

CABLE HEAD EAST SCHOOL

Honour roll for the month of March. Grade VIII — 1. Auldou Sutherland, 2. Edna MacKinnon, 3. Bernadette MacDonald and Mary Mullally. Grade VI — 1. Arlene MacKinnon, 2. Eddie MacKinnon. Grade V — 1. Patricia MacKinnon, 2. Jack Lewis, 3. Beatrice MacKinnon. Grade IV — 1. Patricia MacLean, 2. Ralph MacKinnon. Grade III (a) — 1. Bernadette MacKinnon; (b) 1. Ann MacLean,

Hughie MacKinnon, 3. Jean MacLean. Grade I (a) — 1. Mary Lewis; (b) 1. Kenneth MacKinnon, 2. Leonard MacDonald, 3. Noel MacDonald. Highest average in senior grades: Auldou Sutherland 88 per cent. Highest average in junior grades: Bernadette MacKinnon 94 per cent. Teresa Mullally—teacher.

ANDOVER, England.—(CP)—Frederick Ferrin, 30, was killed in this Hampshire town when a rabbit ran in front of his bicycle and became caught in the spokes.

Two Can Sing

by James M. Cain CHAPTER NINE Part One

When I got back to the house the kids were home and came running downstairs and said did I know we were all going that night to hear Mamma sing. I said there had been a little change in the plans on that, and they were a little down in the mouth, but I said I had brought presents for them, and that fixed it up and we went running up to get them. I went in the nursery, where I'd left my bag. It wasn't there. Then I heard Doris call, and we went to the bedroom.

"Were you looking for something?" "Yes. Are you awake?" "Been awake . . . You might find it in there." She gave a funny little smile and pointed to the dressing-room. I went in, and there it was. The kids began jumping up and down when I gave them the candy, and Doris kept smiling and talking over their heads. "I would have had Nils unpack, but I didn't want him poking around."

"I'll do it." "Where did you go?" "Just down to the office for the mail." "No, but I mean—" "Oh—Rochester, Chicago, Indianapolis, and around. Thought it was about time to look things over."

"Did you have a nice trip?" "Only fair." "You certainly took plenty of glad rags." "Just in case. Didn't really need them." Christine called the kids, and they went out. I went over to her and took her in my arms. "Why didn't you want Nils poking around?" "Well—do you want him?" "No." We both laughed, and she put her head against mine and let her hair fall over my face, and made a little opening in front of my mouth and kissed me through that. Oh, don't think Doris couldn't be a sweet armful when she wanted to be.

I kept letting her hair fall over my face and holding her a little tighter, and then all of a sudden she jumped up. "Oh! The cocktail party!" "What cocktail party?" "Wenny Blair's cocktail party. I said I'd drop in before the supper show, and I had completely forgotten it. The supper show—think of that! Wasn't the darling little trowper then? My, that seems a long time ago. And it was only this morning." "Oh, let's skip it." "What! And have them think I am dying of grief? I should say not! We're going, and we're going quick so we can leave before the whole mob gets there. Hurry up! Get dressed!"

I always loved Doris when she became the calculating little wretch that she really was. She heard me laugh, and laughed too. "Right." She was dressed in five minutes flat, and for once she had to wait for me.

"How do I look?" How she looked was like some nineteen year-old flapper who had spent her first day at the races, cashed \$37.50 on a \$2 ticket, and was feeling just swell.

It was only four or five blocks away, so we walked. On the way, Doris kept saying she'd rather take a horsewhipping than go in and face them. But when we got there she was all smiles. Only a few people had shown up by then, and most of them hadn't heard of it. So they were all crowding around her with their congratulations and wanted to know what it felt like to be a big headliner. Of course, that made it swell. But Doris leveled it out without batting an eye: "But I flopped! I'm an ex-headliner!"

"You—! Come on. Stop being funny!" "I flopped. I'm out. They gave me my notice."

"How could you flop?" "To be continued"

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

feel welcome in your home, and make them feel that they are honored guests. Perhaps constant association with your own good speech may automatically bring about an improvement in theirs. In the meantime, this is really a very trivial fault to find with people who are otherwise fine and good. Overlook it!

DEAR MISS DIX: I was a widow and married a widower two years ago. He has two daughters who resented his marrying again, but he was lonely and wanted a companion. We were very happy together, but the unmarried daughter, who has a good position, has been paying us week-end visits. During each visit, she is domineering, critical and disagreeable. When she leaves my husband and I are both in a turmoil.

AGNES K. ANSWER: To avoid at least a few of these devastating week-ends, could you plan a few trips yourself? It would be very difficult to come right out and tell the girl that her attitude is creating a tense situation. She probably is looking for just such an opportunity to act like a martyr and announce that since she's not wanted in her father's house she won't return at all. However, if you and your husband feel that the condition is sufficiently troubled to warrant drastic action, it's your only course.

DEAR MISS DIX: My boy friend, Joe, is 21, and I am 20. We've been going together almost a year, and although he has never asked me to go steady, we have taken it for granted. He never speaks of marriage, nor has he said he loved me. We have lots of fun together, there is no religious problem and we get along very well with each other's families. What can be the trouble with him? SUSANNA

ANSWER: Joe's only trouble is that he's too young to consider marriage as yet. I'm sure in due time he'll make all the declarations for which you are waiting with bated breath. Just don't rush the boy.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

Whim Road and Vicinity

Mr. Ross Gillis, Charlottetown, was a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacDonald, Kilmuir.

Miss Edith MacDonald, Whim Road, was a recent visitor to Charlottetown.

Miss Elaine MacLure, Murray Harbour North, recently spent several days with her cousin, Miss Laurie MacDonald, in Kilmuir.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Watts, Charlottetown, were weekend visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Campbell, Whim Road.

Miss Marjorie Clarey, Whim Road, has returned home after spending several days of her Easter vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Allen, Montague.

Mr. John Campbell, who recently returned from an extended visit to the States and the mainland, paid a brief visit to Whim Road where he renewed old acquaintances.

Mr. Lester MacDonald and Mr. George Clarey, both of Whim Road, motored to Charlottetown on Sunday where they visited the

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2 His many friends regret to learn of the confined illness of Mr. Lyman Nicholson, Whim Road, and hope he will soon be fully recovered.

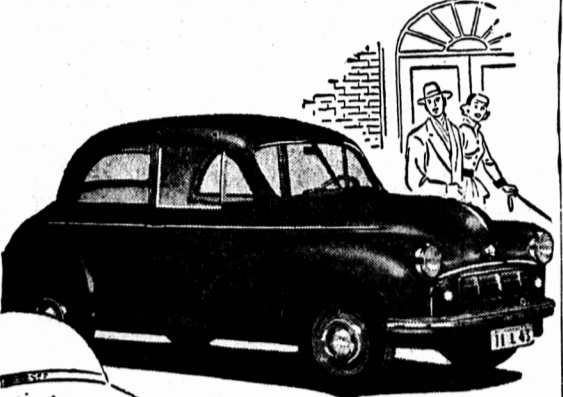
Mrs. Harvey Ross, Lower Montague, has returned home after spending a short time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacDonald, Kilmuir.

sity inside the house. The use of outdoors in the same way, therefore, cannot be considered a fact. In hospitality, atmosphere and in giving individual character we find it is declaring dividends. This is reason enough for casting an approving eye over our property and letting light reveal the majesty of darkness.

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