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Five Dollars (\$5.00) per treatment

Recommended and sold by H. J. MABON, Montague and all good Druggists

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Political Meetings

The undersigned will meet the electors of the fourth district of Queens at the following places to discuss the political situation. Grand View, Monday, Aug. 13th. Vernon River, Tuesday, Aug. 14th. Pownal, Wednesday, Aug. 15th. All meetings to commence at 7.30 p. m. opposing candidates are invited and will be given an equal proportion of the time.

GEORGE A. MACLEAN Conservative Candidate

FOR SALE

My farm of about 30 acres. Dwelling and all buildings guaranteed A No. 1. Situated near Victoria. Crapaud. Cheap, for quick sale. Handy, all conveniences and four minutes walk from Victoria Bathing Beach.

HAMMOND J. INCE, Victoria, P. E. I.

FARM FOR SALE

If not sold by private sale before Aug. 24th inst. the farm and household effects of the late Hannah Murphy at Lake Verde, Lot 48, will be sold by public auction on the above date, sale beginning at 1 o'clock p. m.

HARRY KELLY, Executor.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned will sell by public auction on Saturday, August 18th at 1 o'clock on the premises of the late Andrew G. McKay, his farm of 68 acres in high state of cultivation. Fine dwelling house and outbuildings all in good repair, together with all his crop, stock, farming implements and household furniture. If day proves unfavorable sale will be held on Monday the 20th. For further particulars see hand bills.

GEO. M. MCKAY, Executor.

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Must be an expert and thoroughly understand this work.

State reference and experience.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

SMILES



"Nuts grow mostly on family trees."



HAD SEEN IT BEFORE

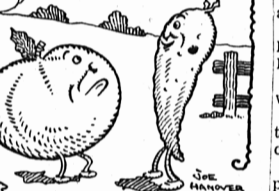
He: Haven't I seen your face before?

She: Probably, it wouldn't be possible for you to see it behind."



She: Can he kiss? I'll say so!

He: Oh, well, he plays the bass saxophone.



SAD FATE

Carrot: You needn't be so stuck-up, Mr. Tomato, you're liable to be a bottle of catsup soon!



ECONOMY OF THOUGHT.

A sweet little girl named Rose, Thought of naught in this world but of clothes.

And 'twas easy to see, Just how thoughtless was she, By just what her gowns would expose.

Fight With Sharks

(By British United Press) LONDON, August 10.—An exciting experience with sharks which befel a party of visitors in charge of Oliver Storm, coxswain of the Rob-in Hood's Bay lifeboat, while fishing a mile off the Yorkshire coast, is related by Leo Walsley, the author.

The whiting were biting well and the sea was glassy smooth when suddenly the back fins of three large fish were seen approaching the boat at terrific speed. At first it was thought they were dolphins, and that they would sheer away as soon as they sighted the boat. They advanced in determined fashion, however, and in a few minutes it was seen that they were sharks, the largest of them about 12 feet in length.

A SUITOR TOO MANY BY MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 34. ESCAPE

For the third time in her life, where Gilroy Holmes was concerned, Lila did a quick bolt.

The Ritz lobby was crowded, and while Farquhar and Holmes were shaking hands enthusiastically, Lila put all the space possible between them and herself.

She dived into the nearest dressing-room and powdered her nose. Her hands shook so that twice she dropped her puff. The maid looked at her curiously.

After a while, she opened the door cautiously and peeped out. She had an obstructed view of the lobby. Farquhar and Holmes were deep in conversation. Had she but known it, Jack was saying:

"What luck to run across you like this—and at this particular time! Lila's with me," he turned and registered astonishment. "Where the deuce did she go to? She was here a moment ago."

"I'll be jolly glad to see Lila again," said Holmes. "Funny I never run across her, but then New York's a regular jungle. Once I thought I saw her in a shop and started to speak, but it was the wrong girl. Darned awkward!"

"She'll be along in a minute," said Farquhar. "Let's wait here. We've a lot to talk about, old chap."

They seated themselves, and Lila watched them from her doorway. The minutes passed. She was becoming desperate. Somehow, she had to get away without coming face to face with Holmes. If he saw her, he would know that she was the girl who had deliberately run away from him in Vanderpool's shop. And there was the dangerous possibility that, sooner or later, he would learn that she was Mrs. Herbert Ware. What would happen then? She closed her eyes and refused to contemplate the situation. But no use precipitating matters. Much better to avoid all meetings, in either character, until her as Jack Farquhar's betrothed, or the wife of Holmes's employer.

After awhile, when the two men showed no signs of leaving, she slipped out of the dressing-room and, hastening down a corridor in the opposite direction, made her way to the street through a side entrance.

But how to explain to Jack her abrupt disappearance? As usual in moments of stress, she hastened to Dorothy and poured out her story.

"What on earth can I tell him that will sound lucid?" Dorothy considered, pressing the tip of an etching-needle into her pink cheek.

"I don't believe there is any explanation that would hold water," she said at last. "You can hardly claim to have been taken ill, because your escort is the person you would have asked to see you home."

Lila groaned.

"Oh, I dare say, I should have stayed and faced it. Running away was fatal, but I'm so used to running away from Gilroy Holmes that it's become instinctive."

"Why not take the offensive?" suggested Dorothy.

"What do you mean?" Dorothy motioned to her desk.

"Find a sheet of note-paper—not my monogrammed stuff—take a pen. Write what I dictate."

"My dear Jack," dictated Dorothy. "I trust that you have some adequate explanation for your outrageous behavior this afternoon. I am not accustomed to being abandoned without a word of apology in a public lobby by a man who has appointed himself my escort and host. Nor would I consider lingering while you gossip with some one you preferred not to present to me. Under the circumstances, I think the least you could have done was to place me in a cab, where I could have awaited you in comfort."

"If it is possible to explain your conduct, do so by letter at the usual

They began to circle the small boat, growing more and more defiant. Then one of them made a furious rush, fouled one of the handlines, and knocked it out of the owner's hand.

The shark dived under the boat, grazing the keel with its fin, came up on the other side and made another rush, this time putting its head out of the gunwale and snapping its jaws on the water and snapping its jaws on the water. The other two sharks now joined in what was obviously a determined attempt to upset the boat.

Boathooks, oars, any weapon that came to hand, were seized by the party, and a thrilling duel began. Nearly a quarter of an hour passed before the sharks were driven off.

"Who's that young chap with whom you were having tea yesterday?" Lila's eyes lowered.

"A Captain Farquhar. I knew him in France."

"Well, what right does that give him to shadow this house?" demanded Mr. Latham irritably. "I saw him last night and again this morning. I hope you haven't been flirting with him. He's a good-looking lad, but he has the air of a chap who'd stop at nothing."

"The Colonel who is a native of Texas, is an ardent admirer of Eastern Canada and believes that the Maritimes can readily become for not only the Americans of the north but the south as well, their summer playground according to his opinion expressed here today."

Asked with regard to conditions in Europe he said that he had found England in better shape than on any visit since the war and he had been over yearly. Also in France he had found a very remarkable recovery. He considered that country in remarkably good shape largely due to the stabilization of the Franc. This stabilization he believed was almost a miracle. Col. House suggested that he would return to the Maritimes next year on a much more extended tour. He expressed a desire to visit Cape Breton and P. E. I.

address. I shall not accept an apology by 'phone.' There was a moment of silence. Then: "That provides against his ringing your father's house," explained Dorothy.

Lila stared at her admiringly. "Dot, you're the cleverest thing!" Dorothy smiled.

"I'm not sure that I don't make matters worse—a good deal of the time. But, when something has to be done, there's nothing like trying."

She went to the telephone and called a messenger.

"You'd better send the note around to Captain Farquhar right away, before he has a chance to act of his own accord."

Lila kissed her gratefully and went home, where she waited demurely for Herbert and delighted him by flinging herself into his arms the moment he was inside the front door.

They dined alone and went to the theater, and Herbert was very happy. He forgot all about her mysterious engagements, the suspicious episode of the ring, and the \$10,000 donation to Jack Farquhar existed. When, during the drive home, she slipped her hand into his and sighed: "Darling, there was never any one in the world like you," she meant it with her whole heart.

Next morning, she rang up Dorothy.

"Was there a reply to my note?" "Yes, it came by messenger late last night.

"Please open it, Dot, and read it to me. I haven't time to run up-town. I've promised to lunch with Dad."

"I thought Herbert insisted that you lunch with him every day this week," Dorothy reminded her.

"He did, but he's letting me off for Dad. But driving me to the house himself," she added ruefully. "Read me what Jack says."

After a moment, during which Lila heard the crackle of paper, Dorothy read: "My darling Lila: I've acted like a brute and a boor. I didn't realize it at the time, because the man I ran across was our good old friend, Gilroy Holmes. Of course, you couldn't see him in the crowd, so you couldn't know. I was very angry when I found you gone; I thought it was you who had deserted me, and I'm afraid Gil was rather hurt. However, immediately I received your note, I got in touch with him and he understands that the whole affair was the result of my negligence. To him things up, I've arranged for him to have dinner with us next Wednesday night. Surely, for one evening, you can shake off that boonder who claims to be engaged to you."

Lila groaned aloud. "Oh, Dot, how awful. And after all my pain to avoid Gil."

"There's more," said Dorothy quietly. "He writes: 'I shall expect you to be here today at the same hour and the same place. All my love, little wife-to-be.'"

"Well," sighed Lila, "I suppose I'll have to go. But I can't keep this sort of thing up long. I'm sure to run across somebody I know who'll spill the beans."

Her mood was thoughtful and distant when Herbert duly delivered at once to her father's study. They were not very close, she and her father. He had always left her more or less to her own devices; she'd grown up with governesses and latter a companion-chaperon, with whom she had dispensed at the beginning of the war. She knew her father only as a tactician, immaculately groomed man who had given her beautiful surroundings and too much freedom for her own good. It would never have occurred to him to question her friendships, nor to her to volunteer information or ask counsel. He had never even known that she was engaged to Jack Farquhar during the war. When Herbert came along later, she told her father simply: "Dad, I'm going to marry Herbert Ware."

Pioneer Women Of Canadian West

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA., Aug. 11 (C.P.)—When on July 18, the historical cairn was unveiled, to mark the beginning of Alberta's coal industry, Mrs. Kate Sheran was the honored guest, and fifty pioneer Women of the early 80's gathered round the tea-pots. The "precedence" of the English aristocracy pales into insignificance when the old timers assemble, anywhere in the West. Those who have seniority of arrival on the scene, be it only by a month, are haughtily conscious of their pre-eminence, and see to it that newcomers have proper regards for 'the same. The Eastern woman may boast of being descended from Loyalists, but think of the women who "crossed the mountains" when there was no railway.

Mrs. Sheran is the oldest living member of the family of Nicholas Sheran, Alberta's first mine operator. She missed now the hospitality of the old ranch days. Hundreds of little farms have been built up under the irrigation system which waters the prairie above her home. "When I see these women on these little new farms," she says, "the lot of the old pioneer women does not seem so hard. They have many of the conveniences we lacked, of course, but they don't just seem to visit too seriously, always seem in a desperate hurry." As she looks back over the years, Mrs. Sheran has no regrets. She had her sorrow and her worries. She saw her old home washed away in a sudden flood and with it the fruits of many years work. But a new home was built, a new start made.

Egyptian Mummy Is X Rayed

MONTREAL, Que., Aug. 10.—After reclining many years in peace, Hawara-el-Maktaa, Egyptian mummy, has been the subject of an x-ray photograph taken by E. Lionel Judah, curator of the McGill Museum. The embalmed body of the ancient lady arrived at McGill in 1897 clad comfortably in mummy wrappings, having been presented to the University by Sir Thomas Roddick. It came from Fayoum, Egypt, and is one of three mummies at present "at home" in the Strathcona Museum.

One mummy is that of a princess elaborately buried in the choicest of linen and another is that of a commoner roughly bound and embalmed with bituminous pitch instead of spices. The lady's mummy, which was partly unwrapped in order that the x-ray photographs could be taken more rapidly, shows a medium condition of rank between the two, it is stated at the museum. The wrappings of linen are not nearly as fine as that used for the princess and the specimen shows more of a bituminous pitch than of a spice embalming.

There is no gold directly placed on the face as there is on the princess mummy, but there is a gold-leaf mask covering the entire upper part of the mummy with a face painted on it, for which vegetable dyes had been used.

The x-ray photograph revealed a normal human skeleton. Unquestionably the specimen is that of a woman ranging in age between 25 and 40 years, the veins are folded across the chest, whereas in the other two specimens at McGill, the arms are bound close to the sides. Hewara-el-Maktaa has an excellent set of teeth, her bones are well-knit, and there is no evidence of fracture often seen in such x-ray photographs. The plate of the skull showed a peculiar shape, window, through which the brain was probably removed for the embalming.

The x-ray has been found useful in the study of mummies because of the material information that can be obtained without injury to the subject. If all wrappings are removed, the body rapidly decomposes, but the use of the x-ray made it unnecessary to remove these coverings, and the risk of decomposition is obviated.

Col. House Pleased With Maritimes

(Special to the Guardian) MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 10.—Col. Edward M. House, distinguished American diplomat who was a confidant and friend of the late President Wilson, and in the time referred to as the mystery man of the Wilson Administration, passed through Moncton today a passenger on a Canadian National train. Interviewed at Moncton Col. House expressed his preference of disembarking from Halifax when returning from a European tour and he said, "I have travelled extensively but I have set to find port and immigration facilities such as you have in Halifax equalled anywhere."

The Colonel who is a native of Texas, is an ardent admirer of Eastern Canada and believes that the Maritimes can readily become for not only the Americans of the north but the south as well, their summer playground according to his opinion expressed here today.

Asked with regard to conditions in Europe he said that he had found England in better shape than on any visit since the war and he had been over yearly. Also in France he had found a very remarkable recovery. He considered that country in remarkably good shape largely due to the stabilization of the Franc. This stabilization he believed was almost a miracle. Col. House suggested that he would return to the Maritimes next year on a much more extended tour. He expressed a desire to visit Cape Breton and P. E. I.

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For your own protection accept no other as "just as good."



NESTLÉ'S MILK "CANADA'S K'OW"

Produced in Canada by the Makers of the famous Nestle's Baby Food

Thirty Years Work On Map

LONDON, August 10.—A uniform map of the world, which will be understandable by people of all nations as the international code of signals is by all seafarers, is the principal subject for discussion by the International Geographical Congress which has just opened in London.

As every sailor uses the same flags for the same message, so the

world map will have the same colours, type and symbols for the inhabitant of any country.

Thus a schoolboy taught to read part of the world map in this country, will be able to read the official map in any country in the world.

The scale of the map is 1 in. to 1,000,000 in.—an inch to nearly 16 miles—and it has been in the making for 30 years already.

In this country the Ordnance Survey has completed its comparatively simple task, the area involved being small, but countries like Canada and Australia and America

have still many years of hard work before them.

Eventually the entire map will be assembled and reproduced in sections.

A sphere of 44 yards in diameter will be required to mount it.

The International Congress, however, is not yet able to predict a date for the completion of its task. Its next meetings will receive reports of progress made, and will discuss any difficulties which may have arisen with a view to getting the work speeded up.

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