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THERE'S NOTHING TO EQUAL



This valuable preparation has been on the market for the past eighty years, and holds a reputation second to none for the relief of all bowel complaints.

No. 12 275 lbs. \$43.50
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F. O. B. CHARLOTTETOWN
Extra Parts for all Sharples
Machines

J. L. DOUGLAS
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
39 Queen Street
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Atlantic Region TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Station Building" will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, August 11th, 1927, for the construction of a station building at Carleton, P. E. I.

Plans and specifications may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of the Regional Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., Division Engineer's Office, Charlottetown; and the office of the Station Agent, Borden, P. E. I.

Tenders received after the date and time specified will not be considered.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. U. APPLETON,
General Manager,
Atlantic Region,
Canadian National Railways,
Moncton, N. B., July 21, 1927.
8073-7-23-27-30, Aug. 6.

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Four days open sea by the mighty water boulevard to Europe.

The entire ship is yours for the trip. Moderate rates.

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AGENTS

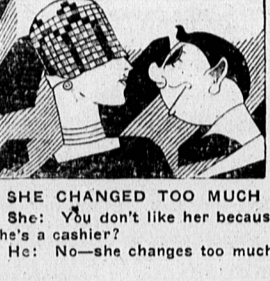
SMILES



NOTHING BUT ROUGE
"Nothing could make that girl blush!"
"Well, nothing but rouge."



Boos: What! Back to work so soon?
Bill: Yes, sir, I gotta rest up from my vacation!



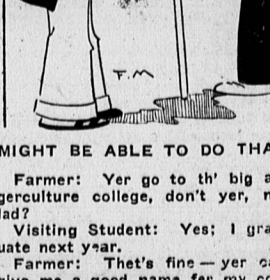
SHE CHANGED TOO MUCH
She: You don't like her because she's a cashier?
He: No—she changes too much.



HOLDING THE LINE AT BAY
"Got anything on the end of that line yet, Bill?"
"Have it! Say! Jes wait till that Revenuer gits further away and I'll show you what I got."



MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO THAT
Farmer: Yer go to th' big agriculture college, don't yer, my lad?
Visiting Student: Yes; I graduate next year.
Farmer: That's fine—yer can give me a good name fer my cow then.




Pyorrhoea

As a preventive it destroys germs—helps to keep gums firm—

Ask your dentist about

Absorbine J!
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
At all Druggists \$1.25

HEARTS AFIRE
By Mae Christie

(Continued)

"I hope it won't cost them their job," commented Mrs. Page glancing up from her sewing for the hundredth time to gaze lovingly at Prudence.

"Oh, they won't mind that. They were sick and tired of it. And besides, there can't be any more joy when the building's gone! Jane's eyes lighted on Prudence's pouted near. "Such a snarl! But it's becoming, Prudence!"

The young girl smiled wistfully. Why wasn't Peter coming? Something had detained him. She screwed up her courage to try and bring his name into the conversation. Maybe Janet had seen him?

But Janet's manner was a little queer, to-night. Sort of nervous, wasn't it?

"Then, in a lull of talk, Prudence blurted out:
"Does—does Mr. Armstrong still come up and talk to little Lucia?" Janet's lips tightened oddly.
"No. Not so much." And then she added: "He's been rather taken up of late."

Of course that meant but one thing, WORK.

But why did Prudence's heart throb painfully, and her breath catch in her throat, as though with a strange, unbearable premonition . . .

John Page got up to go to bed. He had a hard day before him on the morrow, so he said, and excused himself, leaving the women to their gossip.

The moment he had gone, his wife remarked, in a would-be casual tone that didn't deceive Janet in the least:
"He's a very clever, is Peter Armstrong, and one that I've a great admiration for."

Then Janet said a most extraordinary thing.
"Oh, I wouldn't let your admiration run away with you, Peter Armstrong's like all the men, where a pretty woman is concerned. I've not much patience with him."

Prudence felt her whole body grow rigid.

"Why—why?" (Was it her own voice that spoke?)
"He's let himself be hooked by that Virginia Dale, and by the way he's going on, he's hers, and crazy over her!"

Peter . . . 'crazy over' Virginia Dale? Hers? Impossible!

Prudence sat in stunned silence, staring at Janet as though the bringer of bad tidings were a terrifying ghost.

Janet's lips were pressed into a tight, disapproving line. She had no certain knowledge that Prudence's heart was seriously involved with the young inventor, but she did know that he had given balm to that young, loving, bruised heart when Traymore had so hurt it, in the past.

And Prudence was of the type that must cling to something, must lean on someone . . . and Janet had always looked on Peter Armstrong as the proverbial oak.

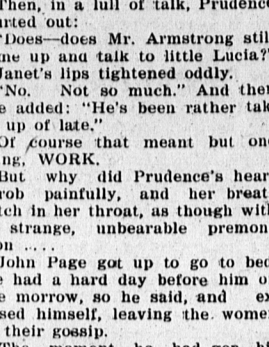
"What does men were?" Judging by the white face of the young girl sitting opposite, he had trifled with her!

It was Mrs. Page who broke the sudden silence. There was a sharp note of strain as she said, quickly:
"But he went to visit Prudence at the hospital only yesterday. He—he was most attentive—"

"And Virginia Dale was waiting for him downstairs all the time. Oh! the ways of men are beyond me! I give them up!"

Prudence found her tongue. It was parched, and the words came with difficulty, but she got them out.
"She must have followed him to the hospital. I don't understand!" Janet flung out her capable hands with a sarcastic gesture.
"Oh, I understand, only too well. He's like all the rest of them . . . keen on a chase . . . though I always did think in the past that it was Virginia did most of the hunting. Of course, she's been wild about him for a long time, and he didn't seem to see it. But even the best of them are susceptible to flattery, and she's clever, in her way. She's played her cards well, and she's got him."

Janet took a breather, then went on:
"They came down from London yesterday on the 5.15, getting to the Towers in time for dinner. I heard Miss Virginia saying that he'd taken her to the Savoy for tea, and they'd had a long heart-to-heart talk (bah! she hasn't got a heart, I'll wager!), and they'd 'fixed things up,' and she was 'divinely happy' you know how she gushes, don't you?," and Mrs. Vansittart gave her a long, queer look, and then kissed her and said: "You're luckier than you deserve, my dear, and Miss Virginia she"



only laughs and tosses her head, and boomed over her power with men. Mr. Armstrong didn't hear that bit, of course, but he dined at the Towers and sat next Virginia, and she confided on him something awful, though they were already on the honeymoon, and all, and though sometimes he looked a bit fed up, for indeed she was overdoing the whole thing shockingly, he stood it, and with my own eyes—for I was crossing the back of the hall, where it's in shadow, and they didn't see me—I saw Virginia fling her arms round his neck and kiss him 'good night' and all. It made me sick!"

Prudence fought against the dizziness that enveloped her, summoning every particle of pride to her aid.

But she dared not trust her voice to speak, and—hypnotized and at the same time tortured—could only listen dumbly to Janet rambling on.

"He was back again to-night at dinner, sitting by her side. And, would you believe it? already she was trying to make him jealous by leading on that Traymore fellow, flirting with him to beat the band! Not that Mr. Armstrong seemed to notice it . . . but, then, he's too much of a gentleman!"

"And they do say that the night of the storm he was entertaining her till all hours in his cottage. I'm surprised at him for that, but I dare say she was stormbound, and no doubt she had an end in view. Not that he doesn't seem fond enough of her . . ."

Prudence sat at last desisted, blaming herself for a garrulous and tactless self. She rose to go.

"Don't you worry, dear, about that unpleasant business at the Towers . . . the stolen money. I mean . . . Mrs. Vansittart spoke to me about it, and I told her you were as innocent as the babe unborn. She's coming to see you, when you're strong enough—"

"No. Oh, no. Tell her not to. Prudence couldn't bear any more. Then, pulling herself together:
"I'll walk down to the garden gate with you, Janet."

She needed air. The house was stifling her.

So Janet went away, and Prudence was left with the moonlight and the maddening scent of honeysuckle and the passionate love-sonnets of the nightingale . . . left to the ruin of her life . . . her loneliness . . . and the perfidy of the one man she'd trusted out of all the disappointing world.

CHAPTER XXIX
Farewell to Love

Opening the garden-gate—for indeed Prudence couldn't bear to return immediately to her mother's loving, all-seeing eyes—she went out to the road, rambling along by a little stream whose bubbling tinkle made another night-song in her ears.

Stay! There were footsteps on the road! She hesitated, heart a-throb again. Was Peter, at the eleventh hour, coming . . . to explain?

The moon was high and clear now, and she saw him coming towards her.

"Peter!" The word was out of her mouth before she realized it. "Is that you, Prudence?" His voice was low and constrained.

"Yes . . . I—I thought you weren't coming. Did you . . . did you get my note?"

He was beside her now, looking at her with dark and deeply troubled eyes, as she stood on the edge of the tiny stream that bubbled by the roadside.

"Yes, I got your letter. I couldn't come to-night . . . till now . . ."

Something in his tone brought the agony of fear back. He went on:
"Prudence, I've come . . . to apologize . . . for yesterday. I had no right to—to do as I did . . ."

"You mean, you had no right to . . . kiss me?" Her very heart stood still, awaiting his reply.

THE BEDTIME STRIP—

THIS IS GETTING TIRESOME. I'VE BEEN SETTING ON THESE EGGS NOW FOR ALMOST THREE WEEKS. IF THEY DON'T HATCH PRETTY SOON, I QUIT

AFTER THEY HATCH, YOUR TROUBLES JUST BEGIN. THE CHICKS WILL BE A FRIGHTFUL WORRY TO YOU


THEY'RE NOT REALLY MY CHILDREN EITHER. OLD FARMER JONES' WIFE GAVE THEM TO ME TO HATCH OUT. I'M KIND O' SORRY I TOOK THE JOB

I DON'T BLAME YOU. I DID THAT ONCE AND GOT A BROOD OF TURKEYS. THEY GREW UP TOO PROUD TO SPEAK TO ME.

THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE HATCHED. NEXT YEAR I HOPE MRS. JONES GETS AN INCUBATOR

MY WORD. WHAT STRANGE LOOKING CREATURES!

DON'T BE SO STIFFY. I'VE SEEN STRANGER LOOKING ONES IN YOUR FAMILY



Viscountess Rhonca, who recently headed a woman's suffragist demonstration in Trafalgar Square in support of Premier Baldwin's so-called "lapper vote bill," a measure granting the ballot to all women over 21 years of age. She described the meeting as "the last great suffragist demonstration that will probably ever be held."

Prudence steeled herself for the blow. It came.
"Virginia Dale and I . . . we are engaged . . ." said Peter slowly, staring past Prudence into the moonlit night.
Virginia Dale and Peter . . . engaged!
Not from any other lips but Peter's own could Prudence have believed the news!
Peter . . . the one man in all the world who was a tower of strength, a rock to lean upon . . . the man to whom she'd given the whole love of her fervent young heart . . . Peter . . . to marry the girl who hated her . . . a girl who wasn't worthy to unlatch his shoe-strings!
The blow was so terrific that for one dizzy moment she was stunned and speechless.
"I wanted to tell you first," Peter was repeating in a low voice, standing by the edge of the little tinkling stream that ran along the roadside.
In vain she tried to find her voice.
The correct thing was to congratulate him, wasn't it?
How could she?
Peter! She loved him . . . ardently. Always she would love him, until breath left her body.
Pale moths darted across the path and over the rumbling brook, and larger moths passed with a low hum of wings. The scent of honeysuckle drenched the night air with loveliness, and the whiteness of bramble blossom was like a lamp in the dark.
But oh! what pain this beauty brought!
Beauty . . . without the love of Peter Armstrong!
How could she face the endless train of nights like these, knowing she'd missed the one great thing that changed existence from prosaic round of humdrum tasks and so-called pleasures, to a pulsating joy that poets sang about, and people died for?

Farewell to Love!
Peter stood there in the moonlight, his clean-cut, handsome face as though carved from ivory, his strong square chin more prominent than ever, his fine lips set, as though a battle must be fought.
Prudence never realized how much she tempted him at that moment . . . how he longed to cast all wisdom to the winds and "kneel down on the dusty road, right at her feet, and tell her that no matter what honor demanded of him, he loved her, and her alone . . . would always love her, till the moon and stars faded, and the earth crumbled into dust.

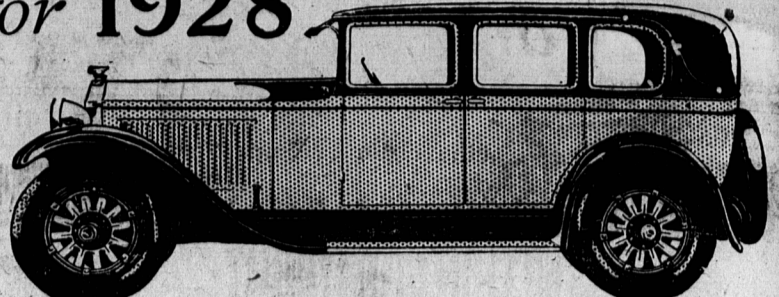
The Best Medicine She Ever Used
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Highly Praised by a Quebec Lady

Mrs. David Logan, Thetford, Mines, Que., gives unstinted praise to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the good they have done in her family. Mrs. Logan says:—"I have been a user of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for many years, as occasion required, and have always found them a most reliable medicine. My husband, who was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and was in a very weak condition, took the pills, and through them gained health and strength. My daughter was in a run-down condition, and was forced to discontinue work. Again Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were resorted to and she was soon restored to excellent health. Then my eldest boy had an operation performed for adenoids, which left him in a weakened condition. Once more Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were tried, and he was soon in excellent health. So I can truly say that more than satisfaction has been obtained by the use of this medicine. The pills have done more good in my home than hundreds of dollars worth of more expensive medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills assist digestion, correct the lactitude, the palpitation of the heart, shaky nerves and the pallor of the face and lips that are the results of thin, impure blood.

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Heads turn in admiring tribute whenever a McLaughlin-Buick for 1928 flashes by . . . for it is richly endowed with that rare quality . . . that elusive touch of personality . . . that indefinable characteristic called "smartness."

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DEALERS FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

ingly—he'd 'compromised' to her hostess, with a complacent little smile—which seemed to say: "Few men can resist ME—for long!"

Virginia had played her part well, and had won. An inglorious victory, it's true, but—

"If he isn't head over ears in love with me now, he will be," that self-confident damsel had confided

ing about how this silly girl spent practically the whole night in your cottage. You can't outrage Mrs. Grundy and get away with it, you know. Unfortunately, it's always the woman who pays."

(To Be Continued)

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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN
Subscription Dept. Charlottetown

—By Arthur Chapouille

A Mother's Troubles



THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE HATCHED. NEXT YEAR I HOPE MRS. JONES GETS AN INCUBATOR

MY WORD. WHAT STRANGE LOOKING CREATURES!

DON'T BE SO STIFFY. I'VE SEEN STRANGER LOOKING ONES IN YOUR FAMILY