



WHEN YOU MAKE A DATE WITH BEAUTY YOU MAKE A DATE WITH . . .

KENT BEAUTY SHOPPE

Miss Mary Gunn and Mrs. Walter White have returned from attending the Hairdressing Convention held at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, where special courses were taken in Hair Cutting, Hair Styling, Permanent Waving and Tinting.

Consult Us For Your Beauty Problems.

KENT BEAUTY SHOPPE

100 KENT ST. PHONE 377

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 8

fifty-fifty proposition, and that I should do my part. What do you think?

ANSWER: The accepted custom is for the man to pay for the furniture and the bride to provide all of the linens for the new home. In your particular case, as the man hasn't much money, you might supplement this by paying for the rugs, or some particular pieces of furniture that you especially desire.

But no man ever appreciates the humiliation it causes a woman never to have a cent of her own, nor the joy she gets out of even a little financial independence. So for this reason I think that the woman who has any money of her own does well to keep it in a separate account from her husband's.

She can help him with it if the need arises, and there are mighty few women whose money does not really, after all, go to the general support of the family, but she just gets a kick out of having her own investment, her own little interest coming in, and even in the knowledge that she can give her husband a present without his having to pay for it.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a happy married woman with two lovely babies, a wonderful husband and a nice home. My husband is of a very affectionate nature and very demonstrative and, thinks I don't care for him because I cannot show my love for him. Do you think if I refused to let him kiss me and pet me that he will find somebody who will?

ANSWER: Absolutely. It is a pity when men and women of different temperaments marry, because it brings happiness to neither. Most divorces are the result of husbands and wives seeking abroad the affection they were denied at home.

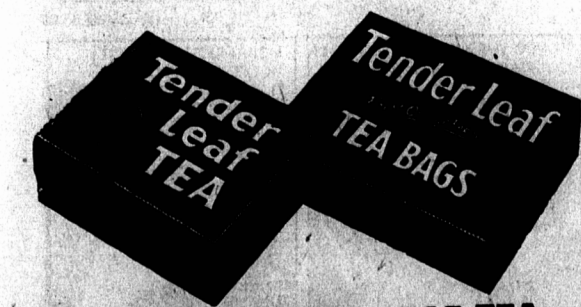
SAVE 20¢ with the Coupons mailed to YOU

If you live in Charlottetown, you will have received two coupons from your postman. Take them to your grocer—save yourself 20¢—and enjoy the thrilling flavor of two favorites.



Save 10¢ on CHASE & SANBORN Your Best Flavor-buy!

More and more people are looking for the most flavor-per-cup in Coffee, and finding it in good old Chase & Sanborn! 86 years of experience behind this marvellous blend . . . all the flavor your cup can hold. Your coupon is worth 10¢ on the purchase of 1 lb. of Chase & Sanborn—in the bag or vacuum-packed tin.



Save 10¢ on TENDER LEAF TEA Tasty "Little Top Leaves".

Tender Leaf TEA BAGS give you the little top leaves of finest Orange Pekoe—the enchanting flavor-leaves with their exquisite bouquet. Each bag measures the exact quantity for perfect flavor—extra convenient for fastidious tea service. Economical, too.

Tender Leaf TEA is a delightful blend of Orange Pekoe and Pekoe. Enjoy it any time you feel the need of a refreshing cup of tea. Your coupon saves 10¢ on the purchase of a carton of 60 Tender Leaf TEA BAGS or a 1/2-lb. package of Tender Leaf Tea.

Cash your coupons TODAY!

Murder Could Not Kill

They had resumed their walk and went forward for some paces in silence. Then: "What's come over you Robin Foster?" she questioned him quietly. "This lant like you."

Agitated, annoyed with himself at hurting her, as it would appear, he made a sweeping gesture with his arms. "Look here," he said recklessly, "I'll promise you this. I'll sit tight on all I know—at any rate, in the meantime, although I shouldn't. That's a fair enough offer. I'm sick of the whole affair. And as there's nothing more I can do to help you, as you call it, I might as well retire. Instead of being a help I seem to be developing into a hindrance."

"So you're a quitter," she said bitterly. "I leave you to judge that yourself by all you know of me."

"Oh, I know I shouldn't have said that. I know its unfair of me even to ask you, but . . ."

She turned to him appealingly. "I'm afraid you must form whatever opinion of me you like." It took a great deal on Robin's part to adopt the tone he did. "I can't see, however, that I can do anything more to help you. Anything more than I have already done."

When she spoke again her voice had completely changed. Lacking nothing in spirit, it had become quite defiantly independent. "You know the hellish fix I'm landed in. You don't want to be mixed up in it. All right! As you say over here, stout fellow! I appreciate even if I don't understand your attitude. Well, it won't be the first time I've played a lone hand. In the meantime, after that, Mr. Foster, I shall finish my walk and perhaps everything else—alone."

Robin accepted his dismissal and bowed without a word. As she walked away from him, with proud face, her head held high, he would never have believed what was actually the case—that for the first time she could remember she felt bitterly in need of that essentially feminine tonic, a good cry. She was hurt at what she considered his harsh desertion, in a measure unable to understand it. It hurt all the more because even in the brief period she had known him she had grown very fond of him. This feeling she had for him she never attempted to deny, even to herself; sometimes, indeed, she had, with a sigh, contrasted it against her matter-of-fact, conventional acceptance of Peter Lessing as her affianced husband.

Well, here was Charles Street and here was Peter Lessing's house. As she looked at the perfectly-decorated exterior, the impression it gave of luxury and good taste struck her with a feeling of comfort. She was glad to see the grave, impressive face of Simmons:

"Mr. Lessing?" Laurette said interrogatively. "Well, miss, yes, the master is in. But he has someone with him at the moment. He gave strict instructions he was not to be disturbed. Of course, we did not know you would call till just . . ."

"No, no; please, don't trouble him," replied Laurette briskly to conceal a feeling of disappointment. "I know Mr. Lessing is extremely busy. He did not expect me."

"Very good, miss. You know how it is with the master. Not only is he always busy, but he hasn't had his worries to seek since that dreadful evening—perhaps I shouldn't have spoken of it. Terribly worried—forgive me mentioning it, miss, but he does seem to have taken it to heart."

"Naturally, Simmons, naturally, and you needn't apologize for mentioning it."

"You see, miss," the butler remarked confidentially, "it fell so unfortunate like. Such great friends they were, he and Mr. Dexter, and to think as they quarrelled, miss, the last time they were together."

"Quarrelled?" repeated Laurette slowly, almost as if speaking to herself. "I beg your pardon, miss," the old butler said in some trepidation, "I thought—perhaps I didn't ought to have . . ."

"Oh, that's all right Simmons. You certainly were quite right." She paused to let the garrulous and kindly old servant take up his tale.

"You see, miss, I happened to overhear Mr. Dexter and the master having words over that letter your father received. I had a call to go into the room about something just then. They were both very angry. I could see that. Terrible pity it was."

"Yes Simmons, thank you very much for your sympathy. At a time like this one needs all the sympathy one can get, and welcome it." Then she continued, without looking at him, as if she feared her expression might betray her. "Do not tell your master that I called. I shall probably telephone him. Good afternoon, Simmons."

She found herself walking back towards Park Lane feeling that her whole world was tumbling about her ears. Quarrel? Letter? what did it mean? She had known nothing of either. In her disquiet she began to walk hurriedly. It was difficult to think coherently out in the open. Oh, to regain the peaceful atmosphere of her own cosy den in Forchester Crescent!

Eventually she reached her house. She stared in amazement at the running figure of a woman. She had emerged from the direction of Forchester Crescent and was literally sprinting in the direction of an eastward-bound bus drawing up at the Baywater Road stopping place close by.

It was Beaton, her own personal maid. To be continued.

ALBERTA HOUSING During 1949 a total of 9411 houses was built in Alberta compared with 6288 in 1948.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

should have been away last week" were due for a ride to the city. And so it was with a measure of sympathy for the farmers who must make the lengthy tedious journey along an indifferent and sometimes delaying wintry road, and after an early dinner to lighten the way, we watched him go in the company of another farmer. They picked a route along the fields, by sleigh, in a short-cut that leads to the city. Indeed at the loading and from the yards the teams breasting into the odd formidable drifts, with the two children we had followed their course. Up the slope and along snowy stretches that if a first robin had not been in a lilac bush beneath the window and crows on the wing above the uplands, could very well have belonged to Winter. At length to gain a longer view of the procession we came upstairs to Jamie's room which overlooks the reaches of the farm and there we lost them presently, the team and single horse, as dark specks in the distance. "He took grain in a bag," Jamie commented. "And why did he do that?" the younger fellow queried. "To feed the horses, silly! Do you think they could go all that way and over roads like this, without something to eat? Granddaddy always used to take a feed of hay for his horse when he used to drive to town—and so did Mr. A. and everybody—so granddaddy told me." A new and now rare occurrence this manner of marketing seems to these children accustomed to the magic of the truck for all lengthy haulings.

However it turned out to be what Rob termed "not a bad trip after all" the road having been followed by many another farmer before them, who must also

travel by horse and sleigh to reach the city. We were happy to see the day wear into settled and even pleasant weather in which every farmer could take up the work that was most pressing after the storm. What heaped loads of grain were taken to the mill! What sticks of timber! And with the affairs of our day, the hours growing sleepy commenced to search the reaches of the far fields. "You come upstairs with me," we overheard a small fellow say to Mr. A. in his most persuasive tone "and might be—we'll see them coming!" James too called up them to wonder: "What's keeping that boy anyway? Wouldn't you suppose they'd make it a point to be home, and out of those fields by dark?" . . . And edge of dark brought him back to his lads and his choring, that no matter how demanding or busy it is, appears to be no task at all so taken up is he with his farming . . . And no star tonight, and dark of the moon!

Until tomorrow—Diary-Good-night

HAPPY NOW—FINDS ROAD TO REGULARITY

"After 30 years of terrible constipation, I found regularity—in a hospital! They gave me KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast—and it's been my steady ever since!" Mrs. Wilmer Courtney, Orangeville, Ont. One of many unsolicited letters. If you, too, suffer from constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet, do this: Eat an ounce of crispy KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water. If not completely satisfied with results after 10 days, send empty box to Kellogg's, London, Ont. Get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Country Garden Edward Island in 1881 and I have been reading it in this story time. He writes of the Robin "Foremost among our birds for perfection of structure, intelligence, and ingenuity in architecture stands the well known Robin. Its sociable habits, building its mud-lined nest in the corner of the fence or in the garden and constantly frequently the yard or the meadow in pursuit of its insect prey, together with its soft notes, poured out unrestrained by cottage door or orchard bough, make it a general favorite. Its song is sometimes homely, but the notes are soft and agreeable; and heard at the dawn of a soft spring morning, or when the sun breaks out after a summer shower, floating soft echoes through the rural scene, it is a melody to be remembered and loved."

He tells us that they arrive the first week of April and this year I am sure they were wishing they had stayed south a few days longer. They nest the last weeks of April raise two and some times three broods in a season. Their nests are not only built in low bushes and hedges, but on the loftiest summits of the forests. The structure is bulky, consisting largely of mud. Lined outside with coarse, and inside with fine vegetable fibres. The eggs, three to five in number, are over an inch in length, and of a uniform greenish blue color, though speckled ones have been seen. Robins feed chiefly on insects, worms and grubs, but are fond of ripe fruit from the garden. When rearing their broods of young, they destroy enormous quantities of insects, and are of the greatest benefit to farmers. Early arrivals feed about the shores and springs. In autumn, when their nesting duties are over, they gather in flocks, and frequent old pastures, where worms are plenty. The summer flock leave the last of October."

Eczema A New Concentrated Prescription Found

Eczema is an inflammatory itching condition of the skin in which there is redness, weeping, scaling, crusting, thickening or swelling. A new concentrated prescription has been found to give immediate relief. It has been thoroughly tested and shows remarkable results even in the most severe eczema conditions and other skin troubles. The prescription is a clear, odorless and colorless liquid and will not stain or mark. Application is simple. Affected parts are first washed with a pure soap and warm water, the prescription Eczoff Concentrated is then patted on with a small swab of cotton. Apply night and morning. You can get this prescription from your druggist, simply ask him for 3 ounces of Eczoff Concentrated. And if your skin is tender, cracks or gets dry, you should also obtain one-half ounce of Eczoff Ointment. Cut this out to remind you or pass on to another sufferer.

BEDEQUE SCHOOL Report for the month of March. Senior Department Grade X — 1. Theresa Folland. Grade IX — 1. Margaret Rogers. 2. Mary Gaudet. Grade VIII — 1. Ruth Jack, 2. Hillard Murray 3. George Murray. Grade VII 1. Eliza Affleck, 2. Dorothy Arsenault, 3. Helen Folland. Grade VI — 1. Joyce Folland, 2. Arnold Ballum 3. Junior: Murray. Mrs. Austin Murphy teacher. Primary Department. Grade VI — 1. Cottie Toombs, 2. Thomas Curtis. Grade V (Senior) — 1. Victor Murray, 2. Wilna Ballum, 3. Ruby Gaudet. Grade V (Junior) — 1. Charles

Advertisement for Eczema medicine, including a picture of a person and text describing the product's benefits for various skin conditions.

Advertisement for Nobelt Moodies underwear, featuring a picture of a pair of pants and text about the product's quality and fit.

NEW JET-BLOWN LUX



JET-BLOWN POWER for a cleaner, whiter family wash!

Advertisement for LUX soap, featuring a woman's face and text highlighting its cleaning power and economy.

Only LUX, famous for the best in soaps, could give you this great new product!