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Horizontal boiler ten to twenty horse power, in good order. State length. Apply Guardian Office, 1208-8-11-31.

WOOL WANTED
We will pay highest cash prices for wool until August 31st. After that date we will discontinue buying for this season. Parties having wool to market will do well to send it along before that date.
CHARLES RILEY, REGD.
1208-8-11-31.

NOTICE
A public meeting will be held in the Hampton Hall, August 14th (Saturday) for the discussion of a railroad through this section of the country. All interested please attend.
1211-8-11-31

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HALF MILE FROM SOURIS
This is an ideal farm and a beautiful location with first class building and in a high state of cultivation containing 50 acres and only a mile from churches, schools, stores, wharfs and station.
Will sell with or without crop, stock and farm machinery.
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G. Bruce Burpee, Dist. Passenger Agent, Saint John, N. B. Personal service if desired.
"See this world before the next"
Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

SMILES



"Ever since the 18th Amendment prohibited him."



MADE OUT OF THE SOIL



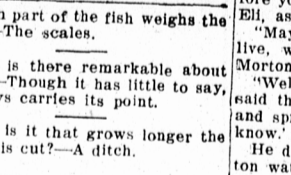
"She's a farmerette, eh?"
"No—laundress."



Vegetable Lover: Oh, dear, I wish that Potato wouldn't look this way when we want to spoon!



"I don't think much of him—he seems all on the surface."
"You're all wrong—he's an undertaker."



What is there remarkable about a bee?—Though it has little to say, it always carries its point.
What is it that grows longer the more it is cut?—A ditch.



Cuticura Talcum Is The Ideal Powder
Its purity, smoothness and fragrance, combined with antiseptic and prophylactic properties which help to overcome disagreeable odors, make it an essential toilet requisite.

"These Women"
BY MALCOLM DUART

(Continued)
CHAPTER XLIII

Placing the letter on his lap, Morton filled and lighted his pipe. Then, with his feet on the rough pine table, he opened the envelope.
"Dearest Daddy," the letter began.
Morton looked up.
"Can you tell me," he asked the superintendent, "why the average small, delicate girl will write in letters half an inch high? They all do it—or almost all."
"Yes, they do," agreed his companion. "I think I know why, though. You know women always talk emphatically, more than men do. Well, they write the same way."

"Morton returned to his letter." "I do hope you can come away from that terrible heat. I just pray that you won't be overcome by it. You haven't written anything about its being hot, but I remember, from the time when I was a tiny girl, that you were always complaining about Mr. Parrish. The girls thought it was a joke. But finally he has been around here while I played the piano. Then he brought his guitar and played, and he even sang. Daddy, he is not a good singer. Two or three evenings he has taken the little blond girl out in his old fiver, and brought her home late, and coming a changed man. I thought I liked him better that way, to be going with, but he is positively becoming flippant, and not the way he used to be at all. I think a man should have some serious moments. Don't you? He has learned a lot of wise cracks from the girls and uses them all the time."
"Two telegrams came from Mr. Sunshine. First, he wanted the girls to come back, and they wouldn't go. Then he telegraphed that they couldn't appear in his revue. They did not go in New York. It was the first vacation with plenty of food they have had in a good while. But I am beginning to think it is time for them to go home now. I do not see how Mr. Parrish can be such a good secretary for you under the influence."
"Nona is back in Newfoundland, you know. The producer is going to open his show this summer instead of in the fall, as he intended yesterday. She says that the other show she was in was a failure, and to rehearse with me, as she left me out of work again. Isn't that too bad?"

"That Mr. and Mrs. Carver who came to see you called here today. I think they just wanted to see the chorus girls up close. The girls were looking at picture books, and they behaved very well. The neighbors don't speak to me at all, but I don't care. Mr. and Mrs. Carver are going to Europe. Wasn't it for my way she acted? I think she is positively screaming. But she called her husband that she loved, so I think everything is all right."
"Nona says she is to be featured in the new show. Isn't that gorgeous?"
"Please come home soon, daddy dear. I miss you so much, as you do. Lovingly, AUDREY."
Morton folded the letter and put it in his pocket.
"Everything all right?" asked the superintendent.
"Yes," Morton told him, "but I'd better be starting back here. He strolled to the cabin where he slept, when at the mines, and calling Eli, packed his bags and loaded them into the car.
"I'll keep on this shirt and these overalls until I hit civilization, again," he said. "They're comfortable."
The two men traversed the long trail to Yuma, socially silent, for the most part.
Morton's train did not leave until the following morning, and he took quarters at the bidding goodbye to his old friend.
"Don't wait so many years before you come back again," advised Eli, as he took his departure.
"Maybe I'll come back here and live when Audrey gets married," Morton said.
"Well, bring your bride along," said the other. "You're too young and spry to dodge the women, you know."
He drove off in his old car, Morton watching him until he was out of sight.

"The girls have gone home and Mr. Parrish has had to go to New York because the butler and the cook in our apartment quit because it is too hot here when we are gone and he says he should get some others," she said, all in a breath.
He kissed her, and she clung to his arm as they left the station and climbed into his car.
"Any other troubles?" he asked. She puckered her brow.
"Did you get my letter about the strange way Mr. Parrish is acting?" she asked. "Daddy, I think the real reason he went to New York is so he can see that blond girl!"
Morton raised his eyebrows.
"Indeed? His education is advancing."
"Well, I don't think it's right," she said. "They carried on, and laughed, and he danced with her

more than with anybody else. Then one night she fixed up his face with rouge and lipstick, the way they fixed yours, and daddy, he imitated you!"

She waited for words of disapproval from him. Morton laughed. "I would have enjoyed seeing it," he told her.
"Did the red come off your nose?" she asked, the current of her thoughts suddenly changing.
"In the course of time," he said. "It came off in patches. I was told it was very funny."
She hugged his arm. "It's nicer having men around than girls," she said. "Girls can get so tiresome."
"She considered. 'Of course, Mr. Parrish conducted himself in a very tiresome way, too.'"
Morton was watching her face, amusedly.
"So you finally told the girls to go home," he said, with assurance. "How did you know? Did they telegraph you?" She turned wondering eyes to him.
"You told me yourself—without intending to," he said. "It wasn't hard to add up what you said, and get the answer. 'What did you say to them?'"
"I said you were coming home, exhausted from your trip, and would be quiet," she confessed.
"Blame it on me!" he chuckled. "But it's all right."

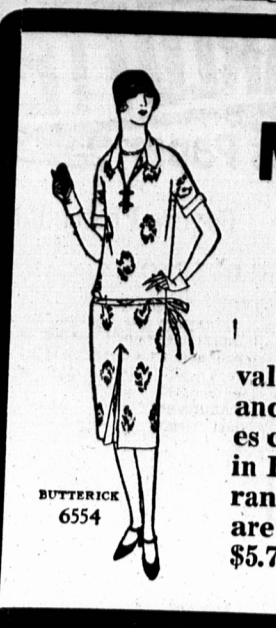
They alighted at their home, and were admitted by the little English housemaid. The chauffeur brought in Morton's bags, and the butler followed, and leisurely bathed and changed his clothing.
When he came downstairs, lunch was ready, and over their cups he told Audrey of the trials in Arlington, and of the final disappearance from the dining-room of the man Smith.
She breathed a sigh of relief. "I should have known how much I worried about that man, until you told me he's safe, in jail," she said. "Will he ever get out?"
"Probably not," he told her. "The governor isn't likely to pardon an habitual criminal."
She placidly buttered a roll. "We don't have to be afraid of him any more, then, and Mr. and Mrs. Carver are on their way to Europe and the girls are back in New York. I don't worry, there's almost nothing to worry about."
"Probably there is," he said. "We simply don't know what it is, yet. My experience is that there's ALWAYS something to worry about."
He went down to his office, and spent the afternoon catching up with his neglected mail. There was a brief letter from Parrish, telling of his success in getting new servants for the New York apartment.
"If you want me to return at once please wire," he said.
Morton telegraphed him to remain in New York until further orders.
At dinner that evening, Audrey appeared in a new frock.
"I bought it with my own money, out of the bank," she told him proudly. "It cost a terrible lot."
"Pretty," he said abstractedly.
He finished the meal in silence, and sipped the glass of wine that the maid had set before him.
Audrey, he said, "do you suppose that young fool Parrish is really running after that chorus girl?"

"I think so," she said seriously. "He began dressing in his knickerbockers every day, and in his evening clothes every night, after he got interested in her, and she said he was 'hot grand!'"
"Let's see New York," he proposed, with decision. "I suppose I ought to look after him. Besides, there's a lot of work for me to do in the office there. We'll go tomorrow night."
A misty rain had wetted the streets of New York. Cars were skidding on the asphalt, and traffic policemen had difficulty in guiding the erratic vehicles that slipped and slid as they turned at corners or made a stop.
Morton's big machine, leaving the station, took to a minor thoroughfare to avoid the crush of traffic. At one corner, however, a rushing taxicab failed to halt in time, and crashed into the side of the limousine.

DRAGGING-DOWN PAINS RELIEVED
Woman Suffered Nearly a Year. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Her Health

Moore Jaw, Sask. — "I am going to try to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very badly with dragging-down pains and inflammation, also pains in my right side over my hip and down my whole side into my leg. I had it nearly a year when I went to a doctor and he said I would have to have an operation. But my mother said to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it saved her life years before. I took two bottles and I found I was better, so I kept on taking it and also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, then and am perfectly well. I used to have to lie down two or three times a day, and now I do all my household work without trouble. I am in the house and I can do any and every kind of work. I can help to try." Mrs. ESTHER HOGGREN, 712 Athabasca W., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for all women. Available by druggists everywhere.



BUTTERICK 6554

Clearance line of New Summer Dresses \$5.75
REGULAR \$8.00 TO \$16.50
50 New Summer Dresses reduced to \$5.75, regular values from \$8.00 to \$16.50. Summer's not nearly over and there are all kinds of occasions when these dresses can be worn. A good assortment of colors and sizes in Fuji, Rayons, Voiles, Cotton Crepes, etc., in a wide range of summer colors and all the new summer styles are included in the lot. Sizes 16 to 48. Special to clear \$5.75.
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Solves the Eternal Quest for Suitable Needles
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All Guaranteed as to workmanship and material, in a very neat leatherette case.

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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN
136 PRINCE ST.

Leaping out, Morton inspected the damage, the chauffeur angrily bearing the taxi driver.
"We'll have to walk, or catch a taxi," Morton told Audrey. "It's only a couple of blocks."
He gave directions to the chauffeur about his baggage, and the care of the damaged machine, and then with the girl set off on foot. Arriving at their apartment, damp and disheveled, the new butler failed to recognize them.
"Call the chambermaid," ordered Morton, curtly. "She'll identify us. I want to change my clothes."
The girl was summoned, and in a few moments, with the apologetic butler following, Morton ascended to his rooms. Audrey stopped to meet the new cook, and give instructions for service.
Throwing off his clothing, Morton threw another suit from the array that always awaited him in his closet. He said it out on the bed, and went to the bathroom, where he turned on the shower.
"He was interrupted by a discreet knock upon the door.
"What is it?" he shouted, turning off the noisy stream that was playing upon him.
"Lady below waiting for you," said the butler's voice.
"Confound the lady," roared Morton. "Tell her I'm in the bath."
"She's in the bath, too," the butler said. "And the lady says she must see you and she can't wait. I think she is in trouble, sir."
"All right! All right!"
Morton took a huge bath towel, and rubbed himself down, vigorously. He donned his underclothing and slippers, and stepped into a pair of silk lounging robe, and opening the door, passed into the hall and to the head of the stairs.
Looking down, he started.
Nona was sitting limply on a chair, her clothing torn, her hair gone, and with a long, bloody gash in her arm, which she held cradled in her other elbow.
(To be continued)

Race Issue in S. A. From Negro's Standpoint
In a study of the race problem from the viewpoint of the blacks, to be presented to the International Conference on the Christian Mission in Africa, Prof. D. D. Tenge Jabavu, himself a Baptist from South Africa, deals specifically with the question as manifested in the Union of South Africa. He says in part:
"The newest proposal is that of segregation as expounded by General Horitzog, the Prime Minister of the present Pact Government (Dutch Nationalists and English Laborists), and in political theory by Professor Edgar Brookes in separate territorial and industrial spheres, so that on the one side the white should be sufficiently segregated to enable him to preserve his traditional civilization secluded from the degrading influence of the blackman's lower civilization, and to rehabilitate the 130,000 'poor whites' whose degeneracy is assumed to be due to the black man's competition and upward race; and, on the other side, to enable the black man to reach a genuine developing independence on his own lines. It is two different types of civilization, were possible, unhampered by the thwarting influences of the European's superior organization."
At first sight this proposition looks very attractive. It has the advantage of appearing just. But whether it is feasible is the problem of which as yet no solution is vouchsafed by its sponsors. The three forms of segregation that socially concern us are the territorial, industrial and educational segregation, all of which are already in being, as the result of natural evolution. At this juncture we need not discuss political segregation, for that will follow naturally when once territorial segregation is possible. Industrial segregation is presupposed, for a man is able to conduct his commerce and pursue his present vocation alone and divorced from the white man is able to carry on all forms of unskilled work on the roads, on the farms, in the stores, in the kitchens and underground in the mines, independently of the black man. Both hypotheses, we esteem, may at once affirm, are equally im-

possible in South Africa.
"The first attempt we have had of territorial segregation is that of the Natives Land Act of 1913. This Act satisfied no one. Of all the grievances harbored by the natives against European rule the greatest is this Land Act."
"Our lack of equal economic opportunity, now confirmed by the legal color bar, is a stern reality. No cure is offered by the churches to assuage our ills. We have been disappointed that General Smuts, who has put a long, bloody gash in her arm, which she held cradled in her other elbow."
(To be continued)

Islam Gains More Slowly
The chilling eye of reason is turned on scare-mongers by Prof. Maurice Delafosse of Paris in a paper on Islam in Africa which he is presenting to the forthcoming International Conference on the Christian Mission in Africa, to be held in Belgium in September. Instead of an irresistible spectre of Pan-Islam aggression he sees tendencies which indicate a slowing-down of Mohammedan progress among the Negroes. He writes in part as follows:
Speaking generally, we have over-estimated the number of Negro Africans professing Islam. As you approach the equator, the number of Mussulmans diminishes noticeably until only isolated individuals are found. In the whole of the territories which constitute French West Africa one could count on an average only one Mussulman to three natives.
In social matters the adoption of the principles of the Quran and the Mussulman traditions has resulted in the introduction into the Negro mind of an appreciation of the worth of the individual as opposed to the mass. It is also indisputable that, by limiting the number of legal wives to four, Islam has put a curb on the excessive practice of polygamy.
By the very fact that Islam helps the Negroes to achieve a certain progress it develops in them a greater resistance to the progress of a different kind which we wish to bring them.
A considerable examination of the forces which have promoted its extension in certain parts of tropical Africa, and of those which in certain other parts have raised obstacles to its propagation, leads to conclusions which reassure us for the future.
It has been justly said the Islam is chiefly a religion of nomads or of city dwellers and not at all a religion of peasants. Thus we see the agricultural tribes resisting for centuries the onslaughts of Islam and setting themselves, fierce, desperate and stubborn, like a barricade against the propagandists from the towns.
By providing the natives with an education given in their own tongue and by teaching them to write the languages of the country in the characters of the Roman alphabet, the colonial governments will confer upon the people advantages comparable but superior to those which Islam secures to them.
A wireless station capable of communicating with all stations in the Far East is proposed for Swatow, China, whose present connections with the outside world are unsatisfactory.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE
Dear Miss Walsh:—Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite Wisdom to remove by death your highly esteemed uncle, Frances Hughes, it was resolved at a recent meeting that we his brother members of Division No. 3 A. O. H. Tighish, P. E. I. hereby express our heartfelt sympathy to you in your sad hour of bereavement.
It was further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to you, one inscribed in the minutes of this meeting and one sent to the press for publication.
Signed: Members Div. No. 3 A.O.H. Tighish

An automatic machine has been invented to sort cigars by color, the various shades causing electrical reactions in a photo-electric cell that direct them to various compartments.

Would Make Leopold Turn Over in Grave
BRUSSELS, Belgium, Aug. 11.—High Belgian authority has paved the way for the meeting in this country in September of the International Conference on the Christian Mission in Africa. Not so long ago diplomatic considerations would have made any appreciation of the African problem unacceptable to Belgium, but Leopold II and the Congo atrocities are not so sensitive an issue of late, and royal and the Colonial Office alike have made gestures which indicate that the forthcoming conference will be held at Le Zoute, a sea-coast town, for a full week, Sept. 14 to 21.
Self-criticism regarding African colonial policy went to great lengths at the Second Belgian Colonial Congress, which met in this city on February 6 and 7. The outspoken way in which one of the defects or failures of Belgian colonialism were exposed evoked severe criticism from Nationalists, but the critics had royal encouragement and got away with their strictures on the administration.
Prince Leopold, Crown Prince of Belgium and namesake of the late monarch, addressing the Congress of the native population in the Colony and infant mortality, in particular, brightly.
King Albert was equally plain-spoken and appears to have taken an attitude which would make Belgium the natural setting for a conference in which all the great colonizing Powers will be unofficially represented.
A German scientist proposes to obtain power from the earth's heat by pumping water to such a depth that it would be converted into steam, which would rise and operate at once affirm, are equally im-

Women's Danger
Of offending under the oldest hygienic hand soap now ended. New way provides true protection—discards like tissue

WITH the old-time "sanitary pad" women realize their constant danger of offense, plus the embarrassment of disposal. And thus spend unhappy days.
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It's five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads!
You dine, dance, motor for hours in sheerest frocks without a second's doubt or fear.
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Do as millions are doing. End old, insecure ways. Enjoy life every day. Package of twelve costs only a few cents.
KOTEX
No laundry—discard like tissue
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Vote Down the Men who Besmirched Canada's Fair Name