



On the Night before Wash Day

DO this, and you will have a pleasant, easy, work-free wash-day—with wonderfully clean sweet clothes:

For each tub of clothes take half a package of Rinso, dissolve in just enough cool water to make it as thick as cream. Then stir in two quarts of boiling water, and stir well. When the bubbles disappear you will have a clear, amber-colored liquid that is the magical Rinso washing solution. Pour it into your tub of cool or lukewarm water, and put in the clothes and soak. For extra hard water or extra dirty clothes add more Rinso solution.

In the morning rinse thoroughly and hang out to dry—the washing is done! That's why Rinso is different from all other Soaps and Washing Powders.

At All Grocers **Rinso** Made by the makers of LUX R. 104

High Priced Pelts

Prepare your foxes for the pelting season. Reduce meat and increase Cod-liver-oil for biscuit. This will give your vigorous foxes with glossy pelts bringing highest prices.

Imperial Biscuit Co., Ltd. Charlottetown

NEW YORK FISH ADS

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AND OTHER SEASONABLE VARIETIES OF FRESH AND FROZEN

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NO. 3 FULTON FISH MARKET NEW YORK, N.Y.

"Broken Wing"

A Jump-spark Romance of Modern Mexico

BY PAUL DICKEY AND CHAS. W. GODDARD

From the Sensationally Successful Play Novelized by Charles W. Goddard.

Phil stopped laughing. He looked strange, puzzled look at her, passed his hand over his brow and then smiled tender recognition. "No dear, I haven't forgotten you. Yet for a moment I had a glimpse—it all came back in a sort of a green mist. Then your voice broke through and everything faded away. Now I can only remember the green mist." The girl shivered but did not answer. "Never mind, dear," he continued cheerfully, "it will all come back again some day." "And when it come back I wonder I wonder—" she murmured. "You wonder what?" "Yes, I wonder what." "Why, what do you mean dear?" "Oh never mind, nothing," she answered hastily to change the subject. "You know I like to be an aviator. Some day you take me up—you teach me how it is to fly." "All right, I'll take you up to the top of the sky, if there is anything on the moon you want we'll get it. And he gave her a tender little squeeze. Basilio leaped into the kitchen, not from consideration of the lovers, but because he observed that Ouchita had deserted her post and given him opportunity to help himself to any little dainties that might be lying about. "Suppose maybe we catch a little angel?" Inez asked half seriously. "I've got one already," the boy replied, "a brown-eyed angel." Inez grew thoughtful. "Little time ago, you almost remember everything," she reminded him. "Yes, dear. And when you almost remem-

ber everything you forget me, you know that." "No I'll never forget you dear. But the girl was far from satisfied. Her thoughts raced along in silence for a moment, then she said, irrelevantly: "You think father know we have been away all this long time?" "I guess likely," said Phil, whose mind was once more trying to penetrate the green mist. "When father come back what we say Where we tell him we been?" "Well," answered Phil abstractedly, "why not tell him?" The girl leaped out of his arms and faced him. He was astounded at the look of wild terror in her eyes. She seized his shoulders and shook them. "Madre de Dios," she screamed. "Why? why? Don't you know why? Don't you remember, Look at me. Have you forgot so quick what happened today?" "No dear, of course I haven't forgotten." She drew a long breath, and the wild terror went out of her eyes as she crept into his arms. "Hold close to me again," she sobbed, "My heart stop still till you remember what it is, to me, you are." "Listen dear heart," he whispered, "I may have forgotten my name and all my life, before, but I haven't forgotten what we stopped today nor why we stopped. I may forget again, but I may forget everything else, but I can never forget the tenderest, sweetest memory of my Me."

CHAPTER X.

Inez raised her head from Marvin's shoulder and looked up at him with a mischievous smile. "Hub," she chuckled, "just one month ago today I promised to marry Gen. Innocencio in thirty days." "Did you promise," asked Phil. "Oh yes, I promise," she answered smiling at his dismayed expression. "I promise if the King of Hearts don't come, which you are here so the promise is all off and anyway he find plenty other girl for that little house from Chicago." "Why do you suppose he happened to come today?" "Oh, I forgot to tell you," the girl explained, "Meester Cross is back Father and General are over at the oil company to meet him." "Cross—now we'll know who I am by thunder I'll ride over to the oil company and find out. Come on. But they got no further than the gate of the patio when Basilio barred the way and in accents somewhat thickened by a mouthful of stolen sausage, said: "No go. General leave order you got to wait right here for him." Phil argued Basilio's having filled his countenance with the air of the sausage, was unable to reply. He merely slipped a clip of cartridges into his rifle and shook his head. The American remembered how the Greaser's bullet had parted his hair from a distance of almost a mile, and concluded not to start anything with him. As they sauntered back into the courtyard, Basilio closed the gates on them. "Oh, I'm afraid," faltered Inez "afraid for what we are going to learn." Marvin looked his surprise. "You maybe tell us you are terrible big man." "Well, let's hope so," he laughed. "No, it no please me at all. If you are too big to marry poor Greaser girl." The American drew her down onto his knee. "Don't worry," he assured her, "nothing can ever come between us." They sat a moment, both thinking about their future. The girl broke the silence. "You give up everything for me?" "You bet your little boots." "And I give up everything for you?" "Yes, that's the idea." "Yes," she agreed mournfully, "but I don't got nothing to give." (To be Continued)

Miss Mollie Allen Tells How Cuticura Healed Eczema

"Eczema broke out on my fore-arms and limbs, from ankles to knees. Little white pimples formed which contained a watery fluid, and upon scratching would leave a burning sensation, growing worse all the time. The eczema scattered and discharged so much watery fluid that my clothes were wet all the time. I had to keep my limbs wrapped in oiled silk. "I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they gave me great relief, and after using three cakes of Soap and six boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mollie Allen, 2021, Telegraph Ave., Oakland, Calif. Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Hyman, Zimmet, 444 St. Paul St., W. Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Tubes 25c. 50c. Cuticura Soap shaves without razor.

If You Want—

If you want to buy a cat Run a want ad. If you want to sell a hat, Run a want ad. Buy a farm or sell a head, Get a job or girl to wed, You need only use your head And run a want ad.



STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

Made in the Maritime Provinces, Worn all over Canada

ROBERTSON-STEWART

One of those delightful and interesting events, so conducive to the perpetual youth of the heart, took place on Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. J.A. Ching (nee Mrs. Cyrus Stewart) of Red Point, when her daughter, Hazel B., was united in marriage to John W. Robertson, of Kingsboro. The parlor in which the ceremony was performed, presented a festive appearance. The floral decorations were beautiful in their artistic arrangement. The floral arch, under which the bridal party stood, was a work of art such as to captivate the most aesthetic taste. Miss Ethel McDonald played the wedding march. Two dainty waitresses, Luella and Vera, sisters of the bride, gracefully performed the part of flower girls, and Nelson Stewart, brother of the bride, gave her away. The bride wore white satin and carried a bouquet. Rev. W. R. MacWalker read the beautiful, impressive words of the "Long ceremony," that made the contracting parties man and wife. After the ceremony the guests were conducted to the dining room. Here, also, the artistic was in evidence, in the decorations of the room as

AGES OF MAN

Elinor Glyn is responsible for spreading the fame of a fourteen year old Los Angeles boy whose composition on "Ages of Man" ran as follows: "There are three ages of man. One, when we are young we think of the sins we would like to commit when we grow up. This is the age of innocence. Two, when we grow up we commit these sins. This is called the prime of life. Three, when we are old we are sorry we committed them. This is our dotage."

THE MARKETS

SUMMERSIDE MARKET

Dairy Butter	28	30
Eggs per doz.	30	30
Wool, washed	23	23
Wool, unwashed	15	20
Chickens, per lb.	15	20
Hides	7	8
Hay	13	37
Oats, per bushel	30	32
Potatoes	30	32
Buckwheat	75	75
Butter	37	37

SOURIS MARKETS

Butter	30
Eggs	34
Potatoes	30
Oats	40
Pork	12 1-2
Hay	12 1-2

MONTAGUE MARKETS

Butter	32
Eggs	34
Oats	40
Potatoes	30
Pork	7 11 1/2
Hay	13 1/2
Turnips	20

MURRAY HARBOR

Butter	35
Eggs	34
Pork	11 1/2
Oats	35

CHARLOTTETOWN MARKETS

Eggs	40
Butter	30 40

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LAST CHANCE WEEK

100,000 EXTRA VOTES ON \$20 CLUBS THIS WEEK \$100 Extra Prize Offer Ends Next Saturday Night

No More Extra Votes After This Week

\$100 Extra Prize Offer Ends Saturday

Announcement is made today of the final extra vote offer of the Guardian Contest. 100,000 Extra Votes will be given on each \$20.00 club of subscriptions secured this week. All subscriptions turned in since the close of the last Extra Vote offer count under this offer. No extra votes of any kind will be given after the close of this week.

The competition for the \$100.00 Extra Prize ends Saturday night of this week. Show your friends you are a real competitor for top prize honors. Win the \$100.00 Extra. Someone will. Why not you. Every minute counts now.

Cash your promises now. How many Clubs can you get this week.

The great race ends a week from next Saturday night. This is the home stretch.

Boost! Boost! Boost! Speed! Speed! Speed!