

# As YOU Like It!



Our Style 815; six-button jacket has new shirt collar, neatly patch pockets with buttons. Slim skirt has one knife pleat back and front.

**YOU Select The Style**  
And what a thrill to be able to select your spring wardrobe from literally dozens of distinguished suit and topcoat fashions . . . to be able to choose exactly the style you want, detailed to your specifications.

**YOU Choose The Fabric**  
Does your taste run to soft tweeds, to sophisticated worsteds, sleek sharkskins, luxurious gabardines? Whatever your preference, Tip Top Tailors can satisfy you perfectly. There are over three hundred quality fabrics ready for your selection, in new weaves, new patterns, new colours.

### We Tailor It For YOU Alone

Your suit or topcoat by Tip Top Tailors is cut by hand and tailored to your personal measurements. It has an ease of fit, a comfortable appearance which is the essence of a well-dressed look.

Only Tip Top Tailors offers you so much for so little money. We cordially invite you to come in and see for yourself.



## Tip Top Tailors LIMITED

99 Grafton Street

## BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"Oh, thirty-four feet of as snappy a line as any amateur could hope to grab off. Not enough, but a start. If you'll just pull another love scene and put as much pep into it as you did on that deck—"

"Deck, pop?" Maids began to feel storkish. "Were you there?"

"Me and Little Quickfire. And did we get a reelful?"

"Did he know you were there?" Mr. Metzger felt symptoms of unease. "Did who know?" he fencled.

"Wally. Mr. Kane."

"Look here, girlie, you ain't going to run to him with this?"

"Won't you please answer me?"

"Because making trouble between friends don't get anybody anywhere."

"I don't want to make trouble. I just want to understand about this."

"If you'll give me your word not to say anything until the trip is over—"

"Oh, I will I will. Now tell me."

"What is it you're so set on knowing exactly?"

"Did he know of your spying on us?"

"It wasn't spying," denied the manager, injured. "Sure, he knew. He planted me there."

"The queer clicking noise to her memory. "Winch!" she breathed.

"Huh?"

"Nothing. It's the most loathsome trick—Oh, it serves me right," she raged.

"Now, go easy, girlie. You got a right to be fair-minded about this. Give him credit. He told you he was on my side in this business. We figured there was no way to break down your camera resistance. So we rigged this up. You can't claim he didn't warn you. At that, when he fixed it up maybe he didn't figure how far—well, things like that get started—"

"Go on," urged the girl chokingly.

It occurred to Mr. Metzger sense of strategy that he had gone far enough in this direction. If she knew of the supposed destruction of the film it would be just her trouble-hunting disposition to spill it all to Wally, in which case matters were likely to become complicated, delicate and unpleasant.

"That's about all, I guess," he stated. "You promised."

"Until this Wondertrip is over," she returned. It distressed the inventor of that euphonius to discover how obnoxious it could be made to sound. He sought to mollify her.

"Why girlie, what's a clinch. Anyway, your face don't show so good. But some of the poses," he added in irrepressible satisfaction. "Why it's almost like professional stuff."

She gave a little stricken cry and walked out on him. Mr. Metzger's eyes grew round with perplexity. He could hardly be expected to understand that he had witnessed the crash of faith and the ruin of romance in a hurt soul.

Downstairs Wallis was patiently waiting. Forty minutes after their appointment he beheld the other party to it approach and pass.

"Hi!" he hailed.

She responded with a smile bright enough to frost an icicle. "Oh, hello!" It was a masterpiece of languid casualness.

"I've been waiting for you."

"Really? Why?"

"Little matter of a date we had."

"Oh! Had we? I'm afraid I forgot."

"Well, I'm reminding you."

"It looks like rain," she observed. Wallis considered the sky. The sun was blazing. Then he considered her expression. "In that case," he remarked, "I may as well go fishing. Is that the idea?"

An easy and cheerful as that! Obviously he wasn't going to afford any further opening for her snubs. Very well; she would make it for herself. "Will you give Mr. Metzger a message for me?"

"If I see him."

"Tell him that I'm through with the Wondertrip and Lex-Lohengrin and everything."

"I see. Including me?"

"I said—everything."

"Going on your own? Metzger'll worry."

"He needn't. The Brantrees will look after me."

"At least we'll all be going back on the same ship," said he comfortably.

"But it isn't likely that we shall see much of each other." She could

not altogether control that wrathful tremor.

It made no perceptible impression upon his imperturbable good nature. Probably, she surmised, he was one of those detestable creatures who pride themselves on never asking explanations, but wait for them to come. Well, he wouldn't like this one when he got it.

With another frost-bitten smile she walked away, far from satisfied with the interview.

She did not appear again that day. To the message, which Wallis delivered to Mr. Metzger, she appended a brief note, saying that she was spending the night with friends, and would be kindly see that her luggage got to the boat.

"Well, what do you know about that?" demanded the manager grievously.

Wallis did not know what he knew about it. The sum total of his thought was that there was nothing to be done about it for the time being.

**Chapter XX**

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"I thought they said we sailed at two."

"Two-thirty," he corrected positively. "Isn't that right Claude?" The head waiter had his cue. Also his tip. "Yes, sir. Two-thirty's the time."

"Leave it to me," said Aymon with his confident smile. "I'll get you there, much as I hate to do it. I'm going to miss you terribly. Let's have one more swizzle for good-by."

To be continued

**SCHOOL BURNED**

HANOVER, Ont., March 3 — (CP) — Fire fanned by high winds today destroyed one of two public schools in this town 46 miles southwest of Owen Sound. Damage was estimated at between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Flames had burst through the roof of the 36-year-old brick structure by the time volunteer firemen arrived. They were hampered by heavy snow and sub-zero weather.

## Eczema Prescription Praised

Considerable praise has been given to the results obtained with a prescription for the relief of Rosacea and other skin troubles. The prescription is a clear, colourless and odourless liquid containing no oil or grease and will not stain. Application is simple. Affected parts are washed with a pure soap and warm water, the prescription E-roff Concentrated is then patted on with a small swab of cotton—apply night and morning. Your own druggist can supply you with this prescription, simply ask for 3 ounces of E-roff Concentrated and if your skin is tender, cracks, or gets dry, you should also obtain 1/2 ounce of E-roff Ointment. If you have not tried it, clip this out to remind you or to give to another sufferer.

### Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

facts by the younger fellow who allows little to escape his attention. "And where is Rob?" he inquired. He went to the Federation meeting in the school — intending to pick up the feed afterwards," we replied. "Humph!" James snorted "and that lamb bleating so pitiful!"

James proved his point practically, after, in a familiar and often timely gesture, we put another stick on the fire and warmed a pan of milk for him. We may say that our infallible training in preparing this supplementary feeding for young stock was learned beneath his spirited instruction. "Why, bless us, Ellen — the chill's not off that yet, you wouldn't give the like of that to a lamb!" Or "scalding hot that is, Ellen — my sakes alive, you can't give that to a piglet — you'll just have to warm some more! And this time, watch it!"

So that by this, we need no thermometer to test the required degree of heat. What long generations of piglets and lambskins have been beneficiaries under this plan! What young lives have been saved to come to maturity!

"Now then, Ellen," James said returning us bottle and nipple to be made ready for the next feeding "if Rob is busy — and I know he must be! see that Jamie attends to them, at milking time." However if Jamie is conscientious and faithful in the discharge of any set duties, at present we can find none of that inherent enthusiasm for the care of stock and the affairs of farming so early evidenced in his father and Jock. His mind is mostly taken up with other matters — a knotty problem perhaps he tries to unravel "if the rain comes from the clouds, and a long speck of it has just ended, what then is up in the air?" to which the younger brother added a more meaty question, obviously a hang-over from Christmas: "Why don't they grow reindeer right here on this Island?"

And so our days go . . . and come . . . and go, happily, as we continue to draw nearer to Carolyn's homeing.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night . . .

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## P. E. I. Hospital Junior Aid Meets

The monthly meeting of the Junior Aid of the Prince Edward Island Hospital was held at the Cundall Home, February 20, 1956, with an attendance of 43 members.

The president, Mrs. H. J. A. Brown opened the meeting with the Lord's Prayer, after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Mrs. T. D. DeBlois, the treasurer, reported a bank balance of \$1,414.85. The adoption of this report was seconded by Mrs. Wm. MacNeill.

Mrs. Allan MacMillan, convener of the Fashion Show, gave an excellent report on the activities of her committee to date and mentioned several nationally known firms that had kindly donated door prizes for the Fashion Show and hostesses for the models. Mrs. MacMillan made a motion that a note be sent to Mrs. George DeBlois thanking her for the privileges of using her beautiful home for the photographing of the models by Mr. Garnham, on February 4th.

Mrs. F. A. Large, convener of the Music Committee, advised the meeting that she had been successful in procuring a Hammond organ for use at the show, through the courtesy of the Willis Piano Co., Montreal and that she had arranged with Mr. Royston Musford to play it.

Tickets for the Fashion Show were distributed at this meeting.

On the motion of adjournment by Mrs. Harry Hyndman, refreshments were served by Mrs. Robert DeBlois, Mrs. F. A. Large, Mrs. Bonnell LePage and Mrs. Robert Large.

Maquina one day informed Poirier that he must marry one of their women. Refusal would bring about his instant death.

Next day they boarded a canoe and paddled across Malpeque Bay to another village to pick up a wife. We are told that he chose a young maiden named Upquesta. Then followed a great feast of herring spawn and frogs' legs.

Next, the chests were carried in and the gifts exhibited, the master of ceremonies explaining that all this treasure belonged to the white man and was offered by him in exchange for the girl. Nataka jumped to his feet and for over half an hour extolled the virtues of his slave. Then the bride's father sang the praises of his only daughter, saying he could never part with Upquesta, but ended his speech by agreeing to the marriage. The unusual ceremony ended with a second feast and a rollicking war song whose echoes echoed through the primeval forests.

The following morning Poirier

got his wife from her father's wigwam and returned to their own side of the bay.

As the summer came and went, the white prisoner kept a sharp eye for passing countrymen and dreamed of plans for making his escape. But that winter no white settlers came to the Indian village.

However, when spring unfolded her wings a party of French trappers were sighted making their camp not half a mile distant. A council was called at once to decide what should be done with the prisoner. Some wanted him scalped, others thought it would be a good idea to hide him farther back in the forest. Finally they asked Poirier himself what he thought about their plans and what he would like to do.

"I am happy here," he lied. "You have treated me kindly, and now that I'm married to one of you I prefer to live here always."

The chief drew himself to his

full height and, smiling proudly down upon the Frenchman, spoke thusly:

"You send a letter to your friends, telling them you wish to remain with my people. Then they will go away satisfied."

Poirier agreed to this proposal, but the letter he wrote told of his being a prisoner in the hands of the Indians and requested that his release be effected as soon as possible.

Three days later, a large party of French settlers marched into the Indian village and demanded that their countryman be immediately handed over to their care.

This done, the chief expressed the hope that the incident might be forgotten, and that the usual goodwill between the two races be preserved.

Not caring to stir up trouble which might easily lead to a bloody massacre, the incident was closed and Lawrence Poirier was returned safe to his own home.

**BURGESS BEDTIME**

Continued from page 9

And you know, my dear, leaf buds don't begin to get bigger until Mistress Spring is getting near. So that's how my tongue told me."

"You didn't have to leave the Briar-patch to find that out. I could have told you. I knew it days ago. Buds start to swell just as quickly here as over in the Green Forest," declared Mrs. Peter, and turned her back on Peter. He looked a little crestfallen.

"Anyway, that Dog didn't catch me," said he.

**KILLS COUGARS WITH FEEVEE**

TERRACE, B. C., March 3 — (CP) — A spear-pointed logging "peevee," a lethal weapon in the Green Forest, declared Mrs. Peter, and turned her back on Peter. He looked a little crestfallen.

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NORTH AMERICAN LIFE  
L. S. STEVENSON  
BRANCH MANAGER  
140 RICHMOND ST.  
A MUTUAL COMPANY

Pioneer Days  
Continued from page 2

ence Poirier was in the chief's wigwam. Water was brought and his face washed free of blood stains. Asked if he would be slave to the chief and make steel arrows for his bows, the Frenchman replied in the affirmative and was ordered to kiss his master's hand, which he obligingly did. The Indians cried out for his death, but the chief turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. A tobacco leaf was placed over the wound on his head and he was permitted to lie down and sleep.

That night the savages danced a war dance around Nataka's wigwam and again asked for the death of Lawrence Poirier, the White Fox.

"I have promised the trader his life," said their leader, "and Chief Nataka Maquina never breaks a promise. Besides," said he, "the white man knows how to make weapons which we can use."

For three long years the pale-face was the slave of Nataka, doing whatever he was told. During those years he was obliged to eat muskrat, coon and other flesh food cooked and served a la mode.

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**Spring IS HERE!**

GREENDAL'S are now ready with a complete line of new 1956 Suits, Coats, Shorties, Dresses and Millinery.

THEY'RE NEW  
THEY'RE SMART  
THEY'RE PRICED RIGHT

Visit us today. Our staff will be proud to show you those exciting new styles. It's impossible to describe them so see for yourself and select your outfit from this large stock now while the line is complete.

Styled to please the most fastidious.  
Priced to please the most carefully tended budget.

Take advantage of our Lay-Away Plan—A deposit will hold any garment.

## The GREENDAL CO. LTD.

LADIES' WEAR

**YOU...and YOU...and YOU...**

Will want to be seen in Kayser's glowing new shade "Winsome".

It's as fresh as nature's first spring flower. A mellow taupe designed to complement fashion's newest colours. This is but one of many new Kayser shades on display at your favourite store. \$1.35 and up.

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Only KAYSER makes this "No-All-Need" guaranteed not to fade!

**DEADLY REPTILE**  
The most familiar type of cobra is the Naja tripudians—the hooded snake of India.

**AN ANCIENT SPORT**  
Greyhound racing is at least 1,000 years older than horse racing, originating in Egypt.

**RESISTAB**  
TRADE MARK  
BRISTOL-MYERS' CLINIC PROVEN ANTIHISTAMINE  
**KILLS COLD MISERY FAST**

[RESISTAB is the identical formula proved successful in large-scale clinical tests.]

When taken at the first sign of a cold RESISTAB checks cold symptoms in an average of one day. Even when treatment is started on the second day, RESISTAB checks cold symptoms within one to three days!

Remember, clinical observation of 200 patients who received the recommended dosage (100 mgs. per day) showed no toxic effects, such as drowsiness or dizziness, in the entire course of treatment with the RESISTAB formula.

Keep RESISTAB handy always—in pocket or purse. Takes it the minute you feel a cold coming on.

RESISTAB (15-tablets envelope to carry with you. Is sold in 3 sizes: 30-tablet bottle for home and office.)

Made by BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY of Canada Ltd.  
Manufactured by Bristol-Myers & Co., New York, N.Y.

**RELY ON RESISTAB**

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