

SHOPKEEPERS! REMEMBER!

You make no profit when you buy soap. 'Tis when you sell soap that you make profit. THE BEST SOAP TO BUY IS THE SOAP WHICH SELLS BEST.

SUNLIGHT SOAP SELLS ITSELF

Selling SUNLIGHT SOAP is the easiest thing to do. Your Customers want SUNLIGHT, the WORLD'S BEST SOAP. Every Woman Knows SUNLIGHT SOAP Saves Clothes.

WOMEN WHO USE SUNLIGHT MAKE GOOD WIVES

They won't waste money on inferior soap, they want value. Take care to secure a stock of SUNLIGHT SOAP now. Don't Delay. Under present labor conditions no one knows what may happen.

BUY SUNLIGHT NOW!



Just think a minute or four, as the little rabbit hopped through the door of the Bunbridge Bugle? Well, I guess yes. And now he's off for some Water Cress.

which I forgot to mention in the last story Lady Love, his pretty bunny mother, had asked him to get. Waving goodbye to Reddy Comb, the rooster newsboy, the little rabbit hopped down Lettuce Avenue until he came to Cabbage Street. Then up that pretty thoroughfare he hopped, clip-petty clip, lipperty lip, his little knapsack bouncing up and down on his back and his red-striped candy cane swinging from his left paw. By and by, after a while and a laugh and a smile, and nearly a mile, he came to the Bubbling Brook that flowed between the Sunny Meadow and the Pleasant Pasture.

"What brings you here?" asked his

friend, the Little Fresh Water Crab, lifting out of the water his big claw to shake hands with the bunny boy. "Mother wants Water Cress," answered the little rabbit, holding back his paw, fearing he might get his thumb pinched if he shook hands with the Little Fresh Water Crab.

"Lots of it a little further down," advised the Little Fresh Water Crab. "I'll show you," and away swam the obliging little fellow down stream to a bend in the bank where the Water Cress grew green and shiny and wet with dew.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you something wonderful," all of a sudden exclaimed the little rabbit, as he filled his knapsack. "Old Mr. Dog has written a Cross Word Puzzle for the Bunbridge Bugle. It will be printed to-morrow. Lots of our friends' names are in it. I hope Mother's name is there," and with a smile the little rab-

bit buckled up the knapsack and hopped off to the dear Old Bramble Patch, leaving the Little Fresh Water Crab breathless with excitement.

"Perhaps I'll find my name in the puzzle," he thought as he swam up stream. "Hope Reddy Comb doesn't forget to bring me the paper to-morrow morning."

"Mrs. Cow, Mrs. Cow," shouted the bunny boy, as he sped down the Old Cow Path in the Sunny Meadow. "Be sure to read the Cross Word Puzzle in to-morrow's Bugle. You may find your name in it."

"Snikes alive," moaned that gentle lady cow with a toss of her head that almost upset her pretty yellow bonnet with the cowslip flowers on it, "I'd like to see my name in print." In her excitement she didn't stop to think that she'd have to find it first with the aid of a dictionary unless it ap-

peared in the printed answers the next day.

"Hello," shouted Timmie Meadow-mouse, as the bunny boy hurried by his grass bungalow.

"Stop a moment for a chat, Have you seen the Farmer's Cat?"

No, not to-day," answered the little rabbit. "Look in to-morrow's Bugle for the Cross Word Puzzle that's all about the Rabbitville people. Maybe you'll find your name in it." And away hopped the little rabbit to the dear old Bramble Patch. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

Perfect Husband Makes Life Happy

LADY BUCKMASTER EXPRESSES VIEWS ON MARRIAGE STATE.

Many women find it exceedingly difficult to be the perfect wife, but I believe all think that there would be no difficulty whatever in being the perfect husband; for, positively or negatively, the average man exacts much and the average woman little, writes Lady Buckmaster in the London Daily Express.

There are many men who will exhaust their wives by demanding everything of them; others again will pain them by demanding nothing. The average woman asks only that promises should be fulfilled. She will be satisfied if her husband will keep the vows he made to her at the altar, if he will cherish her in sick-

ness and in health, and make her his first consideration. She will then willingly allow him all the liberty he wants, for, if only in order to retain his affection, his happiness will be her first concern.

I know a woman who still considers her husband perfect after fifty years of married life, and I think for this reason: he has never failed in courtesy towards her, and has never ceased to show her that he prefers her society to that of any other.

Now, at the age of eighty-four, he has at last retired from work, and he tells her joyfully that, as henceforth he will be free, he will be able to devote the remainder of his days to her, and that thus for him they will all be fete days.

"Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb" must such words taste to the heart of her to whom they are tendered.

Husbands might play their role

better if they would remember that the flattery of all is not worthy to be compared with the faithfulness of one. If they would bear this in mind they would be more careful not to forfeit their best possession.

A cruel word will cut a deeper wound than the sharpest sword; but affection shown in constant consideration and sympathy will be a healing balm. It will oil the wheels of life and make them run smoothly over the ruts and furrows of the most rugged road.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was right when he said: "The nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become."

The unremembered acts of kindness and of love constitute not only the test portion of a good man's life, but also the happiness of his wife. Better a single flower on the breakfast-table than a hundred wreaths on the bier!

No woman wants a man to be always at her elbow. If he were it would probably drive her to distraction. I know one who has persuaded her husband, against his will, to spend some hours daily at his club in order that she may have some freedom from him, and that there may be no friction when his papers are dusted or his study cleaned, for a man is rarely a help to his housemaid, and he must be watchful if he would remain a hero to his wife.

No sensible woman will grudge her husband the friendship of other women, but flirtation and philandering will murder alike her happiness and her esteem. The whole secret of the happiness of a married couple is that in honor they prefer one another.

It is the little things that make life happy: the eager welcome, the little confidences, the word of praise and encouragement, the forestalled

wish, the planned surprise. Such things cost little, but they make all the difference.

It may be complained that life is a farce and heaven is afar. But it was a great philosopher who said that heaven is here and now in the life of every good man. If so, it must be doubly here in the life of every happy couple. Every husband may be the perfect husband if he will, and should be so decide he will probably

soon find that he has the blessing of the perfect wife.

FRANCES MAHAN, danseuse extraordinaire of the "Music Box Revue"

She writes: "Any girl or woman who goes in for sports or athletics must be especially enthusiastic over Stacomb. As a dancer I find it invaluable, as it keeps the hair looking smooth and attractive even during the most energetic of my dances."

Peter Pa

AT THE STAR MOVIE NEXT WEEK.

We understand that acting on the suggestion given in the Telegram last week, the Management of the Star Movie are making special arrangements for school children of all the schools in the city. In order not to interfere with the school hours, the matinees will not begin until 2.30 every afternoon, and the admission price is being reduced. It has also been arranged to give the children of the city Orphanages a free exhibition. This is highly commendable on the part of Messrs. Condon and Jackman, and speaks volumes for the business of their theatre. It is hoped that the children will parade from their respective schools to the theatre on days set aside for them.

Personal

Mr. Alfred Snelgrove who has been attached to the Natural Resources Dept. of the Reid-Nfld. Co. left by Tuesday's express for McGill, where he will continue his studies.

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