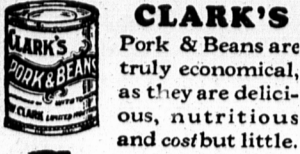


Good - yet Cheap



CLARK'S Pork & Beans are truly economical, as they are delicious, nutritious and cost but little.

CLARK'S Pork & Beans - Ready to heat and serve.

Minerals produced in South Africa the first four months this year were worth almost \$1,000,000 more than those produced in the similar period last year.

Scotchfort Scotchfort Don't Forget the Date Wednesday, July 21st

No boosting necessary. You have been there before. Special train from Charlottetown at 1.30 p. m. Regular train from Souris giving four or five hours at picnic. Pipers Band and Scottish Dancers. Ticket from Tignish good to return following day from Charlottetown.

AUCTION SALE OF CHOICE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AT 305 FIZROY

The undersigned will offer for sale all household furniture, comprising parlor, dining room, kitchen and bedroom, also one antique table, organ and victrola, Tuesday July 20th at (1.30) one thirty o'clock. HELEN A. HARPER J. A. MacDONALD Auctioneer

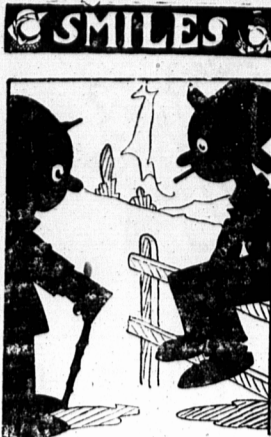
P. R. A. The Annual Prize Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Provincial Rifle Association will take place on Kensington Range, Charlottetown, P. E. I., the 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1926.

Firing commencing at 8.30 A. M. Make your entries early. For further information apply to the Secretary. F. S. MOORE, Colonel, R. L. President. CHARLES LEIGH, Lieut. Col. R. O. Secretary Treasurer. 448-7-7-11.

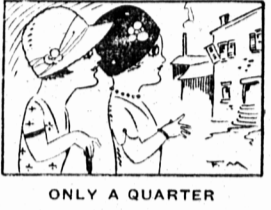
TENDERS Tenders will be received by the undersigned on August 2nd, 1926, for the supplying of material and labor and erecting a fence around the school grounds at Brackley School District, No. 85 in Queen's County, according to specifications which may be obtained from the trustees or the Secretary or which may be seen at the Education Office, Charlottetown. 755-7-17-5ws

The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Ltd. "The Voluntary Winding Up Act"

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the Shareholders of The Bankers Amalgamated Silver Black Fox Company, Limited will be held in Y. M. C. A. Rooms in Charlottetown on Thursday the twenty-ninth day of July, 1926 at the hour of eight (8) o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of considering and passing upon the financial statements, accounts and reports of the Directors and Officers and for the purpose of passing a resolution requiring that the Company be wound up under the provisions of "The Voluntary Winding Up Act" and for the appointment of Liquidators for such winding up and the giving of consequential directions. Dated this Second day of July, 1926. By order of Directors, GEORGE DEWAR President JOHN ANDERSON Secretary-Treasurer 597-7-10-14-20 27



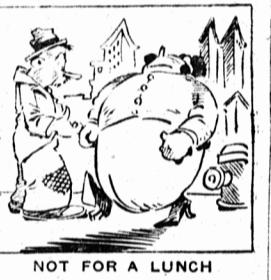
EGGS ARE GOING UP Towners: Do you keep hens? Suburban: No, but I just about keep a farmer who does!



"Yes, I'm out slumming—finding out how the other half lives." "Well, you can't find it out in this section." "Why not? The other half lives here." "No, it's only the Italian quarter."



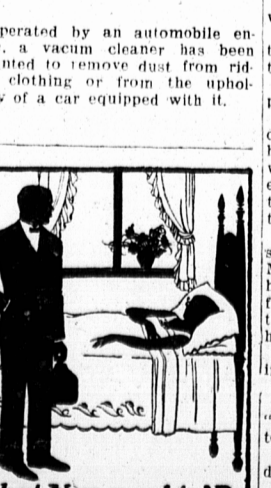
Hobo: Will you give me a quarter for a little lunch, madam? Stout Female Party: I'm reducing, my man, and couldn't think of eating a lunch.



"at bug: What happened to the residence of Mrs. Appleworm?" "Bad Bug: The poor thing found some fire-crackers and used one for kindling wood!"



Operated by an automobile engine, a vacuum cleaner has been invented to remove dust from riders' clothing or from the upholstery of a car equipped with it.



What You need is NR the safe dependable vegetable laxative! SICK HEADACHES, Constipation, Biliousness are promptly relieved by Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), mild, thorough and without any tendency to produce a habit requiring increased or continued doses. Get a 25c. Box. NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

"These Women" BY MALCOLM DUART (Continued) CHAPTER XXII

Nona called Morton on the telephone late that afternoon. "Better go over to Pete Downey's Bending School and have a look around," she advised. "What for?" "Well, she said, 'you'll see something there that will interest you.' "Bye-bye." She hung up the receiver. With an impatient shrug, Morton turned back to his work. However, Nona's words bothered him. Finally, he swept his papers together, gave them to Parrish, and took a taxicab to the dingy building that held the Downey establishment. Morton had been there before, and he trudged up the rickety stairs as if sure of his way. A large double door at the top of the first flight was labeled: "Downey-Stretching—Expert attendance."

Morton pushed the door open, and stopped. Half a dozen young girls, some of them in bloomers, sat on the floor in the polished floor. One little girl of four was going through a sort of drill, at the sharp command of a man who stood before them. "One—two—three—BEND!" he roared. At the fourth word, the girls bent slowly forward, and placed the flat of their palms on the floor before them. "One—two—three—BACK!" They bent their slim forms backward, until their hands almost touched the floor behind them. "That's all," said the man. "One—two—three—BEND!"

Time after time they went through the drill, stimulated by pungent observations on the part of the master before them. In a far corner was one girl, alone. She was in a brief striped bathing suit, and a burly man, with her foot in his hand, was moving her leg straight upward, as she braced back against the wall. It was Audrey. She did not see Morton, at first, but balancing herself as best she could, with her palms and back against the wall, submitted to the racking effort of the attendant. Morton did not move. The girls and men near him paid no attention. One girl, in her street clothes, who was just leaving, spoke to him familiarly as "Harry" and he nodded, kindly. She hesitated, and then after a word or two about the weather, went her way. Morton continued his watch over Audrey, and the man who was stretching her muscles.

Once the girl cried out sharply, as the man moved her leg outward at right angles to her body. Deliberately he repeated the movement, and she cried out again. He took her foot, and moving the slender limb, Audrey was writhing, and the cords of her neck stood out in pain. It was at this point that Morton intervened. "Strolling deliberately across the room, he stopped in front of Audrey and the man. "In stretching exercises," he said quietly, "it is best not to go too far the first time."

Audrey, startled, dropping her foot to the floor and looking at him. The attendant jerked his head around, with a scowl. "What 'n all are you?" he wanted to know. "Get 'till outa here!" Unconcernedly, Morton went on talking. "The young lady will continue her lessons, later on," he said "if she desires to. But this will be enough for today. Something in his manner impressed the man, and he merely stared. "I am the young lady's guardian," said Morton. "Oh!" There was a knowing sneer on the attendant's face. "You are quite mistaken," Morton said, untrifled. "I really am the young lady's legal guardian. This is her first time here, and I think you've done enough for today. Thank you very much."

He produced a twenty-dollar bill, and gave it to the man. The latter's hostility died at once. "She said for us to give her the works 'at once,' he said. "She is inexperienced," Morton told him. "It will be better if she takes it easier. Won't it?" "Sure," said the other, heartily, putting the twenty-dollar bill away. Audrey had vanished during the colloquy, and Morton waited for her. Learning against the wall he watched the girls still doing their exercises under the supervision of the man who counted: "one—two—three."

When Audrey reappeared, in her street clothes, flushed and warm, Morton insisted on her throwing her coat around her shoulders before she went downstairs. His taxicab still was waiting, and he helped her into it. "Did Nona tell you about me being there?" she asked him. "He was silent. "Nona DID tell!" said Audrey. "And I asked her particularly not to."



100 Years Behind each package of Rakwana Tea is an organization with more than a century of experience in selecting fine teas. Its most wonderful blend is Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe First for Thirst

week, up there. They make your muscles and joints limber. All the state girls go to places like that. "I'm aware of the custom," said Morton. "But precisely why do you intend to go into cabaret life? Do you feel a want of excitement in the life we are leading now?" Audrey made no reply, but ran her finger up and down a fold in her skirt. Morton looked at her, his eye twinkling. "Shall I answer for you?" he asked. "Do you want me to try a little mind-reading?" She looked at him sidewise, and nodded. "You have just added some decorations to your face, in the last twenty-four hours—a little lipstick, and rouge, and mascara, which you didn't need, and you had your eyebrows plucked, which you shouldn't have done at all. Now you suddenly decide to begin a professional career as a dancer in supper clubs, and dance like that every night. The idea is that since so many of my women friends occupy themselves in that way, that you are going to do so, too?"

Audrey moved closer to him. "I want to interest you," she said. "I thought by living with those girls, and seeing them every night, I could learn how they manage it." "Perhaps they don't manage it," Morton's words fell deliberately, and with a curious emphasis. "You can't judge what's in a man's heart by the things he does, Audrey girl."

Audrey cocked her head wisely. "All the same, they know something that I don't about entertaining you—and I'm going to find out what it is! You would stay with me in the evening instead of going out with them if that weren't so. And I want you to be with me—all the time." Morton sighed. "Life's full of problems, and difficulties, isn't it, child?"

Morton called Parrish into his office the following morning, and gave him some brief instructions. "Beginning at one o'clock each afternoon, you are appointed as personal guardian for Miss Morton," he said. Parrish's serious face showed marks of pleasure. "You'll report at my apartment, at one p. m., sharp, each day, and take Miss Morton wherever she wants to go. You are not to make any objections whatever to anything she wants to do. All I want is that she shall be kept out of difficulties."

"I'd like to do that Mr. Morton, but she slapped me the last time I talked to her," Parrish told him. Morton's eyes were amused as they rested on the young man. "That's your problem," he said. "I am under the impression that you like Miss Morton?" "Indeed I do," he said, "but she can't stand me at all." "Under those circumstances, it seems to me that the next move is up to you. Your instructions remain, and I want you to carry them out. You shouldn't put yourself in a position to be slapped, and if you're providing that you desire to, always providing that you desire to, be friends with the young lady—to see that she is on friendly terms



Cuticura Preparations Unexcelled in purity, they are regarded by millions as unrivaled in the promotion of skin and hair health. The purifying, antiseptic, pore-cleansing properties of Cuticura Soap invigorates and preserve the skin; the Ointment soothes and helps to heal rashes and eruptions. The freely-lathering Shaving Stick causes no irritation but leaves the skin fresh and smooth. The Talcum is fragrant and refreshing. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Distributor, "Cuticura, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 25c., Ointment 25c. and 50c., Talcum 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Remember BOVRIL Puts Beef into You

with you." Parrish's expression was one of doubt, but he went away, with a springing step that he had entered. When he had gone, Morton called Audrey on the telephone, and told her of Parrish's assignment. "I'll slap him, and won't talk to him, if he comes here!" she exclaimed. "But daddy, I've had the dreadfulness letter! I don't understand what it means. Can I bring it over to you?" "Of course," said Morton. "A quarter of an hour later, Audrey appeared, a vision in a fresh new spring dress, with a light wrap also new. Her lately adopted rouge was missing from her cheeks, though her lips showed the effects of a lipstick, and her lashes were brushed. Evidently she had stopped in the middle of a careful toilette. Dipping into her handbag, she produced a letter, bearing a South American stamp. Tossing it in front of Morton, she said: "I just know that it from the man you threw out of our house in Toronto. He's an awful brute, and I want you to tell me what to do about it."

Morton picked up the letter, and opened it. (To be continued)

Family Union

An event of unusual occurrence unsurpassed in the history of the community took place in Morell on July 14th, when Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Kenny celebrated their golden jubilee.

In 1876 Mr. Kenny married Miss Helen Walsh, of Elliotville, and moved from St. Theresa to Byrne's Road, Morell, where since he had continued to reside. He was one of the pioneer farmers in this district, and the success attained by his efforts is evidenced by the fact that where once stood a log cabin and unbroken forest there now stands one of the finest residences in the community, surrounded by fertile fields of grain.

The aged couple, although 75 and 73 years of age respectively are highly fit and hearty, and danced the wedding reel with rare ability. Thos. Kenny, of St. Theresa, brother of the celebrant, who was a grocerman 50 years ago, again assisted the couple in the celebration. Mrs. James Kenny, of St. Theresa, acted as bridesmaid. The ceremony marking their marriage vows and the mass of thanksgiving was performed by Rev. Father Rooney. Every member of the family, consisting of six sons and three daughters, together with twenty-nine grandchildren, were in attendance.

At the ceremony the couple entertained with a dinner at their home, in which 100 guests, including the bride and groom and wished them health and happiness. Their son, Martin, of Ottawa, acted as toast-master. Rev. Father Rooney, in his toast, spoke very highly of the community work and the fine example shown by Mr. and Mrs. Kenny. He further stated that the privilege of celebrating this anniversary was a reward for their lives of Christian piety and public sacrifice.

Mr. Robert Curran spoke very highly of Mr. and Mrs. Kenny and stated in all his experience he never heard of a golden wedding jubilee before this in which every member of the family was alive and every member present. The toast-master, on behalf of the family, besides presenting personal gifts from each member of the family, presented a purse of \$10 in gold, accompanied by illuminated addresses signed by each member. The high esteem in which the couple are held in the community was shown by the numerous gifts of gold certificates as well as other beautiful articles. Messages of congratulations were received from Mrs. Margaret Kenny and J. F. Conroy, of New York, as well as many others. During the afternoon and evening music was furnished by Ward Crane and Hector McDonald which was enjoyed by both young and old until far into the night. The guests left wishing continued health to the couple, and the hope that when the diamond jubilee comes around that they could be privileged to again gather with increased forces to wish them further happiness. The following are the sons and daughters: Mr. James Kenny, Newark, N.J.; Mrs. Mary Delong, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Mand Casey, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Joseph Kenny, Long Island, N.Y.; Martin Kenny, Ottawa, Ont.; George Kenny, Boston, Mass.; Jack Kenny, Tom Kenny, Byrne's Road, Morell, P.E.I.; Mrs. Emma O'Brien, Windsor, P.E.I.

Canada's Diamond Jubilee Next Year (Special to the Guardian) OTTAWA, July 17.—Yesterday afternoon organization was completed of the general committee to promote a suitable national celebration of Canada's Diamond Jubilee, July 1st, 1927. W. C. George is chairman of the committee and T. G. King, secretary and treasurer.

The Man Nobody Knows BY BRUCE BARTON

Instalment VII. THE OUTDOOR MAN

To most of the crowd there was nothing unusual in the scene. That is the tragedy of it. The air was filthy with the smell of animals and human beings herded together. Men and women trampled one another, crying aloud their imprecations. At one side of the court were the pens of the cattle; the dove cages at the other. In the foreground, hard-faced priests and money-changers sat behind long tables exacting the utmost farthing from those who came to buy. One would never imagine that this was a place of worship. Yet it was the Temple—the center of the religious life of the nation. And to the crowds who jammed its courts, the spectacle seemed perfectly normal.

That was the tragedy of it. Standing a little apart from the rest, the young man from Nazareth watched in amazement which deepened gradually into anger. It was no familiar sight to him. He had not been in the Temple since his twelfth year, when Joseph and Mary took him up to be legally enrolled as a son of the law. His chief memory of that previous visit was of a long conversation with certain old men in a quiet room. He had not witnessed the turmoil in the outer courts, or, if he had, it made small impression on his youthful mind.

But this day was different. For weeks he had looked forward to the visit, planning the journey with a company of Galilean pilgrims who tramped all day and spent the nights in their tents under the open sky. To be sure some of the older ones muttered about the exertions of the money-changers. A woman told how the lamb which she had raised with so much devotion the previous year, had been scornfully rejected by the priests. An old man related his experience. He had brought down the savings of months to purchase his gift, and the money-changers converted his provincial currency into the temple coin at a robber's rate. Other pilgrims had similar stories, but after all they were old people, prone to complain. By what authority did he presume to interrupt their business? The crowds gave way again at the onslaught; they enjoyed the tumult as a crowd always does and they hated the priests and robbers, but when it came to answering for the consequences, they were portently willing to leave it to him.

And he was willing they should. He stood flushed and panting, the little whip still in his hands. His glance swept scornfully over the faces, distorted by anger and greed. "This is my authority," he cried. "If I written, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations,' but ye have made it a den of robbers."

Stung by his taunt, his accusers hesitated, and in their moment of hesitation were lost. The soldiers turned their backs; it was nothing they cared about. But the crowd burst forth in a mighty cheer and rushing forward bore him on to the Temple, the priests and the money-changers scurrying before him. That night his action was the talk of the town. "Did you hear what happened in the Temple today?" "Not a man of them dared stand up to him."

"Dirty thieves—it was coming to them." "What's his name?" "Jesus. . . . used to be a carpenter up in Nazareth." (Copyright 1925 by Bruce Barton)

THIS MOTHER GLAD DAUGHTER IS WELL Mrs. Parks Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health Toronto, Ontario.—"My daughter is 16 now and has been an invalid ever since she was six months old and has been compelled to remain out of school the greater part of the time. We have tried different kinds of medicine, but none helped her much. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was run-down, and it had helped me so much that I thought it might help her at this time. She has gained ever since she began taking it. She attends school every day now and goes skating, and does other outdoor sports. I recommend this medicine to any one who is run-down and nervous and weak."—Mrs. PARKS, 106 Bond Street, Toronto, Ontario. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for young women's troubles. For sale by druggists everywhere. a

Children Cry for



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

You can make Mayonnaise quicker and better with MAZOLA The SALAD and COOKING OIL

The CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED—MONTREAL

TENDERS Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk, Charlottetown, P. E. I., up to Wednesday, August 4th, 1926, for supplying the City with 500 feet of Fire Hose, tenders to be accompanied by samples. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk. 799-7-20-1851.

The Eastern Canada Savings Loan Co. Will invest money in loan in Prince Edward Island payable by instalments in short terms or 10 or 12 years. Apply to MacKINNON & McNEILL, Solicitors, 90 Great George Street. 240-6-29-tusat81.

soliloquized, "in the United States they wanted to throw me out because I didn't have enough money and here they want to throw me in jail because I have too much."

Believing the appearance is improved, an inventor has designed an enclosed automobile without running boards, steps unfolded only when the doors are open. An Englishman has invented an instrument for orchestras producing music resembling that of a trombone or trumpet by a piston humming into its mouthpiece.

Pete's Money Troubles Leave Him Puzzled BEIRUT, July 19.—Peter Saladjian—or Pete Salad as he was known among the miners in the Scranton and Wilkesbarre districts—returned to his native Syria a few days ago after spending five years in the United States. Peter lived well with one-tenth of his income and he left New York with over ten thousand dollars, a fortune here. Passing through France, Pete with an ever alert eye for business, noted the dollar at its highest peak by the exchange market—a little over 35 francs—and he converted two thousand of his American bills into French currency. When Pete arrived in the United States in 1920, his entire fortune consisted of less than two hundred dollars and he was detained for some time at Ellis Island and given an opportunity to demonstrate why he should not be refused admittance, on the ground that he might become a public charge. "How much money have you got?" the Customs officer asked Pete as he stepped on the wharf here. With vivid recollections of Ellis Island and his narrow escape from expulsion, Pete drew out a fat wallet, tapped it proudly and said: "Seventy thousand francs and a little over seven thousand dollars." Sixty-five thousand French francs were taken away from him and he was given the equivalent in Syrian piastres, but not before he had been fined, Frca. 2500. "Don't you know it is against the law to take out of France more than Frca. 5000. In French bills?" the Customs officer asked Pete. "Don't let it happen again or you go to jail."

Women Find Great comfort in this new hygienic pad that discards easily as tissue—no laundry

ON many important counts women are deserting the old-time "sanitary pad." There is a new way. A way that multiplies protection. A way, too, that solves the old problem and embarrassment of disposal. It is called "KOTEX." Ends the insecurity of the old-time sanitary pad. Five times as absorbent! And odorless—ends all fear of offending. As easily disposed of as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment. You get it at any drug or department store simply by asking "KOTEX." You ask for it without hesitancy. Costs only a few cents. Eight in 10 better-class women employ it. Proves old ways an unnecessary risk. KOTEX No laundry—discard like tissue. Kotex regular 75c Kotex super 1.00

Coming Election Demands Large Conservative Convention Thursday