

IN NINE YEARS....

100%

INCREASE IN CIRCULATION



1940 6,016 daily



1945 9,161 daily



1949 12,144 daily *

* A. R. C. Publishers Statement, September, 1949

THE GUARDIAN

Lowest Milline Advertising Rate in Prince Edward Island

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"He's my wild cat, Tilly. You gather up Matilda and flap back home. You might take Simms along, too, just by way of clearing up superfluous details."

"Hill threw up his hands. He and Miss Matilda would return in the morning."

"That's a nice little Tilly," approved the girl. "Send back my wild cat, will you?"

"For heaven's sake, don't do anything foolish, Matilda!"

"I'll be sane when I next see you, Tilly," promised the girl. "And gosh, how I'll hate it!"

That which Matilda did immediately upon Wallis' return would have struck the pained Mr. as eminently foolish.

"That'll show you how much I care whether you're a milkman or not," she declared, defiantly. "You really are one!"

"When you next see me in New York I'll be juggling a couple of quarts of Grade A Certified."

"In Eastern Seventieth Street? Wally, do you know anything about that house where we first saw each other? Only, we didn't," she added in an afterthought.

"Up to the night when I heard you laugh there, it was just another route number to me."

"You do make nice answers, Wally."

"It wasn't even one of my best numbers, either. Slow pay. Most of the big houses are."

She evinced a flattering and genuine interest in the milk trade. "I suppose your kind of route salesman serves only the high class clientele?"

"Oh, no! I've got a line of tenements further east."

"And I suppose they're still slower pay?"

"Wrong guess. No pay, no milk for them."

"That sounds horrid. What if they really need it?"

"Then it's just too bad," he replied with a touch of grimness. "My company isn't in business for anybody's health but its own."

She studied him, a faint line of puzzlement between her brows. "I don't think I'd like driving a milk route."

"And I was thinking of taking you around some morning," said he with a grin. "You'd just love seeing me snatch bottles away from sick babies so that we can afford to extend credit at your end of the line."

"And I'm sure I don't like you a bit in the hard-boiled pose."

"You've still got a lot of things to learn about me. How about a walk tomorrow morning? We haven't been to the lighthouse yet. Everybody goes to the lighthouse. It's a must."

"With Mr. Metzger tagging along?"

"We'll hold him off till afternoon. I've got to write my report on the Milkies this evening. Are you dancing?"

She nodded. "Yes. I'll be late. Make it ten o'clock tomorrow."

Chapter XIX

Conscientious devotion to duty as he saw it imposed upon Mr. Metzger the task of escorting his Miss M. McCabe to the ballroom dance, where she was promptly absorbed by her friends, the Braintrees, and by Aymon. She did not, however, bring them together, although she danced number after number with the handsome professional. What Aymon was after with the girl, Mr. Metzger was not certain, but it was nothing good. He determined not to leave until his charge did, a decision which kept him there, bored and sleepy, until three a.m.

He got her safely back to the Chateau Duchesse, where he found in his box an envelope with the hotel superscription. Well for his night's sleep had he left it till morning. It was a charge against the Lex-Lohengrin account of \$168.34, per Miss M. McCabe.

Insistent buzzing on the telephone aroused that prodigal young person at what she regarded as an untimely hour next day. So ominous was the Lex-Lohengrin manager's voice that she smothered her resentment and asked: "What's happened?"

"Plenty. Are you up?"

"Naturally not. It's only nine."

"You better hustle. I'll give you half an hour."

She took three quarters, and considered that she was straining a point, at that. Silently he placed before her the account.

"Oh, that!" said Matilda, relieved. "You frightened me. I thought it was something serious."

"A hundred and sixty-eight dollars, thirty-four cents ain't serious! Who's paying?"

"Why, Lex-Lohengrin. It's part of the expenses of the trip."

"Oh, yeah? Well, let me tell you, that ain't expense. It's chiselling."

"Since you feel that way about,"

"I don't understand. Please tell me what you've got."

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

We came this year, through the cuttings on the roadways and in detours that led bumpily in places along plowed fields, and "Now, this is like the Winters of the long ago!" we said. The snow sparkled in the sunlight and winding here and there along the face of the countryside, one found the fresh new trails. It is, we find, an engaging occasion, this one which collects the various Missionary Societies of the churches and unites them in a common purpose.

This is a day when in truth there is neither east nor west, north nor south but one great

retorted Matilda with dignity. "I shall pay it, myself."

"Got the cash with you?"

"I'd never have believed that a nice face like yours could look so mean, Metzger, I can't pay this minute. Nobody ever does. I'll give you a check when we get back."

"What kind of a check? Indeed! Here was an impasse where the signature 'Matilda Linn' was impracticable. I'll see that it's settled, Mr. Metzger," said she loftily.

"You and who else, girly?"

"I don't know what you mean by that, and I don't like to be called girly, if you don't mind."

"I mean, you're flying high for a secretary. The managerial demeanor had hardened noticeably. 'Either you send those clothes back

"I can't. I've worn some of 'em."

"—or you'll come through on the picture business! Matilda's chin took a mutinous slant. 'Yes, you will, girl—Miss McCabe. What I want of you is some nice close-ups by a professional photographer, and one more reel of good, hot clinch stuff.' In his righteous wrath Mr. Metzger had slipped.

"Clinch stuff? One more? You haven't taken anything like that."

"Haven't I? Well he was in for it now. He'd give her the works. 'You'd be surprised, girly.'

"I don't understand. Please tell me what you've got."

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Eddie and I aren't dating any more. He just hangs around from habit."

Why do people grow old?

NO ONE KNOWS the complete answer to this vital question.

But, aided by financial support from more than fifty life insurance companies, an important study on the processes of aging is being carried on at Canadian medical institutions. Here significant discoveries have been made in recent years. And the day may come when further discoveries along these lines will help prolong life for all mankind.

This is only one of the medical projects in which the life insurance companies in Canada have a stake. Their financial aid is also helping science to win the war against infantile paralysis, heart diseases, cancer and tuberculosis . . . as well as promoting better nutrition and public health.

These, too, are long-range crusades. But, by increasing the number of skilled scientists working at these tasks . . . and by making it possible for many young "men and women in white" to get further training and experience . . . the financial contributions of life insurance companies help bring success sooner.

In all these ways, the life insurance companies in Canada help you to live a longer, healthier life!



A Helpful Citizen in your Community

When a life insurance representative sells you a policy, he also helps to improve your community. For a large part of each life insurance dollar is put to work, through investments, to build schools, bridges, highways, industrial plants and many other projects that create jobs and make for better living.

You share in these improvements, made possible through the efforts of your helpful fellow-citizen — the modern life underwriter!

LIFE INSURANCE . . . Guardian of Canadian Homes

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their Representatives

L-148

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

by Fagoly & Shorten



Advertisement for the Vanguard car, highlighting it as 'Canada's Best Car Value' and 'The Standard Vanguard' with a price of \$1875.

Feeling Low?

Try Wincarnis, a Medicated Tonic. Wincarnis is just what you may need when you feel low, run down. Wincarnis helps strengthen the nervous system and invigorates body tissues and organs. Wincarnis acts quickly—soon after you start taking it you should notice a difference in health and spirits. So, if you're feeling low, try Wincarnis, let it help you feel better today. Buy a bottle of Wincarnis, a Medicated Tonic today—get it free from brand drug.

Advertisement for General Electric Reflector Floodlights, featuring the slogan 'We have the N.H.L. in our own backyard' and showing a hockey game.