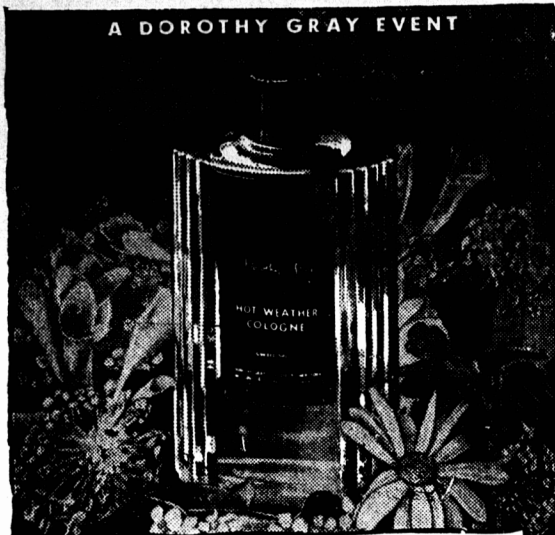


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## The Neighbors

By George Clark

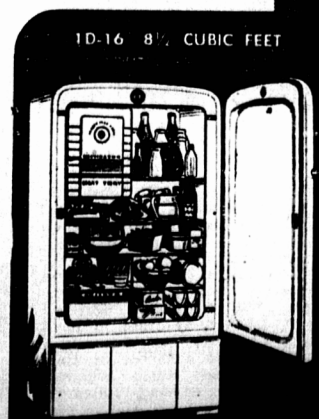


Dad wants to leave early. He's uncomfortable being around so many educated women.

**COULDN'T CATCH COW**  
When the cow was first reported wandering the streets two policemen rounded her up and placed her in the police garage. She disappeared through another door repeated attempts at capture. and was last seen heading north.

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LEWIS & CHARLOTTETOWN

## The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

Miss Harriet Endicott sat very erect in her high-backed chair and slowly crumpled in her hand a letter which she had received in her morning mail. A faint unprinted flush showed in her cheeks, and her thin lips were set in a straight line.

At a small table near the window her secretary waited in silence, notebook ready and pencil poised. Spring came in at the window, delicate and gay, and Gloria Staunton had maneuvered her chair as close to it as possible. She stole a glance at the loveliness outside and wondered how much longer she would have to sit there pretending that she didn't notice anything, and what dynamite there could be in that letter. Perhaps Jack Moreland had at last tried his aunt's patience too far, but if it was another bill it must be a stiff one to make Miss Endicott look like that. She seemed actually proud of the way he threw money around. Gloria wrinkled her nose faintly, and then smothered an honest sigh.

Her roving glance drifted out of the window again. She wondered idly what it felt like to belong in a place like this—really to belong? To have everything one happened to fancy promptly bought and handed over, practically on a silver tray? And a generous allowance thrown in! Never to worry about tomorrow or next week, or rent or jobs or bargain sales, or runs in one's stockings, or...

"You may write to Mr. Pritchard, of Pritchard and Ames," Gloria nearly jumped. The pencil scrambled into action.

"Tell Mr. Pritchard that I am obliged to him for his advice, but see no reason to alter my decision to sell the Cheriton County fours. Also that if he does not care to handle the matter according to my wishes I shall be obliged to find another broker to look after my affairs."

Silence again. Gloria made swift notes, and waited. The erect old figure did not move. The unwanted flush had died, but the lips still held their uncompromising line.

So it wasn't Jack Moreland, Gloria reflected. The senior partner of Pritchard and Ames had presumed to give Miss Endicott some advice that she hadn't liked, and was to be taken down for his pains. What an old autocrat she could be when anyone questioned her wishes.

That was a warning to Gloria Staunton, if she wanted to keep a good job.

A vagrant sunbeam slanted through the window and found the brightest spot in the room, which was Gloria's warm with gold. Outside, a tall young man in white flannels came across the lawn and stopped to look up at the second story window where the shining head showed. A mildly bored expression disappeared; he brightened perceptibly. From the tail of her eye Gloria caught sight of the lettering figure, and from that moment the framing window showed no more than a cool profile and a quizzically lowered eye.

Miss Endicott spoke suddenly. "You may write also to Benham and engage rooms for next week. I shall arrive on Tuesday, and be sure that they give my usual suite. There was trouble about it the last time and it was very annoying."

"I can telephone and make sure of it."

"Very well. That will be all this morning, Miss Staunton."

At the door Gloria stopped abruptly. She had to, as someone else was occupying most of the available space there. Jack Moreland grinned down at her engagingly from a shade under six feet.

"Good morning, Miss Secretary."

"Good morning, Mr. Moreland."

He showed symptoms of lingering, but she whisked past him and down the hall, her cool greeting crisp in his ears. There could be no doubt that aunt's pretty secretary intended to keep philandering nephews in their place. A lively light danced in the young man's eyes and he made a half turn to follow her. Then he remembered Aunt Harriet and went in.

"Through for the morning, Aunt Harriet?"

"Yes, Jack."

Some magic smoothed out the lines of lingering annoyance from her face. A willful old woman, spoiled and quite unreasoning in her demands on the rest of the world, Harriet Endicott had one passionate and selfless devotion, her love for her dead sister's son.

Meanwhile the young man was nearly five years out of college and cheerfully devoting himself to the job of having a good time.

She patted his arm, hard and muscular under her old fingers. "I thought you would be going back to town. It's not very amusing for you here with only an old lady for company. If you weren't starting off with the Selwyns so soon I should invite some people out for the weekend."

"Oh, there's plenty to do without having a crowd around." He wandered idly around the room and came back. "I've decided not to go with the Selwyns. I've done the coast to coast trip several times anyway, and this would mean three cars eating each other's dust all the way from New York to Los Angeles. You don't want a mob on a trip like that."

Jack did not usually explain his motives in quite so much detail. Miss Endicott gave him a sharp, curious glance, but accepted the

## Midland Boy's Essay Used By St. Laurent



Curly headed 13-year-old David Proulx, of Midland, Ont., is one of the happiest youngsters in Canada today as his essay was quoted by Prime Minister St. Laurent in an Empire Day broadcast from Ottawa. David's effort also won first prize in Midland contest and second prize in province-wide competition conducted by the Canadian Legion.

decision without comment. She was always glad to have Jack at home.

When she spoke again it was to introduce a new subject.

"I understand that Frances Payne is back."

"So I hear. I must look her up some day." He subdued a lively twinkle at Aunt Harriet's somewhat obvious diplomacy, and neatly changed the subject.

"I suppose there's nothing doing today that you'd like me to hang around for? I'm off for a sail. If I go over to the Point I may not be back for lunch."

When he had gone a certain rigidity of the straight old figure seemed to relax. The fingers of one hand moved nervously on the arm of her chair.

"I wonder if Frances has had anything to do with his giving up this trip?"

She frowned. Her thoughts came jerkily.

"They say that Dick Payne ran through all of his money and most of hers before he died. I wonder if Jack knows that? He would be capable of marrying her just for that reason—if she tried to get him back? He has always had that streak of sentiment. Just like his father. None of the Endicotts soft. It won't do. Jack must not marry a penniless girl."

Once in the room which served as office and sitting room in one, Gloria dropped her notebook on the desk with a comforting bang. She was not naturally a noisy person, but there were times when youth and abounding energy were nearly choked in the smothering decorum which Miss Endicott required of her social secretary. And smooth brow clouded as she looked out at the tempting morning.

"Now Glory," she admonished herself. "What are you glooming about? Isn't this one of the very things that you've worked and clawed and fought for? Didn't you practically run away from Uncle Robert because you were sick of being a poor relation and wanted to run your life for yourself?"

She turned away from the open window with its view of spacious lawn and old elm and the distant flash of sails on the waters of the

"My mother did an unexpected thing— she took my hand in hers and kissed it

# ... I WAS KING"

This week in The Standard the Duke of Windsor tells of the solemn family gathering at the bedside of his dying father. At five minutes to midnight, death beckoned, and at the instant of this profound event, the Queen Mother kissed her son's hand... a gesture that stunned him into the realization that he was King.

## "A KING'S STORY" by the DUKE OF WINDSOR

He describes his first meeting with Wallis Warfield Simpson... and of the deep impression she made upon him. He speaks with pride of her grace, charm and character. He tells of their growing friendship and of his hopes that one day he might be able to share his life with her... and he reveals how those hopes were the start of the crisis leading to his abdication.

Intensely human, it reveals the drama and mental conflict in the life of a King who said, "I was determined that my choice of a wife would be dictated not by considerations of state but by my own heart."



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Sound. She sighed a little and turned back to humdrum work. The call to the Benham was put in. Then the typewriter keys clattered briskly. "Mr. William R. Pritchard—a pucker came between Gloria's brows.

"I wish she wouldn't do this. It's a nasty letter, anyway. She's angry at him because he presumed to advise her against selling those

**EARLY MOLAR**  
BRANTFORD, Ont. — (CP) — A baby's first tooth is always the occasion for much proud concern on the part of parents. Edith Lorraine George was a little different, however. Her parents found she had her first tooth two days after she was born and believe the tooth may have been there at birth.

**NORTHERN FIRE**  
HUDSON BAY, Sask. — (CP) — Prompt action by fire-fighters is credited with saving the plywood factory here when it was threatened by a grass fire. The fire was believed extinguished, but strong winds fanned embers and flames nearly reached the factory before firemen arrived.

# LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! It's the Feature Perfect... Kelvinators!

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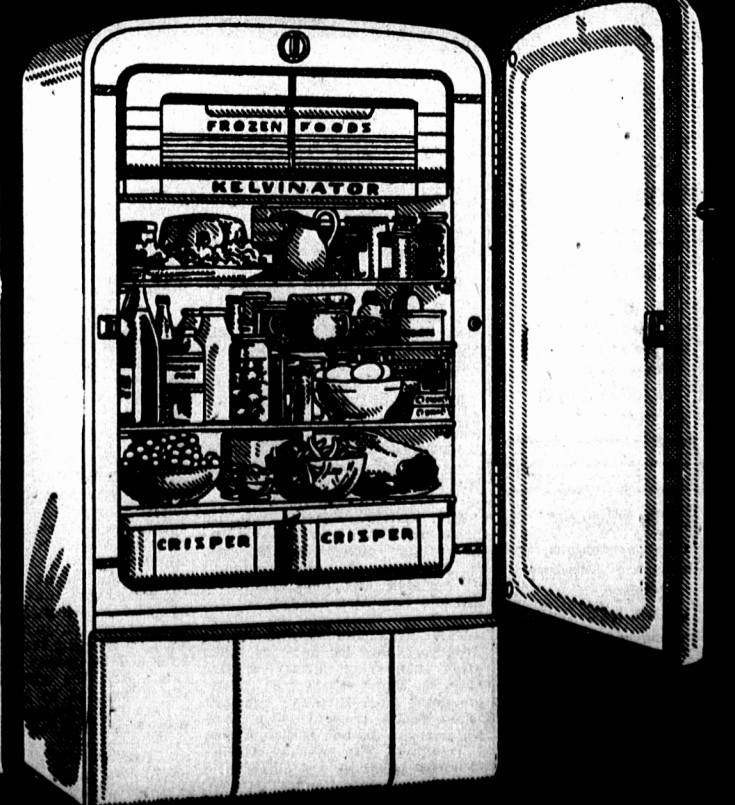
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