

Dorothy Dix's Column

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heaping? Have a good long talk with yourself. Face facts squarely: are you a nag, do you pay too much attention to your house, and not enough to the people in it? Are you unduly critical of your husband's friends and relatives? Do you insist on having things your own way in the home? Are you unwilling to entertain your husband's guests? Consider each of these points.

HUSBAND'S RETURN EXPECTED
Since your husband doesn't want a divorce, there's practically no question but what he'll return to the family hearth. With four children to care for, there's no use precipitating a crisis, especially since you quite evidently don't want one. Sit tight and await the penitent wanderer. Make sure you get support for your family while he's gone. Don't let him get used to shirking his responsibilities. Probably he just needs solitude to think over his problem. With time out to consider the weaknesses of your marriage, you'll both get back on a sounder foundation of better understanding.

DEAR MISS DIX: My 45-year-old husband has a marked admiration for girls young enough to be his daughters. At any gathering, he spends all his time in attendance on the younger element. He says he loves me, is proud of me, our children and our home, yet his attention is diverted easily toward young, single girls.
LORETTIE D. ANSWER: Your man seems to need constant assurance that his youth isn't slipping away. Of course, the girls who respond to his attentions are doing so chiefly for business reasons: after all, one doesn't antagonize the boss if one is tactful. When they get together and compare notes, the girls undoubtedly agree that he's a bit silly. As a counter-measure, try some flattery on him yourself; I bet it gets results.

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

Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

CHAPTER III
(Continued)

"Oh, make her go, Mother. She's just acting silly."
"Let her alone," boomed Harvey. "You all act as if a girl had gone away because she wants to stay with her folks once in a while."
"Oh, I see — her folks!" snapped Grace. "Well, come along, little boys. They don't want us here. We'd better be on our way if we have to round up another date for Bob."
"Oh, I say — come along, Adelaide. Don't make us coax you."
"If you're in the mood to coax her, Bob, I'm not!"
Adelaide kept her eyes on her plate. "Nobody asked me for a date," she said firmly. "I haven't any date and I'm not making any

Nice to have seen you all. Good night!"
"Have a pleasant evening — with your book!" said Bob Ferguson meaningly, as they went out.
"That wasn't very nice of you now, Addie —" her mother began. Adelaide's eyes glittered. "I'm no old boot to be picked up and kicked around. He took that girl from Louisiana out last night. Let him take her tonight."
"Jealous, eh?" chuckled Harvey. "Jealous of that drip? I hope I have a little pride. And I didn't want to go anyway. Ollie and Grace will be fighting by nine o'clock, and then Bob would think it a cute idea to take them home and go out for a nice long ride. Spring has come and all the little flowers are blooming. Not any for Grandma! Gary needs some more steak, Dad."
"Op, no, thanks —"
"Of course you need it. You've got to put on a few pounds before you can wrestle pipe."
Gary ate the steak and a huge mound of potatoes and a slab of pie. He was so happy he was a little drunk though he knew how brief this happiness was, and how hopeless, how soon it would be ended and nothing left but des-

perate years of wrestling pipe. But he had tonight. She was not going out with Bob Ferguson, she was staying in with him.
They played dominoes, because Gary could play with one hand. The white spots on the blocks denoted a little in front of Gary's eyes, and Harvey yelled. "Hey — you can't put a four on a five!"
And Gary muttered, "My Error," and dragged his eyes back to the table. He could look at her hands, anyway. The cute way her thumbs turned out, the graceful way she used her fingers.
Adelaide said, "Mother, in the morning I'm going to take Gary out in the sun. He's as pale as tallow."
"I need these whiskers off, worse than anything. If I could get to a barber shop..."
"I'll shave you I'll bet I can — with Dad's razor."
"You'd out his ear off." Harvey swept the dominoes into a heap.
"Oh, my word — he won again! That's mean, Dad, using your beer-joint tactics on your own family."
The violins sang on. Mona Lee hummed happily. It was so nice, having Adelaide at home of an evening. Not having to lie awake, stiff with maternal dread, listening for a car that did not come. And little Phil would have looked like this boy. Odd that Harvey couldn't see it. Too bad Gary would have to be going, just when they were getting to like him so much. Maybe Harvey — but no, that wouldn't do. Gary wouldn't take a truncheon job. He was proud — and she liked that, too. If only somebody somewhere around would find some oil — but oil was awful. It filled the country with rough people and terrible smells — Mona Lee dozed off happily, leaning back in her chair.
The week went by so quickly. Gary could almost hear the minutes whizzing past his ears. Beating themselves off on his grudging pulse. Four more days — then three — he tried not to count and not to think. He drove out in Adelaide's little car and kept from wincing and grabbing the door handle when she passed trucks in ticklish places or swung around a meandering cow.
They talked endlessly. She liked to hear about the queer, hot ports he had seen and the crazy Portuguese cook on the fruit boat.
"You've seen so much, Gary — and I haven't seen anything," only Washington and Los Angeles. Dad took us there one summer." She deplored the fact that she hadn't any ambition. She'd never wanted to be an actress or write a book or anything. "I'm the one coddled in a restless world. And the awful part is that I like it."
"They built America on the coddles — and nobody ever built anything yet based on a rolling stone."
"I'm glad you don't think I'm a total loss."
"I think you're swell." Gary hated the word for its inadequacy, fretted against the things he dared not say.

Finds Car In Pieces In Wrecking Yard

MINNEAPOLIS (AP) — When Charles Lines went to a vacant lot parking place to get his 1940 car, it was gone.
Lines toured the neighborhood hoping to spot it. He did. It was in several pieces at an auto parts firm next to the vacant lot. The owner of the firm explained five wrecked cars had been parked next to Lines' car. The dismantling crew took all six into the junk yard and went to work.
Lines was promised another car as good as the one he had. It was valued at \$150 on the police report, and had been driven 99,000 miles.

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Gabardines and taffetas selected from regular stock. Colors are black, navy, gray, brown and green in sizes 12 to 18—STOCK CLEARANCE SPECIAL

Peakes And Vicinity

...Mr. Joseph Kenny, St. Teresa, left for New York on January 13, where he plans to spend a few months with sisters and relatives.

Mr. Wilfred Kiggins, Borden, was guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Handrhan and family, on January 11.

Master Edward Smith, St. Teresa, was a recent week-end visitor at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Josephine Smith.

Mr. Alonzo Murphy visited Georgetown recently.

The Misses Linda and Paula Conway, Charlottetown, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hughes on January 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hughes and daughter, Maureen, Charlottetown, were visitors to Peakes on January 8.

The monthly meeting of St. Patrick's Road Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Walter Rogerson, January 13.

Mr. John S. Mitten returned recently to his home in Allston, Mass., after spending some time visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. Leo Wood and Miss Myrtle Wood.

A card game was held at the home of Mr. A. J. Mooney on January 7, the winner for the evening was Mr. George Smith, St. Teresa.

Mr. D. A. MacDonald left for Montreal on January 7 where she plans to spend a few weeks with her daughters Mary and Marcella before going to Ottawa where she will visit her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Francis Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hackney and daughter, who have resided on St. Patrick's Road for the past months have moved to Donaldson, recently where Mr. Hackney is engaged in teaching school.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Birt and family visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McInnis on January 9.

Mr. John Daniel MacDonald, Montague, visited at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacDonald on January 8.

—B. U.

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CHOICE—FLAVORED SIRLOIN STEAK, lb. ... **49c**

CANADA PACKERS BULK SAUSAGES, lb. **37c**

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