



No Cleaning Tax

...that's why Old Dutch Cleanser has always been the housewives' choice. Old Dutch doesn't place a tax on their energy because it cleans quicker and easier. No tax on surfaces because it doesn't scratch, it keeps lovely things lovely.

No tax on their pocketbooks for two reasons—first, costs less to use because it goes further—second, it's the only cleanser they need in their homes; therefore, they do not have to buy several styles and kinds of cleaners, and this is a convenience to them as well as a saving.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser—avoid cleaning tax on your cleaning tasks.



Doesn't Scratch

MADE IN CANADA

High Visibility Color Used On Byrd's South Pole Trail



By MAE MARTIN

Color Expert, Diamond Dye Laboratories

New York (Special)—On his trek to the South Pole, Admiral Byrd used orange-colored markers to guide his expedition over the snow. On the white sands of a Florida beach, Jim Knight, musical comedy and screen star (pictured below), wears an orange-colored bathing suit to guide her on the royal road to romance.



Orange has a high visibility rating against white. Blazing a trail in the ice and snow of uncharted regions is accomplished with a series of flags that are as durable as possible. Experiments with different brilliant colors against the unrelenting white have proved to Admiral Byrd that orange is the most effective of all hues. It not only has a high visibility rating but is more nearly permanent against the elements.

On his first expedition Admiral Byrd experimented with colors and dyes to test efficiency and fastness. A large supply of white flags was included in the cargo and the tests were made on the expedition. He found the Diamond orange to be impervious to washing and weather.

The Byrd expedition has a two-year supply of Diamond Dyes at Little America. Hundreds of flags are dyed there and sent out as trail markers. Even the tops of the tents in the camp are dyed a bright orange color as an aid to aviators of the expedition and to increase warmth within.

Admiral Byrd's discovery is no longer a secret. On the Southern beaches this season orange-colored bathing suits are visible in predominant numbers. White also is popular, but they soon turn to orange, thanks to the now simple process of dyeing apparel quickly and permanently.



They show good taste

Don't experiment. When you entertain, always serve Christie's Soda Wafers... fresh and flaky. They make the best meals just a little better.



Christie's SODA WAFERS

Try the New CHRISTIE'S CRACKER in popular-priced packages. Ask your grocer.

Kellogg's All Bran (large)
..... 22c

Flour, 25 lb. Robin Hood or Quaker \$2.00

24 lb. bag 60c

Molasses, per gal. 50c

Sugar, 10 lb. 70c

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Utility Tube, each 25c

Pure Lard, 2 lbs. 25c

Matches, 1 for 25c

Marmalade, 25 oz. Jar 25c

Salada Tea 27c

P. N. Manuel
26 Elm Ave. Phone 573

What Every Widow Knows!

By **LUCILLE VAN SLYKE**

CHAPTER 4 NOT AT THE SIGN OF ANYTHING

Jimmie Gordon, bachelor, who liked to think he was still young, but who was ruefully aware that an unmistakable bald spot and numerous grey hairs were now the distinguishing feature of a once blonde tunic, had put in an uproariously funny two hours. He had literally laughed himself hoarse.

"Oh, Molly Benedict!" he chuckled. "You wicked, wily, little widow! What a chase you've led me!" Molly herself, looking about twenty instead of her much boasted "going on twenty-seven," was deliciously serious and she didn't at all like being laughed at. Not even by her adoring Jimmie.

"But, Jamison Albert Gordon!" she protested loftily. "You started the whole thing yourself, you know you did! When we came out of the Plaza after that perfectly enormous tea—"

"That!" Jimmie interrupted. "Why! It wasn't a crumb hardly and it's almost eight o'clock and I'm starving. Let's go somewhere and eat."

"Which one?" asked Molly rather cryptically.

"None of them," he was positive. "We're going to a nice big swanky hotel—"

"We're not," said Molly. "I'm in my old suit. And I'm not hungry. And I shouldn't go to tea and dinner with you the same day. But I would like to see what they had in that one on Forty-ninth street—"

"I wouldn't," Jimmie positively growled.

They compromised on a dignified old grill room, sans music.

And again Jimmie chuckled at Molly. Her critical air as she inspected the place was delightfully droll.

He had, as Molly instructed, "started the whole thing." Depressed by Molly's misfortune, decidedly downcast by her persistent refusal to let him marry her and take care of her, he had, good old friend that he was, made a suggestion that seemed to him quite practical.

Thinking back to the joyous days when she had been a laughing, gay little Molly, he remembered that the most interesting and interested time in her life had been waiting for a pensioner's pension for which modest charges for food should be made so that the recipients of its comforts would not feel pauperized.

Molly had indignantly rejected the whole scheme.

"You're only doing it to be nice to me and you'd lose your money and it would make a horrid lot of talk and—and it's a messy-messy poor-take-this-and-be-thankful plan! I won't have anything to do with it! If I did I'd get plus looking and have one of those sanctimonious sounding voices and be just a pest generally. Folk would run when they saw me coming. I know the kind. The rich ones are on boards and the poor ones hang around the rich ones wanting to get soft jobs handing out the dough nuts and coffee!"

He liked her for refusing. But the next minute she had started him by saying:

"But you have given me a bully idea. Something I'd not thought of. I can take the insurance money and back myself and open a tea room."

Whereupon it had been his turn to scoff.

"Tea room!" he snorted. "Where would you find a place for one? Don't you know that the housing shortage in New York is due entirely to hordes of misguided widows and orphans spending all the insurance money for miles of chimneys? That there isn't an unpainted kitchen chair left in the city? That there isn't a name left to put on one?"

Molly had refused to laugh. Grim determination shone in her sweet brown eyes.

Wherever he led her during the next hour or so she followed. He tried to show her how dreadful the things were by leading her through side street after side street that was filled with the things.

He had whooped and she had giggled at Ye Gable, Ye Cocks and Ye Goodie Foodie Shoppen. They had invented names as foolish, Jimmie suggesting "At the Sign of the Box Constructor's Hips" and Molly matching it with a whimsical "Ye

MAIIVE CAULIFLORE

Not even a perfectly masculine repeat of thick mutton chops and much coffee could shake her from her determination.

"I shan't hang out any skillful for-get-me-nots painted on it announcing At Ye Sign of Ye 'Frying Panne," she murmured. "In fact I think I shan't give it a name. But just a human place, with clean white curtains and big enough tables and tablecloths and comfortable chairs—" her lovely contralto voice was deep with excitement.

"Nice sensible food at nice sensible prices—"

"Why take the chance?" Jimmie growled, deeply disgusted to think he had started all this. "If you feel the urge, why, run one for me. I'll be the customer. I'll—"

"Jimmie, you're proposing again. I can feel it in your voice! Stop it!"

"Then don't look so sweet as you look tonight," he continued gruffly.

Back in her dingy room at the boarding house she decided regretfully that she couldn't let Jimmie take her out again. Not with spring making him so awfully sentimental. She made herself comfortable in dressing gown and slip, got out the only picture she had of Kerry—a snapshot in a locket, that was mostly overseas cap and a blur of a laugh. She didn't look to him every night and she didn't talk aloud—she wasn't quite that silly. But she had always found comfort in holding that tiny memento in her hands while she thought of the things she could have had if he had not died.

"Kerry," her thoughts raced tonight. "Almost I wish you'd never written that letter! That I didn't know what a wild, wild boy you'd be! That I didn't know about that money—I shan't ever try to prove anything—at least I think I shan't—" she qualified her thoughts being all woman.

For the first time, while she was looking at Kerry's picture, she began thinking about another man! A man she'd never seen. Her thoughts were strictly practical. She remembered a name—a man's name. A commission merchant who had sometimes donated supplies for the cause—

"I could find out where he was and find out whether he was decided, as she tucked Kerry's picture back into her trunk.

She slept. Dreamed of a Kerry who stood in a pink and purple place and cried reproachfully. "How dared you call it The Sign of the Husband Trap?"

She awoke to laugh wholesomely. "It was that port du salut cheese Jimmie fed me for dinner—" she decided. And remembered the commission merchant's name.

(To Be Continued)

Sex Film Barred

By Irish Censor

DUBLIN, Feb. 19 (CP)—Fifty-two feet of film, thought to cover the journey from Dublin to Hollywood and back, have been scrutinized by the Free State government film censor during the 10

KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN (large) 22c

P. J. MacDonald
Corner Front and Prince Sts.
Phone 588-450

years of office he has just completed.

The Free State film censorship is regarded as the strictest in the world. Bathroom and bedroom scenes are rigorously excised under the terms of the act of 1924, which forbids exhibition of religious bodies of all denominations. This act incidentally was the first of the few to which all parties have given their benediction.

The act bars indecencies and obscenities. Screen kisses are restricted to three seconds. Films of the Mae West type need not be presented, because the themes are barred.

No saucy dialogue may be heard in Free State cinema palaces, and the censor is able to spare Irish film fans a good deal of Hollywood "wit" and humor. Parenthetically it might be observed that what is known as the "Bronx cheer" or the "rasberry" on the other side of the Atlantic, is never heard in Free State movies.

The censor is James Montgomery, a former civil servant of the Free State department of justice, and he has a tiny theatre for himself and secretary in Moleworth Street, just across from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland.

Every film for exhibition in the Free State, even "Money House" cartoons, must be submitted to him. His certificate, in Gaelic, must be thrown on the screen for 15 seconds before even the title of the film appears.

During 1933 the censor examined 3,791,240 feet of film (2,622 pictures as compared with 3,944,129 feet and 3,176 pictures in 1932). The de-



Now try

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

We have just distributed the new 1934 ALL-BRAN booklet in your neighborhood. Entitled "Keep on the Sunny Side of Life," it brings all the facts about common constipation, and tells how this ailment can be corrected.

As you read this valuable booklet, you will find many suggestions for improving the health of your family. Protect them against common constipation—with its frequent headaches, loss of appetite and energy—by serving a delicious cereal frequently.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

provides "bulk" and vitamin B to aid elimination. Also iron for the blood.

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or cook into fluffy muffins, breads, omelets, etc. How much better than raking patent medicines!

Your grocer has your passport to health. Get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. If you did not get the booklet, have us send you one free upon request. Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario.



GET YOUR
Kellogg Cereals, All Bran, Corn Flakes, Pop, Rice Kripiques from fresh stock at
Cudmore Bros.

ON THE SUNNYSIDE OF LIFE
Kellogg's All Bran (Large) 22c
R. L. DAY
Phone 647-J

IN MEMORIAM
MRS. WILLIAM HICKOX

On January 14th the Angel of Death visited the home of William Hickox, Frederickton and removed from its midst the beloved wife and mother. The late Mrs. Hickox was in her 49th year and although in failing health for some time she came quickly. She bore her illness patiently and calmly and prepared herself for the final summons of her Creator and He in His kindness and mercy relieved her of her sufferings.

ELLIOTTSVILLE SCHOOL

The following is the standing of Elliottsville School for the months of January and December.

December

Grade X. Sr.—1. Peter McInnis.
Grade X. Jr.—1. Clara Carmichael.

Grade IX.—1. Gertrude Gill; 2. Annie Carmichael; 3. Mary Whalen.

Grade VIII.—1. Hilda Carmichael; 2. Emmett Power; 3. Melvin Harper.

Grade VII.—1. Raymond Kelly; 2. Louis Power; 3. Willie Power.

Grade VI.—1. Louise Whalen; 2. Mary McInnis; 3. Edward Carmichael.

Grade IV.—1. Joe Power; 2.

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Kellogg's All Bran (small) 25c

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 25c

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19 Hillboro St. Phone 513

Kellogg's All Bran large 22c
Harry C. Foster
9 Euston St. Phone 587

...dress. Her beliefs as she went them—she smart!"

Lillian Tashman: "The adventurist, sophisticated type. I think she's her best."

Marie Dressler: "Millinery, the women, you know, has become a less. There's no such thing as a 'mastron's hat' any more. Miss Dressler can wear even a youthful hat, adapted, of course, to suit her individuality."

SPECIALIZATION IN WOMEN'S WORK HAS REALLY JUST BEGUN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21—A new age in women's work—the age of specialization—has really just begun.

So said Mrs. Catherine Flint Shouse, Saturday in presiding as chairman of the board of directors of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, at a discussion of plans for promoting occupational information for women.

"Many additional occupations have developed for women in various new fields of work during the last ten years," she said. "A majority of them call for special training. Some of the older fields to which women in large numbers have devoted their energies such as teaching, for example, are crowded. The age of specialization has really just begun. The profession of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations is to assist as fully as possible in preparation for this new age."

DOLORES DEL RIO HAS PERFECT FACE FOR HATS

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 21—The prize in the movie camera's "Perfect Face" contest—Dolores Del Rio—has a counterpart in the milliner's dreams—the "Perfect Face for Hats."

In Hollywood, says Rilla Marie Walker, it belongs to Dolores Del Rio.

Miss Walker, youthful Hollywood designer, says Miss Del Rio can wear "almost any kind of hat" and is especially smart in sophisticated headgear.

Of other stars she said: "Any kind of youthful hat."

Janet Gray: "I'd favor her for the more quaint, old-fashioned ideas."

Ann Harding: "The gentlemanly type."

Garbo: "A really 'smart' woman she has created her own style—the vagabond type—and the clothes she wears look well on her. She is artistic because she is individual in

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