

Good to eat

Clark's Pork & Beans with their excellent sauce are really good. Young and old alike relish this nourishing, strengthening dish.

CLARK'S Pork and Beans

Simply heat and serve; save time and money.

W. CLARK Limited, Montreal

Safety First Lightning Protector

Nature provides protection from everything that attacks by using the means at your disposal, viz: Nature's Laws, Safety First applied to your bed or lounge protects you during lightning storms and you are safe. Sent by mail with directions for One Dollar per set.

SAFETY FIRST LIGHTNING PROTECTOR
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
286-6-20-161.

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.
418-7-7-1.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received until the 17th for the construction of a Warehouse for the P. E. I. Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association. Plans and specifications can be seen at their office 201 Weymouth Street. Address all communications to the Office.

J. R. MUNN, Pres't.

NOTICE

Any person wishing inspection of brown top fields this season must send their name and address to Gordon MacMillan, North River, prior to July 15th.

282-7-5-71.

NOTICE

Any owner or keeper of dog or bitch within the City of Charlottetown neglecting or refusing to pay the tax on same before July 15th shall be dealt with in the City Police Court according to "The By-Law relating to dogs and the taxing thereof."

356-7-7-51.

BOSTON by Steamer

INTERNATIONAL LINE

Fare from St. John \$10; from Eastport or Lubec, Me., \$9.

Every Wednesday Steamer leaves St. John 9 A. M., Atlantic Time; Eastport 1:30 P. M.; Lubec 2:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, arriving Boston, Thursday, 8 A. M.

On Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays, Steamer sails direct from St. John to Boston, leaving St. John 7 P. M., Atlantic Time, due Boston following day, 2 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

Connections at Boston with direct steamer to NEW YORK

Reduced rates for automobiles accompanied by passengers.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES, Ltd.

S. S. "CEUTA"

Leave Montreal June 30th Arrive Charlottetown and leave for Nfld. July 3rd

For particulars, space and rates apply

CARVELL BROS., LTD.

AGENTS.



SMILES

"I didn't think that very literary girl would do such a thing as play baseball."

"What makes you think she does?"

"She said she was up in Fielding."



UP IN FIELDING

Because we had arrived home from our trip a full day ahead of schedule Smith seemed disappointed. He said we might just as well have commuted with Nature another day, but I suspect that he was secretly pleased at having saved another hotel bill. But when he realized that the car had been driven 1,200 miles with nothing more than the ordinary attention, he soon admitted that he could make good use of the extra day to give the car the thorough inspection which it needed.



COMMUNITY DRIVES

"What do you think of our Community drives?"

"Well, there's a nice long dark one that I took last night, and we parked an hour too."



NOT RED ENOUGH?

"Howthorn's Scarlet Letter is all of color."

"Yes; but do you think it's read enough?"



A DREAM? WHAT COULD IT BE BUT A CAR?

"Young Jones and his bride went off on their honeymoon in a perfect dream."

"What was the make of the car?"

FARM FOR SALE

At Tarantum, on July 10th, 1926, at 2 P. M., farm of 146 acres, if farm not sold standing hay crop of fifty acres will be offered.

A. WHITE,
J. P. BRADLEY, Auctioneer.
398-7-1-6-9.

SIMPSON FARM FOR SALE AT KENSINGTON

Consisting of 150 acres situated right at Kensington. Up-to-date buildings, running water in house and barn.

Fox Ranch on premises being one of the best sites in the province.

W. G. SIMPSON & SON
Kensington
266-6-30-wfm71.

John Smith and His Car

By FREDERICK C. RUSSELL

John Smith is a character whom every motorist should welcome. He is not selfish, rather he is a motoring martyr, a chap willing and glad to have exploited, in an interesting way, his experiences for the benefit of the other twenty million or more members of the motor clan.

No. 18.—Home Again.

Because we had arrived home from our trip a full day ahead of schedule Smith seemed disappointed. He said we might just as well have commuted with Nature another day, but I suspect that he was secretly pleased at having saved another hotel bill. But when he realized that the car had been driven 1,200 miles with nothing more than the ordinary attention, he soon admitted that he could make good use of the extra day to give the car the thorough inspection which it needed.

Some things on a car which need attention are not mentioned in the instruction books nor on the oiling charts. Of these perhaps the body bolts are the most important—and most neglected—of the lot. A view of the car from underneath showed Smith plainly where these were located; and he could see by the small number of them that unless they were always tightened body rattles would surely develop.

"I've tightened one of these bolts," he called to me from under the car. "but the others are rusty and I can't budge them."

I told him that if he made a rule to squirt a little oil over them now and then they wouldn't get rusty and he could tighten them when necessary with little trouble. The only thing to do when they have gotten rusty is to put kerosene oil on them and try tightening them later.

"While you're under there," I suggested, "if any of those studs around the rear end housing needs tightening. Then look over your brake rods and examine carefully the clevises and pins which fasten the rods to the levers. The brake assembly is so exposed that it gets all the dirt and water from the road and rust that accumulates may cause the brakes to fail when you need them most."

"You will notice, too, that each connection is held in place only by a cotter pin. The wheels of the car—when you get better examine, too at first fastened with a nut, and then the nut is secured by a cotter pin so that it can't turn. There is double protection, therefore, against the possibility of a wheel coming off. But the brake rods have no such protection, that's why you've got to watch them."

"What I say about cotter pins here is true of the car in general. You will find them all over. They are what you might call the night watchmen of the car designed to keep you from sleeping on the job."

Before Smith was through oiling and tightening things under the car he had sprayed some kerosene oil over the front shackles of the rear springs. His car is of the Hotchkiss drive type, which means that the forward motion of the wheels is transmitted to the body through the rear springs, instead of the front ones in particular—must be kept well oiled. If a little rust collects between the shackle and the bushing or the nut there will be a constant grating noise that will annoy you for all the world like rear end trouble.

"There are enough things loose under there to keep me busy for the morning," Smith declared, scrambling to his feet, his face bearing the satisfied expression of a motorist who is putting in his spare time profitably. "But before I go under again I'd like to straighten out this matter of the Hotchkiss drive. You're trying to tell me that the drive is taken by the rear springs. My understanding of the matter is that the wheels attend to that little job and the body of the car just follows along naturally."

"That's the way it appears," I replied, "but it isn't so. Take the drive rods of a car that is not designed for Hotchkiss drive and see what happens when you let it in the clutch. The body will tend to drag after the wheels instead of following along with them; and before very long things would loosen up and break. The forward motion of the unsprung weight (the wheels, axles, differential, etc.) has got to

be transmitted to the sprung weight (the rest of the car) either rods (braces) or through semi-elliptic or full elliptic springs (carriage springs) running parallel with the frame of the car. Which drive is best and which best takes care of the torque, the twisting motion imparted to the car by the engine, is a matter of engineering opinion. The thing to do is to understand the particular drive of your car and cater to it."

Smith went down under the car a more enlightened car owner. It was just another evidence to him what an interesting thing a motor car is and how complicated it is in spite of the service it willingly renders even with neglect and abuse.

Fashion Fancies

VELVET RIBBON FOR THE COSTUME SLIP

By Marie Belmont

Have you seen the new velvet ribbon trimming on underwear? At first glance, one might be inclined to think the slip was an ultra short evening frock, so decorative is its new trimming.

Shadow grey crepe de chine is the material of the slip which is designed for wear beneath a sheer summer frock. Coral ribbon velvet is applied over the set-in motifs of dyed grey lace and tiny silk rosebuds, in various shades of pink and red, climb over the trellis of lace and velvet. Scalloped godets of grey silk add width to the bottom of this costume slip.

Full of Quality

King Cole Tea

You'll like the flavor

"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

(Continued)

Audrey looked hastily about her. The other girls' hat and coat were on a chair. Her gloves lay on the little telephone stand.

"She can't leave the hotel, anyway," Audrey said, half aloud.

The porter entered with Nona's trunk, and Audrey stood aside as he trundled it into the bedroom, and placed it in a corner. Nona's handbag was on a chair. Audrey moved as if to examine it. Then with a little shake of her head, she retreated, and went back to the drawing-room.

For a few moments she settled herself in an arm chair. Then, nervously, she began moving about the room.

Minutes passed. She glanced at her watch. Time was flying. She looked out the window. She examined the prints on the wall. Then she opened a door, and looked up and down the corridor. No one was in sight.

Hastily she went back to Nona's apartment, seized her own coat, and sped down the hall. Without waiting for the elevator, she ran down the stairs, and went to the hotel desk.

"Did you see Mr. Morton?" she asked breathlessly.

"Mr. Morton," said the clerk, "left here about ten minutes ago with that young lady who came in with you."

CHAPTER XIII

"But she had no hat nor coat!" Audrey cried, clasping her hands. The clerk was polite, but there was a little smile on his lips.

"I noticed," he said drily, "that when she went out she did not have sufficient weight."

Audrey turned away, uncertainly. Trembling, scarcely able to walk, she went through the lobby, and down the street. Half unconsciously she turned her steps toward home.

"Mr. Morton called up," the little house-maid said, as she entered the door.

Audrey listened, without raising her eyes. She was very weary, and she leaned against the door.

"He said he would not be home for dinner this evening," the maid went on.

Audrey made a hopeless gesture and going up to her room, locked herself in.

Morton and Nona were in a

downtown department store.

"You can get your coat and hat and gloves here, without having to shop around," he said.

A department manager of the store was bowing and smiling beside him. Morton was too well known in New York to need introduction.

"Will you please see that the lady gets whatever she needs, and that the amount is charged to me?" said Morton.

Nona was towed away by the department manager, with two saleswomen following after. Morton seated himself on a stool, his hands resting on his cane, and watched the little daily drama of department store life as it moved past him.

A woman customer entered, lifted her hat and bowed. He arose.

"You had old charmer?" she cried, shaking her finger at him playfully.

He smiled an inquiry.

"I saw you meet that lovely young beauty at the train," she said.

"Did you notice Audrey?" he asked.

The woman pursed her mouth, and rolled her plump chin into her collar, with the air of one who knows much.

"I noticed her," she said, "and if I should see her, I'd say that the beautiful brunet was your friend and Miss Morton's!"

Morton laughed. "How charmingly observant you are."

"I notice things," she admitted, as she trotted away.

Morton continued chuckling to himself, as he took his seat again. It was nearly an hour until Nona reappeared, clad in a gorgeous coat, with fur collar, and a little new wrap-around turban, and gloves, and carrying a muff.

"She didn't tell me to get a muff," she said, "but they're coming into style again."

She whirled around so he could get a better view.

"Isn't the coat pretty? It was only five hundred dollars! Aren't you proud of me? And I got a little odd-faded all-lace handkerchief. They're coming into style again, too."

She waved the kerchief at him, and he laughed.

"All right," he said, "perhaps it's just as well that diamond stonemachery isn't in style again. By the way, let me see what you bought with that money I sent you in Toronto."

She pulled her coat aside, and

KING'S COLLEGE

The following is a list of the names of contributors to the King's College Campaign Fund up to Wednesday last.

Rev. Basil King	\$1,000.00
George Evans	1,000.00
Rev. D. DeHolis	1,000.00
Rev. E. H. Haviland	250.00
T. Edgar MacNutt	100.00
Samuel Nelson	100.00
Mrs. E. G. Longworth	200.00
Mrs. E. G. Morris	200.00
J. O. Hyndman	250.00
Mrs. G. W. Hodgson	150.00
Hooper H. H. H.	200.00
Mrs. W. A. O. Morson	300.00
Mrs. Robert Harris	200.00
Henry H. H.	200.00
Percy Pope	200.00
Mrs. J. L. Robinson	100.00
Mrs. J. H. Robinson	100.00
Neil H. DeHolis	300.00
W. H. Tidmarsh	25.00
L. D. Murray	150.00
D. B. Stewart	100.00
Charles Beers	20.00
Gordon Evans	20.00
George Lewis	25.00
Mary Lewis	5.00
John Lewis	5.00
C. H. Foster	25.00
W. A. Warwick	10.00
James Nelson	10.00
Colonel D. A. MacNutt	50.00
James Lewis	20.00
John J. Robinson	50.00
Mr. Samuel Peters	100.00
J. E. Harris	100.00
Mrs. George Robinson	100.00
Dr. F. T. H.	100.00
H. S. Stewart	20.00
P. S. Fielding	20.00
Hooper H. H.	200.00
Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Cotton	500.00
Miss Margaret Cotton	50.00
E. E. R. Haviland	200.00
Mrs. James Peake	100.00
Gregory Lambros	100.00
Leith E. Brecken	100.00
Fred Foster	20.00
W. W. Owen	100.00
C. G. Tomlinson	20.00
George Moore	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cosh	50.00
Mrs. A. A. Bartlett	25.00
Charles Hine	50.00
G. E. Sherren	50.00
A. A. Pomeroy	50.00
D. C. Mackinley	10.00
George B. Easton	10.00
Hilton Vail	5.00
Brooklyn Vail	5.00
Edward Owen	5.00
Mrs. J. H. Robinson	50.00
Harold L. Palmer	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Palmer	100.00
William Carpenter	25.00
Joseph Shama	25.00
Mrs. H. Birt	5.00
Miss Dorothy Simpson	25.00
Miss Jessie Easton	30.00
Colonel A. G. Peake	100.00
Miss Simpson	50.00
Easton Brothers	50.00
H. M. Simpson	20.00
Miss R. Vincombe	15.00
George V. Moore	50.00
J. E. Falon	20.00
A. A. Alley	100.00
Miss R. Hine	5.00
W. E. Cotton	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cotton	500.00
George B. Easton	5.00
Miss Fairclough	60.00
R. F. Acorn	12.00
Leith E. Brecken	50.00
Arthur W. Weeks	50.00
W. F. Tidmarsh	50.00
Miss Annie Hine	50.00
Mrs. Leith Hodgson	10.00
Misses Nelson	5.00
Mrs. J. MacNutt	20.00
Mrs. Sidney Grey	25.00
E. T. Higgs	5.00
Dr. S. E. Jenkins	150.00
William Foster	20.00
J. A. Webster	5.00
R. Harold Jenkins, M. F.	25.00
Charles Hine	50.00
R. V. Longworth	10.00
His Worship Mayor Miller	100.00
Mrs. B. Easton	20.00
Miss Laura Beers	15.00
Mrs. James Simpson	50.00
Mrs. J. S. Morris	5.00

\$10,005.00

C. H. B. LONGWORTH, Treasurer.

The Secretary, Major T. E. MacNutt will be pleased to send literature in connection with the Campaign to any person desiring same.

showed him a brooch of platinum and diamonds, nearly five inches across, that was pinned to her dress. Audrey was walking up and down the short walk that led from the high iron gate to the door step. Every footfall that sounded in the distance brought her to sharp attention. She would watch, until the pedestrian would appear. Then her head sinking, she would resume her walk. The air was chill, and she shivered a little, as once or twice she stopped, and drew the coat closer around her. Once a taxicab drew almost to a halt before the gate, and Audrey, with a little sigh, ran lightly to the sidewalk. The driver leaned far out, looked, as if for the number of a house, and drove on. Audrey turned her back and slowly walked indoors.

At two o'clock in the morning she was sitting in the drawing-room looking straight before her. Her hands loosely in her lap, and her face white and set.

At seven o'clock the housemaid, entering to pull up the blinds, found the lights still blazing, and her young mistress, pale and limp, asleep on the chair. Her head hung upon her breast, and her arms hung down beside her.

(To be continued)

Morton chuckled as he led her from the store. "That is my new secretary," he explained. "I hired him because he had such an excellent moral record. Just at present, he is almost too good to stay alive in this wicked world. But he'll come on all right."

"But why did you send me the five thousand?"

"Well," he said, "I just wanted you to have it. Before you get away, I want you to do something."

He looked at her significantly.

"Are you prepared to do what I ask you to do?"

"Of course," she said, tenderly, "anything in this whole world."

"Then show that to Audrey, carelessly, before you get away from town. And let it out, as if by accident, that I gave it to you."

The girl was surprised. "But I thought you wouldn't want Audrey to know anything like that," she protested.

"All right," he said, "and I'll be all right."

Morton bowed, smiling, to his acquaintances as they strolled down the street. Nona beside him, attracted as much attention as Morton himself. Her striking dark beauty; her rather staid dress; the air of deliberate unconcern that girls from Toronto wear when they visit New York, and her association with Morton, directed toward her many curious looks as they sauntered up and down the street. Morton told her that he wanted her to see the shop windows.

"Hang the shop windows!" she exclaimed. "You know I don't care anything about that. What are you leading me around for?"

He merely smiled. "I needed exercise," he explained. Then he added:—"perhaps."

They took dinner that evening in the dining room of Nona's hotel. After a day of desultory wandering about town, Morton left the table once, or twice to speak casually to friends who dined near him. He did not introduce Nona; evidently she did not expect it. With her large dark eyes, she inspected the women who received Morton's greeting, and each time, apparently satisfied, turned up and down the of the dining-room.

After their leisurely dinner, Morton took her to the theater, and sat in a box. As Nona picked up the program, she laughed.

"I'm going to see myself on the stage," she said. "I used to be in this show."

She waved a greeting to one or two of the actors, as they appeared, and one little dancer directed her entire solo toward the box where Morton and Nona sat. Nona was happy, and Morton, with a quiet smile, watched her face.

"Having good time, kid?" he asked.

She beamed at him. "I always have a good time when I'm with you. But Harry—why did you bring me to the theater?"

"He made a little gesture with his hand toward the crowded auditorium. "Oh, perhaps so my friends could see a very beautiful girl."

She dimpled. "Am I beautiful?" she asked him.

"Of course," he said. "You know that."

She produced a tiny mirror, and examined her face. "You know, you never told me that before."

They walked back to the hotel and at the elevator door Morton took off his hat and extended his hand. "Goodnight, Nona," he said.

She showed surprise. "Aren't you coming up?"

Morton shook his head. "There is a censor under every hat in New York—at least, for me," he said. "If I went up to your apartment at eleven o'clock at night, a deputarion headed by the crowd management, and including half the folks in this lobby, would be there four minutes later to ask me 'how come?'"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Why did you want me to come?" she asked.

"I wanted to see you," he said. "Isn't that reason enough?"

"But I cut off my rehearsals, and I suppose I'll lose my engagement. I sent word to them that I was very sick and had to come to the Springs for treatment."

"Lord! I forgot about your rehearsals," he said. "We'll have to fix that."

"Then you won't come up?"

"No. I've got to say goodnight. Pleasant dreams!"

"Goodnight, sweetheart," she said, her eyes deep, and her voice low and yearning.

The Lights in Morton's house

Waterfront Directory

July 7, 1926

Carragher's Wharf
Lady Hill, schooner, Capt. Smith, unloading coal for Carragher and Co.

Carvell's Wharf
Dwina, schooner, loading produce.

Pickard's Wharf
The Hazel, schooner, Captain Duffey in ballast.

Karmoe, schooner, Capt. Lord, loading lumber for Crapaud.

S. S. Lovat, Capt. Campbell, loading produce for the Magdalen- es.

Marine Wharf
C. G. S. Montreal.
C. G. S. Brant.
H. M. C. S. Margaret

MASONIC TEMPLE COMPANY

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in E. R. Brown's office, 146 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Wednesday evening, the 14th day of July, 1926, at 7 o'clock.

Dated at Charlottetown this 28th day of June, 1926.

GEORGE W. WAKEFORD, Secretary

241-6-29-1w51.

FOR SALE

ATTENTION OF FOXMEN, GARDENERS AND RETIRING FARMERS AN OPPORTUNITY

The farm of 15 acres of rich fertile soil, with buildings and garden, situated at Corner of Brackley and Point Road and St. Peter's Road in Charlottetown, P. E. I., one mile from City, is now offered for sale with or without crop. If not sold will be offered at auction with crop, stock and implements. For full particulars apply to owner.

JAS. P. DUFFY,
Ch' Town, R. R. 3. East Royalty,
436-7-7-wf71.

FARM FOR SALE

AT ROSE VALLEY

I offer for sale my farm of 100 acres, 80 cleared balance hard and soft wood. Will sell with or without standing crop, situated 2 miles from Bradbans Station, near to Church, School and Mills. If not sold will be offered at auction with crop, stock and implements. For date see posters later.

WALTER MACKENZIE,
Rose Valley, R. R. 1.
516-7-9-fm61.

Orange Celebration and Tea AT CRAPAUD

Monday, July 12th 1926

COME ONE AND ALL AND BRING YOUR FRIENDS

A fine programme of Athletic Events under the personal supervision of H. H. Simpson, Athletic Supervisor, Y. M. C. A., Summerside.

1st AND 2nd PRIZES: SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS

G. W. V. A. BRASS BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

S. S. HARLAND LEAVES CHARLOTTETOWN AT 8 A. M. RETURNING LEAVES VICTORIA AT 7 P. M.

Sale of tickets for Steamer Excursion in charge of Neil D. MacLean, King Square. Sale to begin Monday, July 5th.

Grand Parade of Orange Lodges from Victoria Wharf to grounds on arrival of Steamer at 11 A. M.

Grounds only 10 minutes walk from Wharf.

If day proves unfavorable, tea will be held first fine day following.

268-6-30-wfm71.

POTATO GROWERS ANNUAL PICNIC AND BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual Picnic and Business Meeting of the P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS ASSOCIATION, will be held in former years at the Experimental Farm, Charlottetown, on Saturday, July 17th. All interested are welcome. Seed Source Demonstration at the Farm beginning at 10:30. Lunch in the Grove at 12. Dishes, Tea, Coffee, Sugar and Milk provided by the Farm. Bring your own food, and your friends.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING for the election of officers and the transaction of general business will be held at Prince of Wales College beginning at 1:30 P. M. sharp.

By order of the Directors.
W. BOULTER, Secretary
P. E. I. POTATO GROWERS ASSOCIATION.

509-7-9-fm71.

87TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND AUXILIARY OF THE Canadian Bible Society MONTAGUE, JULY 14, 1926

87th Annual Meeting of the Prince Edward Island Auxiliary of the Canadian Bible Society convenes in the BAPTIST CHURCH, MONTAGUE, Wednesday, July 14th.

AT 11:00 A. M.—The Meeting of the Executive Committee.

AT 2:30 P. M.—The General Meeting with His Honor Lieut. Governor Heartz presiding.

AT 8:00 P. M.—Evening Meeting.

Among the speakers there will be His Honor Lieut. Governor Heartz, Rev. W. B. Muir, Rev. J. M. Murchison, Rev. Mr. Ambrose and others.

All interested in forwarding the work of this great Society, the ready and constant handmaid of the Church, are urged to be present on this occasion.

H. D. RAYMOND, President.
J. P. GORDON, Secretary.