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## DOROTHY DIX SAYS.—

(Continued from Page 2)

duct. She wants to be thought clever, cynical, sophisticated and different. But for anyone not to have enthusiasms, not to be interested in things, never to find any good in anything is not a sign of intelligence, it is a proof of their stupidity, because it shows that they are not capable of appreciation and that they have not the brains to understand.

When a woman is never willing to pay a compliment, it is because she is eaten up with envy, and because her soul is little and sordid and narrow and incapable of a generous emotion.

**DEAR DOROTHY DIX:** Should I marry a boy of whom I know nothing except that he is easy-going and good-looking? I do not love him, but under no circumstances do I want to be an old maid. What do you think about this?

**ANSWER:** I think it is sheer insanity to marry a man of whom you know nothing. Why, you wouldn't buy a dog without knowing its pedigree, yet you will think of taking a man for your husband and the father of your children without knowing whether he comes from a respectable family or not and whether there is tainted blood in his veins.

As for marrying to keep from being an old maid, that is the silliest excuse that was ever given. If you think there is any discredit in being an old maid, you are simply fifty years behind the times in your point of view. Women have let all of that archaic nonsense behind them. They marry, or stay single, just as they see fit, and there is no more dishonor in being an old maid than there is in being an old bachelor.

**DEAR DOROTHY DIX:** I am a 13-year-old girl, unloved and unwanted by my mother and father. I am thinking of running away from home, but the question is where shall I go?

**ANSWER:** Stick to your home, whatever it is, until you are grown and wise enough to take care of yourself. Stick to it until you have learned some trade by which you can support yourself. For a girl to run away from even the worst home is like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

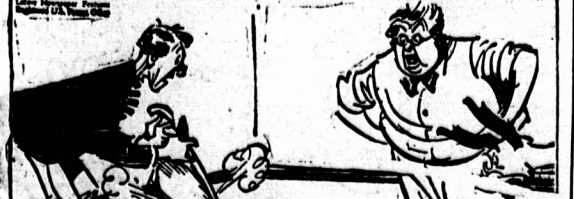
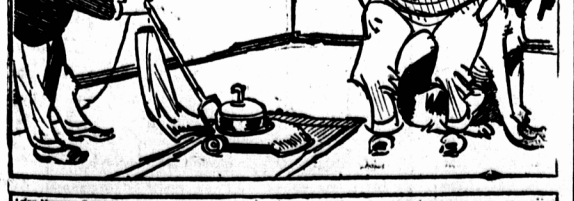
But you are no doubt mistaken in thinking that your father and mother do not love you and want you. That is a neurotic fancy common to adolescent girls. Doubtless you misjudge everything they do. But if you think they don't love you, why don't you try to win their affection by being loving and dutiful to them?

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**Napoleon and Uncle Elby** By Clifford MacBride



## Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

**XXXIV**  
Cicely dined with her children at the usual hour and Albert went out, without pausing for farewells, while they were still at the table. After dinner Sis suggested a game of parchesi. Robin brought out the board and they settled down to play, then they were interrupted by the ring of the door-bell.

Vesta was out. Robin went to the door. Cicely had barely time to wonder who on earth it could be — for no one ever called after dinner in Lakewood — when she heard a man's voice, which at first she didn't recognize, say gently to Robin, "Hello young fella. Is your mother at home?"

"Y-yes," said Robin, surprised and hesitant. "Do you think she would see me?" The Avery Caldwell. Cicely jumped from her chair, displeased and disconcerted. Avery, of all men, to find her deserted. "Hello, are you alone?" It was perfectly obvious that the words referred to Albert. For Robin had followed him over the threshold and there was the game, set for four and interrupted, and Sis and John stood gazing, just risen from their chairs. They all stared, wide-eyed, at the startling apparition of "Mr. Caldwell" in dinner clothes calling upon their mother, apparently unprovoked by any social necessity.

Advancing to meet her, he extended his hand. "Albert's gone out to dinner. Filling in at the last moment. You know my children?" But they were already sidling toward the door.

"Yes, very pleasantly," Avery nodded to them. Sis and John both vanished and ran with Robin upstairs. Cicely turned toward Avery, wondering to what impulse she owed this unexpected call, and found him smiling pleasantly, as he looked around the room.

"Your house is so charming. I like this use of gold. And your gown is just right with it." He seemed to appraise her as part of the decor. "Do you mind if I smoke?" "Oh, please do. Cigarettes and on the table."

He produced his own case and offered it to her. Then, moving nearer, struck his lighter to flame. By side of the hearth, in one of those alcoves that can seem a trifle awkward.

Something more seemed demanded by way of hospitality. "Would you like a highball?" "Very much, wouldn't you?" "I think I would, rather. I'll have to go and get it. My maid has gone out."

"Oh, let me help you." He followed her through the dark dining room to the pantry and prowled in the ice box for ice cubes and White Rock, while she found whiskey and set glasses on a tray. Back in the living room, he chatted very pleasantly of harmless Lakewood gossip.

Cicely sat sipping her highball and listening. He was doing his best, she could see, to entertain her. But she couldn't reciprocate. Another little silence crept up surreptitiously on them.

He broke it surprisingly. "By the way, don't let Gertrude that I came here tonight." The name jarred. Cicely to the sharpest attention.

"I was going to dine there and dropped out this morning." So Albert's story had been as true as gospel, Cicely unconsciously relaxed in her chair.

"I told her I had to meet a client from out of town. Albert's there, isn't he?" The blunt question annoyed her. She hadn't expected it. It wasn't like Avery to be quite so crude.

"Yes," she admitted. "I thought she might ask him to go in my place, and so here I am. I always trust my hunches." She could only interpret those words in one way. He had come because Albert had gone, to put it briefly.

"I wanted to talk with you. I want to talk seriously. About you and me." "I wouldn't," she advised him. He held her glance on that, his eyes still smiling. "Not even about myself," he asked with mock plaintiveness. "I want to say a few words to you. I don't know exactly what you think of me, Cicely," said Avery slowly, though clouding his voice, "Not much, I suspect."

He abandoned that opening after an instant in which he might have been waiting to hear her reassurance him, and began again abruptly. "This will be a hard luck story. Maise gave me a raw deal."

## Penal Routine At Dorchester

By IRVING C. WHYNOT

(Canadian Press Staff Writer)  
DORCHESTER, N.B., Aug. 9.—(CP)—Towering grey walls and bars of steel do not a prison make.

The usual conception of a prison as walled compound patrolled by armed guards keeping close watch over rock-breaking convicts is far from fact.

This writer learned that when he was granted the opportunity of touring the Maritime penitentiary here, one of the seven in Canada. It is similar in most respects to other prisons under Canada's \$3,500,000-yearly penal system.

The walled section of the prison covers only a small area of the more than 1,000 acres which comprise the Maritime penitentiary. The walls, standing on a cutting hill overlooking the sleepy village of Dorchester and the green grass and brown mud on the Tantramar marshlands, are patrolled by only four armed guards — one in a tower at each corner. Another is on duty on a raised platform in the centre of the yard.

**Guards Unarmed**  
Guards on duty inside the prison carry no arms. Only when accompanying convicts into the fields — some more than a mile away and out of sight of the prison towers — do the guards wear sidearms.

Actually a Canadian prison today is comparable to a small city, so efficient are its facilities and manpower permits.

Here at Dorchester the rolling fields yield more than \$200,000 worth of produce annually. Most is used in the prison kitchen where enormous quantities of stores are prepared each meal-time.

Scrambled eggs for breakfast for the 347 present inmates would require, for instance, 30 dozen eggs, 10 gallons of milk and three pounds of butter. Three car loads of flour are consumed each year.

Working the fields and shops in gangs, the prisoners, out of the expense of the penitentiary to a point where each convict is fed at a cost of less than 50 cents a day.

From the fields come nine months supply of vegetables, three months supply of meat and the pork consumed. Poultry production is getting underway.

Prison clothing — everything except underwear — and shoes are made in the shops. Discharge clothing and officers' uniforms are made in other penitentiaries under a centralized manufacturing system recently inaugurated.

Some of the prisoners have even helped build their own cell block and others have made their iron bars which guard their cell windows.

The varied shops turn out items ranging from furniture to shoes. Another repairs mail bags for the post office department.

**Own Water Supply**  
A central pumping control brings the water supply from the reservoir and well on the prison property. Electric power is purchased from outside on an emergency generator is available inside the prison in 15 minutes notice.

All offices and shops — including the prison hospital — are inside the walls but the cell block are the most-imposing sight for prison visitors.

Built on landings, each cell is occupied by one man. Light comes through the cell block and the small opening in the steel-sheathed wooden door.

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## Sunday School Convention For Southwest Queens

On July 6 the Sunday School Convention for Southwest Queens was held in Hampshire United Church. The president, W. R. Shaw presided.

The devotional period for the afternoon session was led by the Rev. J. I. Morrison. His topic was "To Plead the Church of God." After minutes, roll call, etc., Rev. M. K. Charman took over the meeting with remarks on the R. E. C. The meeting was then open for discussion of various subjects pertaining to Sunday School work. The afternoon session was dismissed by the Rev. Morrison.

During the evening session the Rev. J. I. Morrison presided during the devotions. The Hampshire Sunday School contributed a short program which consisted of a solo, Barbara Edwards; duet, Florence Prout and Joan Stewart; solo, Audrey Kitson.

The Rev. Athol Roberts and Dr. A. D. MacKenzie were the speakers for the evening. Their theme was Every Sunday School a Church School.

The officers for the ensuing year were: President, Mrs. Malcolm MacNeill; vice-president, Gordon MacMillan; secretary, Mrs. R. D. Matheson.

Resolved that we the Southwest Queens Sunday Schools in connection do extend our thanks to the people of Hampshire for the use of their church and the kind hospitality extended to us today.

Resolved that this convention express to the clergy present with us at these meetings our deep appreciation for their excellent contribution and leadership during the conference.

Resolved that this convention urge the schools in this district to place special emphasis upon the teaching of temperance.

Resolved that the thanks of this convention be extended to the outgoing officers for their untiring efforts in making the convention the splendid success it has been.

**WINNipeg** — (CP)—Bigadier Hector C. Habikirk, 71, of the Salvation Army here, has celebrated his 50th anniversary as an officer in the Army. He has spent 34 years in its service, and is still active.

## W. I. Girls Club Achievement Day

A very successful meeting of the Women's Institute Girl's Sewing Clubs was held in the New Legion Hall at St. Peter's Bay on the afternoon of Thursday August 5th, when some seventy members from Morell Rear, Sinnamon Road, St. Peter's North, St. Peter's South, Rollo Bay East, and Gowan Brae Girls Sewing Clubs met in Convention.

Island Honour outfits in each of the five years were on display and the girls were given the opportunity to inspect the work and make comparisons and mental notes regarding their next year's project. These outfits included everything from the simplest sewing and mending to excellent blouses, dresses and sport jackets.

Those winning club crests in the District Competitions were: Patricia McCarthy, Sinnamon Road; Sarah MacLinnis, St. Peter's South; Mary Ledwell, St. Peter's South; Rita Sinnamon, Sinnamon Road; Rita Ryan, Morell Rear; Lenora Ryan, Morell Rear; Margaret MacLinnis, Gowan Brae; Ananetta Smith-Gowan Brae and Mary Ryan, Morell Rear.

During the afternoon demonstrations were given by second year girls. These proved very interesting and instructive. The winner in the Intermediate class were: Mary Gillis, St. Peter's North; Jane Mallard, Gowan Brae; and Lenora Ryan, Morell Rear and in the Junior Class: Mildred Mallard, Gowan Brae; Bernadette Gillis, St. Peter's North and Shirley MacEwen, St. Peter's South.

Keen competition in the Sewing Club was a feature of the afternoon with St. Peter's South Sewing Club winning the highest number of points. Several other unscheduled races were also run, much to the enjoyment of those on the side lines.

At the close of the afternoon a vote of thanks moved by Mrs. Malone of Sinnamon Road and seconded by Mrs. J. E. Chaisson, Rollo Bay East, was extended to the St. Peter's Bay Women's Institute for their very generous gift of ice-cream both of which contributed materially to the afternoon's enjoyment.

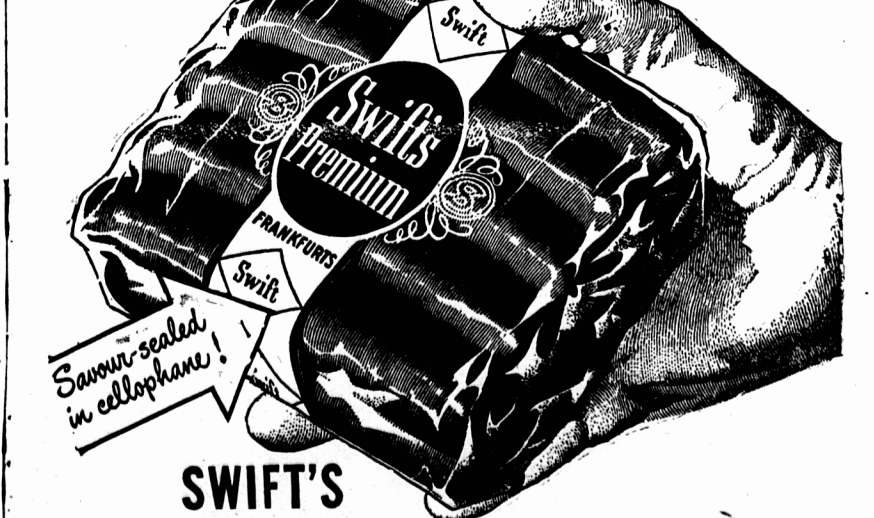
## Quickies

By Ken Reynolds



"Last fall you said you were through with your fishing tackle—so I sold it with a Guardian Want Ad!"

## Here's help in planning meals... and budgets!



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