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HIS LOST DINNER.

An amusing story was told recently by Mr. Lincoln Eyre, chief of the corps of American journalists attending the Paris Conference.

It concerned a negro soldier serving in an American labour battalion, who had been left behind with his unit when the Armistice was concluded in order to help "clear up the mess."

As is well known, there are many "dud" German shells, still unexploded, lying in the old Somme battlefields, and the other day (said Mr. Eyre) this particular negro had the misfortune to light a fire directly over one in order to cook his dinner.

Presently the "dud" exploded, blowing fire and cooking-pot to the four winds of heaven. By a miracle the darky escaped, though he was bowled over by the concussion and scared nearly to death.

Picking himself up, he exclaimed in disgusted accents:

"For de Lawd, I thought the war was done-ended long 'go! Jes wait till I meet de llar what fol' me 'bout dat Armistice bein' con-clu-ded."

WOMEN AS ELECTRICIANS.

It was really most impressive, when attending a lecture on laundry methods in America, to note how exceptionally clearly and simply the lady lecturer discoursed upon the advantages of electric washing-machines and electric irons.

Practical demonstrations proved, too, that the duty of getting clean clothes became almost a pleasure.

It is said that a woman's delicate touch and her sureness—which is not found in man—makes her almost indispensable in electric-lamp factories.

What is called in San Francisco "the expert in illuminations" of a large electrical company is a woman. She specialises in the interior decorating department, and also is "illuminating engineer." She understands the placing of fixtures in harmony with various interiors.

One cog-wheel factory in the U. S. failed more than once under management; but when the American Association of Mechanical Engineers admitted a manageress, the factory prospered at once.

At one time it was regarded as highly dangerous for anyone but a "mighty male" to touch anything electrical; but that was before the war came, and proved conclusively that women had the ability and courage to take on almost any class of "man's work."

Electricity is an interesting and delicate science, and the ready and sharp brains of woman should make her an acquisition to the calling.

TO ALL LEADERS OF MEN.

(By Leslie Pinsky Hill, in The Outlook.)

Three things there are that men will do,
Leaders of men beware!
Your calling and election true
Will shine, if they have faith that you
Their stubborn purpose share.

Men will see men as only men
O Masters, take ye heed!
No one shall hold the rights of ten,
No mortal be divine again.
No counsel, pact or creed.

Men will be bold to follow thought,
O captains, ye shall find
The people of the earth disraught.
By being merely led and taught,
But now they have a mind.

And men will share the wealth they
make,
To this of all attend.
The worker for the worker's sake,
Will prove his power to give and take.
That ancient greed may end.

Go not to wordy halls of state,
Ye wise that can discern
This threefold tidal pall of fate
That rocks the world—too late, too
late,
The statesmen stoop to learn.

But the ways where Labor stalks,
Portentous with its load,
The soul of God's great future talks,
The genius of his purpose walks,
And there must lie your road.

NOAH'S LEADING PLACE

The recent appeal made by the newly established republic of Ararat for recognition will be better understood, at least geographically, when it is explained that the region in question is a province of Armenia.

It takes its name from the mountain on which the Ark made a landing after the flood—Ararat meaning Noah's Mountain.

The whole world, according to the Bible story, was submerged during the period of the deluge and Ararat's topmost peak was the first dry land to appear above the waters, for the simple reason that it was the loftiest—in Armenia, at all events.

As viewed today it gives a notion of the depth of the flood, inasmuch as the peak is more than three miles above sea-level. It is dome-shaped.

CLERGYMAN WARNS OF GILDED PAGANISM

(New York Herald.)

Canon Masterman, rector of St. Marylebow Church, London, preached the Sunday sermon on Sunday morning in Trinity church.

Canon Masterman said he felt, after being in America a month, that the danger of this country in its present prosperity and the assurance of so magnificent a future is that the people may forget God.

"I came from a land that is mourning one million dead," said the Canon. "They gave their lives in the great struggle to maintain freedom and fight. The industrial life has been ruined and the people are facing the future with anxiety."

"Yet even with what the war has cost I would not care to go back to the old easy days, for I feel England was then on the verge of forgetting God."

"The war has taught the great lesson that without Divine guidance nations may perish and right and justice depart from the earth."

HE FOOLED HIS FRIENDS.

When the Americans drove the Germans out of the St. Mihiel salient the job was done so quickly and cleverly that a lot of booty fell into their hands. There was one private at Thlaucourt who took a chance, says Stars and Stripes, the soldiers' newspaper, but he could not resist the temptation.

When his mates first saw him they were uncertain whether he was the Kaiser or the Crown Prince as they rushed forward to make the capture. He was riding a German officer's horse, he had a German officer's helmet, and on his chest was pinned the iron cross, all left by German officers in their rush to safety. The squad of Americans bent upon making an important capture were tremendously disgusted to find that it was only Private Jones of the Infantry.

WHO AM I?

I am your worst enemy.
You are warned against me, but you heed not.
I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently.
I destroy, crush or maim. I give nothing, but take all.
I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world.
I am more powerful than the combined armies of the universe.
I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year.
I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.
I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest siege guns.
I am relentless. I am everywhere; in the home, on the street, in the factory, at the railroad crossings and on the sea.
I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every train.
I spare no one, and find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and old; the strong and the weak. Widows and orphans know me.
I AM CARELESSNESS.
—American Machinist

Fashion suggests the black frock for teatime.

**LILY WHITE
Corn Syrup**

For Preserving

Thousands of the best house-keepers have discovered that using half sugar and half Lily

White Corn Syrup makes preserving more uniformly successful.

To start with, the consistency is bound to be just right from the very nature of the syrup; there is no danger of the preserves crystallizing; the syrup brings out the natural flavour of the fruit; the keeping quality is excellent; and the preserves do not have the cloying sweetness of all sugar.

For better preserves, use Lily White Corn Syrup.

Sold by grocers everywhere in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins.

**The Canada Starch
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Montreal**

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SOLDIER'S RECEPTION

In Thursday evening June 12th the doors of the ever hospitable home of Mr and Mrs. Malcolm N. MacLean Little Sands, were thrown open to upwards of eighty residents of the surrounding districts; who assembled on behalf of The Red Cross Society to honor and extend a hearty welcome to their son Angus M. recently returned from overseas.

The evening was pleasantly spent in games, mirthmaking and feasting, a special feature being the reading of an address to the returned hero, by Miss M. G. Smith Sec'y of The Red Cross Society. The address was accompanied by a "Gillette Safety Razor" suitably engraved. Presentation was made by Mrs. J. D. Livingstone, Vice Pres. Miss Mina Livingstone, Vice Pres. also presented him with a parcel of comforts from the Society.

To all of these Mr. MacLean made a fitting reply. The above mentioned soldier left his island home fourteen years ago, the last four being spent in the service of his King and Country. He left on Monday for the Canadian West where his wife and family reside.

Following is the address:
Little Sands, P. E. I.
June 12th 1919.

Mr. Angus M. MacLean.
Dear Friend,—
We, the undersigned on behalf of The Red Cross Society, feel we cannot permit you to leave the land of your birth to return to the West without expressing to you our high appreciation of the part taken by you in the great war. When war broke out—you left your home and family to take your place among the many noble men who enlisted to make the world safe for Democracy. During the fourteen years you have been absent from us, we have never forgotten you—and especially during the past four years have we taken great interest in your welfare, as you fought, struggled and suffered in all these years of peril.

But we are thankful that God has spared your life, and that you have

been permitted to return to us in safety. We are very proud that you favored your parents, and old friends with a visit—and we bespeak to you a hearty and cordial welcome.

We ask of you to please accept this gift as a small token of our high appreciation of you, and in the years to come though we may be separated by many miles, we hope the gift will remind you of the friends back home. Please convey to Mrs. MacLean and family our best wishes, and we trust you may all be spared to enjoy many years of health and prosperity.

Signed on behalf of The Red Cross Society. Little Sands.
Mrs. J. D. Livingstone, Pres. Miss M. M. Livingstone Vice-Pres. Miss M. G. Smith, Sec'y.

Skirts have a tendency to slide down.
Corsets with higher tops are promised.

'Phoning From 'Planes.

A lot has been said about the remarkable new invention which enables pilots to telephone from their machine to earth and to receive telephone messages from the ground, but very little about how the telephone works.

The telephone is, of course, a wireless one, and the electricity required to enable the pilot to talk is supplied by means of a little propeller, which is driven round by the air as the aeroplane is flying.

From the aeroplane hangs a long copper wire, about two hundred feet in length, and it is from this wire that the messages are sent out or received when the pilot is telephoning.

The pilot has to wear a special helmet, which is muffled and padded as to be practically soundproof; otherwise the roar of the engine is so terrific that it would be quite impossible for him to hear anything else. The telephone itself is so made that it takes no notice of any sounds but the human voice, and this is one of the most remarkable things about the invention.

Green Pea Soup.—1 pint or 1 can peas, 3 cups boiling water, 1 pint milk, 2. tbsp butter, 2 tbsp flour, salt and pepper.

Wash the peas and cool them in boiling water until soft, press through coarse strainer (there should be one pint stock and pulp). Finish as vegetable sauce. If peas are fresh, pods may be cooked with them.

QUEEN CITY FLOUR

has all the delicacy and flavor that ensures delightful pastry and the high gluten quality that makes big, bulging loaves of bread. Ask for it at your dealer's.

**The Campbell Flour Mills Company, Limited
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BRINGING UP FATHER

