

The Best is Cheapest—Always!

"SALADA" TEA

is supreme—from the finest tea producing countries in the World.

Brown Label 75c - Orange Pekoe Blend 85c

FOR SALE

I offer for private sale my two farms adjoining each other, and only one mile distant from Bradalbane Station. The "Homestead" farm contains fifty acres, all cleared, and in a high state of cultivation, with first-class buildings. The remaining property contains ninety-four acres, seventy-four clear, remainder covered with second growth hardwood, and also has first class buildings. These farms may be sold en bloc, or separately to suit purchaser, and with or without crop. Apply to JOHN T. MACLEOD, Bradalbane, P. E. I. 1409-8-20-few31.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Mrs. Sarah Cullen of Alexandra, wish to thank their relatives, friends and neighbors for Spiritual Offerings, sympathy and beautiful flowers extended during their recent sad bereavement in the death of their lamented mother. JAMES CULLEN, Mrs. NELLIE PLACE 1418.

COTTAGE FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for private sale property situated 123 Dorchester Street, consisting of 8 rooms with hot air furnace, also large barn and building lot. Inspection evening 7 to 8. MAY STEWART, 123 Dorchester Street. 1257-8-13-121.

An Ideal Week-End Outing BY S. S. HOCHELAGA

The S. S. Hochelaga maintains a daily service from Plouffe to Charlottetown, with special price on week-end trips, going Saturday returning on Monday. RETURN TRIP \$4.00. 1220-8-12-1161.

Professional Cards

Mark R. McGuigan, B. A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Money to Loan. Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 2320-1-11-11.

Dr. C. C. Archibald, Graduate of N. Y. Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Testing Eyes and supplying Glasses. Office, Bayer Building, Great George Street. Office Hours—9 to 12.30, 1.30 to 5.

McDonald & McPhee, B. A. A. McDONALD, H. F. MCPHEE. Barristers, Attorneys, Etc. Money to Loan. Riley Building, Charlottetown.

BOSTON by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE. Fare from St. John \$10; from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9. Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M., Atlantic Time; Eastport 1.30 P. M.; Lubec 2.30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, arriving Boston, Thursday, 8 A. M. On Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston following day, 2 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK. Reduced rates for automobiles, accompanied by passengers.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

Vote for the Party That Built Canada---The Conservatives

The Man Nobody Knows

INSTALMENT XXIX.

SHORT AND SIMPLE Here is another parable: What Happened to the One Lost Sheep.

What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, 'Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.'

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

If you were given the task of advertising to the world that God cares enormously for one human life—no matter how wayward and wrong the life may be—how could you phrase a message more memorable than that? Yet how simple; how sincere; how splendidly crisp and direct, Benjamin Franklin in his autobiography—that first great American "success story"—tells the process through which he went in acquiring an effective style. He would read a passage from some great master of English, then lay the book aside and attempt to reproduce the thought in his own words. Comparing his version with the original, he discovered wherein he had obscured the thought, or wasted words, or failed in driving straight to the point. Every advertising man ought to study the parables of Jesus in the same fashion, schooling himself in their language and learning these four big elements of their power.

1. First of all they are marvelously condensed, as all good advertising must be. Charles A. Dana, once issued an assignment to a new reporter on the New York Sun, directing him to confine his article to a column. The reporter protested that the story was too big to be compressed into so small a space. "Get a copy of the Bible and read the first chapter of Genesis," said Dana. "You'll be surprised to find that the whole story of the creation of the world can be told in 600 words."

It is an axiom in many magazine offices that the introduction to almost any article can be cut by the editor without sacrificing anything of real value. Even experienced writers almost invariably write something before they begin to say anything. Advertising writers are compelled to greater condensation, but they too are guilty of much waste in words. How often you must read and read before you discover just what it is that the advertiser wants you to do.

Jesus had no introductions. A single sentence grips your attention; three or four more tell the story; one or two more and the application is driven home. When he wanted a new disciple he said simply "Follow me." When he sought to explain the deepest philosophic mystery—the personality and character of God—he said, "A king made a banquet and invited many guests. God is that king and you are the guests; the Kingdom of Heaven is happiness—a banquet to be enjoyed."

Two men spoke on the battleground of Gettysburg sixty years ago. The first delivered an oration of more than two hours in length; not one person in ten who reads this page can even recall his name; certainly not one in a hundred can quote a single sentence from that "masterly effort." The second speaker uttered two hundred and fifty words, and those words, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, are a part of the mental endowment of almost every American.

Many noble prayers have been sent up to the Throne of Grace—long impressive utterances. The prayer which Jesus taught his disciples consists of sixty-eight words and can be written on the back of a post card. Many poems and essays have been penned by writers who hoped that they were making a permanent place for themselves in literature; but the greatest poem ever written consists of one hundred and eighty-eight words. It is the Twenty-Third Psalm.

Jesus hated prosy dullness. He praised the Centurion who was anxious not to waste his time; the only prayer which he publicly commended was uttered by a poor publican who merely cried out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." A seven word prayer, Jesus called it a good one. A sixty-eight word prayer, he said, contained all that men needed to say or God to hear. What would be his verdict on most of our advertisements?

His language was marvelously simple—a second great essential. There is hardly a sentence in his teaching which a child can not understand. His illustrations were all drawn from the commonest experiences of life; "a sower went forth to sow"; "a certain man had two sons"; "a man built his house on the sands"; "the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." The absence of adjectives is once that a large extent adjectives are like leaves on a switch; they may make it look pretty, as a branch, but they prevent it striking tinglingly when you use it.

"I recollect a case in which my father at a public meeting was appointed to draw up an article," Beecher continued. "He had written one sentence: 'It is wrong.' Some one in the meeting got up and moved in his enthusiasm that this read: 'It is exceedingly wrong.' My father got up and said, in his mild way, 'When I was writing out this resolutio in its original shape that was the way I wrote it, but to make it stronger, I took out the "exceedingly."'

Jesus used few qualifying words, and no long ones. We referred a minute ago to those three literary masterpieces. The Lord's Prayer, The Twenty-Third Psalm, The Gettysburg Address. Recall their phraseology: Our Father which art in Heaven, hallow be thy name. The Lord be my shepherd: I shall not want. Four score and seven years ago. Not a single three-syllable word; hardly any two-syllable words. All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things—love, joy, peace, hope, faith, courage, honesty, the doctor went on, "Miss Morton has not had the kind of a home she needs. She has had no normal companionship with young people. You did for her, according to your lights, the best you could. I suppose she should have had a place where, in the absence of a mother, she herself could have been the head of a woman's household. You moved her back and forth, between the two cities. She never has had a chance to take root."

He paused to light a cigaret. Then he went on, coldly professional. "The soul, or the nervous system, or whatever you choose to call it, has tendrils, just as a climbing vine. She sat here reaching out her tendrils, seeking for something to cling to. You were the nearest male—so her affection centered on you. You tell me you repulsed them—insisted on treating her as a child."

The doctor leaned over, and tapped Morton on the shoulder. "She is not a child now. She is a woman. She wants a home. Every one of those movements of hers—her calling for the chorus girls to come and visit her—everyone of these was a danger sign. Couldn't you see it, man?"

Morton shook his head, slowly. His fingers tightened on his wrists. "Then," the specialist, resuming his march around the room, "you throw her into the company of older stage girls. She doesn't understand their lives, nor their philosophy. There is no reason why she should understand it. A rose will die when transplanted to an arid desert soil. In her endeavor to adjust herself, she simply wilted—collapsed."

He puffed reflectively at his cigaret, and from one side, eyed the stricken man who sat before him. "I will send some nurses here, to care for her," he said. "I would

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding. Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting. Costs little but always effective.



\$2,000,000.00 A P. E. Island Boy

Mr. H. K. McLeod, President of the American National Bank at Hutchinson, Kansas, under date of August 13th, instant, writes: L. B. Miller Principal, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Dear Mr. Miller: It is a long time since I graduated from the Charlottetown Business College, and I have had a good many years since that time, but still I have a soft spot in my heart for the old place, and want to assure you of the high opinion I have always held of it in particular. Professors and you in particular. I was thinking about it the other day, and came to the conclusion that I received more REAL BENEFIT FROM THE COURSE TAKEN IN YOUR SCHOOL THAN ANY OTHER STUDIES THAT I HAVE HAD SINCE.

I am enclosing recent copy of our bank statement which will give you some idea of the business which we are doing at the present time. It has increased about \$2,000,000.00. This is accounted for by a large wheat crop in southwestern Kansas this year, and of course, is the highest we have had.

Let me hear from you at your convenience. With kind regards to yourself and family, I remain, Yours very truly, H. K. McLEOD, President, Mr. A. R. McKay, another graduate, is Deputy Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank.

It pays to attend an institution where you can be properly prepared for LIFE'S WORK.

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Police Chiefs Investigate Crime

QUEBEC, Que., Aug. 19—Whether or not ancient Rome burned while Nero played the golden lyre is a matter of small importance today with Mussolini playing all the instruments of government on unmeted strings. What is of far more immediate importance is that a number of modern Romans, now resident in the city of Chicago, played havoc with the law in the "Windy City" while the International Association of Police Chiefs of America were in convention solemnly deliberating the means of quelling the crime wave that threatens to render Chicago much more infamous than fame ever rendered Rome.

Dynamite explosions blowing out one of the walls of the Chicago jail, and releasing a number of desperadoes, most of whom were recaptured with the assistance of a cordon of machine-gun bullets, the daily round of murders and near murders together with the customary flock of hold-ups and robberies, dominated the musical score which acted as an accompaniment to the great convention of Police Chiefs of America. The primary object of the convention was to discuss the necessity of greater co-operation among all the forces of law in the United States and Canada with a view to affording a better safeguard for the lives and properties of those countries against the increasing ravages of crime. In such a perfect setting it is almost needless to say that the delegates were convinced of the aforesaid necessity.

According to Chief Detective George Rioux of the Quebec Provincial Police, who has just returned from the convention, just when the gathering, which numbers nearly 1,100, were sitting in the Congress Hotel discussing ways and means for the curbing of crime, the delegates were nearly shaken out of their shoes by a terrific blast. That blast represented the firing of high explosives which had been introduced in some mysterious manner into the Chicago Jail with a view to levelling the walls so that the prisoners could walk out to freedom. Incidentally it proved that the underworld element, he said, is still accessible to the desperate attempts at rescue on the part of their outside confederates.

QUEBEC MAN'S IMPRESSIONS Chief Detective Rioux, in the course of an interview on the subject of the Convention, said he believed that the lawless element of Chicago seemed to have concluded that since the Police Chiefs were busy with themselves they would have no time to attend to regular business. And so it seemed, for in addition to the explosion and jail-break referred to, gun-barked their message of death in various parts of the city, knives flashed and black-jacks swung. Street robberies were committed with the utmost audacity, and vast amounts of money and loot carried away. And all the while the Police Chiefs of America sat in convention.

"I take her away—but you've been living under a great strain yourself."

He stepped over, and bent Morton's head backward, so he could look into his eyes.

"You've lived under a strain for a long, long time," he continued. "I don't want you as a patient, too. I'll leave the young lady here."

Morton's eyes dumbly thanked him. Then he said: "How did you know I've lived under a strain?"

The physician smiled. "It is the sort of thing that doctors know," he said.

After a moment's hesitation, he went on. "The confessional is a great institution, Mr. Morton. I'm not going to ask you to tell me what it is that you are covering up in your life. You're stronger than Miss Morton, and you can endure the strain that you have imposed upon yourself. But watch out, man—we're none of us such sturdy machinery, after all."

He turned to the hall to get his hat and stick. Morton followed him.

"The nurses will come very shortly," he said, with his hand up on the door knob. "They will bring certain instructions, and a very little medicine."

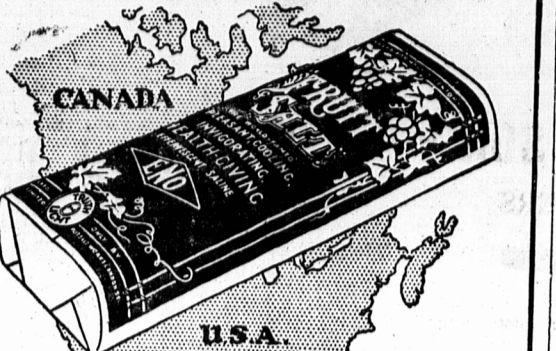
He opened the door. "But doctor," Morton pleaded. "Will she get well?"

"The doctor looked straight into his eyes. "She will not die," he said liberally. "But whether she will get well—I cannot tell you."

He passed into the hall, and shut the door.

(To Be Continued)

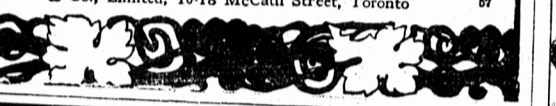
ENO in the United States



You can buy ENO in the United States from 60,000 Druggists, department and general stores. Across the border its fame has spread rapidly and it is steadily taking its place as the "health drink" of the people of that country. This fact, together with the fact that ENO is sold wherever civilization has penetrated, is proof of the universal approval enjoyed by this famous British product.

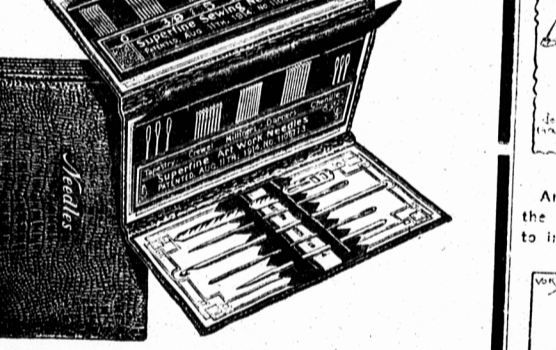
Druggists everywhere sell ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Sales Representatives for North America: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10-18 McCaul Street, Toronto



The Guardian's Free Case of Needles

One Case Free with every New or Renewal Yearly Subscription. THE BEST PREMIUM YET That is what all Guardian Readers say about the Free Case of Needles. DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED Get in on this offer while they last. Do not wait a little longer and have the disappointment of going without one of the handiest articles that can be had around a household. GET IT NOW! Please find enclosed \$4.00 my New or Renewal Subscription to the Guardian. NAME ADDRESS Please mail me free of charge your Case of Needles as advertised.



AND THEY'LL SLEEP EASY "This rain's a great comfort to the gardeners." "But it's coming down in sheets." "No matter, it will certainly improve the appearance of their beds."

FARM FOR SALE

At South Shore, consisting of 118 acres cleared land with good dwelling house and barns. Will sell farm with or without crop. Apply JOSEPH DOYLE 1348-8-18wftf.

SECOND HARVESTERS EXCURSION

CANADIAN PACIFIC \$20.00 TO WINNIPEG AUG. 21 From Saint John and C. P. R. Stations in New Brunswick Second Class Fare up to Saint John G. Bruce Burpee, Dist. Passenger Agent, Saint John, N.B. 1274-8,14,17,20.

SMILES



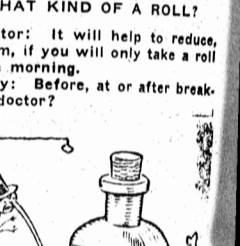
She: I didn't think I could get into this suit, it was so small, but it stretched. He: So did everybody's neck.



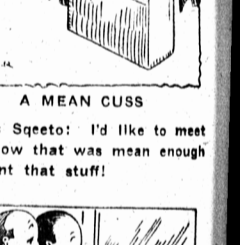
A COOL MILLION She: My uncle is a wealthy ice manufacturer. He: Yes, he's made a cool million I understand.



WHAT KIND OF A ROLL? Doctor: It will help to reduce, madam, if you will only take a roll in the morning. Lady: Before, at or after breakfast, doctor?



A MEAN CUSS Amos Squeeto: I'd like to meet the fellow that was mean enough to invent that stuff!



AND THEY'LL SLEEP EASY "This rain's a great comfort to the gardeners." "But it's coming down in sheets." "No matter, it will certainly improve the appearance of their beds."