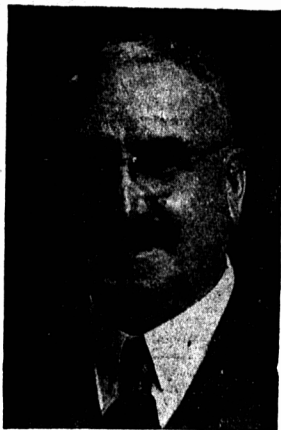


# National Progressive Conservative Leader George A. Drew

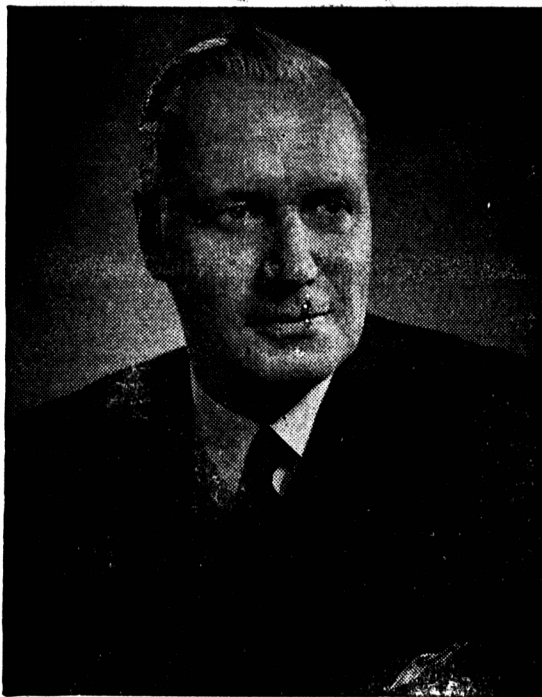
WILL OPEN HIS CANADA-WIDE FEDERAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN AT A MASS MEETING IN THE CHARLOTTETOWN FORUM ON **MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9th at 8 P. M.**



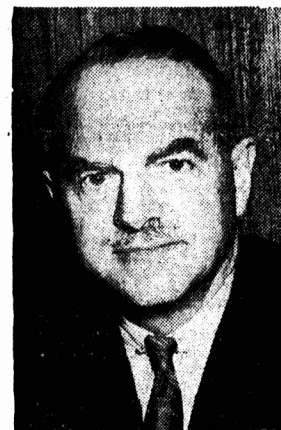
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HON. GEORGE A. DREW, K.C., M.P.



BRIG. J. H. PRICE, M.C., O.B.E. PRINCE



MAJOR J. A. MACDONALD J.C.P.

Other speakers will be the Progressive Conservative Candidates for this Province, pictured above, in the forthcoming Federal Election Campaign. Mrs. Drew will address the ladies briefly following her husband's address.

## EVERYBODY WELCOME

Should Evening be cold Building will Definitely be Heated

Inserted by Progressive Conservative Association.

**TEA-BUSH YIELD**  
Although a planted acre contains about 3,200 tea bushes, only 2 1/2 ounces of tea are obtained in a year from each bush.

**HOUSING UP**  
The total number of houses completed in The Netherlands in 1948 was 36,296 compared with 9,240 in 1947.

**OLDEST BRASS**  
The cymbal is the oldest known musical instrument made of brass, and was used as early as 1047 B.C.

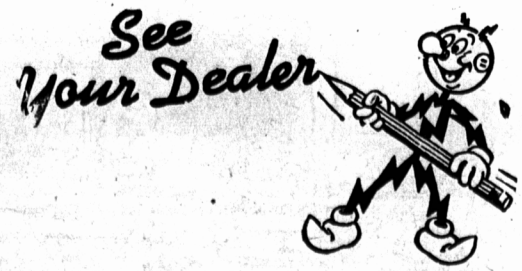


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*Mother's Day*

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### Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

Tony began to laugh and Barbara stared at him with exasperation. "I'm glad it strikes you as funny," she cried, "but it isn't funny really. I mean, there was nothing wrong with Martin bringing me home, whatever you may think. I mean, after all, if you regret your wife for other people, what can you expect?"

Tony's face sobered. "I know there isn't anything wrong between you and Martin Fagg, Barbara. You don't have to tell me that. Neither of you is that kind." "Of course not!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"But it does show what way the wind is blowing, doesn't it?" "What do you mean?"

Tony shrugged his shoulders. "If I hadn't barged into your life, you'd have married Martin and lived happily ever afterward. If you weren't married to me, you'd still marry Martin, sooner or later."

"Don't be absurd!"

"He's thrifty and conservative and all the things I'm not."

"So what?"

"I just wasn't cut out for a family man," said Tony. He laughed. "Can you imagine me wheeling the baby's go-cart?"

Barbara flung him an agonized glance. Did he suspect that she was going to have a baby? She could not read his expression. It was half chagrined, half humorous. "I get on your nerves. You don't like any of the things I like," Tony went on. "My friends give you a sour taste. I can't go into ecstasies over accumulating money in the bank. I guess the only thing is to call it a day before we hurt each other worse than we have."

Barbara could not get her breath. "Are you planning to walk out on me?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Well," said Tony, "you pay the rent, as you've reminded me a time or two, so I suppose it's my move."

She could not believe it. Tony had turned toward the door. He glanced back over his shoulder. "I'll drop around tomorrow while you're at the office and collect my belongings," he said, "if you don't mind giving them house room meanwhile."

Barbara's lips moved but she could not make a sound. "So long, kid," said Tony softly, "and all of the best."

"Tony!" she cried.

Downstairs she heard the street door slam. Tony had gone.

After a long while Barbara crept into the other room and pulled off her clothes. Her hands were shaking. She felt a little crazed. She finally managed to get to bed.

What had happened? she asked herself. What could have happened to bring herself and Tony to such a pass? They had been so in love. They had started out with such glowing hopes. Where had they gone wrong? She tried to take stock, tried to be scrupulously fair. She admitted that she had had a chip on her shoulder from the first where Tony's mother and his friends were concerned.

"I knew he liked to have people around when I married him," Barbara confessed miserably. "I knew he was careless about money. I thought I could make allowances." She began to sob aloud, and it frightened her. She had to hang on to herself. She could not let go. She had no one except herself to depend upon.

She had not wanted Tony to call it quits. She had never wanted that. She had merely been trying to carry her point. Now that it was too late, she realized that she had simply hoped to discipline him, to bring him around to her way of thinking. "If only I could have another chance!" thought Barbara.

And then she heard Tony's step in the outside hall. Barbara's heart almost stopped as he unlocked the door and walked slowly into the bedroom. He turned on the small table lamp. Their eyes met. Tony's face was haggard. There was an expression about his mouth which she had never seen before.

"Hello, Tony," faltered Barbara. "Is it true, Barbara?" he asked. "Are you going to have a baby?" She could not get her breath.

"Yes, Tony."

He flinched. "Hank said so, that's where I've been, over at Hank's room. He told me he'd bet anything you were going to have a child."

Barbara tried to wipe away the tear which slid down her cheek. "I thought that was one reason you left, Tony, because you didn't want a baby, because you'd hate being tied down with one."

"Tony winced. "Good gracious, kid, what have I done to make you think I'm such a heel?"

Tony came over and sat down on the edge of the bed. He took both Barbara's hands and held them tightly. He was still wearing his overcoat and hat. His face gave Barbara a pang. It made her heart

ache to see Tony look like that, as if he had suffered, as if he were still suffering.

"No," he said. "I didn't know about the baby. I was being noble when I got out, only Hank said I was acting like a darned fool."

"Noble!" stammered Barbara. Tony made a grimace. "I thought

you'd be better off without me. I was. He never could be."

"Honestly?"

"Barbara put her arms about him. "Honestly?"

"Tony drew a long breath. "That's what Hank said. He said if I had a lick of sense I'd know you didn't want to get rid of me."

(To be continued).



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