

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
"SALADA"
 TEA
 "Fresh from the Gardens"

KENSINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Honor roll of Kensington High School for August and September:
 Grade X—1, Louise Johnson; 2, Evelyn MacNeill; 3, Norma Davison.
 Grade IX—1, Jean Proffitt; 2, Claire Somers; 3, Roseita McKenna.
 Grade VIII—1, Reta Clark; 2, Doris Saunders; 3, Glen Bernard.
 Grade VII—1, Mary Casely; 2, Helen Higgins; 3, Lloyd MacPherson.
 Grade VI—1, Keith Kennedy; 2, Boyd Beairto; 3, Ralph Somers.
 Grade V (Miss Proffitt)—1, Lor-

aine McMahon; 2, Vina Higgins; 3, Joyce Howard.
 Grade V (Miss Ready)—1, Morris Clark; 2, Elwood Clark; 3, Paul McKay.
 Grade IV—1, Eugenia MacSwain and Helen Reeves (equal); 3, Ingham MacNeill and Billie Sims (equal).
 Grade III—1, Wilna Delaney and Geraldine McLean (equal); 3, Thelma Gill.
 Grade II (Miss Higgins)—1, Patricia Pendergast; 2, Norman Mill; 3, George Wadman.
 Grade II (Miss Thompson)—1, Emmet Braham; 2, Elwood Dunning; 3, Leslie Clark.
 Grade I (a)—1, Phelicia Clark; 2, Lois MacDonald; 3, Charlie Watson.
 Grade I (b)—1, Enid Champlon; 2, Jean MacDonald; 3, Evelyn Harding.

ALBERTON SOUTH SCHOOL

Report of Alberton South School:
 Grade VIII—1, Esther Powers, Reta Perry, Mary Mallet.
 Grade VI—Violet MacDougall
 Grade V—Gladys Gallant, Allen Skerry, Mae Matthews.
 Grade IV—Earl Powers, Marie Skerry, Sam Fraser.
 Grade II—Mabel Fraser, Eva Mallet, Violet Gallant.
 Perfect attendance—Gladys Gallant, Edith Kinch, John Gavin, Eva Mallet.

IT'S LIVER THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO WRETCHED
 Wake up your Liver Bile

—No Calomel necessary
 For you to feel healthy and happy, you must pour two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels, every day. Without that bile, trouble starts. Poor digestion. Slow elimination. Poisons in the body. Great weakness.
 How can you expect to clear up a situation like this completely with mere bowel-moving salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? They don't wake up your liver.
 You need Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. Safe. Quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c. at all druggists.

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 63
HIS 'BLIND HAPPINESS'

The bees were humming drowsily among the blossom of the apple-orchard, and Prudence Page—an enchanting picture in her gingham frock of faded blue—was lying in a hammock slung between two trees when Virginia—hot with wrath—came at a brisk pace down the road and sighted what she called the 'little disturber.'

"Sly little cat! S'pose she thinks Peter'll come along and see her? Posing, that's what she is!"

Prudence, however, was doing nothing of the sort. She was struggling to read a book of Victor Hugo's in the original, with a view to improving her knowledge of the French tongue.

Now that her mother was so much better, Prudence cherished hopes of getting a job somewhere, and that for a threefold reason.

First, to get out of the radius of Peter Armstrong's vision. It was torturing to run the risk of meeting him.

Secondly, work was the great panacea for all woes, and the one possible way of forgetfulness.

Thirdly, she did so want to make herself 'worth-while.' Having known (and loved) a man like Peter Armstrong, wasn't it up to her to be all the better for it, instead of bitter and narrow and 'disappointed'?

Virginia looked over the hedge, and seeing the sweetness and beauty of the younger girl, hated her with all her heart—if Virginia possessed such a disturbing organ, which is doubtful.

A big blossom fell on Prudence's face. Its pink-and-cream was no clearer than the girl's complexion, and the latter was entirely guileless of rouge or creams or powder.

Prudence swept the fallen blossom off, and as she did so, her book fell to the ground, and she sat up, yawning a little.

Virginia passed on to the garden gate, and went through it to another, larger gate which led into the apple-orchard.

It wasn't till she was within a few yards of Prudence, coming up behind, that the latter turned around and perceived the newcomer.

"Good afternoon!" snapped Virginia, conscious that the peaceful setting of the place was no fit spot for the letting loose of her own terrific temper, but torn with jealous rage. "I've come on rather an unpleasant mission, so I won't beat about the bush."

Prudence eyed her with disarming composure. Odd how this unexpected attack should so misfire?

But was it unexpected? The child must have a guilty conscience!

"Well, what is it? Prudence vouchsafed no further greeting. She did not even move from the hammock, but sat there—apparently entire mistress of herself—gazing at her heated assailant with a wide-eyed candour that was peculiarly disconcerting.

Virginia moved nearer. She touched the fallen book with the toe of her smart shoe, and, with a sneer, remarked:—

"Reading French novels on the sly, eh? Sweet, innocent little country maid not quite as angelic as she makes the men believe she is?"

Or perhaps they could tell a tale . . . ?

Not for a moment did Prudence take her candid eyes from off the speaker's face, as gravely she replied:—

"I thought that everyone who had been to school knew that Victor Hugo's novels are classics? Or haven't you ever learned French?"

That was a 'facer.'

"Don't be impertinent!" Virginia bit her petulant underlip, and dug her parasol viciously into a little clump of flowers, as though she'd like to murder everything that was lovely, and cool, and dignified, she being none of these three things at the moment.

Prudence did not answer. Instead she slid out of the hammock, picked up the fallen book, and—as though Virginia weren't there at all—turned her back on her and set off for the house.

"Here! Listen! Wait a minute!" Virginia caught up with her.

Prudence turned, still with the expression of dignified gravity on her face.

"What do you wish to say?"

Virginia swallowed for a moment, then she blurted out:—

"Don't dare to poach on my preserves! Keep your hands off Peter Armstrong!"

Prudence's gaze widened. Queer how this 'society' girl could be as common as any fish-wife!

"You mean that you imagine I'm trying to take him away from you?"

"Yes. Not that there's the least chance of your succeeding, for men in Peter's class would never think seriously of a— a farm girl, a dairy-maid—"

Prudence's outward tranquillity did not fall her.

"Then why come to me at all? Why not let the matter be?"

Another 'poser!' This impudent chit had all her wits about her! thought Virginia furiously.

"I came to you because I don't choose to have gossip circulating about the man I'm going to marry," she rapped out. "He's mine . . . in love with me . . ."

"That being so," said Prudence calmly, "He couldn't possibly be interested in me! So set your mind at rest."

Pride triumphed over pain. She was a 'thorough-bred.'

"What d'you mean?"

"You say you are engaged to him. You say that he's in love with you. That being the case, how can you think he's even interested in me, or what I do?"

Virginia snorted.

"Don't play the innocent babe! Don't dare deny you met him the other evening in the moonlight!"

Before Prudence could reply to that, she hurried on, angrily:—

"Men in Peter's class only amuse themselves with girls like you. Look how Bert Traymore played with you, and then threw you over. Bert's been in love with me for years. He's proposed to me a hundred times. You tried to get him and you failed. And now you're trying to get the other."

"You are totally mistaken." Prudence held her young head high. "But—since you talk so frankly—let me tell you something. I only do it because the man you are going to marry is so superior to yourself, so immeasurably above you in every way, that I fear for his happiness. And so I ask you not to smash his ideals, but let him keep his—his illusions about you—let him have his blind happiness as long as may be possible."

(To be Continued.)

the school library, a committee of four were appointed to take charge of it.

The school committee reported that the floor should be scrubbed and some soap bought. Mrs. Vincent MacDonald and Mrs. Allan MacKenzie were appointed to visit the school during October. The sick committee were re-appointed. Mrs. Aeneas MacDonald and Mrs. Henry MacDonald were appointed to take charge of the entertainment for October. A social hour followed, consisting of a reading by Miss Kathleen MacDonald; step dance, by Miss Beatrice Steele and a Toast Contest by Mrs. Charles J. MacDonald for which a prize was awarded to Miss Laura MacDonald. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by her daughter, Miss Joan and Miss Janet MacDonald. Mrs. Allan MacKenzie invited the members for the next meeting, roll call to be answered by doing a stunt or paying a fine. The meeting closed with the National Anthem.

FANNING SCHOOL

Honor roll of Fanning School for the month of September:
 Grade X—1, Enid Ramsay; 2, Marjorie Bryenton.
 Grade IX—1, Alice MacGougan; 2, Lorne Owen; 3, Kenneth MacKay.
 Grade VIII—1, Dougald MacNutt; 2, Mary Stewart; 3, Roy Abbott.
 Grade VII—1, Eleanor Ramsay; 2, Kenford Abbott; 3, Woldo Cousins.
 Grade VI—1, Marion Abbott; 2, Jean Stewart; 3, Bruce MacGougan.
 Perfect attendance—Enid Ramsay, Marjorie Bryenton, Alice MacGougan, Kenneth MacGougan, Lorne Owen, Wilton Ramsay, Roy Abbott, Eleanor Ramsay, Kenford Abbott, Marion Abbott, Jean Stewart.
 James R. Murphy—Teacher.

Grade V—1, Gerald Lockhart; 2, Lawrence Ramsay.
 Grade IV—1, Helen Wall; 2, Harry Champion; 3, George Woodside.
 Grade III—1, Stella Wall; 2, Evelyn Burt; 3, Montgomery Owen.
 Grade II—1, Shirley Woodside; 2, Gerald Stewart; 3, Garnett Turner.
 Grade I (Sr.)—1, Lois Wall; 2, Edward MacGougan.
 Grade I (Jr.)—1, Betty MacKinnon; 2, Eva Wall; 3, Althea Bryenton.

Perfect attendance—Lawrence Ramsay, George Woodside, Ralph Owen, Montgomery Owen, Erna Abbott, Garnett Turner, Shirley Woodside, Edward MacGougan, Althea Bryenton, Carl Woodside.
 Olive Gillespie—Teacher.

LITTLE POND INSTITUTE

Fourteen members and seven visitors attended the September meeting of the Little Pond Women's Institute at the home of Mrs. James A. E. MacDonald. Roll call was answered with suggestions for sandwich fillings.

After some discussion concerning

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. KENNETH MACKENZIE

There passed peacefully away on Sept. 15th after a long illness, which she bore with perfect resignation and fortitude, Margaret McPhee widow of the late Kenneth MacKenzie in her 85th year. All during her illness her spiritual needs were constantly attended to by her faithful pastor the Rev. M. J. Rooney, who frequently brought her Holy Communion. Her funeral at All Saints Church on Sunday afternoon was very largely attended.

The service at the church and grave was conducted by her pastor assisted by the Rev. Leo Sullivan and the Rev. Joseph Fay of Western Canada. Of a family of eight she leaves to mourn three, two sons and one daughter, Cyrus V. in North Sydney; Leo and Mrs. John J. McDonald, Cardigan; also one sister, Mrs. James Maher, Bangor, Maine, and one brother, Michael McPhee in Braintree, Mass. The pall bearers were, Messrs. Robert MacLaren, Walter Byrne, Philip Sullivan, George Wilson, Daniel MacAuley, Peter Campbell, Hearse bearer, John Wilson. May her soul rest in peace.

MARSHFIELD SCHOOL

Honor roll for September:
 Grade X—1, Jean Scott.
 Grade VI—1, Alfreda Rogers, 2, Regina Rogers.
 Grade V—1, Dorothy Gibson, 2, Helen Denn's.
 Grade IV (a) 1, Eleanor Mill.
 Grade IV (b) 1, Alan Miller, 2, Joan Miller, 3, Madge Miller.
 Grade III—1, Ferne Mill, 2, Beth Gibson, 3, Evelyn Rogers.
 Grade I (a) 1, Doris Rogers, 2, Alison Scott, 3, Maxine Wheeler.
 Grade I (b) 1, Derma Rogers, 2, Marion Wheeler.
 Grade I (c) 1, Athol McBeath, Marguerite Terrell.

"SETS" FLORAL CLOCK

AT OWN DEATH HOUR
 RIVERSIDE, N. J., Oct. 12—Four days before he died Anton Putnie, 47, walked into a florist's shop. He was disturbed by the statement of his doctor that he was seriously ill of uremic poisoning. "I want a floral clock," he told the florist. "Have the hands set at 2.30. I'll be dead by that time Sunday."
 He was right, almost to the hour, his landlady said.

TOO FAT?

Eat less sweet, starchy foods, and twice a week take

Sparkling...
 Invigorating...

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

to maintain bodily fitness
 In TINS . . . 35c and 60c
 NEW, LARGE BOTTLE, 75c

COLORS TO SUPERSEDE BLACK, SAYS DESIGNER

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 12—(A.P.)—The opinion that chic women will discard their black this autumn, and be seen in new rich dark shades was expressed today by Travis Banton, designer.

Banton began during the summer designing fall screen attire for Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard and other carefully-dressed stars. The designer lists among the leading tones those of wild blackberry, heather brown, celestial blue, plum red, beige-gold, fuchsia, sapphire, blue and turt green. They are for fall and winter evening frocks.

Evening ensembles, he advises, should be narrowed down to one color, and the same goes for street costumes, unless a check or plaid is used.

Banton warns that women should be sure their arms and necks are covered for dinner. The back may be exposed, but it is considered more chic this winter to bring the neckline of the dinner dress right up under the chin and the sleeves right down to the wrists.

Minard's Lintment for Chittblains.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Provincial Temperance Federation will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building, Charlottetown, on Tuesday, October 17th, at 11 a.m.

J. M. McLEOD,
 President.
 R. H. STAVERT,
 Secretary.

**WEATHER FINE
 ROADS GOOD
 TIME SHORT**

**GUARDIAN'S BIG CONTEST CLOSES
 WEEK FROM WEDNESDAY OCT. 25th.**

MR. SUBSCRIBER! Only Short Time Left To Help YOUR FAVOURITE Contestant

- The First Grand Prize is . . . \$600 Cash
- The Second Grand Prize is . . . \$300 Cash
- The Third Grand Prize is . . . \$200 Cash
- The Fourth Grand Prize is . . . \$100 Cash
- The Fifth Grand Prize is . . . \$100 Cash
- The Sixth Grand Prize is . . . \$50 Cash
- The Seventh Grand Prize is . . . \$50 Cash

Contestants who fail to win one of the Seven Grand Cash Prizes, receive 20% Cash Commission Prizes, plus the extra Cash Prizes they win during the Contest.