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JONES is happy, successful, making the most of his life. His energetic body and mind—developed through plenty of exercise, proper sleep... and principally right food—have enabled him to capitalize the big opportunities.

Millions of men like Jones begin each day with Grape-Nuts for breakfast. It was deliberately designed to supply, in delicious form, the five essential elements of nutrition. And it is easy to digest. It is crisp, so that teeth and gums benefit from the enjoyable chewing of Grape-Nuts.

Buy Grape-Nuts from your grocer in the wax-wrapped package. Four teaspoonfuls, costing less than one cent, is a sufficient serving. Use from the package, with milk or cream. Made in Canada.

Other—Better use this moistener. Postage stamps are said to germs on them. Many (after some swift tongue work)—Oh, well, ma, after they've got a licking, what harm 'em can they do?—Vancouver Forum ce.



We Wouldn't Go That Far!

We wouldn't say that Wrigley's has a place at the wedding ceremony, but in times of stress or when you have a trying ordeal to face—use Wrigley's for its pleasing, soothing effect.

Try the new DOUBLE MINT—it's real Peppermint—full strength, delicious and lasting.

DOUBLE MINT is in a new dress of silver foil with old gold and olive green label.



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Covers All Kinds of Lime, Rock and Fertilizer Spreads 75 to 10,000 Pounds Per Acre. Guaranteed To Handle Wet, Dry or Lumpy Lime (In Any Form), Commercial Fertilizer, Phosphate, Gypsum, Wood Ashes, Shells, etc.

Central Guardian

VALET AUTO STROP Razor or Valet Utility Knife given free with every yearly new or renewal subscription to the Guardian.

WALSH ANTHRACITE COAL — Steamer direct loading at Swaenasa, Wales, May 20th. Best quality Welsh coal in egg size furnace and nut size for kitchen range. C. Lyons & Co., Phone 111. 5646-5-20-31

UTILITY KNIFE, handy and convenient, free with every yearly new or renewal subscription to the Guardian.

WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL — Steamer now loading at Swaenasa, Wales due here last of May. Cobble size for furnace and Chestnut for range or baseburner, highest grade bit vein Anthracite, booking orders now W. D. Gillis & Co., Phone 176. 5653-5-20-31

VALET AUTO STROP RAZOR free with every yearly new or renewal subscription to the Guardian.

RIFLEMEN— The Rifle Range will be open on Tuesday, 24th May, at 1.30 p.m. All riflemen eligible to shoot in the Inter-Maritime Match are requested to be present. 5705

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION may have expired, renew now and get your choice of a Valet Auto Strop Razor, blade and strap free, or Valet Utility Knife free. Either one makes a remarkable premium.

A MEETING will be held in Springfield Hall on Monday evening, May 23rd, at 8 p.m., at which representatives of the Temperance Alliance of P.E. Island will be present and deliver Addresses and organize local Committees of the Alliance. The public are cordially invited to be present. 5654-5-20-31

DUCHEMIN — GREEN WEDDING — A pretty wedding took place quietly on Wednesday morning, May 18, at the home of Mr. A. C. Duchemin, Richmond Street, when his daughter, Miss Alice Dorothy was united in marriage to Mr. J. Alvah Green of Alberton. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Ramsay and Rev. W. Ryan in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. After the wedding breakfast was served Mr. and Mrs. Green left on the early train en route for Trinidad where they intend to make their home, the bride being most becomingly attired in a travelling costume of navy blue and beige. The good wishes of many friends, who have in the past few weeks been showing their esteem for the bride by many beautiful wedding and shower gifts, follow Mr. and Mrs. Green to their new home.

PERSONALS

Mr. William L. Brown is spending the summer in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. E. Mullen and young son, Arthur, of Charlottetown passed through the city Thursday afternoon en route to Montreal and Ottawa to spend a month's vacation. —Moncton Times.

Sterling R. Beaton, representing the firm of S.A. McDonald, Charlottetown, has just returned from a business trip to the Magdalen Islands.

SURE WAY TO GET RID OF BLACKHEADS

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads; that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that clog the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.

For ECZEMA

Take Our Herbal Remedies Book on Skin Diseases. New Treatise on Chronic Diseases by Herbal Remedies. Pamphlets on Loss of Manhood and Diseases of men. Booklet on Female Ills and advice free by mail, 30 years' experience. (Without criticizing or disparaging your doctor writes us before losing hope.) Treatment by mail our speciality. English Herbal Dispensary Limited, 1350 Davis, Vancouver, B. C. Canada's Oldest Herbal Institute

RU Ready for the 24th? We are with a full assortment of MILLARD'S finest in the world Fishing Tackle, Lines, Hooks, Flies, etc.

See them before buying elsewhere. Harold L. Worthy 178 QUEEN STREET PHONE 271

The Crime Wave

(Continued from page three.)

And I venture to say that outside of eating and sleeping under certain roofs, they have no more interest in home-making than any one of us here tonight, has an interest in last year's bird's nest with the bottom out. The best kind of a bird won't foul another's nest. You can't get a decent home-keeping fellow to use an axe on the property of the other fellow. He simply will not do it. And let me tell you that the man who will smash in, and break up the home or store of the other fellow will, sooner or later, turn pirate in his own premises. As sure as the sun rises and sets, he will steal from his own flesh and blood, and he will raid and plunder the best friends he has on earth. The habitual house-breaker has no more heart than a grindstone. One nest, for him, is as good as another. He is a stranger to affection; a heart-breaker to his parents; an Ishmaelite and a vagabond, upon the face of the earth.

Not in School.

The house-breaker has no interest in school. He cares nothing for learning. Most of the bandits, in these days, have little or no schooling. Many can't write their own names. Ignorance breeds crime. You trace back the criminal "bunch," in this city. Trace back the history of these young plunderers to their school age, and you will find that they were truants. While other boys were at their books, these chaps were playing "hooky," and in those early days of boyhood, were hatching the plans of destruction and theft which, today, are executed as a breadful and tragic reality. The boy who robs the school-house, will rob his own home and the home of his fellow-man later on.

Forsaken the House of God.

You may comb Charlottetown, from one end to another, but you will not find any one of this house-mashing, store-breaking gang inside the four walls of any church in the city—Catholic or Protestant. Toilers have no interest in the church. Sunday School is too tame for this particular "bunch." These fellows can't tie up with anything religious. Away back in early youth, they slipped Sunday School, as well as dodged everything that looked like books and lessons. "I never went to church" said a little heaver thief to Judge Lindsey, not long since. "I never went to Sunday School, in my life," he said. "I only went to the common school about a year." "Then," asked the judge, "where and how did you spend your time?" The little fellow replied: "I was brought up on the sidewalk." I am afraid there are too many in this city brought up on the sidewalk. No church! No school! No home! Little folks! Little tots! But in a world gone mad.

Just Hanging Around.

You don't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to run down a certain crowd of crooks. All criminals ravel the same road. They are loitered in certain pastures. They all congregate at certain points. Just keep your eyes open—wide open—and you will spot them. These fellows, who make up the house-mashing brigade are, always when not at the job of breaking in and carrying off the spoils—hanging around.

Hanging Around the Wharves.

Go down to your wharves and look about you. What do you see? A certain crowd just hanging around. That is all they are doing; hanging about. That is about the most dangerous thing in God's world—just hanging around. Well, that is your crime-breeding herd, just as sure as you are born. Those wharf-loungers are ready for anything except a decent job. Of course, here are certain longshoremen who, sometimes, have to stand around, talking about nothing, but that class, I am talking about a certain kind of human wharf rat, who is out to get something by hanging around until the hour comes when he can smash something or someone, and bring home the stolen bacon. We need a good wharf hanging around this "burg," and I think we should give up the fallacy of thinking that the whole duty of town reformation should be thrown upon the shoulders of a few policemen.

Hanging Around Street Corners.

Look around you! Don't you see them? A bunch of fellows always hanging around the street corners. Hanging about. Seeing how far they can squirt tobacco juice. Hanging around watching the girls go by. Hanging around, making indecent remarks and cracking emu-jokes. A lot of gangsters leaning up against buildings, while their idle brains conceive plans of plunder, and their empty hearts chuckle over the prospect of wrecking some happy home. A bunch of crime-hatchers that must be moved on, or go under, and take scores and hundreds down with them. Clean up your street corners, if you would lessen store-breaking and home-smashing.

Hanging Around Watching Others Work.

Go down-town and keep your eyes wide open. Who are these young fellows slouching around excavations and the building operations of our fair city? Young fellows—strong as oxen but, inhibited by less useful—hanging around, lounging about; the future law-breakers and criminals of one of the fairest and best countries upon which the sun ever shone. Strapping young men, watching the world go by. Fellows with red blood—but, I am afraid, a yellow streak down their backbone—watching other men, with pick and shovel and hammer, earning an honest dollar, and contributing their share to the common good.

Hanging Around the Courts.

Go down to our courts! Keep just one eye open and look at the fellows hanging around. I tell you they are no bouquets. You may see this crowd, in any court room. They make up the rogue's gallery. Big, husky fellows, who want work; fellows with ambition and snap; will not spend their time hanging around a court house, and squatting in a court room. Criminals are often bred by watching criminals tried.

Fellows With Court Records.

Who are these fellows who have been "busting" up things in our midst? In my humble opinion, I venture the assertion, with hardly an exception, these men all had court records. The history of house-breaking would bear me out in this statement. Lenny! Yes, there are times when leniency and mercy should be exercised. Were it not for the mercy of God Who here tonight, could stand? But there are men, and women to whom pardon and parole mean nothing.

There are men, in this city who have been up in the court, again and again. Men who have been jailed. But these men, through the good and kindly offices of influential parties secured their freedom on suspended sentence, or the shortening of prison terms. What did these same men do? I am told, and I have reason to believe what I have been told, these same men returned to their wallowing in the mire. They turned back to old crimes. Experience taught them nothing. They never learned nor forgot anything. These pathetic, moral dullards, forever turning to their old background of habit and sin, are out tonight to break into the rights of others. They are out to smash their way through to unlawful booty, to play the role of a heartless, bloody pirate, and thus bring sorrow and ruin to innocent people, and trouble, disgrace and tragedy to themselves and their own families.

Booze at the Bottom.

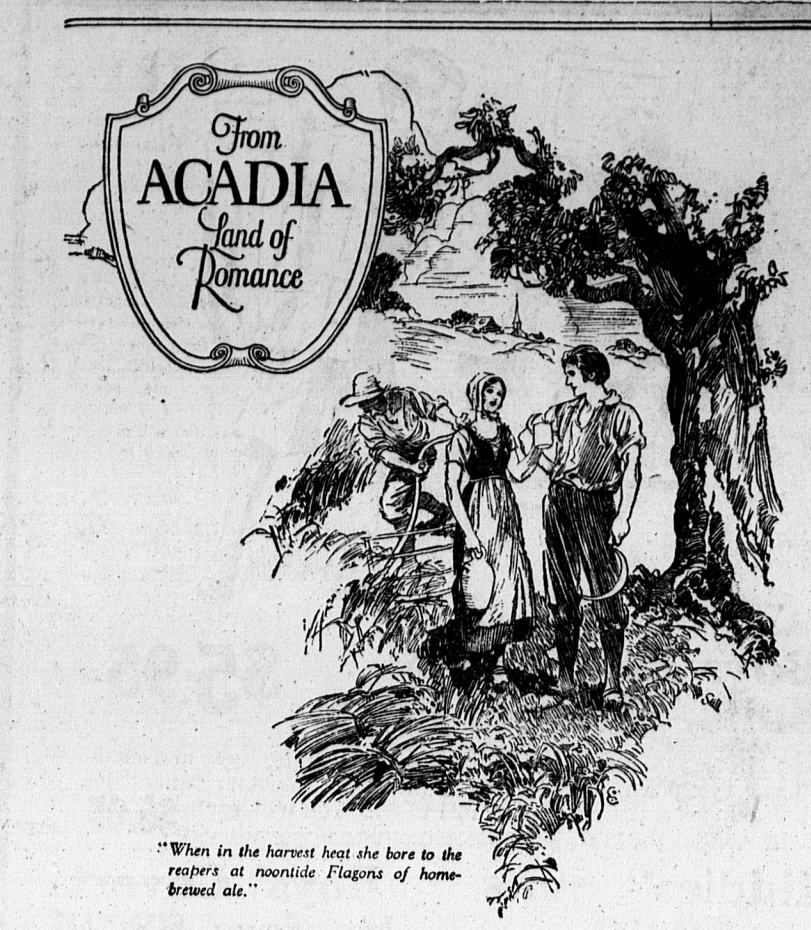
Who are these robbers of homes and stores and warehouses? They are booze guzzlers. Drink is at the bottom of nearly all this trouble and turmoil. These poor, empty-headed, empty-hearted hangers on want booze. And I want you, just here, to spell "booze" with capital letters—BOOZE. But they haven't the price for this poisoned bootleg concoction. But they got to get it. That ends it. Nothing must stand between their parched throats and burning stomachs and the bootleg bottle. What are these Charlottetown stores for? What do these comfortable homes of the city stand for? To the fellow with the house-breaking heart, and a rum appetite, these things stand for plunder, robbery, loot and money. These windows can easily be smashed; these doors can readily be pried open; these registers can be rifled; these goods loaded on an automobile; and the household goods can be soon whisked to a place of darkness and safety. Goods—stolen goods—to buy whiskey; rot-gut—to feed the criminal brain, in order to devise more means and plans to break into new stores and new homes, to get more goods, more money, to buy more rum and more whiskey and so the circle of crime goes on—ever—and forever. If there is one sober, cool brain among a "bunch" of bandits, there are one dozen who are out for one thing and that one thing is—Whiskey. Must First be Intoxicated.

I make bold to say, tonight, that hardly one of Charlottetown's house-breaking gang would have the nerve to smash in and steal and carry away the ill-gotten goods and money, except under the influence of whiskey. These fellows haven't the nerve to commit such crimes, unless they are fired up and greatly illuminated with bootleg. The hangers all require false courage and they get it from the bottle.

Died by the Visitation of God

Some time ago, in the city of Cambridge, Mass., a mother and her baby had been missed for nearly a week. Great anxiety prevailed. The whole neighborhood was aroused to action. Special police work was called into requisition. Detectives searched high and low. At last, the discovery of the lost mother and the lost baby was made. But it was the discovery of a dead mother. Her side was found an empty quart whiskey bottle. At her breast was the living baby, trying to extract its living from the dead body of its mother. The jury returned this verdict: "Died by the visitation of God."

It was the wrong verdict. She died under the influence of whiskey. Whiskey did it. Charlottetown, in an incredibly short time, has witnessed a succession of house-breakings, store-breakings, rifled tills and destroyed



"When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide Flagon of home-brewed ale."

BUT how Evangeline herself would have loved the chosen refreshment of to-day—Chocolates by Moirs! Unknown in the olden days, but for many years since, the tribute of man to maid, Chocolates by Moirs stand as the gift always welcome on every occasion. Fruits and delicacies from the four corners of the earth have been harvested for your enjoyment in each daintily packaged box of Moirs. Whether you buy Moirs by the pound or the package the quality is identical. The name Moirs appears on each individual chocolate. It is your safeguard. Look for it.

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Now Landing: 400 Casks, St. John Lime "PURITY" & "SNOW FLAKE" BRANDS L. M. POOLE & CO. PAOLI'S WHARVES

Next Sunday evening Rev. Neil Herman will give the second and last sermon on The Crime Wave in Charlottetown. Subject:—How to Meet The Crime Wave in Charlottetown.

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