

STOCK QUOTATIONS

Table of stock quotations including Halifax July 22, National Breweries, Asbestos Com, Dominion Bridge, etc.

BIRTHS

BURKE—At the P. E. Island Hospital on July 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Burke, Southport, a daughter, Mary Thekla.

DEATHS

WEATHERSIE—At Pownal on July 21, 1922, Mr. Jacob Weatherbie, Aged 87 years.

BRUCE—July 22nd, Richard Norman, infant son of W. P. and Mrs. Bruce, city.

MUIRHEAD—The death took place at her home in Beaver St., Summerside, on Sunday morning of Zillah, Muirhead. The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon at 2 p. m.

PICKERING—The death took place at his home last night at 8.30 of one of Summerside's most popular citizens, Mr. D. A. Pickering, at the age of 59 years. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 from the Methodist Church.

BANKS

Bank Royal ... Bank of Montreal ... Bank of Nova Scotia ... Bank of New Brunswick ... Bank of St. John's ...

THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

SHOP from Holman's Catalog. REGULAR MONDAY night dance tonight at Beach Grove Inn.

WELLINGTON STA. PICNIC will be on Wednesday, July 26th.

FIRE ALARM.—The firemen were called out about 7.30 last night to a house on King St. east. They responded quickly, but it proved to be a false alarm.

CADETS SHOOTING.—Cadets of No. 1 Platoon West Kent Street School, will meet today at 2 o'clock at practice. Rifles and ammunition will be issued there. A charge of fifteen cents will be made each Cadet for marking.

ST. DUNSTON'S CATHEDRAL.—At St. Dunstan's Cathedral yesterday morning, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Patrick McQuillan, P. P. Sheer Harbor, Nova Scotia. The sermon was preached by the Most Reverent A. A. Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg.

A GOOD RECORD.—On Saturday evening at the O. A. A. grounds one or two spectators were somewhat surprised to see Mr. Andy Hennessy, former member of the Charlottetown Fire Department doing some fire training. Mr. Hennessy succeeded in making the 1-4 mile circuit in 61 1-6 seconds, which is not too slow considering that he tips the scales at about 275 pounds and has not been in action for nearly fifteen years.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.—Sir Louis Davies, Chief Justice of Canada and Lady Davies, who are spending the season at their summer home in Charlottetown, celebrated their 50th marriage anniversary yesterday, July 23. They received the congratulations of a host of friends, both of the Island and abroad. Among the guests of Sir Louis and Lady Davies are Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins. At the evening service at St. Peter's Cathedral the Rev. Dr. Wiggins delivered an eloquent sermon which was heard by a very large congregation.

PERSONALS.—Mr. Richard Pown of the Dominion Express Co. left Saturday morning on his holiday trip to Montreal.

Mr. Ernest Crabbe, who has been in the Yukon for the past thirty-two years arrived in the city on Friday night and is the guest of Mr. A. A. Pomeroy. Mr. Crabbe is a brother of the late Mrs. A. A. Pomeroy and Mrs. W. J. Robertson, of this city and will be kindly welcomed after his very long absence from his relatives and friends.

IN MEMORIAM.—In loving memory of our dear father, John McEwan, who died July 24th, 1921. A precious one from us has gone. A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled.

IN MEMORIAM.—In loving memory of our dear father, John McEwan, who died July 24th, 1921. Three and years have passed Since we saw our dear one last. A bitter grief, a shock severe To part with one we loved so dear. His pleasant smile for all he met, His kind heart—'twas can never forget.

IN MEMORIAM.—The races at Georgetown on Saturday were fairly well attended and were very successfully staged. The track was in excellent condition. The 2.30 and 3 minute classes were very hotly contested. In the C. Class, Northern Lady had it her own way throughout the race.

SUMMARIES.—Class A, Trot and Pace. Edgerly (J. MacDonell) 1:12.1 Chief Aubrey (O. McNeill) 3:4.1 Jack Todd (Sullivan) 4:2.4 Lilian Patch (McConnell) 3:33.3. Time 2:21 3-4, 2:24 1-2, 2:22 1-2, 2:26.

Class B, Trot and Pace. Teddy (Grant) 1:12.1 Todd E. (Martin) 1:13.2 Nellie J. (Jackman) 2:32.3 Amy Aubrey (MacDonald) 4:5.4 Todd (MacGregor) 6:45.4. Paddy J. (J. Mooney) 5:5r. Time 2:29 3-4, 2:33 3-4, 2:29 1-2, 2:29 3-4.

Class C, Trot and Pace. Northern Lady (W. McNeill) 1:11.1 Major K. (McKenzie) 2:32.3 Commodore Girl (J. McDonell) 3:33.3. Time 2:32, 2:32, 2:30 1-4.

OFFICIALS.—Starter—F. W. Hughes, Judges—C. A. MacDonald, Mr. Knight, F. W. Hughes, Licensed Timer—E. A. Acorn, Clerk—H. H. Acorn.

Remarkable Psychologist Still Here YOU CAN BE HAPPY

Call Now! Tomorrow May be Too Late!

No condition or circumstances so complicated or incomprehensible that cannot be set right and kept right. Common sense says advantages freely and in after years you will be spared the saddest of all words, "It might have been."

HOME ON VISIT.—Among the passengers who arrived on the Saturday night was the Bishop, Rev. A. A. Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg. Archbishop Sinnott will take part in the service at St. Dunstan's Cathedral on Tuesday morning when his nephew, Alphonus Sinnott, Morell will receive the orders of Deacon.

MISSION PICTURES AT CAVENDISH.—The moving pictures of Mission Work in China, Japan and Korea, will be exhibited in Cavendish Presbyterian Church this (Monday) night at 8 o'clock and a large attendance is expected. A silver collection will be taken in aid of Mission work. Visitors cordially welcome.

WILL RECEIVE ORDERS.—On Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Alphonus Sinnott, Morell, will receive his Deacon Orders. Mr. Sinnott who pursued his theological studies at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, is well known here, having attended St. Dunstan's University from which he graduated.

ELDRIDGE'S remarkable ability to awaken psychic forces in all who ask, is attracting the attention of scientists throughout the world, is now in this city for the purpose of demonstrating his extraordinary ability. Come and see this remarkable man peer into your soul and show you with your mind and show you what psychic forces can do for your own particular case. Hours 10 a. h. to 8 j. m., 158 Prince St.

FAST TIME IN FINAL DAYS RACING AT KALAMAZOO.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., July 21.—Summaries: 2.11 Pace, Three Heats, Park American Purse \$2,000.

Henry Direct, s. g. Walter Direct (Pallin) 1:12.1 Hal Bee, br. m. by Hal B. (Childs) 4:21.1

The Sherwood, ch. g. by Ned Nelson (Murphy) 2:7.4 J. W. S. br. s. by J. S. G. (Ray) 3:33.3

Lulu Brooke, br. m. by Argot Hal (McMahon) 6:46.6 Jessie Riggs, and Casey Jones also started.

Time—2:04 1-4; 2:04 1-2; 2:05 1-4. Free-for-all, Pace, Three Heats \$1,200.

Jimmie McKerron, b. g. by Jack McKerron (Roy) 1:12.1 Sir Roch, b. g. by St. Roch (Deak) 6:31.1

Hal Mahone, b. g. by Argot Hal (Childs) 2:63.3 Roy Gratton, b. g. by Gratton Royal (Murphy) 4:27.4

Johnny Quirk, ch. h. by Hedgewood Boy (Egan) 3:44r Logan Hedgewood also started. Time—2:018-4; 2:014-4; 2:02 1-4.

2.14 Pace, Three Heats Pure \$1,000. Minerva Gentry, b. m. by John R. Gentry (Childs) 1:11.1

Minnie Williams, blk. h. by the Black Base (Crosby) 2:24.4 Fagan, b. g. by Walter Direct (Pallin) 5:42.4

Baron Brooke, b. h. by Justice Broke (Shively) 3:35.3 Robert Direct, ch. g. by Walter Direct (Ray) 4:53.3. Time—2:06 1-4; 2:04 3-4; 2:04 3-4.

THE MANOR WINS EXCITING RACE, TWO ACCIDENTS. ST. STEPHEN, July 21.—Summaries: 2.15 Mixed; Purse \$400.

Jennie H. (Keys) 1:11.1 Major Frisco (Gerow) 2:23.3 High Knob Beauty (Rice) 3:32.2 Delta G. MacGregor (Utton) 4:4.4. Time—2:12 1-4, 2:12 1-4, 2:13.

2.30 Mixed; Purse \$400. Lambert Todd (Utton) 1:11.1 M. scoe Dewey (Dutch) 2:23.3 Earf Gratton (Carter) 5:32.2

Presando (Lal) 3:56.4 Exterminator (Cameron) 4:4.4 College Fleety (Nicholson) 7:6.5 T. J. Devlin (Belyea) 9:7.6 Betty Gamage (Robertson) 6:8.6

Lea Barington (Dore) 8:4.8 Louise Todd (Groves) 10:10.8. Time—2:15 1-4, 2:15 1-4, 2:18.

2.16 Trot, Purse \$400. The Manor (Raymond) 2:31.1 Mr. Hall (Pomeroy) 4:12.2 Utton 4:12.2

Jimmie Forbes (Fox) 1:53.3 San Verona (Dore) 3:23.4 r. Baton (Nason and Cameron) 8:5.4 r. Miss Talbot (Burrell) 6:47.0

Londora McKinnon Rice 6:47.0 Zeppa Strong (Holmes) 7:7.6 r. Time—2:15 1-4, 2:18, 2:16 1-4, 2:17 1-2, 2:18.

Starter—F. D. Graham; Judges—D. Berry, Princeton; G. McLean, Milltown; F. H. Beck, Calais; Timers—H. N. Ganong, St. Stephen; F. C. Marchie, Milltown; Mr. Hamilton, Woodside; clerk, Lindsay McGoan.

Fruit and Vegetables

- Bananas, Watermelons, Oranges, Cucumbers, Pineapples, Tomatoes, Plums, Lettuce, Peaches, Beets, Pears, Bunch Onions, Wine Sap Apples, Radishes, Lemons, Rhubarb, Grape Fruit, Turnips, Sweet Potatoes

Jenkins & Son

Everything That's Good to Eat

Rev. Dr. Duncan Preaches From His Father's Pulpit

(Continued from Page 1)

Whenever we enter the valley of shadows with departing loved ones or in the loneliness of our own departure, Canaan express it:—

"I will to face the darkness Of life's last setting sun. An uncomplaining spirit When the race of life is run. As we lay our best-loved treasure Beneath the mounded sod. Some of us call it courage, But others call it God."

And there are worse things than death for man to face. Worse than death itself is the loneliness and desolation of that condensing hour when a soul loses faith in itself, when we see nothing but our own unworthiness; when we feel perhaps the remorse of our neglected love beside some still form now forever beyond our love and kindness; when oppressive shadows unnerve us and our loneliness comes despair—never more than in that lonely hour, alone with an accusing conscience, a condemning heart, a despairing soul—is God utterly indispensible. An omni-competent Love who knows our past, and all the way we have travelled with or without Him, knows our shame, our regret, our hatred of our sin; knows too we are fit no more than that, and knowing, feeling all as a mother. Heart knows and feels with an erring, frightened, hopeless child, pardons all, knowing the past is not all we are fit for; trusting us still and expecting better things of us, opens up a new tomorrow, winning us to leave our past with Him, lifting up our lives into new life, new hope, new peace. Up with thy heart my brother; up with thy heart, in life's deepest darkness, in life's (truest) loneliness, up with thy heart to God—the God men have found at Calvary, whose stands revealed the infinite heartache of omniscient Love over the erring children of men; the God that Cross which is at once the challenge to the world's sin and the tragic pronouncement of the infinite value God sets on every soul of man. Do not wonder that the heart of God is greater than our hearts, and can forgive where man cannot forgive, where we ever forgive ourselves, lifting us ever to a new chance; trusting us ever to make good children of His (immortal) love; heirs to His eternal life. (Up with your hearts to God! Up with an altar in your lives to Him who alone is able to keep you from falling and present you faultless before the Presence of His glory with ever increasing joy. "Stand where we will, cling as we may, there's none but God can save our stay." Our tent-life demands the altar; the altar alone makes our tent-life worth while. Not what we live in, but what we live for, is the supremely important thing in life.

You never know a man until you know the visions that inspire him. You know that animate him, the fire that burns in the altar and his heart, only the altar of God's Presence in life explains why Abram endured the test. Only the Presence in life explains why Abraham endured the test. Only the Presence in life explains why Abraham endured the test. Only the Presence in life explains why Abraham endured the test.

It may be the tents of sorrow to which we are led out. There in ones sorrow each soul dwells alone; each heart knows its own bitterness. The world seems emptied when God, for God Himself shall be united to an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory forever.

"O living Will, that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure, That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto Him that hears. An age above the conquered years. To one that with us works; and trust. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved. Until we close with all we love. And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Whatsoever be the progress of what we call civilization, however secure may seem the fabric of society at the present time,—we human beings, with the big souls, are still little more than dwellers in tents, our life at the best uncertain save for some kinship to the Eternal. No doubt we take care today that our dwellings are more durable, more comfortable than Abram's tent, but our life on earth is no more secure than old. There is a tent-like insecurity in all things human. The fickleness of fortune, the insecurity of health, the treacherousness of popular favour, the uncertainty of earthly friendships, the instability of civilization—how they bring us to the tent-door of our insecurity to look up even at the heavens, which seem to tell how God endures; how the tent-like vicissitudes and mutabilities of life drive us, like Robert Louis Stevenson in his Samsan exile, to build an altar to the changeless and immeasurable Love of the Eternal.

This tent-life of ours demands the altar. The chances and changes of Time demand the permanence of the Eternal. Sometimes we are occupied, like Abram in Cheldea, making earthly idols for ourselves, and the Eternal realities sweep past unheeded along our sunny sky. Life so often takes on a false security, and often we have to be sent out one by one, like Abram, into the lonely wilderness tent, before we realize that life would be bereft of the God we take for granted. Have you known the loneliness of retirement? We do not choose the tent-life of the stock room. In those long nights of loneliness and pain we long for life's insecurity, another blast and our earthly tent may be in ruins. Instinctively we turn from the tent to the eternal, from this earthly tabernacle to some building of God eternal in the Heavens. And when those hours have come and gone how infinitely more precious life becomes, more sacred its common interests! The common light of the sun is sweeter; the daily love and kindness we took for granted, we cherish with a fresh delight. Life is a holier thing, and every prayer more real. The tent life has made God things of the spirit dearer and we lovingly build our altar of thankfulness and trust.

It may be the tents of sorrow to which we are led out. There in ones sorrow each soul dwells alone; each heart knows its own bitterness. The world seems emptied when God, for God Himself shall be united to an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory forever.

"O living Will, that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure, That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto Him that hears. An age above the conquered years. To one that with us works; and trust. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved. Until we close with all we love. And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Whatsoever be the progress of what we call civilization, however secure may seem the fabric of society at the present time,—we human beings, with the big souls, are still little more than dwellers in tents, our life at the best uncertain save for some kinship to the Eternal. No doubt we take care today that our dwellings are more durable, more comfortable than Abram's tent, but our life on earth is no more secure than old. There is a tent-like insecurity in all things human. The fickleness of fortune, the insecurity of health, the treacherousness of popular favour, the uncertainty of earthly friendships, the instability of civilization—how they bring us to the tent-door of our insecurity to look up even at the heavens, which seem to tell how God endures; how the tent-like vicissitudes and mutabilities of life drive us, like Robert Louis Stevenson in his Samsan exile, to build an altar to the changeless and immeasurable Love of the Eternal.

This tent-life of ours demands the altar. The chances and changes of Time demand the permanence of the Eternal. Sometimes we are occupied, like Abram in Cheldea, making earthly idols for ourselves, and the Eternal realities sweep past unheeded along our sunny sky. Life so often takes on a false security, and often we have to be sent out one by one, like Abram, into the lonely wilderness tent, before we realize that life would be bereft of the God we take for granted. Have you known the loneliness of retirement? We do not choose the tent-life of the stock room. In those long nights of loneliness and pain we long for life's insecurity, another blast and our earthly tent may be in ruins. Instinctively we turn from the tent to the eternal, from this earthly tabernacle to some building of God eternal in the Heavens. And when those hours have come and gone how infinitely more precious life becomes, more sacred its common interests! The common light of the sun is sweeter; the daily love and kindness we took for granted, we cherish with a fresh delight. Life is a holier thing, and every prayer more real. The tent life has made God things of the spirit dearer and we lovingly build our altar of thankfulness and trust.

It may be the tents of sorrow to which we are led out. There in ones sorrow each soul dwells alone; each heart knows its own bitterness. The world seems emptied when God, for God Himself shall be united to an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory forever.

"O living Will, that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure, That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto Him that hears. An age above the conquered years. To one that with us works; and trust. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved. Until we close with all we love. And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Whatsoever be the progress of what we call civilization, however secure may seem the fabric of society at the present time,—we human beings, with the big souls, are still little more than dwellers in tents, our life at the best uncertain save for some kinship to the Eternal. No doubt we take care today that our dwellings are more durable, more comfortable than Abram's tent, but our life on earth is no more secure than old. There is a tent-like insecurity in all things human. The fickleness of fortune, the insecurity of health, the treacherousness of popular favour, the uncertainty of earthly friendships, the instability of civilization—how they bring us to the tent-door of our insecurity to look up even at the heavens, which seem to tell how God endures; how the tent-like vicissitudes and mutabilities of life drive us, like Robert Louis Stevenson in his Samsan exile, to build an altar to the changeless and immeasurable Love of the Eternal.

This tent-life of ours demands the altar. The chances and changes of Time demand the permanence of the Eternal. Sometimes we are occupied, like Abram in Cheldea, making earthly idols for ourselves, and the Eternal realities sweep past unheeded along our sunny sky. Life so often takes on a false security, and often we have to be sent out one by one, like Abram, into the lonely wilderness tent, before we realize that life would be bereft of the God we take for granted. Have you known the loneliness of retirement? We do not choose the tent-life of the stock room. In those long nights of loneliness and pain we long for life's insecurity, another blast and our earthly tent may be in ruins. Instinctively we turn from the tent to the eternal, from this earthly tabernacle to some building of God eternal in the Heavens. And when those hours have come and gone how infinitely more precious life becomes, more sacred its common interests! The common light of the sun is sweeter; the daily love and kindness we took for granted, we cherish with a fresh delight. Life is a holier thing, and every prayer more real. The tent life has made God things of the spirit dearer and we lovingly build our altar of thankfulness and trust.

It may be the tents of sorrow to which we are led out. There in ones sorrow each soul dwells alone; each heart knows its own bitterness. The world seems emptied when God, for God Himself shall be united to an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory forever.

"O living Will, that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure, That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto Him that hears. An age above the conquered years. To one that with us works; and trust. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved. Until we close with all we love. And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Whatsoever be the progress of what we call civilization, however secure may seem the fabric of society at the present time,—we human beings, with the big souls, are still little more than dwellers in tents, our life at the best uncertain save for some kinship to the Eternal. No doubt we take care today that our dwellings are more durable, more comfortable than Abram's tent, but our life on earth is no more secure than old. There is a tent-like insecurity in all things human. The fickleness of fortune, the insecurity of health, the treacherousness of popular favour, the uncertainty of earthly friendships, the instability of civilization—how they bring us to the tent-door of our insecurity to look up even at the heavens, which seem to tell how God endures; how the tent-like vicissitudes and mutabilities of life drive us, like Robert Louis Stevenson in his Samsan exile, to build an altar to the changeless and immeasurable Love of the Eternal.

This tent-life of ours demands the altar. The chances and changes of Time demand the permanence of the Eternal. Sometimes we are occupied, like Abram in Cheldea, making earthly idols for ourselves, and the Eternal realities sweep past unheeded along our sunny sky. Life so often takes on a false security, and often we have to be sent out one by one, like Abram, into the lonely wilderness tent, before we realize that life would be bereft of the God we take for granted. Have you known the loneliness of retirement? We do not choose the tent-life of the stock room. In those long nights of loneliness and pain we long for life's insecurity, another blast and our earthly tent may be in ruins. Instinctively we turn from the tent to the eternal, from this earthly tabernacle to some building of God eternal in the Heavens. And when those hours have come and gone how infinitely more precious life becomes, more sacred its common interests! The common light of the sun is sweeter; the daily love and kindness we took for granted, we cherish with a fresh delight. Life is a holier thing, and every prayer more real. The tent life has made God things of the spirit dearer and we lovingly build our altar of thankfulness and trust.

It may be the tents of sorrow to which we are led out. There in ones sorrow each soul dwells alone; each heart knows its own bitterness. The world seems emptied when God, for God Himself shall be united to an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory forever.

"O living Will, that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure, That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto Him that hears. An age above the conquered years. To one that with us works; and trust. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that never can be proved. Until we close with all we love. And all we flow from, soul in soul."

Whatsoever be the progress of what we call civilization, however secure may seem the fabric of society at the present time,—we human beings, with the big souls, are still little more than dwellers in tents, our life at the best uncertain save for some kinship to the Eternal. No doubt we take care today that our dwellings are more durable, more comfortable than Abram's tent, but our life on earth is no more secure than old. There is a tent-like insecurity in all things human. The fickleness of fortune, the insecurity of health, the treacherousness of popular favour, the uncertainty of earthly friendships, the instability of civilization—how they bring us to the tent-door of our insecurity to look up even at the heavens, which seem to tell how God endures; how the tent-like vicissitudes and mutabilities of life drive us, like Robert Louis Stevenson in his Samsan exile, to build an altar to the changeless and immeasurable Love of the Eternal.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES.—10c per line per day. 5c per line per day for 3 days or over. 2c per line per day for 7 days or over. Count 5 words to a line. Groups of 5 figures initial letters count as one word. 10c per cent. discount for cash. Address forms part of ad. must be paid for. Special Rates Furnished Rooms ad. 75c for seven words for one week. Situation Wanted, 50c for seven words per week.

WANTED AGENTS IN QUEEN'S County for fast selling machines to farmers and others. Territory going fast. Apply at once to A. E. Wood, Alexandria, Lot 49.

AGENTS—GET IN A PROFITABLE all year commission business of your own. Every property owner needs some of our Union hundred varieties of hardy Red Tag trees and plants. No capital needed. Complete equipment and instruction free. Write Dominion Nurseries, Montreal.

AGENTS CANVASERS WANTED in drugs for foot ailments, exclusive territory. Very good proposition. 30 St. Anne St., St. Hyacinthe, Que.

WANTED LIVE AGENTS for Watkins 150 products. Direct to consumer. Write The J. R. Watkins Co., 379 Craig St., West, Montreal.

AGENTS WANTED.—CANVASERS.—Men, Women make 250 percent profit. New, exceptionally useful necessary articles. Every home buys several. Pocket sample, "Factory" 309 Pine, Ellsworthport.

Help Wanted—Male. WANTED—MAN TO WORK AT day. Apply Joseph McLeod, Dartington.

WANTED—SIX MEN TO WORK for Cheese Box Factory. Two to work inside and four outside. Apply Springton Lumber Company. 538-21-61

MAKE MONEY AT HOME — \$15 to \$40 paid weekly for your spare time writing show cards for us. No canvassing. We instruct and supply you with the work. West-Angus Show Card Service, 102 Colborne Bldg., Toronto.

SALESMEN WANTED FOR "The Old Reliable Fonthill Nurseries" to solicit orders for high class nursery stock. Experience unnecessary, territory reserved. High commission paid, handsome equipment. Write for full particulars, Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ontario.

SALESMEN WE PAY WEEKLY and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole root fresh day to order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money making opportunity. Luke Brothers Nurseries, Montreal.

To Let. TO RENT TWO SHOPS, ONE 124 and one 126 St. George St. Apply C. J. Gallagher, Prince Edward Theatre, phone 506.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE (four with 6 rooms and bath, all modern conveniences. No 85 Cumberland St. Apply Mrs. J. A. McLaren, phone 534 L.

Wanted. COMPETENT STENOGRAPHER wants position. Apply Guardian office. 529-21-61

WANTED TO RENT MODERN house, central location. Apply Mrs. W. B. Prowse, 94 Elm Ave. Phone 51.

ROOMERS WANTED—APPLY 172 Prince St.

HORSES WANTED at Easter's Hotel Stables, stand, from four to eight to five foot one. John McDougall and John 559-22-31.

LIVE FOWL WANTED — Co-operative shipment leading at Hunt River, Tuesday, July 25th; Poultry four pounds and upwards. No Leghorns.

BIRTHS. BURKE—At the P. E. Island Hospital on July 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Burke, Southport, a daughter, Mary Thekla.

DEATHS. WEATHERSIE—At Pownal on July 21, 1922, Mr. Jacob Weatherbie, Aged 87 years.

BANKS. Bank Royal ... Bank of Montreal ... Bank of Nova Scotia ... Bank of New Brunswick ... Bank of St. John's ...

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. RATES.—10c per line per day. 5c per line per day for 3 days or over. 2c per line per day for 7 days or over. Count 5 words to a line.