takes dough for my bread, and, furthermore, I ain't going to give away what I knead!



HAS A GOOD DRIVER

"He says he's going along the road to success at a lively gait now."

"So he is—with his wife driving."

WATCH DOG

"Why do you call that pup a watch dog?"

"Well, he keeps time with his tail and he's full of ticks."

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the members of the Silver Fox Breeders' Association of Prince Edward Island will be held in the office of E. R. Brow, 146 Richmond Street, in Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Tuesday the 20th day of July, 1926, at 3 o'clock p. m.

It is the intention to adjourn this meeting to some future date.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1926.

JOHN ANDERSON,
Secretary
357-7-3-sw-51

For Sale by Auction

MONDAY July 19th 1926 at 12 noon ...Building Lot for sale at Brighton — on Ambrose St. 50 X 93.

This desirable lot adjoins the property formerly used as St. James Manse.

Terms made known at sale.
Trustees St. James Church.
683-7-Wed-Sat-2i

P. R. A.

The Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association will take place on Kensington Range, Charlottetown, P. E. I., the 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1926.

Firing commencing at 8.30 A. M. Make your entries early. For further information apply to the Secretary.

F. S. MOORE, Colonel, R. L.,
President.
CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. R. O.
Secretary Treasurer.
448-7-7-tf.

"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

Continued.

"Do you refuse to come back because you hate me?" he asked, softly.

She turned her face down, against the upward pressure of his hands, and did not reply.

"If you would rather have it that way, I will go where you wil not see me any more," Morton went on.

A little choked cry came from the girl. She raised her hands, and clutched him by the coat, beneath his arms.

He caressed her hair, tenderly, and his voice was deeper as he continued. "I would do anything that can be done in the world to make you happy, Audrey. You went away from me because you did not want to be with me."

She huddled closer to him. "I was going to be a dishwasher," she said, half sobbing. "I didn't know anything else to do to earn a living."

He put his arms around her and she nestled her head against him with a tired sigh.

"Will it make you happier if I go out of your life altogether?" he went on.

"No, dearest, no!" she said, crying in earnest now. "I just couldn't stand it! There is nothing in the world can make me happy except being with you. But I coundn't stand those—those awful women! I couldn't stand any of them!"

He drew her to a chair, and sat down beside her, holding her hand.

"I wish you would think of me as you used to, Audrey child," he said. "I wish you'd just think of me as a father, and not as a man to be married to!"

She placed her hand upon his temple, softly, and left it there as she answered. "I'm grown up, now, daddy dear," she said, "and I'd do anything in the world to take you away from those women! And so I thought I'd just run away!"

Morton gave a slow smile. "A highly feminine reason for running away!" he said, whimsically.

He thought a moment. "Why didn't you go to Toronto and get some money when you ran away?"

Her hand dropped from his cheek and fastened on to his fingers.

"Because you had always been so good to me, I didn't want to take any of your money," she explained.

Morton got up. "It would take a pschoanalyst to understand any of that," he said, "though I suppose I DO understand it. "Get your hat, coat, and bag, and we'll go back to New York."

He stirred Parrish from the step, told him to go and find the driver, and after Audrey had breakfasted, they set off.

Parrish sat facing the girl in the car, and kept upon her a stare that at last she found disconcerting.

"Isn't the landscape pretty, Mr. Parrish," she said to him, in an effort to deflect his gaze.

"No," said Parrish.

Morton laughed. "Poor Parrish has been up all night, nearly all the night before, and I think his mind's wool-gathering," he said.

Parrish started. What did you say, Miss Morton," he asked, anxiously.

"I said I thought the landscape was pretty," she repeated.

"Oh, yes," he said, and relapsed into silence.

This time, however, he sat looking into the distance, and Audrey leaned against Morton. Presently she was asleep, her head on his shoulder, and his arm about her. Parrish frowned when he observed their position, but did not interpose.

Morton unlocked the door of Audrey's room when they arrived at their apartment. "You look tired, and I know I am. Parrish is nearly dead," he said.

Turning to the young man, he continued: "There's a room there at the end of the hall. Go in and go to bed and sleep until you wake up. I'll do the same.

Without a word the young man obeyed, wearily dragging himself to the bedroom, which he entered and shut the door.

"It's too bad," said Audrey, a little quaver in her voice. "I've been so mean! Here I've tortured you and left poor Mr. Parrish nearly dead for sleep, and all because I wasn't thinking of anybody but myself!"

She looked up at Morton for forgiveness. He smiled and took the coat that she was holding over her arm.

"Dearest," he said, "as you observed a few days ago, you are a grown woman, now. That means you're a disturber of the peace—and will stay so until you have married and settled down. Maybe after that, too!"

He returned to his room, and there was a sharp click as the latch door opened.

She looked out cautiously, then stepped into the hall. In a moment she was speeding down the steps, and was at the telephone. She called the number of Nona's apartment house and presently the other girl's voice sounded at the other end of the wire.

"Nona," Audrey said, "can you come over right away?"

CHAPTER XX

It was a wondering and very sleepy Nona who presently appeared at the Morton apartment. Audrey met her at the door, and laying her finger on her lips, pledged her to silence until they were in Audrey's own little study, with the doors closed and locked.

"I haven't had any breakfast!" protested Nona.

Audrey gave a little cry of concern, and ran into the hall.

"Bring some breakfast up to my study," she told the butler, "as soon as you can, but don't make any noise. Mr. Morton is tired, and mustn't be awakened."

"What's more," Nona went on, when Audrey returned, "I didn't get to bed until about four o'clock."

Audrey sank back into a chair. "Oh, Nona! I'm so selfish! You've hardly had any sleep at all."

Nona went to a mirror that hung over Audrey's desk, and inspected her face. Producing a lip-stick, she remade the bright crimson bow on her lips. With a vigorous brush from a rouged cloth, she brightened her cheeks, and dusted a little powder over them.

Turning her face from side to side, she appraised the result and, apparently satisfied, sat down.

"I thought Harry—Mr. Morton—was sick or something," she said. She blinked sleepily. "What did you want, Miss Morton?"

"Call me Audrey," urged the girl.

"All right," said Nona. "The folks I meet hardly ever are 'Miss' or 'Mister'. We just call them by their front names, and they're comfortable. I'll feel better calling you Audrey."

Audrey brought her chair close to the other girl. "You know that letter I wrote you? The one that came special delivery? Did you show that to Mr. Morton?"

Nona started.

"Did he say I showed it to him?"

Audrey shook her head. "No, he didn't. He wouldn't tell a thing like that. But I just thought you'd show it to him!"

Nona stared at her, astonished, and then laughed. "Well, I DID show it to him, but I never supposed you WANTED me to!"

Audrey smiled with her. "You know," she said, "I went away on impulse, and I didn't just know how to come back, and I wanted him to find me! So I wrote you."

Nona moved her head from side to side slowly, as if in deep wonderment. "Don't women do queer things?" she inquired.

"But I really did want to find out those things I asked you in the letter," Audrey went on. "I saw Mr. Morton at a cabaret the other night with some girls."

Nona started forward. "With some girls? Who were they? Where?"

There was deep concern in her voice.

"Why, at the Bon cabaret," Audrey said. "Shouldn't I have told you?"

Nona's face had lost its smile.

"Women—women! Always with women!" She sighed, heavily. "Do you know who they were?"

Audrey shook her head. "One girl had red hair, and very red cheeks," she ventured.

"Huh!" Nona ejaculated. "That doesn't mean anything! Henna and rouge!"

She patted the back of Audrey's hand. "I'm not jealous of you any more, Audrey," she said, "but I AM jealous of those other women. I wonder who they were?"

"I don't know at all," Audrey said, "but there is one of the very things I wanted to ask you about."

She took a stool, and drew it beside Nona's chair. Then she sat upon it, resting her arm on Nona's knee and looking up into the older girl's face. "Nona, what is it that you and those other girls say to him—how do you act—that makes him like you so much?"

"If I could answer that question," said Nona, slowly, "Harry and I would be starting for Europe together tomorrow! I love him, but he doesn't love me. I don't believe he loves any of those women. But they just fight over him!"

But there must be some difference between you, Nona, and me!" Audrey said. "He says he loves me, but I must only regard him as if he were my father. And then he seeks the company of those girls, instead of mine. Nona, I want to know how to make myself more attractive to him. Can you tell me?"

Nona sighed. "I suppose women have been trying to learn that very thing since the world began," she said. "If we try to vamp a man, he doesn't vamp worth a cent. At least, if we really like him. If we don't care anything about him, it's not so hard. I don't know—it's queer!"

She brushed her handkerchief wearily across her eyes.

"Nona, you're so tired!" There was sympathy and self-criticism in Audrey's voice. "Go and lie down in my bed and sleep a while!"

Nona unexpectedly began to cry.

"I won't do that," she said, trying to wipe her tears away, "but you're a sweet little kid!"

"Why, that's what Mr. Morton calls me!" said Audrey.

Nona took up her wraps, and started away. Audrey halted her. "Wait until I send for the car," she said. "That poor driver hasn't had much sleep, either, but I want you to ride back to your apartment. You are terribly tired."

Ten minutes later Nona rolled away in the Morton car, the yawning driver sleepily at the wheel. Audrey watched them out the window until they were out of sight.

It was well after noon when Morton reappeared.

* * *

Freshly shaven, in immaculate linen, his crisp, graying hair brushed back, he came running down the steps like a boy.

Audrey was waiting for him in the drawing-room. When he saw her, he stopped suddenly.

"What in the dickens have you been doing to your face?" he demanded.

Audrey looked at him demurely. Her lips were scarlet, and her cheeks were bright with rouge. Where her full, shapely eyebrows had been, now was only a thin line. Her brows had been plucked.

Morton looked more closely. There was mascara upon her eyelashes.

"What in the name of all that's holy is the big idea?" he wanted to know.

"I just wanted to look pretty," she told him, pursing her lips. "I called up Mr. Parrish, and he is going to take me out this afternoon."

Morton smiled grimly. "You'll give him the shock of his life," he said. "What did you gum up your face like that for?"

(To be continued)

PHONE 1078
Dr. W. R. Carson
CHIROPRACTOR
Three Year Palmer Graduate
Office 124 Prince Street (Opposite St. Paul's Church)
Hours 2—5 P. M.
Evenings by Appointment

IN MEMORIAM

ANDREW RENNIE

Andrew Rennie, an old and respectable gentleman, who spent his summer holidays at Sea View for 45 years, died there suddenly on July 7. He had many friends in the province and was held in the highest respect by them. He was a superintendent of woolen mills in various parts of the United States, and always discharged the duties implied with exactitude. His funeral was held under the auspices of the Masonic Order, was conducted by Rev. G. T. Spriggs, and was from the residence of Mr. J. A. Coulson, Sea View. It was large, and was representative of the many friends that Mr. Rennie had made during his residence in this country. A brother and a sister from the State of Vermont were present at the funeral. The pall-bearers were Brother Masons:—A. Blakney, chaplain; Cuthebert Adams, Ivan Brown, James Champion, J. Pickering, I. Champion and W. Burns. Interment took place at St. Stephen's church. Irishtown. His sister, Mrs. Mary Cowie, and his brother, Mr. John Rennie, wish to return thanks to all neighbors and friends, and to the Masonic Order, who all showed such kindness, especially Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coulson. Such display of charitable attention in a country not native to the deceased is assuredly deeply appreciated and shows a disposition that must commend itself to strangers.

Y

MRS. JOHN A. COLLINGS.

A gloom of sadness was cast over Sturgeon and surrounding neighbourhood on Tuesday June the 22nd. when it was learned that the Angel of Death visited the home of Mr. John A. Collings, and claimed as its own Mrs. Collings in the prime of life. She was stricken down with the dread disease pneumonia, and all that medical skill and tender and loving care could do, did not stay the hand of death. Death in any form is sad, but when it calls away the Mother it leaves a bereavement that time can never fully dispel in the home, it is hard to part with one so faithful, true and kind. Mrs. Collings loved her home and family and Mr. Collings and family feel their loss keenly. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Church now the United Church, always willing to help in everything that was for the advancement of God's cause. She will be sadly missed in the home and community where she won the respect and esteem of all who knew her. Her last words were "God be with you", and peacefully passed away to meet her redeemer, our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes, Jesus has called her to his Father's house of many mansions. She leaves to mourn a sorrowing husband, five sons and five daughters, Willard, John, Herman, Muriel, Russell, Ruth, Lloyd, Mary, Lillian, and Mrs. Clair Johnston, Peter's Road, also an aged father and mother, three brothers and three sisters, Frederick Llewellyn, Halifax; Richard Llewellyn, Whim Road; Woodley Llewellyn, Denver; Colorado; Mrs. N. Westaway, Albion; Mrs. Lemuel Hicken, Oak Valley, Mrs. Albert Young, Boston. The funeral was held on Thursday the 24 inst., and was conducted by her pastor Rev. D. M. McGowan, assisted by Rev. Mr. Brown. Her pastor gave an eloquent discourse pointing out the necessity of living a godly life, and referring to the life of the deceased, that it was a pleasure to meet in the home of those who loved to do their Master's will while here on earth. The many beautiful floral tributes from friends bore mute but eloquent testimony to the esteem in which she was held. Interment was in the Sturgeon cemetery.

The pall bearers were six nephews of the deceased: Hugh Collings, Ray Collings, A. Roulston Clow, J. Webster Clow, Archie Llewellyn, Herman Westaway.

MRS. MARY CAMPBELL.

On June the seventeenth Mrs. Mary Campbell passed away at her home in Rocky Point. She was one of the oldest and most beloved residents of that place having reached her 90th year. Her birthplace was Scotland. But when only eighteen years of age she came to Canada and stayed for a time in St. John. From there she married and came to Cumberland and settled down, spending about all her days at the old home there. Here she raised a large family of eight girls and three boys. Those living are: Mrs. Smith, Mrs. White land, Mrs. McPhail, Mrs. White, of Boston, Mrs. Currie in Cumber- Mrs. Robertson, and Mrs. McArthur, Mrs. Bishop, deceased. The boys were James, John of Boston, and Garnet at home. Eighteen years ago her husband passed away but she remained quite vigorous and wonderfully bright till shortly before her death, when the frailty of old age began to steal upon her. With neither pain nor suffering of any kind she gradually weakened, and the end came very peacefully. The funeral was held on the nineteenth and was largely attended. It was conducted by Rev. C. U. MacNevin, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lamont.

For many years she was a devoted member of the Church of Scotland and her remains were laid away in the cemetry at Canoe Cove.

The pall bearers were Messrs Hugh McPhee, Allan McDougall, Jeremiah Murphy, John Smith, Nelson Currie, and Alex McDonald.

With Mrs. Campbell's departure we have lost another of those few remaining links which keeps our minds fresh with remembrances of the old land. Her happy smile and her delightful Scottish accent were something to cheer all whose fortune it was to meet with her. To the bereaved the Guardian extends its sincerest sympathy.

..... (Patriot please copy.) .....

OLIVE LOUISA McDOUGALL.

There passed away at the home of her parents on July 2nd, 1926, at the early age of three years and two months, Olive Louisa, beloved daughter of Mr. Charles H. McDougall and Mary Jane McEachern.

Although so tender in years she bore her sickness with patience until the end came. Being the youngest of a family of nine children, she will be greatly missed in the home. But God saw fit to call her to her eternal home in glory. It is to be remembered that Jesus took little children into His arms and blessed them, and surely we could see expressed in the face of this dear little one that peace and comfort which alone cometh from Jesus Christ.

Besides a sorrowing father and mother, there are left to mourn five sisters and three brothers, namely: Margaret, at the Prince Edward Island Hospital; Gladys, at the Falconwood Hospital, and Neil, Alfred, Alex, Robina, Sarah and Gracie at home.

The funeral took place on July 4th from her home in Rice Point to Canoe Cove cemetery. The services were conducted by her pastor, Mr. E. C. Robertson, who spoke words of comfort to the bereaved ones.

A very large number of people assembled and showed every evidence of sympathy for the bereaved, and respect for the departed.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. William McEachern, John McFadyen, Leslie Mitchell, Fletcher McEachern, John McDonald and Samuel McDougall.

Had No Appetite Weak And Dizzy

This New Brunswick Woman Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. James Belyea, Brown's Flat, N. B., says:—"I am writing to tell you the great good I had through the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My health had failed and I was troubled with great weakness. I had no appetite and frequently had dizzy spells. The least exertion would make my heart palpitate violently and I felt tired at all times. I had doctored a great deal without getting much relief, and was feeling greatly discouraged when I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The happy results following the use of this medicine can best be summed up by saying that I am again perfectly well, able to do my housework and enjoy life once more. I feel it a duty to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak people."

If you have any, or all, of the symptoms above noted, do not delay, begin treatment at once with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You will be surprised to note the improvement in your condition after a few weeks. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. If you will send your name and address a little booklet, "Building Up the Blood," will be sent free.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

You've been intending to try Red Rose sometime. Why not now?

76.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned Administratr of the Estate of Andrew J. Beagan will sell by Public Auction on his premises at Kingston on Monday, the nineteenth day of July, A. D., 1926, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, the farm of the late Andrew J. Beagan consisting of Seventy-one (71) acres; also all the stock, farming implements, utensils and household furniture, consisting in part as follows:—

1 General Purpose Mare, 7 years old, 2 Milk Cows, 1 Calf, 4 Pigs, 40 Hens, 1 Truck Wagon (double Bain) 1 Cream Separator, 1 Driving Wagon, 1 Hay Rake, 1 Wood Sleigh, 1 Hay Cutter (Frost & Wood), 1 Spring Tooth Harrow, 1 Plow, 1 Hay Fork, Rope and Blocks, Quantity of Harness, 1 Cooking Stove, Tables, Beds, Chairs, and all other articles of personal property in and around the premises.

TERMS:—All articles $5.00 or under cash; Over $5.00, six months credit on approved joint notes.

Dated twelfth day of July, A. D. 1926.

DANIEL P. BEAGAN,
Administrator.
J. A. McDONALD,
Auctioneer.
643-7-13-51.

Wentworth Park Lodge

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA

Owned and Operated by
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

A cool, silent woodland, fragrant with the perfume of pine and hemlock, edging a beautiful fresh water lagoon which is separated from the sea by a narrow strip of sunlit sand—such is Wentworth Park Lodge.

Splendid accommodation in four and six room rustic log bungalows with electric lights, running hot and cold water in each room, fire-places, spacious verandahs. Dining room and main lounge in large central building of same design. Rates $6.00 a day or $35.00 a week. American plan.

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Imperial Fox Biscuit and Imperial Puppy Meal,
Manufactured on Prince Edward Island, the
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E specially prepared as a well-balanced
Ration for Silver Foxes are the acknowledged
Ideal food for both adult and puppy foxes.
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