

**COME TO  
TYRONE, LOT 65  
TEA  
On  
Wednesday, July 14th.**

**SIMPSON FARM  
FOR SALE AT  
KENSINGTON**

Consisting of 150 acres situated right at Kensington. Up-to-date buildings, running water in house and barn.

Fox Ranch on premises being one of the best sites in the province.

W. G. SIMPSON & SON  
Kensington  
260-6-30-wfm7L

**AUCTION SALE**

The undersigned Administrator 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, 4 Hens, 1 Truck Wagon (double Barn), 1 Cream Separator, 1 Driving Wagon, 1 Hay Hake, 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.

**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., on 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.  
448-7-7-11.

**Professional Cards**

**Mark R. McGuigan  
B. A.**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.  
Money to Loan  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
2220-11-11.

**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

**Feeds  
Feeds**

For the SUMMER MONTHS we will have good large stocks of FEEDS for HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS and POULTRY.

BALEY HAY and STRAW, FEED OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, CRACKED CORN, FEED CORNMEAL, CRUSHED OATS, SCHUMACHER FEED and a full stock of POULTRY SUPPLIES. Also ROLLED OATS, OATMEAL, TABLE CORNMEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, etc., all at lowest prices. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

**Carter & Co  
LIMITED.**



**SMILES**

LOWER OF THE FAMILY  
"You're a blooming idiot, you are!"



**SMELLED A RAT**

Why did that woman look so like a cat when her husband was in it?  
"I think she smelled a rat."



**JUNGLE TALK**

1st Monk: How's Mr. Kangaroo today?  
2nd Monk: In a bad way. On his last legs!



**JUNGLE TALK**

1st Monk: How's Mr. Kangaroo today?  
2nd Monk: In a bad way. On his last legs!



**A GOOD SHOT**

"Do you miss your husband much?"  
"No—I'm a good shot."

**TOLEDO SCALES**

No Springs, Coffee Mills, Meat Choppers, Bacon Slicers. Monthly terms.

N. E. MYRER, Agent.  
55 Queen Street,  
Charlottetown.  
281-6-30-wfm12L

**"These Women"**  
BY MALCOLM DUART  
(Continued)

CHAPTER XVII

Audrey lifted the little silk and velvet bag that she had brought on her arm, drew from it a fifty dollar bill, and passed it to her escort, she did this without once taking her eyes from Morton, on the other side of the room.

"Parrish caught the direction of her glance, and with a quick look, settled back in his seat.

"Hadn't we better go?" he asked leaning over toward her.

She made a negative motion of her head. "I want to stay," she told him.

The manager of the restaurant himself was escorting Morton and his party to a table, that stood directly alongside the dance floor. Removing the sign "RESERVED" from a bouquet of flowers that stood in the middle of the cloth, the manager pulled out Morton's chair for him. Morton waited until the girls in his party were seated, and then gave a rapid order to the restaurant manager.

Audrey, watching, saw one of the liquor agents in the corner of the room disappear, and promptly return with a small package. In a few moments a waiter brought to Morton's table a tray of after-dinner coffee cups. Morton, bowing to the girl, lifted his own cup, and sipped gingerly into the plates of soup that now were before them.

"I bet they're drinking whisky," surmised Parrish.

"Cocktails," said Audrey, briefly.

Parrish looked at her with interest. "How can you tell?"

"Daddy has never taken me to any of these places, but he has told me about them," she said. "They always serve cocktails in those little coffee cups. That's so nobody can see what's in them."

The girls who were with Morton were strangers to Audrey, but the other male member of the party was the man who had spoken to Morton in front of the art store, the day before.

Paying almost no heed to Parrish, she continued to watch Morton's table. The waiter brought her push after dish, each of which she pushed away. Parrish was making a good meal out of the small portions that were set before him.

"Do you want to eat anything?" he asked her.

"I think not," she said. "I may take some coffee."

In Morton's group the conversation was becoming lively. Two more trays, with the little cups, had been brought. One girl, who was sitting at Morton's right, was laughing almost continuously.

The girl was ruddy—whether artificially or naturally, Audrey could not tell at that distance. Her hair was a rich dark red, and her cheeks were blooming. She had the round face of a child, and her arms and shoulders were bare, and on her left wrist was a long platinum chain, wound around and around to serve as a bracelet.

As Audrey watched, the girl upset a tall glass that the waiter placed before her. She giggled hysterically, and drew back, as the waiter sopped up the liquid with napkins snatched from an adjoining table. When she pulled her chair close again, she turned to Morton as if apologizing. Leaning nearer and nearer to him, her arm stole over the back of his chair, and finally over his shoulder.

"His merely looked amused.

"Let's go," again proposed Parrish, who had not lost any of the details of this scene.

Audrey apparently did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the man and girl across the room. Her jaw was set a little forward, as if she were filled with some deep resolution.

Morton turned his head and whispered in the girl's ear. She laughed delightedly, and turning to her companions, apparently repeated what Morton had said. They all roared. The strange man reached across the head of one of the girls, and patted Morton on the back.

The girl who was sitting at Morton's left had been watching him, almost as intently as Audrey. Now she leaned toward him, took the

other girl's hand, removed it from his shoulder, and placed her own arm around his neck. The auburn-haired girl moved in quick protest. She clasped both her arms around him. There was a quick struggle, which Morton ended by rising to his feet, and backing away in mock dismay.

Audrey could see him turning to one of the girls, and then to the other, as if entreating them to behave. When he resumed his seat each of the girls tucked an arm through one of his, and the noisy conversation went on as they dined gingerly into the plates of soup that now were before them.

Once Morton's glance crossed the room, and rested for a moment, apparently on Audrey. However, his face was unconcerned, and Audrey decided that he had not seen her.

"I think we can go now," she said to Parrish.

Rising, he helped her to don her fur coat, and motioned to the waiter to come. He stood patiently until the man returned with his change. Laying a half-dollar beside his plate, he was starting out, but Audrey stopped him.

"I think he expects more than that," she suggested.

"He looked at the half-dollar, and then at the waiter, who had not touched the money.

"How much should I give him?" he asked the girl.

"About two dollars, I think," she said.

Reluctantly, he took back the coin, and laid two dollars in bills on the table. The waiter, without a change of countenance, nodded and thanked him.

Together they round their way through the tables, and to the door sitting at Morton's right, was passing through the room, but he was talking intently to the ruddy girl, and did not lift his eyes.

Morton was stabbing at a grapefruit, at breakfast next morning.

Morton glanced over it.

"When my office opens, please call up Parrish there, and tell him to wire my office in New York that I won't be back for about a week," he directed. "Tell them to take care of any business matters that know who to do."

The butler bowed, Morton finished his grapefruit, and turned to the large platter of bacon and tried eggs that was set before him.

"Has Miss Morton been downstairs this morning?" he asked.

"No sir," the butler said. "Shall I inquire?"

"No—never mind," said Morton. "I think she retired rather late last night."

His breakfast finished, he picked up one of the papers that lay beside his plate, and glanced over the headlines. Then he turned to the market reports, and ran his eye down the columns of fine print. Evidently finding nothing to interest him, he rang for the butler.

"Never mind that message to my office," he said. "Telephone Parrish to come over here, right away."

He sauntered into the drawing-room, and stood looking out the window at the busy street below. It was turning spring, and the garden of the girl office workers, bringing in their be late, were brighter in color than for some months past. Morton watched the morning procession for a while, and then turned to the pipe-organ back in the dark alcove. Switching on the electric lamp, he detached the self-play mechanism, and began fingering the keys softly.

He was still playing when Parrish was announced, an hour later.

Parrish's manner was stiff, as he entered the room. He did not give his hat into the outstretched hand of the butler, but remained standing at attention. There was much distaste in his eye as he looked at his employer.

"Give him your hat and coat," Morton told him, still moving his hands over the keys.

Reluctantly Parrish obeyed, and obeyed Morton's motion toward a chair.

Morton repeated the message for his New York office that he had given to the butler earlier, and Parrish made a note of it.

"Is that all, sir?" he asked.

Morton thoughtfully strolled across the room, and seated himself on the edge of the table, beside the Parrish sat.

"I'm going to be engaged this afternoon and this evening," Morton said. "Will it be too much trouble for you to take Miss Morton out any place that she desires to go?"

"No sir," Parrish said, sitting erect and rigid, with his eyes averted from Morton.

"In that case," said his employer, "I suggest you call her on the telephone about noon, and ask her if she would not like to go for a ride in the country. She has not yet risen this morning."

He looked at Parrish, waiting, but the young man said nothing.

"You may open an office account for yourself," Morton went on, pleased, while the lower part of his face for purposes of entertainment, I'm entirely of your own. I'm afraid that taking Miss Morton

**League of the Cross  
Picnic**  
LAKE VERDE  
**Wednesday, July 14th.**  
Games, Fun, Music, Sports, delightful Dinner and Tea Tables. Everything to keep you feeling young and happy.

**Come and get the thrill of a life time.**

SPECIALS LEAVE CITY AT 9.15 A. M. AND 2 P. M.  
FARES—ADULTS 50c. CHILDREN 35c.

around may prove too costly for you, otherwise."

"Parrish flushed.

"Miss Morton usually has plenty of money with her," her guardian proceeded, "but it is embarrassing for a young man to borrow from a lady."

Parrish started, and darted a quick look at his employer, Morton's face was impressive. Parrish sighed, as if in relief.

"I am quite sure you will not take her to any place she ought not to go," the cool, even voice went on. "At least, unless she asks you to take her there herself."

Parrish shifted uneasily, and again there was a question in his eyes as he looked at Morton. There was no visible answer in the older man's face. He only continued his instructions. "If you take her to restaurants, take her to those where the food is good. You have not been around the world much—I believe I am right in saying that. Always be certain to see the waiters liberally."

Parrish hastily arose to his feet.

"You saw me—you saw us!" he exclaimed.

Morton's eyebrows raised in apparent surprise. "I am afraid you are talking in riddles. That's a bad habit. You evidently have some thing on your mind that I don't want to inquire into. If you want to dance, Miss Morton can show you about as well as any teacher, I guess that's all."

Parrish regarded him doubtfully, and seemed about to ask again if Morton had seen him the night before. The other man waved him away.

"If you have a guilty conscience about anything, I don't want to know it," Morton said. "I don't inquire into other people's consciences."

"But I'm not guilty of anything," Parrish protested.

"You act as if you were," Morton said, taking the other by the arm. "But I suppose it's merely my imagination. Now you go ahead to the office, and make sure to ring Miss Morton about noon. I'm afraid she will be lonesome."

"There was amusement in his eyes as he watched the young man depart, and he shook his head slightly, as he pushed a button beneath the edge of the table.

"Ask Miss Morton's maid if she has arisen yet," he told the butler.

A minute later that household official came running down the stairs, his face agitated.

"Miss Morton's maid says that she isn't there—she wasn't here last night—her bed isn't disturbed!"

(To be continued)

**The Man Nobody Knows**  
BY BRUCE BARTON  
Instalment IV  
THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

1. Personal Magnetism

Success is always exciting; we never grow tired of asking what and how. What, then, were the principal elements in his power over men? How was it that the boy from a country village became the greatest leader?

First of all he had the voice and manner of the leader—the personal magnetism which begets loyalty and commands respect. The beginnings of it were present in him even as a boy. John felt them. On the day when John looked up from the river where he was baptizing converts and saw Jesus standing on the bank, he drew back in protest. "I have never seen what never grow tired of asking what and how. What, then, were the principal elements in his power over men? How was it that the boy from a country village became the greatest leader?"

And Mirabeau, watching the face of the young Robespierre, exclaimed, "This is no truce. The essential element in personal magnetism is a consuming sincerity—on overwhelming faith in the importance of the work one has to do. Emerson said, 'What you are thunders so loud I can't hear what you say.'"

Most of us go through the world mentally divided against ourselves. We wonder whether we are in the right jobs, whether we are making the right investments, whether, after all, anything is as important as it seems to be. Our enemies are those of our own being and creation. Instinctively we wait for a commanding voice, for one who shall say authoritatively, "I have the truth. This way lies happiness and salvation." There was in Jesus supremely that quality of conviction.

Even very successful people were moved by it. Jesus had been in Jerusalem only a day or two when there came a knock at his door at night. He opened it to find Nicodemus, one of the principal men of the city, a member of the Sanhedrin, a supreme court judge. One feels the dramatic quality of the meeting—the young, almost unknown, teacher and the great man, half curious, half convinced. It would have been easy to make a mistake. Jesus might very naturally have expressed his sense of honor to the notable visitor to become a convert. One catches his breath involuntarily at the audacity of the speech:

"Verily, verily, I say to you, Nicodemus, except you are born again you can not see the kingdom of Heaven." And a few moments later, "If I have told you earthly things and you have not believed, how shall you believe if I tell you heavenly things?"

The famous visitor did not enroll as a disciple, was not invited to enroll; but he never forgot the man's amazing self-assurance. In man's amazing self-assurance. In a few weeks the crowd along the shores of the Sea of Galilee were to feel the same power and respond to it. They were quite accustomed to the discourses of the Scribes and Pharisees—long, involved arguments backed up by many citations from the law. But this teacher was different. He quoted nobody; his own word was offered as sufficient. He taught as "one having authority and not as the scribes." Still later we have yet more striking proof of the power that supreme conviction can carry. At this date he had become so large a public influence as to threaten the peace of the rulers, and they sent a detachment of soldiers to arrest him. They were stern men, presumably immune to sentiment. They returned, after a while empty-handed.

"What's the matter?" their commander demanded angrily. "Why didn't you bring him in?"

And they, smarting under their failure and hardly knowing how to explain it, could make only a surly excuse.

"You'll have to send some one else," they said. "We don't want to go against him. Never man so spoke."

They were armed; he had no defense but his manner and tone, but these were enough. In any crowd and under any circumstances the faith in himself, by the power of his faith in himself, by his commands, and men instinctively obey.

This blazing conviction was the first and greatest element in the success of Jesus.

**Fashion Fancies**

THIS COOL BEIGE CAPE IS MOST EFFECTIVE FOR SUMMER WEAR

By Marie Belmont



**The Successful Business Woman**

She prides herself on her efficiency. She is as alert in regard to her health as her work, and has learned that time lost through preventable illness is not good business. She has also learned that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most reliable remedy for ailments that assail her sex and does not hesitate to recommend it to her fellow workers to protect their health, which is their greatest asset. It surely pays every sick and ailing woman to try it.

A cool cape of some semi-transparent material make an ideal wrap to wear on warm Summer days.

The model above is extremely smart in its use of beige crepe roma with an interesting use of pleats. The upper part of the cape is unpleated, while the lower part is dyed to match.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is a reliable remedy for ailments that assail her sex and does not hesitate to recommend it to her fellow workers to protect their health, which is their greatest asset. It surely pays every sick and ailing woman to try it.

This model could be worked out in any effective Summer coloring, such as yellow or beige, with fur dyed to match.

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Most of us go through the world mentally divided against ourselves. We wonder whether we are in the right jobs, whether we are making the right investments, whether, after all, anything is as important as it seems to be. Our enemies are those of our own being and creation. Instinctively we wait for a commanding voice, for one who shall say authoritatively, "I have the truth. This way lies happiness and salvation." There was in Jesus supremely that quality of conviction.

Even very successful people were moved by it. Jesus had been in Jerusalem only a day or two when there came a knock at his door at night. He opened it to find Nicodemus, one of the principal men of the city, a member of the Sanhedrin, a supreme court judge. One feels the dramatic quality of the meeting—the young, almost unknown, teacher and the great man, half curious, half convinced. It would have been easy to make a mistake. Jesus might very naturally have expressed his sense of honor to the notable visitor to become a convert. One catches his breath involuntarily at the audacity of the speech:

"Verily, verily, I say to you, Nicodemus, except you are born again you can not see the kingdom of Heaven." And a few moments later, "If I have told you earthly things and you have not believed, how shall you believe if I tell you heavenly things?"

The famous visitor did not enroll as a disciple, was not invited to enroll; but he never forgot the man's amazing self-assurance. In a few weeks the crowd along the shores of the Sea of Galilee were to feel the same power and respond to it. They were quite accustomed to the discourses of the Scribes and Pharisees—long, involved arguments backed up by many citations from the law. But this teacher was different. He quoted nobody; his own word was offered as sufficient. He taught as "one having authority and not as the scribes." Still later we have yet more striking proof of the power that supreme conviction can carry. At this date he had become so large a public influence as to threaten the peace of the rulers, and they sent a detachment of soldiers to arrest him. They were stern men, presumably immune to sentiment. They returned, after a while empty-handed.

"What's the matter?" their commander demanded angrily. "Why didn't you bring him in?"

And they, smarting under their failure and hardly knowing how to explain it, could make only a surly excuse.

"You'll have to send some one else," they said. "We don't want to go against him. Never man so spoke."

They were armed; he had no defense but his manner and tone, but these were enough. In any crowd and under any circumstances the faith in himself, by the power of his faith in himself, by his commands, and men instinctively obey.

This blazing conviction was the first and greatest element in the success of Jesus.

**The Man Nobody Knows**  
BY BRUCE BARTON  
Instalment IV  
THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS

1. Personal Magnetism

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