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The Neighbors By George Clark



"Nancy—guess what just called and asked for a date! I promised him I wouldn't mention it to you—"

QUICKIES by Ken Reynolds



...there's a Guardian Want Ad torn out of the paper—what are you selling of mine this time?"

IODE Business Sessions Close Final Meetings Of 50th Annual

I. O. D. E. standard bearers again formed a colorful procession for the opening of business sessions at the Mount Royal Hotel on Monday. Headed by Mrs. C. O. Cornelle, national standard bearer, Mrs. Frank E. McCurdy, the order's national president, and other national officers and honorary vice-presidents filed in to take their places.

From 10:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. reports were presented by the national secretary, Mrs. J. G. Sprague; the national organizing secretary, Mrs. W. Bates, and the national educational secretary Mrs. J. D. Detwiler, M. B. E., F. R. S. A.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

valided due to the intimacies of age, the well in body have come away considerably helped and strengthened in mind and heart, because often there in beholding their courage and faith one is privileged to gain a glimpse of the intimacies of Heaven.

Because here, away from the bustle and care of it, and yet an integral part of the household, the Shut-in is able to arrive at a broader perspective in life, even though confined day after day within the four walls of his room. He is not taken up now with "the petty concerns and irritating duties" that beset the paths of those who must go to their daily affairs. For the Shut-in horizons lift. And secure in the obvious affection of family and loved ones, which too often must be taken for granted by well folks, they radiate that inner happiness that belongs not to the mundane things but as we have grown to term them — "the better things of life." None of the turmoil of living comes near the sick-room. None of the consuming monsters of hate and envy and greed, and lust for power and deceit and falsehood and all that dark ilk that are perpetually along the well folks' road of life.

So as a minister of a western church has it: "Let us be under no misapprehension — while shut-ins are greatly helped by our solicitude, they also have much to give. Few would choose the sickroom or wheel-chair as a place from which to enrich the lives of others. Just as many so confined accomplish exactly that. Visitors see before their eyes what courage and faith can do: in the presence of afflictions bravely borne they feel themselves silently rebuked for their own grumbling over trifles; they find themselves greatly exalted before the greatness of the human spirit."

And from the invalid's point of view — because we being a shut-in one Summer remember well — how good it is that to have a niche in other folks' hearts! The card or letter received to brighten a clouded day of pain... any attention... just to know that we are remembered. We think now of the small one who carried us the bouquet of golden-hearted daisies, and as well of the pair of newly-weds, who came radiant and handsome in their wedding garments — just to show you how we looked! We think too of the minister who came to bring us "more than Gospel!" with "Yes, Ellen, it is unfortunate that you're laid up — and so much you know that is being neglected because of it! It's bad enough" he laughed minimizing our worries "but it could be much worse — for the family. You could be out in the church-yard!"

Tomorrow then it is our turn to visit the Shut-ins, remembering that it is sure to bring us a temporal blessing from the contact, remembering as well that some day, one we suspect on which our need shall be great, we shall be heirs to the promise: "Inasmuch, as ye did it unto the least of these... ye did it unto Me."

Until Tuesday — Diary—Good-night

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

married to human refrigerators, and who spend their lives toiling to support women who never give them even a pat on the head, just charge it off to the profit and loss of matrimony, and say to themselves that if Maria's kisses are cold her coffee is always hot, and let it go at that.

"So, if the matter were left to men, there would not be many broken homes. Having made their matrimonial bargains, they would stick to them. Marriage might not be all they expected of it; well, neither did that last batch of stock they bought go up the way they thought it would. Susie hasn't turned out to be the pin-feathered angel she looked to be during the days of courtship. Well, that's life. The show is never as good as the posters. Besides, every one has faults, and we have to learn not to let other people's peculiarities get on our nerves.

"But women are not so philosophical in dealing with their husbands. They make mountains out of every molehill in marriage. They magnify every fault of their husbands and let their every peculiarity estrange them. They seem incapable of striking a balance and saying to themselves that while John isn't the hero of their girlish dreams, he is a mighty good provider, and that a wife can afford to overlook many minor defects in a husband who says it with charge accounts at the best shops.

JEALOUSY BRINGS TRAGEDY

"And it is women who break up the homes when their husbands do a little philandering, which generally is the last thing in the world the men intended to happen. Of course, you can't blame the wife for being jealous and feeling outraged and disgusted at seeing her husband making a fool of himself running after some girl young enough to be his daughter.

"But even so, it is she who turns a folly into a tragedy nine times out of ten. It is she who pulls down the house that would have sheltered her and her children in comfort to the end of her days by rushing to the divorce court.

"Mighty few men want their flirtations to end seriously. They don't want to be divorced from their wives, they still love in spite of their own disloyalty. They don't want their homes broken up. They don't want to be separated from their children. All they want is a little fling. They want to play hooky from domesticity just as they used to play hooky from school. They want a second bite of romance, so to speak, and to be flattered into thinking that they are still devils among the women.

"And, if wives could only realize that and meet the situation with a little patience and understanding and a sense of humor, their wandering boys would come back to them to be spanked and kissed and forgiven. And thousands of wives would live comfortably in luxurious homes instead of starving on a little alimony, and millions of children would be saved from the blight of divided homes and being half-orphaned.

"For it is women who break up the homes."

The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

Continued

"Well then," he agreed, "what's the matter? Here we are, two people, a girl and a man, more or less manacled in a dullish country place and logically intended to keep each amused. Nobody else in sight, time on our hands, places to go and things to go in, and what happens? Nothing! Not even a bit of light and airy chit-chat by the way. What's wrong?" He hesitated, frowning slightly. "If it's anything I've done, I'd like to know."

Gloria smothered an exasperated sigh. "You make it sound terribly serious." She opened innocent eyes at him. "It isn't anything like that, really. You're exaggerating. I'm just—busy, that's all."

"Sorry, but it won't wash." He shook a reproving head at her. "I forgot to mention that I've caught sight of you several times just sitting by your window after dinner looking as topsy-turvy as a lost baby. It's none of my business of course—but see here, what's it all about? I like you awfully, Gloria. Why can't we be friends?"

He leaned forward, his easy flippancy gone. His voice was warm and urgent. Gloria drew a long breath and glanced away.

"No," she said flatly, "we can't be friends. You know that."

"Why on earth not?"

"Do I have to tell you?" She blazed out at him defiantly. "I happen to be your aunt's secretary and I need a job. Have you any idea how long I'd last here if I started playing around with you—or even went out with you once or twice? Do you know what it would mean to be fired for a reason like that when I started looking for something else? Do you know what it is to tramp the streets hunting for a job when you have to work or stop eating? No, of course you don't! You've never had to earn a cent in your life."

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I'm frightfully sorry. I never thought of it that way."

He reached across the brief space between them and closed his hand over hers. It was a rather surprising hand, firm, supple and strong.

"I didn't know I was making things hard for you here. I wouldn't do that—not for worlds. And I do think you're mistaken about Aunt Harriet. I know she has some stiff ideas about a lot of things, but she isn't a tyrant."

"Oh, isn't she!" thought Gloria wrathfully. She pulled her hand away. "I didn't say that she was. But I'm not taking any chances if you don't mind."

But he kept that brightly intent "I can think of one chance that you might take."

His tone was elaborately casual, look on her.

"Suppose you break that rule just once and we'll go off and have a party. A nice party. Not today because it's too late to start, and there will be a lot of things to do. We'll have to find the right place, get a license and hunt up a minister. Then we'll telegraph home for Aunt Harriet's blessing and be off to—oh, Canada or somewhere, as long as we like. How about it?"

Gloria sat up very straight and stared at him. He wasn't joking. He looked serious, almost embarrassed—and rather nice. It was sweet of him in a way, and completely insane. Could he possibly be so blind as to think that he would get any "blessing" from Aunt Harriet if he eloped with her secretary? Merely because a dotting aunt had never refused him anything before?

"Is this," she demanded, "supposed to be a proposal?"

"That was the general idea. You're a sweet kid, Gloria. You're lovely, do you know that? And I'm completely sunk about you. I think I must have been all along. I'd never have hung around this radically dead and buried place for weeks on end, but it wasn't until today that the whole of it struck me."

He was waiting, looking at her anxiously. She drew a long breath and shook her head.

"Thanks for all the nice remarks, but it really wouldn't work. Ever. Please let's forget about it."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"You're awfully definite about it, aren't you?" he asked slowly. "Do you mind telling me—just by way of giving the knife a nice twist—how you're so certain I'd never make the grade with you? Not that I rate my charms so high, but—I just wondered."

Gloria wished he wouldn't. Why did he have to spoil things by asking too many questions?

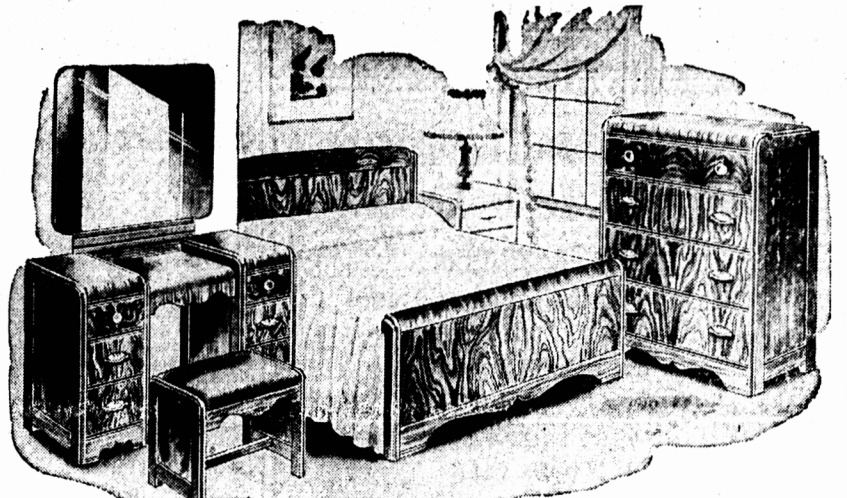
"Do we have to go into all that? Oh well if you want it. I think you'd be awfully nice to go places with and I'd probably like you a lot on those terms. But when it comes to marrying—that's something else. He'll have to be somebody who can stand on his own feet. I couldn't be happy with a man who didn't try to do something in the world or make anything of himself."

"Oh—I see." Jack spoke softly, straightened up and leaned back against the rail. "Just another playboy! I suppose I ought to be an Earnest Young Man bounding up the ladder of Success? But why be a money-grubber when you don't have to?"

"You don't see at all!" Gloria flung it back at him hotly, hesitated and went hurriedly on.

"It's silly even to talk about it. We look at everything differently, and we'd be fighting over it in six weeks. Or less. Things have always come hard for me, and for you they've always been made smooth and pleasant. You don't know what it is to be a poor relation and to know scripping

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poverty, and then grudging help crazy about him, marry a man who hadn't any ambitions at all except to play around—and live on allowance from a woman."

He reddened slightly under the tan; his mouth tightened. "Thanks, my keeping my job means more to me than having a good time, and it's why I couldn't, even if I were To be continued

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