

# 1914



**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM**  
AFTER EVERY MEAL

## STILL THE BIGGEST NICKEL'S WORTH

Wrigley's Spearmint helps relieve fatigue and nervous tension—helps keep you fit. CHEW IT WHILE YOU WORK—millions do! Only 5¢. **BUY SOME TODAY!**

### PILING UP WAR DAMAGE

LONDON (CP)—Number of individual claims paid to private persons under Britain's War Damage Act at July 4 totalled 6,374, the aggregate amount involved being \$102,661 (\$455,841).

### Round Trip

## BARGAIN FARES TO HALIFAX

—Going—  
FRIDAY, AUGUST 22nd AND SATURDAY, AUGUST 23rd  
Monday, Aug. 25, 1941  
RETURN FARE \$6.45  
From CHARLOTTETOWN (Government Tax Additional)  
Proportionately Low Fares from other stations  
Children of five and under twelve years of age HALF FARE  
Tickets Good in DAY COACHES ONLY  
For Further Information Consult any Ticket Agent  
CANADIAN NATIONAL TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA  
Use Canadian National Money Orders for Safety and Convenience

## Was It Montelli?

By LESLIE GARGILL

Gordon smartly placed a wheel-ed ward-table between himself and the inimical deputation. "You'd better get out of here as quickly as possible," Jerry advised. "And don't forget I'm saving you up for myself. One of these fine days we're due for a heart-to-heart talk."

"Me go? Not on your sweet life! I'm a newshound, I am. And you're news. All the lot of you. Right from the moment the Star-Bulletin splashed 'British Playboy K. O.' in Stand Up with New York Cops."

"Playboy be damned!" Jerry snorted. "And don't call us cops in print, snarled the senior officer."

"It wasn't me. Blame the desk man. They pushed up the stuff. I said Jerry was a prominent socialist, and spoke of 'dicks' and 'flatties.'"

The deputation stiffened ominously. "That was a dirty trick you played," Jerry complained. "Aren't I telling you I only gave the outline of the story?"

"You know what I mean. When the police arrested you knew perfectly well who I really was."

"Was that any reason to spoil a good splash story? No sir, I'll say it wasn't. Remember how I told you the proper wind-up would be a good grilling? That's where I was wrong. Romance is the note that's lacking. Must have a lady in the case to make it rood and handsome. Linger-ing kiss in close-up. Leave it to little Bill."

"Get out of here!"

"You want me to scam?"

"That's what I said in plain English."

"He sure did," the police captain explained patiently. "Go lose yourself."

"Nothing doing! Give us a break!"

"I'll give you a smash in the kisser if you'll come close enough, and get out from behind that darned—darned—"

Grandon grinned. "Come to mention it I don't know what you call it either," he observed, "but it comes in mighty useful. Say, listen!"

"Out!"

"Honest, fellers, I've got a bilfbull to spill. Enough to make your hair stand on end. Cops! Captain Mulhoney's, seeing he hasn't got any."

"You leave my hair alone!"

"Can't help it. Better grow some more before you ask that. Here's the full story, straight from London correspondent. Unless you'd rather read all about it in the Star-Bulletin, Can I come out from behind this barricade?"

"Ten minutes parole. Not a second more."

### MONTELLI'S LAST STROKE

"Oke! Now get an earful. This is the way of it. Tony Montelli and his wife got jugged, with enough on em to warrant being put away for a term of ten years. First time too, that the dame's been nabbed with the goods. Len Dago Manuei and his bonnie boys were mopped up about the same time they were gathering for a trip back home. Got to hand it to the English for—"

"All ancient history," Jerry broke in. "Wasn't I acting as the decoy to bring them down to the boat?"

"We got that figured out, too. Only you don't know how they started squealing on each other. There was so much hot stuff that the British cops were changing their minds about granting extradition."

"I'm wise to that, too," growled the police captain. "Guess you are and all! But have you heard that they had the two gangs parked in the same courthouse waiting for the judge?"

"It would be a magistate," Jerry corrected.

"What's the odds? Might as well have been a queen bee. Seems there was a rare buzz-buzz. A free for all. Not the whole force of cops in London couldn't have held Dago and his mob when they clapped eyes on this Montelli pair."

"What happened then?"

"Couldn't have panned out better so far as Tony and Slim Annie were concerned. While the fun was at its height and a good time being had by all they up and went and beat it. Last thing Dago expected and he'll be feeling mighty sore."

Jerry wilted. "You men to say that confounded couple are at large again?" he exploded despairingly. "That I shan't be able to show my face in public again without the risk of being grabbed by the first fool of a policeman?"

"Steady, mister," broke in the captain. "We ain't to be blamed. If you'd have worn a beard it wouldn't have happened."

"I refuse to do anything of the kind, or to be tattooed, or any other sort of nonsense. Hang it. If a man isn't allowed to be himself without getting into trouble I don't know what the world is coming to."

"Hold hard," Mulhoney said soothingly. "Things aren't as bad as they seem. Wait until you've seen—"

"Don't excite the patient," warned the nurse looking in at that moment. "There's a lady waiting to see him."

"And I don't want to see any more visitors. Particularly ladies."

"Only one lady," said the irrepresible newspaperman. "She's one you will see. Name of Dallas. Miss Elise Dallas. If that kind of means anything?"

"What?"

"That's what I was leading up to—the romantic climax. Just what the public wants. Our readers will lap it up like a cat will a saucer of milk iron contented ovals."

And you too, Show her in and make yourself scarce. The whole lot of you. Why wasn't I told this before?"

"Time wasn't ripe for the pretty-pretty stuff. 'Tisn't yet. We ain't disposed of the Montelli pair."

"That's our business, the police captain said sulkily. "All that does isn't so new as you think. We were wise to this lady friend, but sentiment isn't part of our job."

Tony gaped. "If you knew about me?" he demanded.

"Question of precaution. We were taken by surprise when Mitchell said he was out. Don't know if something or somebody might have slipped up. So, naturally, we went in a.o. accoun."

"How long have I been cooped up in the back?"

"Four days. Didn't you know?"

"You people certainly have perfected the art of coaxing recalcitrant prisoners. Perhaps I'll come on you for compensation after all. Just for spite. I'm learning things, aren't I?"

"Yeah, and you might as well know, the rest. Tony and Annie got themselves passage on some ocean runner, guaranteed to upset any traveler."

"You mean they were allowed to sail?"

"Nobody tried to stop 'em much. They've been scooped up by this time. Saves a heap of trouble all round."

"Both of them?"

"Sure thing! Time was when we had to get much to pin on the dame. That's all been changed. Now they'll both be tucked up tight. Fairly played into our hands, as nicely as though it had all been arranged."

"Which means I can't say it wasn't?"

"Shucks, no, sir! We can't fix things like that. Police work is all cut and dried routine."

"When's the orange blossom?"

"Tell that to the marines, or Superintendent Clewethers," Jerry murmured incredulously. "However, I'm not grousing. All's well that ends well. Anything else before we wing this meeting?"

Grandon laughed gleefully. "There's Miss Dallas, who seems to have a pull with the authorities, because she came over on the same boat," he announced.

"No! Jerry tried to sit up in his excitement, and wished sincerely that he hadn't been so impulsive."

"Yes I did," Elise noted content to cool her heels in the reception room any longer, made a suitably dramatic entrance.

Jerry's reputation was already filling gracefully out, but the reporter still lingered, avid for the fullest development of the story.

"On well, perhaps you're right," he muttered.

His remark was brought about by the romantic scene which pandered to his sense of fitness. Elise was bending down, her lips coming closer and closer to the battered features of Jerry Clitheroe.

"When's the orange blossom?" Grandon inquired quizzically.

Jerry held the girl as tightly as his injuries permitted. "Not gone yet!" he muttered. "Very well, if you want the rest of it, you can fill your readers that the wedding will take place as soon as we can make arrangements."

"Of this side?"

"If possible."

"Suits me, darling!" Elise confirmed.

"Suits me better!" Bill Grandon said with evident satisfaction. "Couldn't have hit on a better way of pleasing our eight-hundred-thousand regulars, to say nothing of the extras this scoop will attract."

"I've no desire to pander to your confounded readers!"

"The only thing against it," Elise said thoughtfully "is the choice of a best man. I'd have liked your nice Superintendent Clewethers."

"What! — that double-dealing snake in the grass! Sent me thousands of miles with malice aforethought and—"

"I think he's awfully smart. Somewhat unconventional in his

### RELIEVE SUFFERING QUICKLY WITH

# KELLOGG'S ASTHMA RELIEF

method, undoubtedly, but—"

"Unconventional, but—"

of putting it. That man would sacrifice his own grandmother to his departmental gods without a single qualm."

"Never mind, Jerry! Although he made use of you, the end justifies the means."

Jerry relaxed. "Well," he conceded, "if he were handy I'd have commented to your asking him, or done so myself if that is the correct etiquette."

"How about me instead?" Grandon clapped his hat on his head and waited hopefully.

"You?" Jerry spoke scornfully. "Why? Can't you get it into your head that you're still slapping bang in the limelight. Not so easy to dodge out of it in a hurry."

"I shall be at the nuptials representing the 'Star-Bulletin.' You folk are big news you know. Red hot news."

He managed to dodge outside a split second before an ornament, which came most readily to Jerry Clitheroe's hand splintered into a hundred pieces on the panelling.

THE END.

### J. H. CROWLEY TAKEN BY DEATH

J. Harry Crowley, Seattle resident since 1893, died early yesterday morning in a hospital after a heart attack. He was 69.

Funeral arrangements are being handled by Booth-Ashmore Mortuary.

Mr. Crowley was born in Bonny Bay, Newfoundland. He served with the American navy and was widely known as a fisherman and long-shoreman here before his retirement three years ago.

Surviving are the widow, Florence, at the family home, 2435 W. Hayes St., two daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Barlow and Mrs. Kathleen Dickerson of Oakland, and a son, Richard Crowley of Seattle. Also one sister, Mrs. Robt. Kerwin, Charlotetown, P. E. I. and brother Wm. J. Sydney, N. S.

### Prince Edward Island

I miss Prince Edward Island. The land that gave me birth. But most of all I miss the ones. That dwell upon its earth.

I miss its shady groves and streams. Its friendship and its cheer. But most of all I miss the ones— The ones I love so dear.

I miss its snowy winters. Its sunshine and its rain. But most of all I miss the ones. I soon will see again.

Good Luck Prince Edward Island. To each and every one. But most of all I wish it for. The folks—of which I'm one.

—W. L. McDonald, Watertown, Mass.

### TO CAMP SHUSHUGAH

The following was written during a period of 10 days camping at "Shushugah" Church camping grounds. Marshfield and was re-plied by the authress at the last campfire.

A little bit of quietness away from all the rush  
A little bit of stillness in stillness  
and in hush  
Makes the smaller tasks so pleasant  
the greater ones worth while;  
When we greet each dervy morning  
with a Shushugahonian smile.

For as nature lives around us; plant  
and bird and sea  
We are nearer our Creator than  
ever we could be;  
This is life and everlasting pouring  
from the land.  
There is knowledge, loftier, holier  
than the soul could understand.

Trees, receptive of the sunshine and  
the dewy rain  
Nesting noisy songsters to cheer us  
one and again.  
Flowers: all budding, perfected in  
beauty too  
Reminiscent of life and youth destr-  
ing life is true.

Sunshine; dazzling, brilliant, en-  
joyed when lost space  
Beams kindly, warmly, lovely as the  
Master's face.  
Lapping waves in moonlight like  
tonight is seen  
Significant in grandeur of that  
"Holy Being."

Cause us to be mindful, thoughtful  
of it here  
Music on the seashore, in the quiet  
air.  
Then to "camp" and "campers"  
something of "His" love  
Comes to us through nature and the  
stars above.

Written August 8, 1941, Erma A.  
Bain, Cornwall, P. E. I.

## WOMEN LIKED HIM

### PROBLEMS OF A MAN WHO WAS TOO ATTRACTIVE

An attractive personality is generally reckoned a valuable asset, but, in a young man, at all events, too much charm can be a handicap.

This is how it was with Gerald Ashley, who is the chief character in the swiftly-moving, romantic story, "The Likeable Man," by Sylvester Cairn, which the Guardian is to serialise.

Ashley was the type of person who commands readily the friendship and sympathy of people, especially of women. That soon proved his undoing. Influence secured for him a job for which he had no qualifications, and so he took the job lightly, with almost disastrous consequences to himself.

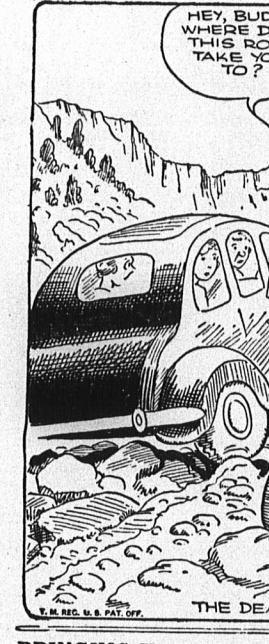
Thus he left his home town under a cloud, but it was not long before a warm-hearted woman took pity on him, and a rich girl showed a lively interest in his welfare.

The cynical world have said he was in clover. But there were plenty of thorns among the clover. Even so, his unconscious charm did not fail him.

He is an exceptionally interesting character, and Sylvester Cairn, who wrote that delightful story, "Eden for Profit," takes him through a series of experiences and adventures which make excellent reading.

"The Likeable Man" makes his first appearance in the Guardian on Friday. Order your copy now, and ensure that you miss nothing of this charming story.

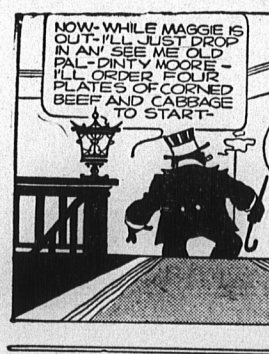
### OUT OUR WAY



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE



### BRINGING UP FATHER



### THIMBLE THEATRE—STARRING POPEYE



### TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS



### FILLIE THE TOILER — MAC PADDLES HIS OWN CANOE.



## HOLIDAY

WITH ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Your holidays are playdays and you want to get the most out of them... you can, easily... by taking ENO along to help overcome the distressing effects of ERRORS IN DIET: irregular meals, camp snacks, changes from accustomed menus; TOO MUCH EXERCISE: strenuous hikes, dances, sports; HEAT PROSTRATION... CONSTIPATION... INDIGESTION... SLEGGISH LIVER...

Take ENO regularly... and enjoy your vacation!

## Ice Cream FREEZERS

**FREEZO**

Strong	Sturdy
2 Quarts	— \$ 4.75
3 Quarts	— 5.65
4 Quarts	— 6.75
6 Quarts	— 8.75
8 Quarts	— 11.50

**ICEBERG SPECIAL**  
All Metal — \$ 1.60

### Ice Cream Dishers

Profit sharing coupons entitling you to valuable premiums given free with all retail purchases.

**The Rogers Hardware Co., Ltd**  
Phones 105-1308 Free City Delivery

**The Rogers Hardware Co., Ltd**  
Phones 105-1308 Free City Delivery