

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?



YES...no more tobacco stains! Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste keeps your teeth glistening white—free of smoke cloudiness. And it does that without scratching or hurting the enamel in any way—you see, Macleans contains no harsh abrasives or harmful ingredients of any kind. Too, Macleans' refreshing taste and antiseptic action make my mouth feel clean, keep my gums healthy, my breath pure and sweet. For beauty's sake, do as I do—Maclean your teeth!

LARGEST SELLING TOOTH PASTE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Buy British



ONE DOLLAR IN FEAT BOGS

TORONTO, June 25 (CP)—The war has brought a new industry to Canadian industry likely to bring many thousands of United States dollars into the country yearly.

Until war began, peat moss, valuable aid to agriculture, was imported from Europe, mostly from Germany and Sweden. Hostilities cut off that supply but new sources have been found in Canada. Two bogs are being developed in Quebec and others in Ontario.

In its early stages peat moss is known as sphagnum and grows only in northern climates. It is a valuable plant food, rich in nitrogen, and because it retains moisture like sponge, it has become almost indispensable to horticulturists. The mining of peat is a comparatively easy matter. Long ditches are dug to drain excess water. The scrub and the top layer of living moss is scraped away. This top layer of sphagnum is valuable and may be sold for packing and insulation material. In the First Great War it was sterilized and used for surgical dressings.

DAY UNDER WATER

Most present-day submarines may dive safely to 250 or 300 feet and stay down 24 to 36 hours.

Professional Cards

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MacGUGGAN & TRAINOR MARK R. MacGUGGAN, R. C. C. ST. CLAIR TRAINOR, R. C. Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. MONEY TO LOAN Office, Over provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown

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The Golden Sands Riddle

By Alexander Campbell

CHAPTER XIII QUAYLE TALKS OF A WARRANT

From beginning to end the court proceedings had been ruled by Quayle. The policeman was not showing his hand yet.

After the hearing, Sir John proposed taking his little party for coffee at a country roadhouse. Gould begged to be excused, but the rest were soon on the move in the magistrate's car.

They drove rapidly and expertly. He stopped the car at a picturesque farm house with high Dutch gables. They were escorted to little tables in a charming garden surrounded by high green hedges. Sir John, having ordered coffee, leaned back in his summer chair and surveyed the roses. The warm morning sunshine made patterns on the grass. "I owe you most hearty thanks, Peter," he said abruptly.

"Peter smiled. I don't see—"

"The note-case, said Sir John. He grinned suddenly and boyishly. "Tell him, Lucy."

Lucy told Peter of her interview with Xosa, and the truth about the note-cases, and Tickey Charlie threw one of them away and tucked the other from it in dad's case," she explained.

Peter listened gravely. Then he turned shame-facedly to Sir John.

"I'm afraid it's I who owe you an apology, Sir John. I should have guessed I had no right to dream of suspecting—"

"Nonsense!" Sir John spoke sharply. "John might have known pretty obvious to you. I should still like to know where Monte got that information about Golden Sands. To my mind, this is the crux of the whole case. But the fact remains that you thought I had given him it, and you went out of your way to protect me. Heaven knows what the police would have thought, if they had stumbled on the facts in your possession—"

"Does Quayle know now? Have you told him about Tickey Charlie? Is he questioning him?"

"I hadn't finished the story," Lucy said. "He will ever question Tickey Charlie, because he's dead."

"She told time of Mr. Xosa's discovery."

"Dead!" Peter was horrified. "Then that's two murders in three days. Is Quayle on to it?"

"I saw the inspector last night," said Sir John gravely. "It soon as Lucy had given me the facts, it seems, however, that Xosa had approached Quayle before me. I don't know how he came to know that he likes the idea of being done in the eye by a coloured man, but Quayle's refusal to accept the death of Tickey Charlie as having any connection with the murder of Monte. He declares that Tickey Charlie was probably killed in a brawl, after a beer drink."

"The body, you know, was found in a hut, in the native location. The man had been dead only a few hours when Xosa found him. I don't know what there often brawls among the natives."

"But that doesn't explain how Tickey Charlie was released from prison. Is Quayle on to it?"

"Sir John nodded. "I think it is obvious how the money was paid by the murderer. He probably bribed Tickey Charlie to keep his mouth shut, and sent the man where he could easily lay his hands on him. In discovering in some way that Tickey Charlie was going to be questioned, he murdered him."

"I wouldn't under-rate this bird Quayle," drawled Terry. He had been sitting back in his chair, lazily surveying the roses. "I was watching him in court. He may have something up his sleeve. He was looking pretty pleased with himself."

Peter nodded. "I agree. He told me how Quayle had been getting that information. He seemed to have changed his mind about me. From suspect number one, I seemed to have dropped down among the suspects. I can't think of only one reason for that."

"Which is?" asked Terry.

"He believes that the death of Tickey Charlie and the death of Mr. Monte are linked. He was bluffing Sir John. And he has probably found out that I have cast iron proof of the second murder, at my rate. After I moved back to the Voyagers yesterday I didn't go out of the hotel again. And I was talking about the matter all the time until I went to bed about midnight."

"Sir John nodded. "That would explain it. I hope it's the truth, anyway."

Peter asked: "How about our little friend, Xosa? He seems to have done most of the discovering in this business so far. Is he now?"

Lucy shook her head. "I haven't seen him since yesterday. After he phoned me he apparently got in touch with Quayle. He may be with Quayle now."

But in this surmise Lucy was wrong. Xosa preferred to work alone, and at the moment he was acting in a manner which would have annoyed Inspector Quayle exceedingly if the policeman had known what Mr. Xosa was up to. Happily for the little Bantu Quayle did not.

Mr. Xosa had appeared at the Orient Hotel shortly after ten o'clock and after Mr. Orion had been seen climbing into his car to drive to the inquest.

Xosa sought out his brother, the large and amiable Chocolate, drew him aside, and murmured in his ear. "Chocolate drawed back, appalled.

"Wouldn't ask for the moon?" he demanded, in their own language.

"Hast thou no alternative?" demanded Xosa in the same tongue.

"Did I not rescue thee from the white man's prison? Do as I say, and no harm will befall thee. Go!"

Chocolate chastened, went. He returned shortly, bearing furtively under his arm a bulky parcel.

"They will send me back to break through the wall," he moaned.

Mr. Xosa took the parcel from him. "Enough of walling!" he said briskly. "The coward only one. Take me to some place where we can be secure from prying eyes."

CAN'T STOP NOW—I'm on my way to get Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice They're SHOT-FROM-GUNS



Mr. Orion had barely returned to his hotel, and was sinking into an armchair in his own study, when Inspector Quayle was announced.

Mr. Orion cursed with fluency. "An. Mr. Orion!" said Quayle, and as he entered he suited expensively. "You get the sea air up here."

Unostentatiously, he admired the room. "Quite neat to make yourself comfortable. A man in your position needs tranquility if he's going to do his best work and please his employer."

"By the way, I'm right in that, aren't I?" he asked anxiously, as though fearing to have offended. "The Orient isn't your property, is it?"

Mr. Orion shook his head. "No," he said. "I am, and I seem to be suddenly perturbed. No, it is not my property, it is owned by a big company with novels throughout the country. Quayle nodded gravely. "Still," he remarked, "it is a pretty good week."

"I don't know," he said. "I should like to see the man who's ready to do it at any time of it than the capitalist. His interests are too widely diversified to be interesting, and he doesn't care one iota for his own people. Running a big place like this must carry its fair share of responsibilities and anxieties."

Mr. Orion did not seem appeased by this innocent dissertation on the night and snare of a novel manager's existence. He watched Quayle warily.

"If you think the hotelier's life is entirely a happy one, you're certainly wrong," he said. "However, I don't discuss that. What can I do for you, inspector?"

"Those who knew Mr. Orion well, or those who did, would have been surprised at the change in his appearance. The round pink and white face had lost its softness. His eyes were staring, and he looked so like a man on his guard."

"No," agreed Quayle. "I have come with rather an odd request. I can't explain it at present, but I should like you to possibly suggest that I am not Mr. Orion a sharp look. But I can tell you that it's got to do with the Atlantic case I want to look at your books."

Mr. Orion had been in the act of lighting a cigarette. Now the white ember suddenly crumbled and broke into shreds. He gazed uncertainly at the policeman and his look was one of pure terror.

He recovered himself with an effort. "My books?" he repeated. His voice sounded strained.

Quayle nodded easily. His affable manner had increased. He appeared not to notice the other's perturbation.

"The books," he repeated. "You know the receipts, and that sort of thing. I suppose it sounds odd to you," he said with a laugh. "And I may be on a wild goose chase. I have an idea that I want to test."

Mr. Orion moistened his dry lips. "I don't know that I can help you. The books aren't readily available. They're being made up. And I really don't see what right—"

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Junior Closing At Prince St. School

A varied program will accompany the presentation of awards when the Junior pupils Grades 1, 2 and 3 assemble for the last session of the term this morning. The program will begin promptly at 10 o'clock and the Principal, Mr. Hine, will preside. Miss Lillian MacKenzie will direct the musical numbers.

The program follows: Opening Song, "Nursery Rhymes"—All Grades. Remarks by the Chairman. Song, "Let Us Make a Garden"—Grade 1, 2, 3. Presentation of Awards to Grade 1, 2, 3.

- 1. Miss Toombs' Grade. 2. Miss Fraser's Grade. 3. Miss Weeks' Grade. Song, "Fairly Secrets"—Grades 2 and 3. Presentation of Awards to Grade 2 and 3.

- 1. Miss Pound's Grade. 2. Miss Stewart's Grade. 3. Miss Macdonald's Grade. Song, "Fairly Secrets"—Grades 1, 2, and 3. Presentation of Awards to Grade 3.

- 1. Miss Ferguson's Grade. 2. Miss Watson's Grade. Song "Bounce My Ball"—All Grades. God Save The King.

In Memoriam WILLIAM HUGHES

Friends and relatives of William Hughes, well known Amherst, have been shocked to learn of his death in Highland View Hospital on Saturday at 2:30 p. m. following a short illness of only two days duration. The late Mr. Hughes was born in Charlottetown, P. E. I., forty-six years ago. He was a son of the late Frank Hughes and Mrs. Mary Hughes, and leaves to mourn their loss, his wife and two daughters, Rita May and Pearl Mildred at home, and his mother, Mrs. Mary Hughes—also four brothers, Anthony of Toronto, Albert of Moncton and Walter and Fred at home, and three sisters, Mrs. Harvey Hodden and Miss Ethel of Halifax and Mrs. Walter Burns of Amherst, and also several nephews and nieces. Mr. Hughes has been in the barbering business in Amherst for the past thirty years. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock from Campbell's Funeral Home to St. Charles Church. (Amherst News and Sentinel.)

WESTMORELAND WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The June meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Verner Moore on Wednesday evening, June 11th, with nine members present. Meeting opened by repeating "Institute Ode" followed by "Creed" in unison. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Collection amounted to 55 cents.

It was decided to quilt three quilts at different homes before the next meeting.

Resolved that Institute have an ice-cream social and dance in the school. Committees were appointed to look after same.

Correspondence was read by Secretary and discussed. Committees gave their reports and the following new ones were reported.

Sick, Mrs. Fred Wilson. Educational Program—Mrs. Verner Moore, Mrs. Heber McVittie.

Social Program, Mrs. Roy Crossman, Mrs. Harold Harvey, Mrs. Harold Oakes, Mrs. Heber McVittie.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Roy Crossman. Roll call to be answered by donating an article for a grab box.

Mrs. Harold Oakes and Mrs. Robert Mayhew were appointed as delegates to attend the annual Institute Convention in Charlottetown.

Meeting adjourned. Remainder of evening was spent in readings and contests. Lunch was served by committee in charge.

Canadians fare Well in England

By Ross Munro

Canadian War Correspondent SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, June 24 (CP)—When new contingents of Canadian troops arrive in the United Kingdom this year they will find the accommodation and living conditions in this defence fortress rank as "tops" by army standards.

In the Canadian corps area, in the scattered special camps in several parts of England, in London and in Scotland, Canadian soldiers live in billets, barracks, huts and tents.

For the old soldier, it is a far cry from the mud of Salisbury Plains to the first great war and the trials of trench warfare on the western front.

Some of the new arrivals probably will be reinforcements—and they will first go to the base holding units, where they will live in barracks and huts in a permanent camp. At the new Canadian infantry holding unit, some of the finest accommodation in England, has been provided, with huge parade grounds and training areas.

When they move up to regiments in the corps area, they might live in small towns, billeted in private houses or in homes taken over by the army.

Quality of army food remains good enough for anyone, in face of German attempts at counter-blockade. Fancy items have been cut from the diet and meals are made from staple food products but with fresh vegetables coming from gardens now, the food situation is improving if anything.

Army life in England isn't all manoeuvres, route marches, training and meals. The men have the evenings to themselves and in most cases can call on friends in their area, go to the local town, see a movie or visit an army canteen. Entertainment in way of concert parties and speakers continues and sports bulk large on these long summer evenings.

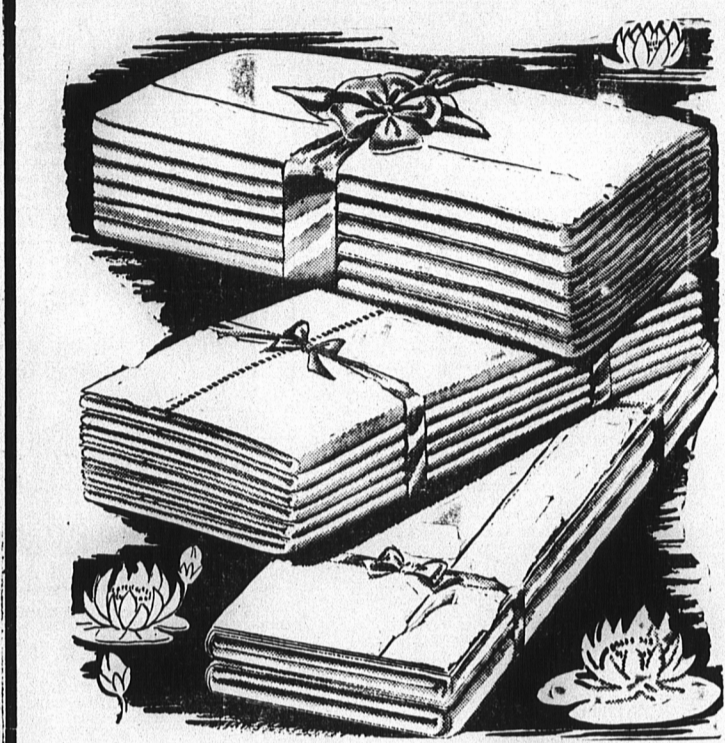
TO WIND YARN We are all knitting these days for one cause or another and we do not always have someone to hold yarn when we wind it. Better than the chair back holder is to loosen the shade of the standing lamp and place the yarn around the shade. As you wind the shade will revolve and the yarn will be wound in a jiffy.

Use Minard's for dandruff.

DOLLAR DAYS

Thursday, Friday, Saturday JUNE 26th, 27th, 28th

SALE OF PILLOW CASES, SHEETS, TOWELS!



- Plain hemmed Pillow Cases, a medium weight, fully bleached, 41 x 33 inches. Pair ..... 35c. Plain hemmed Pillow Cases, made from good fine quality cotton, 42 x 33 inches. Pair ..... 59c. Hemmed Bleached Sheets, a good serviceable weight, 68 x 86 in. Each ..... \$1.00 Bleached Sheets, a fine even weave. Worth \$3.75. (72 x 100 in.) Pair ..... \$2.98 Bleached Sheets, a heavy durable quality. Worth \$3.50. (81 x 94 inches). Pair ..... \$2.89 Sub-standard Unbleached Sheets, are firmly woven, 81 x 87 in. Pair ..... \$1.89 Sub-standard Towels in solid colored Jacquards. Size about 18 x 36 inches. Pair ..... 50c. Sub-standard Towels in white with colored borders and stripes. Sizes 20 x 36 in. to 22 x 42 in. Per pair ..... 59c. Sub-standard Towels, large heavy quality. Size about 22 x 45 in. Pair ..... 89c. Rayon Table Cloths with colored borders. Size 52 x 52 inches. Each ..... 39c. Rayon Table Cloths with colored borders. Size 52 x 69 inches. Each ..... 69c.

- Bleached Irish Cotton Table Damask with colored borders. 54 in. wide. Per yard ..... 30c. Linen Wiff Towelling, suitable for roller or dish towels. Very Special at 5 yards for .... \$1.00 Linen Table Cloths with colored borders. Worth \$1.50. (50 x 50 inches). Clearing at each ..... \$1.00 Pure Linen Checked Glass Towels at Union Cloth prices. Size 20 x 32 inches. 3 for .... \$1.00 Checked Cotton Glass Towels at a price we will not be able to repeat on. 19 x 28 inches. Each .. 10c. Factory Ends Unbleached Cotton. A serviceable weight, 36 x 40 in. Per yard ..... 10c.

DOLLAR DAYS In the BASEMENT

- Boys First Longs Checked Cotton Tweed Pants. Sizes 26 to 34. Dollar Day ..... \$1.29 Boys Plain and Fancy Stripped Polo Shirts. — Sizes 28 to 34. Dollar Day .. 49c. Boys Lace Back Dungaree Pants. Sizes 28 to 34. Dollar Day ..... \$1.00 Boys Plain and Checked Work Shirts. Sizes 12 to 14. Dollar Day ..... 59c. Boys Balbriggan Combinations, athletic style. Sizes 22 to 34. Dollar Day .. 39c. Boys fancy Cotton Pull-over Zip Sweater. Size small, medium & large. Dollar Day ..... 69c. Boys Fancy Tweed Caps. Dollar Dty 39c. Boys First Longs Navy Cotton Pants. Finished with cuffs, elastic and best waist. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Dollar Day ..... 69c.

DOLLAR DAYS In the BASEMENT

- Men's Balbriggan Combinations. Sizes 36 to 44. Dollar Day ..... 69c. Men's Balbriggan Combinations, athletic style. Sizes 36 to 44. Dollar Day .. 59c. Men's Plain and Two-tone Polo Shirts. Sizes 36 to 42. Regular \$1.00 value. Dollar Day ..... 69c. Men's Fancy Broadcloth Shirts, with Fused Collars. Sizes 14 1/2 to 16 1/2. Dollar Day 79c. Men's Fancy Broadcloth Pyjamas. Sizes 36 to 44. Dollar Day ..... \$1.39 Men's Two-tone Shower Proof Zip Jackets. Sizes 36 to 42. Dollar Day .... \$1.95 Men's Cottonwork Work Pants. Dark patterns. Size 36 to 42. Dollar Day .. \$1.29 Men's Cotton Work Shirts. Color Navy and Cadet. Sizes 14 to 17. Dollar Day ..... 69c.

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Army Day--June 28 MAKE IT A BIG DAY VISIT A CAMP!