



# MOTHER'S DAY SUNDAY MAY 14th

Comes the one day in the year that offers you the opportunity to pay well deserved tribute of honour and affection particularly and exclusively to MOTHER. May we help you?

## HOSE?

FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER who likes a sheer hose why not give her a three thread chiffon, either Kayser or Orient

Pair - - - \$1

THEN FOR THE MOTHER who prefers a stocking a little more durable, ask for Crepe Chiffon 134 x in Kayser, or 505 in Orient

Pair - - - \$1.

AND NOT FORGETTING Grandmother - she'll want a somewhat heavier weigh, so medium or heavy service is just hose for her.

Pair - - - \$1.



## GLOVES? UMBRELLA? NECKWEAR?

Any Mother would love a pair of gloves for her Spring ensemble. We have them in the finest of French kid in white, black, chamois, blue, brown and the newest Spring colors prices.

\$2 \$2.50 and 3.

UMBRELLA'S. What Mother wouldn't love a new Umbrella? Shown in the new gay oil silks or in the somber shades of art silk. Prices \$2.00 \$2.95 \$3.50 and \$4.50

SCARVES Plain and flowered Chiffon and fancy crepes. An ideal gift at a reasonable price \$1.00 and \$1.50

HANDKERCHIEFS. White and colored linen hand rolled edges, applique, Mexican drawn work and hand embroidered initials. Prices 25c 35c 50c and 75

## FOR MOTHER DAINTY UNDIES

"Harvey Woods" cuff panties in colors of white briarrose and apricot. All sizes \$1.00

Vests to match above in two styles, tiny adjustable straps or comfy cut \$1.00

Lovely tailored slips in rayon satin stripes, all satins and all crepes. \$1.95 \$2.00

White and tea rose, all sizes

How about a corsetette or girdle for Mother? So often she needs these garments but keeps putting off getting them to buy things that seem to be more necessary. And what is more necessary than a trim figure this Spring?

See our window of foundation garments and bring Mother in for a fitting. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$10.00

## VISIT THE LINENS

This great second floor department is filled with suggestions for Mother's Day gifts.



Queen St., Charlottetown "HOLLYWOOD" PATTERNS, the world's best low price patterns, in the Basement at 15c and 25c.

## SKYWAY LOVERS

By VERA BROWN

Copyright Ledger Syndicate

CHAPTER III  
The young man with the hesitating grin leaped into the dining room and waited for Allison to speak. "Well, begin."

"There's really nothing to tell," Allison began. She had an odd feeling of saying those same words not so long ago, somewhere. Then she remembered Mr. Weston! And he had forgotten his promise to her. But poor Mr. Roerden. How had he found her? Had he gone back to the flower shop. It was all too much for Allison.

"A penny," Steve Broderick was laughing, his bronzed face crinkled up into a schoolboy smile which Allison was always to remember. "Not worth it," Allison retorted. She forced her thoughts back to the present and this surprising fellow.

"I guess I'll have to take things into my own hands. First thing, name, please!"

It was impossible to be annoyed at this man. "Thayer, Allison Thayer," she answered obediently. "Well, my name is Steve Broderick. Steve to you, if you please. Am I to call you Miss Thayer? It's very formal."

"Call me Sonny," Allison retorted quite unexpectedly. And she blushed at her boldness. That quick rise of color intrigued Steve. He had quite forgotten a girl could blush.

looks. And the guys who ride our lines all seem to be looking for wives."

He shook his head and peered at her over the edge of his coffee cup. "You're not bad, you know," he added judicially. "I like redheads and a uniform does something for you. No, you probably won't be with us long. You'll be swell in a uniform."

"Don't be absurd. Are you a flier?"

"Yes, I push one of the old crates around. I'm copilot. But I have hopes. Ought to be up for a real skipper's job soon. I'm teamed with Terry, Credon these days. Now there's a boy! Hope you don't get our ship. Not till I've got a little work in. You'll be nuts about Terry. All the girls go for him. He's too darned good looking for any good use. I never get a break when he's around. But he's a sweet pilot. The old ladies refuse to ride with anybody else. He had such an honest face. If they only knew!"

Steve chuckled at his little joke. "But you see, I'm just applying. I may not get the job."

"You will, I know White. You're just the type. Well-bred looking, smart, and you have appealing eyes."

Alison felt her color rise again. "What difference does being small make?" Alison asked because she was embarrassed and felt she'd best change the conversation.

"Lord, girl, don't you know anything about flying? No? Well, how in the devil did you ever happen to get mixed up in this racket?"

"I have to have a job, that's all, and Mr. Roerden recommended me." Alison was sorry the moment she said it.

"Roerden? You are a big shot. He's just the president! That's all! And you worry about not getting this job? You are a green one! You'll get it all right. But how did you happen to have such a pull?"

"Just accident," Alison smiled as she said it.

"Well, drink your coffee. I've got to be getting back. Hope you go with our ship. We could stand a stewardess who looks like you."

Alison rose and together they went back toward the office of the company. At the entrance Alison turned to say good-by. She must hurry home and tell her mother about the surprising things which were happening to her.

"So long, Sonny! You

## In Montreal THE Windsor

ON DOMINION SQUARE

J. ALDERICE RAYMOND VICE PRESIDENT

CHAS. H. SENDY MANAGER

know, that name suits you. Good luck, and better find out something about airplanes. It's a good thing to know if you're flying and the customers have inquiring minds. Here, take this stuff and read it," he said, diving into his pocket, coming out with a lot of airline literature, with neat maps all over them.

"Nothing like flying to teach you geography. I'll be seeing you." He put the folders into her hands and was gone.

Allison Thayer turned and walked down Fifth Avenue in the Spring sunshine, happiest girl in the word. She swung along, hugging her happiness to herself. The fear that the job might not materialize now did not scare her. She felt it was her lucky day. She was certain Mr. White had liked her and she made good. She was not afraid of work. She must get out her books and brush up on all kinds of first-aid and emergency treatment. There'd be examinations, she supposed, but that did not scare Allison. She was a hard-working student.

On she walked, the literature Steve had given her clutched in her hand. Her thoughts turned toward Mr. Roerden again. How he had found her, she could not imagine! Why he had done this thing she did not know. If she could only write and thank him! But she hesitated against any such course. The whole episode was probably one he wanted to forget. She'd make good! She'd show him!

## SAVED

Suddenly somebody caught hold of her arm. There was the shriek of automobile brakes. Somebody pulled her roughly back to the curb.

"Here, here, redheads have no right to walk along without looking where they're going!" And a tall young man who standing beside her on the curb at Twenty-sixth Street, while a furious taxi driver learned out of his cab and yelled imprecations at her. "Cut it! And scream! You didn't hit her, did you?" the young man

called back to the irate taxi man. "Oh, thank you. I'm so sorry. I was thinking about something..."

Allison looked up at the young man and she saw one of the handsomest fellows she had ever loved, eyes on broad-shouldered, blond, bronzed to a deep copper, gray eyes were startling.

"Irish, of course," she thought. She could find no words in her embarrassment, and he shook his head at her. "I say, do you think it is safe for you to be wandering about in this big, wicked city?"

Allison laughed. This seemed to be her lucky day, all right. The second strange young man in an hour! But really, she'd better be sensible. "Thanks so much, I'm sorry to have troubled you!" She kept her voice impersonal. "I promise I'll be careful." With a nod she was gone.

"So that's that!" Allison thought. But she smiled as she walked on, conscious of the glances of those who passed. For they saw an extremely attractive young woman who looked so radiant that in this weary city, her face was like a brightly lit candle.

## Hunts New Home

The next weeks were like a dream to Alison. She worked every night until midnight, getting ready



## You can't call a feed "cheap" until you've seen the "pelt" price

It's not cheap feed, if your PELTS are poor! Your returns are decided "on the auction block." Choose R-M Vita Crumble, "A Cold Storage Pelting Season" and "B" for breeders. These two fox foods are rich in minerals, proteins and VITAMINS. Our scientific "Process" preserves all the health values. When you feed so little cereal and R-M Food costs only a few cents more per 100 lbs. why risk poor breeders and pelts with cheap feeds? The saving isn't worth it! Write for FREE feeding chart. Ross-Miller Biscuit Co. Limited, Napanee, Ontario.

YES, we make a Standard Mink too. It is correctly balanced to guard against acidosis and save in digestion. Write for FREE Samples and feeding charts.



NAPANEE-ONTARIO

"Processed" to Save the Vitamins

P. E. I. SALES AGENTS

Messrs. Bruce, McKay & Co. Ltd., Summerside

The Earl Hotel, Cold Storage Co. Ltd., Summerside

Mr. J. Robert Mutch, Carter's Warehouse, Charlottetown.

for the examinations. There were thousands of things to do. She read everything she could find about airplanes and airlines. She hunted aviation magazines there until she felt she could talk the jargon of flying people. And all this before she had ever been off the ground. The days rushed on. Alison reported every day at the Continental training school. And she was learning fast. Then one morning Mr. White notified her she must be ready to take her first run. Alison's trick blue uniform had been home for days. Sometimes at night, when her eyes were tired with study, she'd try it on, even to the neat blue cap. Now that Alison was certain of being given a chance to make good as a stewardess, she had a plan. Every day she could spare, she

(Continued on page 9, Col 5)

## CREAM ROUTES

Commencing Monday 15 leaving Murray River to creamery via Dover, Glen William, Peter's Road, Murray Harbor North, Gaspereaux, Sturgeon, Milltown, Whim Road, Lower Montague, Upper Montague, Lyndale, Etc.

Wednesday 17th leaving Murray River via Gladstone, Abney, Murray Harbor, Guernsey Cove, White Sands, Belle River, Surrey, Belfast, Etc. Friday 19th leaving Murray River via Hopefield, Iris, Wood Islands, Caledonia, Glen Martin, Brooklyn, Heatherdale, Valleyfield, Etc. Once weekly until further notice.

JOHN J. BECK hawker for Hazelbrook Cooperative Creamery L-1341-5-12-13-16-17

By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



## TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS



## TILLIE THE TOILER --- A MINIMIZED WORRY.



By Westover