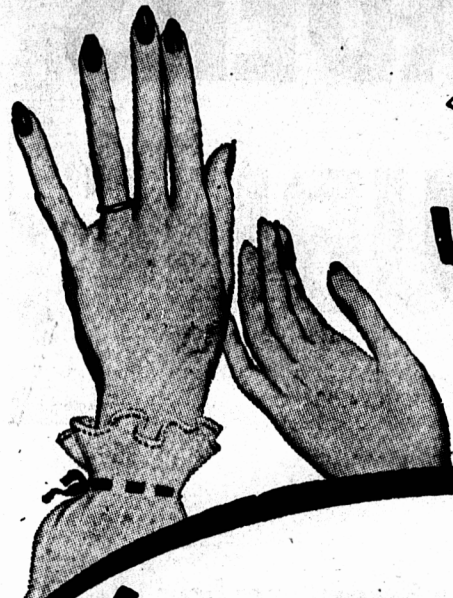


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DUZ DOES EVERYTHING!

Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

She turned from the rain back to the friendliness that filled Mark's jewel of a car. "King for a day," she thought. Well, why not? It would be something to remember in the lean days to follow.

"It sounds like a grand idea," she said, "and thanks a lot for bothering."

Valerie sighed with relief. She cast a look back at the Ark standing forlornly in the driving rain. It was rather sad to leave it there alone. She knew just why there were sudden tears 'way back in Lucy's eyes. It was almost like abandoning a child, or an animal in trouble. But what else could they do?

"Valerie has a sort of maternal instinct for everything that runs by motor," explained Mark. He put his arm around her. "You know it isn't suffering there, dear heart."

"I know," said Valerie. "It's just silly. Maybe you'd better drive now. It's raining pretty hard."

"Right," said Mark.

"I—I think I'll just climb over and sit with Lucy," she suggested quietly.

"Why not?" he agreed. He said nothing about the unconscious use of Lucy's name. Valerie could never offend very deeply, with her unerring instinct for kindness. He helped her over the seat, slid into her place and started his engine. Through its quiet hum he could hear their voices, broken by occasional laughter. Once when he looked briefly over his shoulder he saw that Valerie had clasped Lucy's hand firmly in her own.

XII

They sat in the Allington lounge after dinner, talking and listening to an orchestra that came from somewhere just far enough away. Valerie thought it was all terribly exciting. It gave her a thrill to see Lucy in a dress of primrose taffeta that she herself had never worn. For with the plans and the storm they had forgotten all about Lucy's clothes. It wasn't until just as they were coming into the outskirts of Allington that Lucy suddenly remembered she had nothing to wear.

"But it will be fun!" Valerie had cried. "Because I have such a lot of things my father bought me. Some I've never even worn. You see I'm tall for my age and you're not so tall for yours. Oh, please—"

And so Lucy wore the primrose taffeta which fitted her perfectly, even to the slippers. She wouldn't have known what else to do, as she could just manage her night at the hotel without shopping for clothes. And it would have been cruel to refuse Valerie. So she allowed herself the luxury of a knitted suit along with the dinner dress.

It seemed quite impossible Valerie had known Lucy only since early afternoon. Most women frightened her. They meant one thing and said another, and sent her scurrying away far inside her thoughts. But even in this short time Lucy was quite different. If you hadn't known she was a girl, you would have said she was like Mark. She understood without being explained to, and you understood her. Like leaving the Ark and being sorry.

Valerie thought of tomorrow and good-bye with a strange hurt. But she put it away, remembering that after all they were all three here now. She was disgusted because when it got to be ten o'clock she couldn't keep awake. She was afraid somebody would suggest going to bed, but nobody did. Mark just put his arm around her as she sat beside him on the big couch, and she napped on his shoulder as he talked quietly to Lucy on his other side.

"My doings must be an awful bore to you," said Lucy at last.

"They are not," he said. "You've got romance all tamed and eating out of your hand. I never imagined a traveling library. How did you?"

"Oh I was brought up on books. Practically nothing else but if my father had known anything was going on outside the covers of books, he'd have guessed there was something phony in the way the bank was running his affairs. But of course the money lasted until he went. I'm thankful for that. And things didn't really crash until I'd finished college. I haven't been able to cash in on it, though. I wanted to teach. Of course I have to do something. I suppose you never tried to land a teaching job?"

"Haven't got the brains." He lit a cigarette for her and another for himself. He had an extraordinary sense of well being. Rain pounding outside, Valerie's head on his shoulder, and beside him a slim girl who couldn't find a job.

"I followed all the clues I could find. But somehow they don't seem to be using education so much right now. Anyway, I'm terribly against poorhouses, so I had to make up a job I kept thinking about books. You'd be surprised how much people want them. I mean all kinds of people. In the country especially women, too far from libraries—so I decided to take a library to them," said Mark.

"It's a grand idea," said Mark. "I'll let it went over big."

Lucy looked at him sadly. "Then you lose, because I'm folding up tomorrow."

"But no!"

"You see, it never was a success. Most of the books were Father's," she explained. "I thought it would be a big help. But I hadn't counted on their taste. It's changed, you see, since Father's time. All they want is murder mysteries, even the women. So I had to stock up on detective stuff. It was quite expensive. Of course you can't blame them. Life must be pretty dull, especially on the farms. Another thing was, I really could not take much money for them. And any-

Marlow - Fardy Wedding

The wedding of Mary Mildred only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fardy, 323 Richmond Street to LAC. Arthur James Marlow, R. C. A. F., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Marlow, Kamloops, B. C. was solemnized in St. Dunstan's Basilica Monday morning at 8.15 with Rev. W. J. McCordie performing the ceremony.

The bridesmaid was Miss Olga Carmody while LAC. L. C. N. McDewitt, R. C. A. F., of Hughenden, Alta., supported the groom.

The bride made a beautiful picture in pale blue lace over taffeta with matching bridal veil and gloves. She carried a wedding bouquet of white carnations and mixed sweet peas. The bridesmaid was wearing a yellow jersey dress with contrasting accessories and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The bride's mother wore a black silk dress with black and pink accessories and wore a corsage of pink carnations.

The bride was a valued employee of the Island Telephone Company where she was known to hundreds

way half of them didn't have any. So we were just about to collapse when you found us. Now the Ark has gone, it makes it practically unanimous. There's a man in this town I think maybe I can sell the books to. And maybe the garage will know a junkie who will take the Ark.

"And what about you?" asked Mark.

To be continued

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of Islanders through her position as cashier. She was widely entertained prior to her marriage and was the recipient of many beautiful gifts particularly at showers given for her by Miss Nora Pollard and Miss Olga Carmody. Her fellow employees presented the young couple with an automatic electric iron while the groom's gift to the bride was a lovely double strand of pearls.

Out-of-town guests attending the wedding and the reception later at the home of the bride included: Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gallant, Mrs. Gabriel Gallant, Miss Gladys Gallant and Frederick Gallant, all of Summerside.

The couple left Monday afternoon for a honeymoon trip through the Maritimes and on their return will reside at Summerside where the groom is stationed at present. For her going-away costume, the bride chose a navy blue rayon travelling dress with white accessories.

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No Decision Reached On Full Program

By FORBES RHUDE
Canadian Press Business Editor

There can be little doubt the North American continent is becoming an economic unit, at least so far as the United States and Canada are concerned.

The Second World War put it far on that path and the cold war kept it from drifting from it.

Today, production chiefs of the two countries meet in Ottawa to decide what shall be done to create one great productive bloc for the warmed-up cold war, and whatever may follow. One might

say, economically, "Ping! that's it."

Actually, it has been obvious since the end of the Second World War that would be it. The United States in two wars used up so much of her natural resources that it was apparent that, of necessity, Canada's relatively-untouched resources would have to be brought into play.

The greatest barrier to making best use of this continent's resources is a tendency to tab things by definite names, such as "customs union" or even "political union," phrases which are beclouding and misleading.

Such terms forget the basis on which our automobile industry, for instance, and many another, are built; they forget that this country could be turned into a near farmland without careful nurturing of its own place in the

North American and world picture.

In practice Canada has played it well, both from her own point of view and her particular contribution to world affairs.

There is no effective co-operation between Canada and the U. S. which cannot be accomplished without black and white definitions.

It is likely there will be what amounts to a union; but it will be of the whole western world and, we hope, ultimately, the entire world.

The words "political union," or suggestions that the U. S. join the Commonwealth or that the Commonwealth join the United States, which only throw sand in the wheels which are moving them toward real union.

Canada knows that through her experience with the real union of

the Commonwealth without political union; and through her growing oneness with the United States without sacrificing her right and ability to make a great contribution out of the northern half of the continent.

THE HAGUE, Aug. 1 — (AP) — In a survey of the world tin production for May and June 1950 the international tin study group here announced that world production of tin in concentrates in May increased to 14,000 long-tons against 13,000 in April.

WICHITA FALLS, Tex., Aug. 3 — (AP) — Five hundred families were temporarily homeless in Wichita Falls today, victims of flooding Holiday Creek. Water was still rising in the southern portion of the city, largely a Negro section.