

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

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recently leaving him with a 14-month-old baby. He is 25, I am 16. I like him very much but he thinks there is too much difference in our ages for us to go out together.

ANSWER: Of course you're too young to go with a widower of 25. He needs a sensible, settled companion nearer his own age, and you need boy friends much nearer 15.

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

Unholy Bond

By Cameron Dockery

CHAPTER ONE

Part One

The young man in the stern of the canoe let his paddle drift aimlessly. "A penny for your thoughts, Janet," he said.

"They're not worth that much, Cliff."

"I'll settle for a tax token, then." "I was thinking of the way Dr. Eynon handles his child in the clinic this morning."

"Well, I like that! You have a date with me and mentally you're off with old Four-Eyes."

"For Heaven's sake, don't call him that awful name!"

He grinned teasingly. "All the interns call him that. You'll have to admit that he does look rather owlish with those specs of his."

"Maybe—"

Her voice was noncommittal. She stared off across the placid artificial lake while Dr. Clifford Bronson studied the soft curve of her cheek and the highlights of her tawny-colored hair, caught and intensified by the late afternoon sun.

Mannishly his eyes drooped to her pale blue sweater and the slim legs emerging from flannel shorts.

Janet had a trim figure, he thought; it was concealed beneath the starched non-conforming folds of a nurse's uniform.

"What's so remarkable about Eynon's methods?" he demanded.

"It isn't anything dramatic—just a way he has—a kind of calming influence."

Cliff shot her a keen probing glance. "You're not in love with him, are you?"

"No. How could I be? Sometimes I believe he just thinks of nurses as automatons, ready with the swab or eye-dropper when he needs them. If he notices me at all I'm sure it's just as a female of undetermined age who goes by the name of Janet Harris, R. N."

"His eyesight must be worse than I suspected."

She trailed her fingers lazily in the water. "No . . . I think he's just terribly interested in his work."

"Yeah. Eynon is one of the career boys."

"Why do you say that?"

He flicked an insect off his trousers before replying. "Several of us have noticed it, Janet. He's terribly ambitious—forever burning the midnight oil. And he's so chummy with the Chief."

"Dr. Farquhar?"

"Yes. They're always having him over there on his evenings off."

"What's so significant about that?"

"Nothing except that it's one way of furthering his professional standing. They have a daughter, you know."

Janet's gray eyes sparkled humorously. "Why is it that the weaker sex alone is accused of feline instincts?"

He flushed painfully. "Don't get fresh, or I'll rock the boat."

"Well, Naomi Farquhar is attractive."

She recalled the pretty, dark-haired girl who dashed into the hospital occasionally to visit Dr. Farquhar. There was something so vital and fresh and healthy about her—it was as though a breath of spring suddenly blew through the citadel of pain and healing. Usually she emerged from her father's office waving a cheque, the ink still wet, blew a kiss and ran out as swiftly as she came.

"He's a good doctor, though, Cliff. It takes skill as well as influence to hold down his job."

"Yes, he's a good doctor. Amen."

Encouraged by a light breeze, the canoe began to drift of its own volition. The drooping, elongated leaves of willows bordering the lake trailed across the two, dappling their faces alternately with light and shade. Cliff Bronson got out cigarettes, lit one nervously, and hunched himself forward, elbows on knees.

"Janet, why don't you forget all about the children, and the clinic and Eynon and marry me?"

For a long moment she studied his good-looking face, the dark hair sweeping back from an enviable widow's peak, the eager, hopeful brown eyes.

"Cliff," she said softly, "if I only could make you understand . . ."

"I know," he interrupted, "I'm too young; you don't think interns should marry, even if they have an outside income; and besides, you don't love me."

"You make it sound so cut and dried—and the last reason is the only important one."

"Well—"

"Cliff, I didn't take up nursing just for something to do. I want to make use of it some way in my future life, I'm really interested in it."

"Exactly what I'm saying. Marry me, then you'll have a husband and your own babies to practice on."

"You know that isn't what I mean."

"No, that is, I'm not certain yet."

He laughed good-naturedly. "Well, don't think I'm giving up hope." He glanced casually at his expensive wrist watch. "Only one more hour for me and thee, then back to the grind."

Janet stretched her arms in an indolent gesture and looked across the lake to where the impressive

MacDougall - Griffin Wedding

On Monday, April 28 at 9.00 a.m. St. Andrews Church, St. Andrews, was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Anne Myra, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William N. Griffin, Glensie, became the bride of John Everett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. MacDougall, Tracadie.

Rev. T. Campbell performed the double ring ceremony, and also celebrated the Nuptial Mass. Appropriate hymns were sung by Anita MacDougall.

The bride, given in marriage by

her father, entered the church to the strains of the wedding march played by Jackie MacDougall. She looked very winsome in a street-length dress of pale blue brocaded satelasse with a flower hat of the same color, and navy accessories.

Her corsage was of white roses and lily of the valley. She carried a sterling rosary and white prayer book, gift of the groom.

She was attended by Theima Lawless, who wore a dress of royal blue net over taffeta with pink accessories. Her corsage was of pink roses and she carried a pearl rosary. The groom was attended by his brother, Patrick MacDougall.

The bride's mother wore a navy dress with grey accessories. Her corsage was of pink roses. The groom's mother wore a black dress with grey accessories. Her corsage was of pink rosebuds.

Immediately following the ceremony the bridal party motored to the home of the bride where breakfast was served to about 60 guests. The table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake, which was cut in traditional manner by the bride and groom. The table was presided over by Mrs. John McKearney, Mrs. James Lund, and Mrs. Plus Griffin. The toast to the bride was made by her uncle, Plus Griffin, and responded to by the groom.

An hour or so was spent in music and dancing, then the bridal party motored to Charlottetown. Later in the evening they returned to Mac's Restaurant, in Mount Stewart, where an enjoyable supper was served to immediate relatives. The table was presided over by Mrs. Cyrene McIntyre and Mrs. Bertram MacDougall. The toast to the bride and groom was made

by Rev. K. C. McPherson and responded to by the groom. Following the supper the bridal party went to the Legion Hall, Mt. Stewart, where a shower was held in their honour. They received many beautiful gifts. The remainder of the evening was spent in music and dancing, after which all departed wishing the young couple many years of happiness.

The following day Mr. and Mrs. MacDougall left for a brief honeymoon in various parts of New Brunswick. The bride wore for travelling a wine taffeta and lace dress, pearl-grey coat with navy accessories.

She'll Find Out Sooner Or Later

LONDON — (AP) — Husbands who conceal the size of their pay envelopes from their wives are "stupid because there is no more certain way of alienating a woman's affections," Dr. Edith Summerskill told the House of Commons recently.

Dr. Summerskill, a former Labour minister, was speaking in support of her proposed bill, giving wives a legal right to a fair share of their husband's income. At present there is merely a general legal responsibility on the part of the husband to support his wife.

Under Dr. Summerskill's bill employers could be forced to deduct the wife's share from an employee's pay and hand it direct to the wife.

Advertisement for Sunlight soap. Text: 'Every home needs Sunlight'. Features: 'Makes more suds faster', 'Gets washes whiter', 'Gets dishes, pots and pans brighter', 'Cleans tile, floors, linoleum', 'Washes baby things beautifully', 'Makes work lighter', 'Your hands will love it'. Includes image of a woman washing dishes.

Advertisement for Kellogg's Bran Flakes. Text: 'Sure they're Tastier 'cause Kellogg's are the Bigger Crisper Bran Flakes!'. Includes image of a box of Kellogg's Bran Flakes and a bowl of cereal.

Advertisement for B-H Paints. Text: 'B-H PAINTS HAVE TWO-WAY BEAUTY ACTION'. 'B-H "ENGLISH" brings color and protection to exteriors'. 'Famous B-H "English" Paint works two ways to bring new beauty to your home. First, the lovely, lasting colors add new and exciting charm. Second, the protective quality of B-H "English" actually preserves the surface — maintains the good appearance of outside walls, doors, shutters, trim.' Includes image of a house and a paint can.

Advertisement for King Cole Coffee. Text: 'KING COLE COFFEE Your Favourite Blend'. Includes image of a coffee cup and saucer.

Advertisement for R. T. Holman Ltd. Text: 'This Crest Is Your Guarantee Of SERVICE AND SATISFACTION'. 'Our continuous Aim and Policy is to Guarantee against Dissatisfaction on any purchase you make in any Holman Store; by making Immediately, an Adjustment if the Merchandise is not satisfactory or as represented. If at any time you do not receive the Service or Satisfaction that you expect . . . Please Tell Us . . . It is our constant desire to uphold the time-honored HOLMAN GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.' 'R. T. HOLMAN LTD. SUMMERSIDE - CHARLOTTETOWN NEW GLASGOW, N. S.' Includes image of a crest.