

The Western Guardian

—IT PAYS to buy in this Province
—MR. W. K. McGOUGAN is Guar-
 antee representative in Summerside.
 4954-3-22M31

—BAG OF CLEANING white
 kid or nubuck shoes 20c per package.
 Do not fail to see the values
 shown. SINCLAIR & STEWART,
 LIMITED. 1552-7-11ME11.

—STRAWBERRY BOXES—best N.
 S. make, clean, fresh stock, standard
 size, \$6.00 per thousand. Order
 promptly by mail or phone from R.T.
 HOLMAN, LIMITED, Summerside.
 1495-7-9ME11.

—S. S. CONVENTION—The annual
 convention of the Tyne Valley Dis-
 trict Sunday School Association will
 be held in the Methodist Church, Vic-
 toria West, Tuesday, July 31st, two
 sessions 2.15 and 7.30 p. m. General
 Secretary Rev. W. A. Ross will be
 present and address the meeting al-
 along with other ministers. All are wel-
 come.

—ISLANDER HONORED—Word
 has been received by Mr. and Mrs.
 H. H. Macdonald, North Bedouars,
 that their son Captain Ronald Mac-
 donald, M. D., who has been in
 France with the C. A. M. C., for two
 years and who was wounded on the
 26th of last April has been awarded
 the Military Cross for gallant service
 and also promoted to the rank of
 Major.—X.

—THE STANDARD BRED STA-
 tion—Leeland F. will be at Alber-
 ton until July 20th and intending
 breeders will do well to look this
 horse over as he is the handsomest
 and one of the best bred horses in the
 Maritime Provinces, and is very
 sure. Is bred exactly like the great
 Bingen 2,064, and has proved him-
 self to be a great race horse taking a
 record of 2.11 3/4 in the fifth heat of a
 winning race. For terms breeding
 etc. see Harry O'Brien, Alberton, R.
 H. Morrison, owner. 1532-7-10M51.

—SCHOOL WORK—Standing of
 Donaldson School for June, Grade
 VI—1. Laura Court; 2. Cecelia Dou-
 gan; 3. Margaret Stewart, Grade IV.
 —1. Annie Bowler, Grade III.—Sr.
 —1. Reggie Macdonald; 2. John Ar-
 bury; 3. Mary Macdonald; 4. Lucy Ar-
 bury; 5. Tom Dougan, Grade III.—Jr.
 —1. Fred Lynch; 2. Louis Macdonald;
 3. P. Morris; 4. Rebecca Bowler,
 Grade II.—1. Harold Court; 2. Her-
 bert Arthur, Grade I.—1. Elizabeth Mac-
 donald.

—A NICE CLOSING—A pleasant
 afternoon was spent at Irishtown
 school on June 28th, when the rela-
 tives and friends of the pupils gath-
 ered for the closing examination. It
 was gratifying to note, as the differ-
 ent classes were examined, how clear-
 ly and quickly they responded to the
 questions, showing how carefully they
 had been trained, during the year, by
 their teacher, Mr. John Montgomery.
 A pleasing feature of the occasion
 was the presentation, by the teach-
 er, of a fountain pen each, to the
 Misses Myrtle and Fannie Profit, for
 perfect attendance throughout the
 year. For the past two years, Mr.
 Montgomery, has had charge of this
 school, and by careful training and
 discipline has brought the school to
 a high state of efficiency. The com-
 munity is to be congratulated on hav-
 ing secured the services for another
 year of such an able and talented tea-

—MEN'S STRAW SAILORS 20 per
 cent. off. Secure yours today. SIN-
 CLAIR & STEWART, LIMITED.
 1552-7-11ME11.

—SPECIAL MIDSUMMER CLEAN
 UP SALE in the millinery section now
 on. Do not fail to see the values
 shown. SINCLAIR & STEWART,
 LIMITED. 1552-7-11ME11.

—SINCLAIR & STEWART LTD.
 are showing an excellent range of
 men's summer underwear in combina-
 tion and two piece models. Prices
 right.
 1552-7-11ME11.

—NOTICE—The members of
 Colwill Lodge, No. 1207, intend
 holding an ice cream social in their
 hall, Kensington, Thursday evening,
 July 12th. All are invited.
 1553-7-11M21.

—ON FURLOUGH—Gr. Simpson
 Crockett, of the 10th Siege Battery,
 Halifax, returned to duty Monday,
 after spending a short furlough at
 the home of his parents. Mr. and
 Mrs. John Crockett, Elmsdale.—H

—SHIPPING—The following
 schooners docked in Summerside
 Tuesday morning: Ellen Mary, Capt.
 Olson, from Pt. du Chene, with hard
 coal for Messrs. Holman, Ltd.;
 Sarah P. Ayer, Capt. Cain, from
 Sable, with shingles for Messrs. M.
 F. Schurman & Co. The schooner
 Three Bells, Capt. Skerry, with a
 cargo of coal from Picotou, is now
 discharging at Queen's wharf, for
 Messrs. Joseph Read & Co.—H

—LINKLETTER SCHOOL—The
 following is the prize list of Linkletter
 School, Miss Trainor's Department,
 Principals Department Prizes for
 General Proficiency.—Grade VIII.—
 Ruth Linkletter, Grade VII.—Evelyn
 McLure, Grade VI.—Bertha Riley,
 Grade V.—Jean Linkletter, Miss
 Gilliphant's Department, Grade V.—
 Otis Linkletter, Grade III.—Lisa
 Clark, Grade II.—Myra Murray,
 Grade.—Emerson Jeffery, Prizes for
 good progress, Blanche Linkletter,
 Arthur Murray, Mable Linkletter, Leo
 Carver, Prizes for attendance, Evelyn
 McLure, Erna Clark, Hillard Clark,
 Bertha Riley and Kathleen Carver.
 Otis Linkletter, Ralph Linkletter, Leo
 Carver.

—WESTERN PERSONALS
 —Miss Ada Mulligan, Newton
 has returned, after spending a week
 visiting friends in Summerside.—H

—Mr. P. B. O'Hearn, of Fred
 Magee, Ltd., Summerside, spent Sun-
 day with friends at Grand River.—H

—Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald of Water-
 ford, P. E. I., made a trip to Shediac
 N. B., on Friday last.—K.

—Mr. Leonard MacNeill of R. T.
 Holman Co., made a business trip to
 St. John on Friday.—K.

—Capt. John McIsaac of Charlotta-
 town was a passenger by Northumber-
 land on Friday morning en route to
 Montreal.—K.

—Mrs. John Murray and Miss Mur-
 ray, Albany, and Miss Mary A. Mon-
 aghan, Kinkora, were visiting friends
 in Summerside on Saturday.—H

—Messrs. James Noonan and
 Frank McKenna, Albany, and Peter
 Kannah, prop. of the Kinkora Race
 Track, were in Summerside Monday.
 —H

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trainor and
 baby crossed over to Pt. du Chene
 Friday last. Mrs. Trainor proceeded
 to Boston. Mr. Trainor accompanied
 them to Moncton.—K.

—Mr. John D. Friers of Sussex,
 N. B., representing the Waterloo en-
 gine Co., crossed to the mainland on
 Friday last.—K.

—Mr. Emmanuel Terrance, Emer-
 ald, who served for a time with the
 105th Battalion, but rejected on ac-
 count of his youth, was in Summ-
 erside Monday, being now of age, he is
 anxious to enlist for overseas ser-
 vice.—H

—Mr. Jack Grant of St. Teresa's,
 King's Co., was a passenger by Nepesin
 on Friday last. Mr. Grant
 who has won many prizes in B. A. A.
 boxing contests is now engaged at
 helping to build submarine chasers at
 Neponset, Mass.—K.

—Mr. Robt. Glover of Calgary, who
 has been visiting his old home in
 Kensington for the past week, left for
 Calgary on Friday. Mr. Glover is
 engaged in furniture and real estate
 business in Calgary and may be class-
 ed as one of the successful "Islanders"
 abroad.—K.

A FLORID TALE TOLD BY GERMAN

Description of air raid on London
 given by Zepp Commander who has
 the faculty of lying with graceful
 eloquence.

BERLIN—The commander of one
 of the German airplanes that took
 part in the recent raid on London
 supplies for publication the following
 account of his experience over the
 signature of "A Participant."
 At eight o'clock in the evening
 we consult the weather expert, "Wolff
 Herr Professor, what may we expect?"
 we ask. The professor, by the way of
 reply, points to the wide expanse of
 blue above and says: "Splendid; it
 couldn't be better." There is a faint
 haze with light winds.

The next morning the sky is blue
 than ever at nine o'clock, the sun
 seeming to be laughing at the world.
 We are getting ready. Our command-
 er addresses a few last words to us,
 ending with, "God bless you, lads."
 At 10 o'clock punctually our leader's
 machine, heavily burdened, rises and
 leads for London. Our huge birds
 soar after him.

Soon the Belgian coast comes in
 view. To the left we clearly make
 out the German front lines. Next we
 are at Neuport, with a wide terri-
 tory all around inundated. Ostend
 and Zeebrugge follow. We leave
 Holland to the right at the mouth of
 the Scheldt, and Vlissingen is just
 visible. The commander is still flying
 somewhat ahead, the squadron, in
 close formation behind. We can re-
 cognize the men in the machine fly-
 ing nearest us, and signals and greet-
 ings are exchanged. A feeling of ab-
 solute security and indomitable con-
 fidence in our success are our predom-
 inant emotions.

Now our leader turns to the left
 we are above the sea, the coast line
 appearing gradually. Barographs in-
 dicate higher altitudes. The motors
 are thundering their monotonous
 songs of human power. Now and then
 the sharp tuck-tack of practicing
 machine guns penetrates even the
 clamor of the wind and the humming
 motors. In front, but far below us
 appears a cloud-bank.

Still more distant in a hazy at-
 mosphere is the English coast. We
 notice our comrades in other ma-
 chines pointing to the coastline. They
 are all now the English coast, and
 in long lines see English semitinted
 boats stretched behind. Then in a
 hazy veil, the mouth of the Thames
 appears. We approach Sheerwood to
 the left, which town ought to know
 us.

In a straight line we make for Lon-
 don and now the first British shots
 reach our altitude, but that does not
 matter much.

Onward we fly. Soon the bombard-
 ment dies away and the squadron
 closes in, moving higher. We follow
 the winding of the Thames on the map
 and find we are speedily approaching
 our goal.

But another cloud-bank appears.
 "Damn it all, should our game be
 spoiled this time," I exclaim. I write
 my fears on a piece of paper and hand
 it to the pilot, and I see his fist com-
 ing down broadside with an oath.

Five minutes pass in anxious sus-
 pense, and I look around after the
 comrade airships. They are still
 following in close formation. Then
 we pass that cloud bank, and Lon-
 don's sea of houses stretches in vast
 expanse far below us.

We now discover the first of the
 English chasing flyers, but for the
 present they do not concern us. Sud-
 denly there stand, as if by magic,
 here and there in our course, little
 clouds of cotton, the greetings of the
 enemy's guns. They multiply with
 astonishing rapidity. We fly through
 them and leave the suburbs behind us.
 It is the heart of London—what
 must be hit.

We see the bridges, the Tower of
 London, Liverpool Station, the Bank
 of England, the Admiralty's palace—
 everything glaringly outlined in the
 sunlight. There are ships on the
 Thames that look like toys. With my
 glasses in one hand I signal with the
 other to my pilot. Slowly long rows
 of streets pass through the small
 orbits of the glasses. At last it is
 time to stop. I give a signal, and in-
 less than it takes to tell I have pushed
 the levers and anxiously follow the
 flight of the released bombs. With a
 tremendous crash they strike the
 heart of England. It is a magnificent
 by terrific spectacle seen from mid-
 air. Projectiles from hostile batte-
 ries are spitting and exploding be-
 neath and all around us, while below
 the earth seems with craters and con-
 flagrations, in the light of the glaring
 sun.

In a few moments all is over and
 the squadron turns. One last look
 at the panic-stricken metropolis, and

we are off on our home course. I
 nod to my pilot, indicating that every-
 thing is all right. He answers like-
 wise. We have gotten somewhat be-
 hind the squadron, but soon make up
 the distance.

Then from several directions the
 attacking British planes reach us.
 They appear from below, then from
 the right, or left, or from above. My
 pilot is watching with rare "eyes,"
 while I with my hand on the gun lever
 am not slow to give a tack-tack to
 the daredevil who exposes himself to
 my machine. Twice we just evade ter-
 rific onslaughts. Two hostile pilots
 turn and do not come back.

An enemy machine rears up in
 front of us like a wounded animal, turns
 a scumersault, and disappears in the
 depths. This is the first enemy I have
 defeated over the British islands.
 Hoch! Hoch!

Already the British coast is in view
 again, but more fighting is awaiting
 us. This time the English flyers seem
 to have lost heart. Their attacks are
 easily beaten off.

Our machine reaches the coast at
 length and closes up with the rest of
 the squadron. While reloading with
 machine gun, my pilot discovers a
 new enemy. By his tactics I recognize
 him as one of those astute English
 flyers we encountered on the Somme.
 Perhaps he had met us there. For a
 short time we fly almost parallel,
 both preparing to attack. Suddenly
 he turns sharply to the left and there
 he is not twenty meters distant. Our
 machine guns pour lead into each
 other. Suddenly his gun stops dead.
 Must have jammed. He turns sharply
 and tries to fly, but my machine gun
 catches him squarely on the broad-
 side, and down he goes. Just twenty
 seconds of fighting and all is over, old
 friend of last summer. Other German
 flyers had similar fighting experiences
 on this expedition, but all of us reach-
 ed home safely.

SOME CHEEK.
 Instances of remarkable and inge-
 nious selfishness are, unfortunately,
 not hard to find. The following would
 be difficult to match. Two strangers
 met at one of the small tables in a
 trans-American dining car. They
 found a common bond in the effort to
 secure something to eat, and by the
 time the coffee came they were on
 friendly terms.

If you want the BEST tea
 Go to the firm that GROWS it

LIPTON'S TEA

Thomas Lipton
 TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER
 CEYLON.

"I wonder if you will do me a fav-
 or," said the first one, as he paid his
 bill. The other man seemed receptive
 and the first one continued:—
 "Have you a lower sleeping berth
 for tonight?"
 The man across the table nodded.
 "Well, I'm travelling with my mo-
 ther, who is rather well along in life,
 and I'm anxious to make her comfort-
 able. Would you be willing to give
 her your berth?"
 "I should be delighted," responded
 the stranger.

They went back to the sleeper,
 where the accommodating man was
 presented to the other's mother, a
 white-haired old lady with a charming
 face.
 The good Samaritan had exchanged
 his lower berth for the upper, belong-
 ing to the old lady, and was radiating
 with a sense of charitable kindness.
 It led him to remark affably to the
 other man—
 "But where are you going to sleep?"
 "Oh, that's all right," was the an-
 swer. "That's my berth over there"—
 pointing to a lower one.

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 color if you use



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 Pure and Uncolored
 the "fine" cane sugar which
 dissolves at once. Order
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 most in demand, preferred by doctors
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 20c each 3 for 50c

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We can make your old hat
 look like new—put in inside
 and outside bands, reblock
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 Men's Borsalino, straw and
 Panama hats, and women's
 straw, leghorn and Panama
 hats—no job too small or too
 difficult.
 Shoe-shining—polishes for
 all the new styles in men's
 and women's boots.
 Laces of all kinds in stock,
 and everything in the tobac-
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 Orders from all parts of
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on your dressing
 table, and every morn-
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 tain of health.

Nice rosy cheeks and
 a clear complexion
 will surely reward the
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ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS
 —for pale, people—50 Cents a Box

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 and seen them practically demon-
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Vertical lift Mowers in all sizes.
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 Forks, Pulleys, Rope which we are selling at lowest prices.

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 easy terms to suit our customers.**
AGENCIES in all parts of Province.
 Don't fail to call and look over our Stock, and get prices before buying.

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1542-7-11Mwsm4E11H1

BRINGING UP FATHER



THE MORE MAGGIE
 TRIES TO PLAY THE
 PIANO—THE WORSE
 SHE GETS—

MAGGIE IS A GREAT
 THINKER—SHE THINKS
 SHE CAN PLAY—

WELL—I'VE STOOD
 ABOUT ENOUGH OF
 THAT—

OH!!!?

I'LL HAVE IT
 TONED IN A
 LITTLE WHILE—
 SIR!