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On sale at the following retail stores:

The Canadian Stores, Cudmore Bros.

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Tenders For Coal

Written tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Monday, 10th of August, to supply Springhill or other slack coal suitable for a stoker at Prince Street and West Kent Schools, and also to supply screened or run of mine coal to Queen Square School.

The lowest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

T. E. MACNUTT, Secretary Board of School Trustees, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

L-5676

"Daughter Of Venus"

BY ROBERT TERRY SHANNON

CHAPTER VIII

Those other girls — that imaginary horde of slim sirens — continued to irritate Juliet as she pictured them clustering around O'Hara. Juliet was astonished and a little angry at herself. It was absurd she should be jealous of all those anonymous charmers — cheap little things — in connection with O'Hara.

These facts Juliet repeated calmly to herself. Nevertheless, a smothered sullen heart interfered with her breathing. If she was to co-operate with him in business she could not always be stammering over his admirer. Poor MacSpadden's adulation of his hero had given Juliet an uncomfortable idea, indeed. Irresistibly she was drawn once more to his office.

"Get the devil away from there!" roared O'Hara as she tapped on his door. He couldn't possibly know, Juliet told herself, who was outside. "That's not a very nice way to receive visitors," she told him, entering.

He sat at his desk, face flushed and glowing. From his eyes shone a reddish light reminding Juliet of a bulldog.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded thickly. Von Guerdon, there also, stared at Juliet as though she were an intruder.

She stopped stark still. "I've made a mistake — I'm nothing at all," she said icily and then turned and marched erectly out.

A bitter current of indignation rushed through Juliet. He was a boor, an ill-bred swine of a man, disgustingly different from the cherished memory of the buoyant and tenderly chivalrous lover of her past. This realization blew through her mind like a clean cool gale.

She would not again hover on the perilous brink of illusion. From now on it was all going to be hard, persistent work. O'Hara wasn't a discouragement — was a challenge. She knew in her heart she possessed a better intellect than he, knew she could outstep him and establish herself impregnable in this amazing business.

In a taxi cab, on the way to the Ambassador to fetch her luggage back to the Institute, her brain teemed with cool calculations for the future. Every day, she could see, would be a struggle. A war of confiding emotions and ambitions. One established in the suite Madame Hubert had offered her Juliet would be in the position of a general who camps on the battlefield.

O'Hara's insulting manner had not been directed exclusively at Juliet. Even now with burning eyes he glared at Von Guerdon who stood before his desk.

"Get out of here," he said rudely, "and stay out!" Von Guerdon's imperious expression did not change.

"Hubert was right — you've got another attack coming on," he said, his eyes keen upon the other's flushed countenance. "These recurrent sequels are the worst of these damnable oriental fevers. Hits you about every six months, doesn't it?"

"I'll be all right tomorrow or next day," O'Hara said thickly. "Leave me alone." "Oh, I'm going to leave you alone all right. There's little or nothing anyone can do for you. Thank heaven, those things aren't contagious in their after effects. There is no known serum effective."

"Brandy and quinine is the only thing that slugs it," said O'Hara. "And absolute rest," decreed Von Guerdon. "You can't burn up any of your resistance by going home tonight — we'll put you to bed here right away. I'll send around to your apartment for some things and get that brandy up here."

O'Hara lifted his brickish face. "Stop talking — and get me that brandy," he cried in a sultry voice. These attacks always gave O'Hara an inward sense of degradation, and it galled him to have Von Guerdon witness his weakness. "And leave me alone, please."

Returning from the Ambassador with her bags piled around her in the cab, Juliet got a glimpse, in the distance, of the Institute. Its tower rising out of the darkness, was cunningly illuminated with hidden lights, giving the effect of an exotic cathedral spire. There it stood, a queer sort of cathedral for her hopes.

She truly felt at last her worries were over. There had been a pleasurable excitement in knocking from pillar to post, but adventure had grown rusty. What she wanted, and needed, was an established peace, a security in the world around. This the Institute seemed to offer.

Nothing so plain as a prayer formed in her being, but she was swept by a tide of nameless gratitude. It was remarkable how quickly the Institute had become homelike. Friendly old Fritz, the janitor, responded to the night bell and opened the iron grille doors for her. The whole place was dimly lit with a soft bulb here and there.

There were two silk-shaded lamps in the small parlor and these Juliet lit one after another. The room glowed with soft mellowness. A pleasant fatigue of mind and body was upon her. Tonight she would sleep deeply luxurious and untroubled in the superlative bed with its silken coverlets in the next room.

Already a pleasant drowsiness was stealing over her, and with leisurely movements she began disrobing. There were great double windows, but Juliet did not trouble to draw the curtains in this fall and remote fastness there could be no spying eyes. She opened a bag and got into mules and a china-silk negligee.

The day was finished — and a glorious day it had been too. For a moment she stood beside a tall window looking out over the glittering carpet of lights that was the city at her feet. It was at this moment she became aware through some slight sound, that she was not alone.

Something inside her breast like a great cold hand, clutched and squeezed her heart. She stood still. Very slowly she turned her head and then her body.

Framed in the doorway leading to the bedroom stood the broad-shouldered figure of O'Hara. He was fully dressed except that he wore a dressing-gown instead of a coat and slippers instead of shoes; on his feverish face was the staring expression of a man who sees an apparition.

Juliet's first pang of alarm began to melt into surprise and then into a slow burning anger that crawled through her like a stifling heat. O'Hara seemed present by a design so cheap that whatever respect she had for him completely vanished in a second. Evidently he had made the very grave error of considering her just another easy conquest in his dreary multitude of beddizened little weaklings.

"Just what," asked Juliet contemptuously, "do you think you're getting away with?" She stood there looking at him, her back hair tumbled about her shoulders and the end of her brows contracted together over the glinting fire in her dark eyes.

O'Hara's dry lips twisted. "What are you doing here?" he asked, his tone menacing. "How did you get in?" He felt the feverish blood surging in his temples but managed to keep his head steady. When the noise of Juliet disturbed him he had been sprawled across the bed almost in a coma from the brandy, the quinine and the fever.

In all of his previous attacks — they rolled around twice a year — he had battled through the burning aching inferno in solitary combat, like a sick dog. These illnesses were to O'Hara, rather illogically, a sort of secret shame. That Juliet, or anyone else, should intrude upon him at such a time was unforgivable. He got to his feet, looking now and his muddled mind looked upon her presence only as an added torture.

"Madame Hubert gave me this suite," Juliet told him steadily. "First I heard of it," growled O'Hara.

"Well, you've heard about it now," returned Juliet coldly. "So you'd better put your shoes on and get any silly notions out of your head." It dawned upon O'Hara that she believed, in her feminine egotism, that he had deliberately skulked into this place to waylay her. It was so ridiculous that, despite the heat and pain in his bones, he emitted a burst of mirthless laughter.

"My dear girl — don't kid yourself! He groaned irritably. "I'm staying here all night because I've got a fever like a ton of live coals poured down my back. I'm too sick to go home. It's doctor's orders, and I'm trying to battle it out — in private — and you stand there looking like an insulted ingenue! Why don't you be a good girl and —"

Suddenly O'Hara's teeth began to chatter; he made a desperate effort to check the chill but failed. All color drained swiftly from his face, leaving it leaden; the eyes went glassy with the icy seizure which seemed to freeze and paralyze his blood. He took a step forward and huddled into a chair.

"Get . . . bottle . . . other room . . ." he mumbled. "Get a strip pang tore through Juliet's breast. She saw at once that O'Hara was helplessly ill. "Poor devil," she thought, "he must be suffering horribly."

She moved swiftly to the other room and there on a table beside the bed was a quart bottle, black and green, three-quarters filled. She brought it to him. Taking the bottle in both of his icy hands he put the mouth to his lips and drank long and deeply.

"In a moment — it'll hit bottom," he gasped. Even as he spoke the glass began to steam back to his face. A small thimble of brandy, also, he actually liquid fire. "Von Guerdon thinks this is brandy, but it's actually liquid fire."

At the sight of him thus at such a disadvantage, Juliet changed from an indignant woman into a simple, warm-hearted girl who couldn't bear to see any living thing suffer. All trace of resentment against O'Hara vanished and her heart began beating quickly with sympathy. She went into the other room and returned with a coverlet which she wrapped around his muscular shoulders that had not yet stopped shivering.

Following new ones appointed, Hector McNevin, School, Mrs. Sick, Mrs. A. B. McLeod and Mrs. George Carson and Mrs. Hessel McNevin, Entertainment, Mrs. Gaddy McLeod and Mrs. Elmer Crosby. A watch contest was put on by Mrs. Daniel Darrach and by draw first prize went to Mrs. Elmer Crosby. Second prize Mrs. Jas. A. Labat. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Hector McNevin Friday, Aug. 21, roll call to be "Name one of the battles in the Great War." Meeting closed by singing the National Anthem after which luncheon was served by the hostess.

LONG RIVER W.I. The regular meeting of Long River Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Dan Campbell with sixteen members and seven visitors present. Meeting opened by singing the Institute Ode followed by the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The sick committee reported that they had made two calls and taken fruit. The following committees were appointed: school, Mrs. Elmer Paynter, Mrs. Allan Brown, Mrs. Hedy Paynter, Mrs. J. W. Boyes to collect the fares. Reports of committees were then heard and the

DETAILS . . .

—OF, THE—

FINAL COUNT

—IN—

The Charlottetown Guardian Circulation Campaign

—WHICH CLOSES—

SATURDAY EVENING Aug 8th.

AT 8:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

In order to maintain the strictest secrecy as to the number of votes and subscriptions turned in by each candidate this, the fourth period, the last week of the Guardian Circulation Campaign, the race will be brought to a close under a Sealed Ballot Box.

No subscriptions whatever will be accepted through the Campaign Department during this week, but instead, candidates will deposit their final collections in the Sealed Ballot Box located in the offices of the Guardian where it will remain until 8:00 P. M., Saturday, August 8th. By so doing, no one, not even the Campaign Manager or the publishers of this newspaper, can possibly know the vote standing of the respective contestants, which precludes any possibility of favoritism and insures fairness to the minutest degree.

When the final hour arrives, the campaign will be declared closed and the Judges will take possession of

the Ballot Box and make the final count. The last count will be made in the Guardian Office. All votes earned by candidates up to last week have been carefully tabulated and are represented on a ballot signed by the contestant and by the Campaign Manager. To this vote the Judges will add the votes earned on subscriptions placed in the Ballot Box. There will be no waiting, no complicated count to make, but simply a matter of adding vote totals and naming the winners.

It is calculated that it will require about an hour to canvass the findings in the Ballot Box. The Official Count will be given out by the Judges, and the winners will receive their prizes and commissions immediately. Winners of First and Second prizes are required to return their commission checks if drawn out. Winners of Third and Fourth, Fifth and Sixth places will receive a Bonus Check according to the campaign announcement.

NOTICE

All subscriptions deposited in the sealed ballot box must be accompanied by cash-money order, or certified check for the full amount to cover. No personal checks will be accepted over \$12.00. This rule is made in fairness to all and will be strictly adhered to.

It shall be the privilege of each contestant that they witness the final count and the awarding of the prizes. Members of the Advisory Board are shown below and will be asked to act as the Judges, to canvass the findings in the Ballot Box and to determine the winners.

HIS WORSHIP P. W. TURNER, Mayor of Charlottetown.

PROFESSOR JAMES BROW.

MR. C. M. SHANNON

All these gentlemen are well and favorably known in this community and the results given out by them will be beyond dispute.

FIRST PRIZE:

CHEVROLET MASTER COACH \$985.00

SECOND PRIZE:

New Ford Standard Tudor \$860.00

THIRD PRIZE — Bonus Check — 50% of Commissions.

FOURTH PRIZE — Bonus Check — 33 1-3% of Commissions.

FIFTH PRIZE — Bonus Check — 25% of Commissions.

SIXTH PRIZE — Bonus Check — 15% of Commissions.

20 D. C. COMMISSION TO NON-PRIZE WINNERS

BONSHAW WOMEN'S INSTITUTE The regular monthly meeting of the Bonshaw Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. A. B. MacLeod with an attendance of 11 members and eleven visitors. The president presiding, meeting opened in usual form. Roll call was responded to by "Why fruit is essential in the diet." Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. A bill of \$2.80 for ice cream for school was presented, also a bill of 26 cents for fruit for sick, and on motion paid. Under unfinished business, the annual picnic was discussed. It was decided to hold the picnic the following Saturday, July 20th at the Experimental Farm. It was also decided to hire two trucks, the fares to be 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for school children, and 6 lb. hams be bought, also pickle if needed. Mrs. Hector McNevin and Mrs. J. W. Boyes to collect the fares. Reports of committees were then heard and the

following new ones appointed, Mrs. Herbert Paynter, Mrs. Allan Brown, Mrs. Bruce Bell. It was decided that a picnic be held at John S. Cousins shore, and that supper be served for 20 cents. Delegates gave report of convention in Charlottetown. Program consisted of a contest. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Bruce Bell. Roll call to be answered by sing, say or pay. Meeting closed by singing National Anthem.

GLEN VALLEY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE Glen Valley W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Spurdon MacLean, Wednesday evening July 8th, with seven members and one visitor present. President in chair. Meeting opened by singing Institute Ode followed by creed. Roll call was answered by each member naming their favorite tree. Sick committee reported visiting sick and taking fruit. It was moved and seconded that bill for fruit be paid. Bill for ice cream for Institute ice cream social also another bill for ice cream was voted to be paid. Next meeting to be held at Mrs. W. A. MacDowell's Roll call to be answered with canning or preserving hints. A contest was put on by the president after which the meeting was closed by singing the National Anthem. Luncheon was then

served by the hostess and a sociable hour was enjoyed by all.

Wants Ontario Award For Kidnappers

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) DETROIT, Aug 5.—Fred W. Frahm, Deputy Superintendent of the Detroit Police Department, said today that he is making application to the Ontario Attorney-General's office for the \$5,000 reward offered by the Provincial Government for the arrest and conviction of the kidnappers of John S. Labat, Brewery owner, of London, Ont.

Michael McCordell, John Bannan and Russel Knowles are now serving Penitentiary terms for their part in the abduction. David Weisner, convicted in February, 1935, was released from Penitentiary about a year later when he was acquitted at a second trial, new evidence based largely on the testimony of those convicted. Frahm claims he was the first police officer to give Ontario Provincial police information that set them on the trail of Bannan and Knowles.

WELSH GRAPE JELLY (Cynthia Brown, Food Editor Toronto Saturday Night)

1 Bottle Welch's Grape Juice (or) 3 cups (11-2 lbs.) sugar 1-2 bottle Certo. Measure sugar and Welch's large suetpan and mix. Bring to boil over hottest fire and at once add Certo, stirring constantly. To hard to a full rolling boil and hard 1-2 minute. Remove from fire, pour quickly. Paraffin cover. Makes about 1 glass full ounces each.)

ADVICE TO THE LADIES

Watch For The August Thriller!

To be announced in this paper August 10, 1936.

