

HOLMAN'S -- Charlottetown Store

Just Arrived! A Whole Carload Of Brand New 1948 KROEHLER CHESTERFIELD SUITES

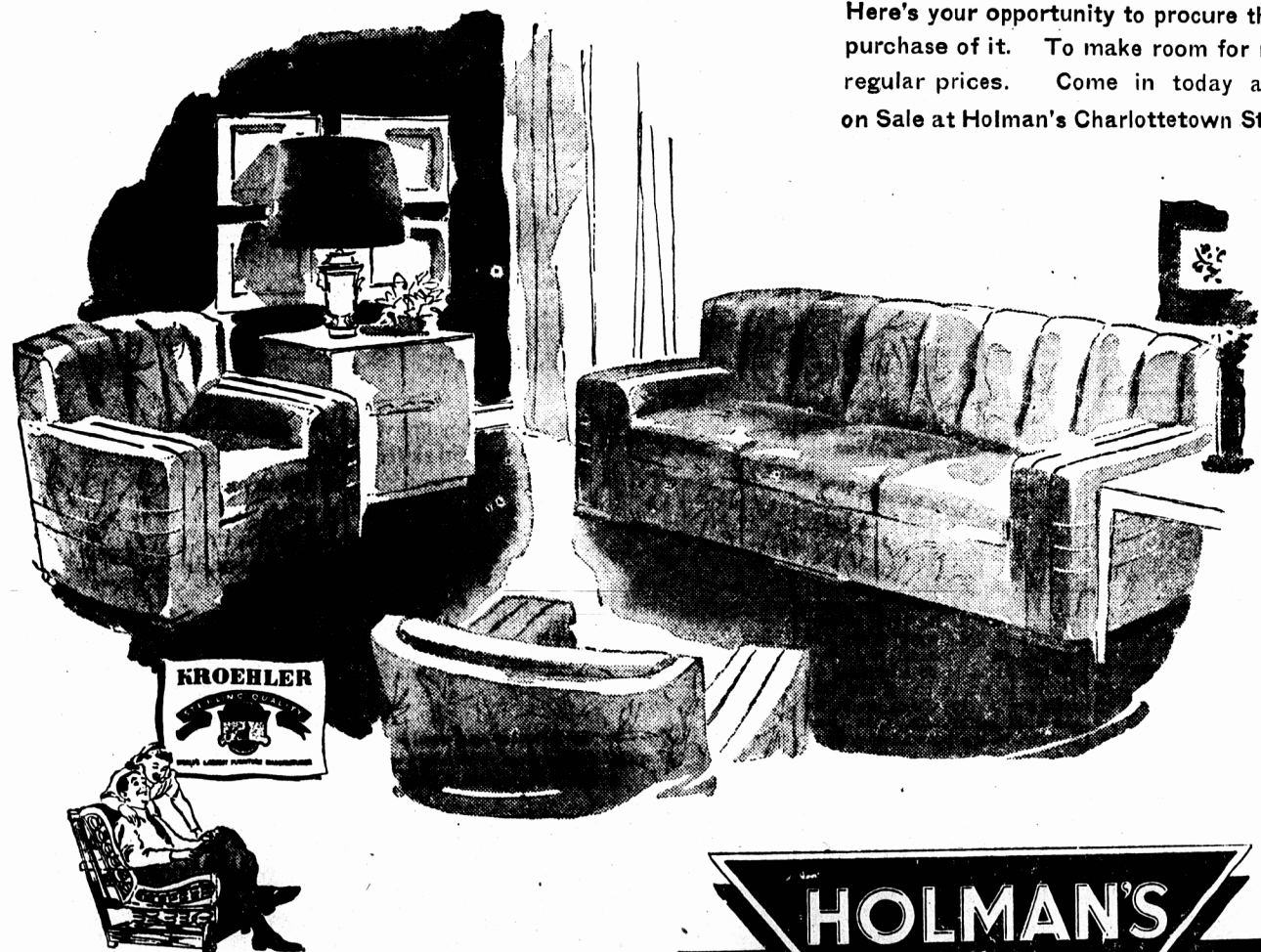
To Make Room For These New Suites

WE MUST CLEAR

10 FLOOR SAMPLES at ----

1/4 OFF

Here's your opportunity to procure that Chesterfield Suite, you've wanted for so long, and you can now save money on the purchase of it. To make room for new Kroehler Suites we must clear 10 Floor Sample Suites at 25 per cent off the regular prices. Come in today and choose from several distinctive styles and smart coverings. These Suites are on Sale at Holman's Charlottetown Store only.



Extra Special!

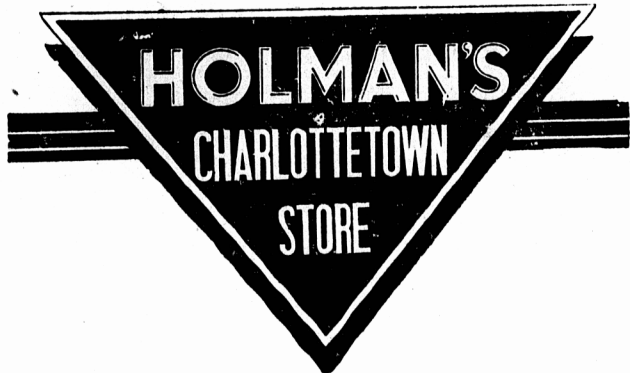
2 ONLY

Floor Sample Suites

Regular 215.00

Clearing 3 Pieces **150.00**

Get a genuine, new Kroehler Chesterfield Suite at a Bargain Price . . . There are only TWO Suites at this Saving Price—so, be early! Featuring the famous Kroehler Customized Construction covered with attractive, good-wearing tap-estry.



SHOP TODAY FOR BEST CHOICE

HOLMAN'S EASY PAYMENT PLAN

ONLY 10% DOWN

UP TO 15 MONTHS TO PAY BALANCE

MOTHERS--ATTENTION

Next week, the Department of Health will be conducting disease prevention clinics in all City Schools. Spring Park and Parkdale Schools will also be included.

Commencing this year, all babies six months of age and over can be given "Triple" protection against Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus. Children over five years will be protected against Diphtheria only.

All pre-school children who have already been protected against Diphtheria and Whooping Cough with the "Combined" inoculations will require a further booster or re-inforcing dose. Children protected against Diphtheria only require a booster dose every three years in order to maintain adequate immunity.

Initial protection costs twenty-five cents (.25c) and all booster doses ten cents (.10c).

Let us keep our children protected and thus prevent unnecessary illnesses and perhaps untimely deaths. Mothers—we are expecting your full co-operation. Do not fail to bring your little ones to one of the clinics.

Time and place of each clinic will be advertised in the press.

B. C. KEEPING, Chief Health Officer.

Ellen's Diary

(Continued from Page 14)

work in the bush he must go straight to the feeding while it was still day. Beautifully it waxes. The afterglow lights the panes of western windows and touches the hilltop with a last loving brightness. Pat's maples stand against a fetching background of flame—a flame that fades away to the evening blue of the south. Pat himself, devout man that he is, is coming down along the hill now on the first lap of getting to Church in the mornin'. Comfortable in a sleigh, the pretty white horse on a brisk trot along the white of the Winter field. And here our supper awaits James pleasure while a pease that speaks to one of the Sabbath spreads quiet wings above the countryside—above the still snowy roofes of the house on the hill and the mill sitting quaintly in the depths of the valley.

Soup is on our menu this evening, appetizing and warming to a man who has been at the wood-chopping. It is there amid the balsamy fragrance of "var" and spruce, and the sweet scent of maplewood that folks can find an appetite which needs little coaxing. The broth which was the beginning of the soup-making came not as Rob would have it "from the same old bones" but from remnants of yesterday's chicken which in a way had been an offer-

ing to the prevailing snow storm. Cubes of carrots I added, from the very row of them that had to James' mind detracted from the orderly appearance of our farmers' root field. Silvers of turnip the most elite of the vegetables now and much tastier on account of it! from a selected one of a number Jock was slicing for a fennel heifer; shreds from the white firm heart of a cabbage that somehow never was made into Sauerkraut.

An end of a tin of peas and the same of tomato juice when I had reasoned "If I don't put it in, it will only be wasted." A spot of herb to flavor all and because small had just come and I really had no time to stir a thickening a few curls of macaroni and a bit of breakfast cereal conspired well to assist at my reading.

Steak after soup—and why does James loiter? Biscuits, not too fresh to satisfy a whim of James and butter from yesterday's churning. And slices of cake. I can see them from here. It would have done with less cooking but then it was that Jamie came along the fields from the woods to stay briefly—he and the black Mutt-dog. "And what would you have done with the frosting bowl if I hadn't come?" I suppose I should have scraped every shred of it to top the cake and then I would have washed the dish wondering all the time about him and other boys and girls besides those at Alderlea who once found much delight in "licking" the cook's frosting

bowl. Indeed Judy herself liked such sweet tidbits. In her letter today—and busy and happy she is—she enclosed a verse from her scrap-book. "I thought it very sweet Mrs. Ellen," she wrote and I'm sure you will too."

"His tender hands have fashioned tiny Things; The wee blue petals of forget-me-nots;

A drop of mist; an insect's tissue wings; A poppy seed; a caterpillar's spots; The sensitive antennae of a bee; Each amber globule of the desert sands

Then shall I fear, when He has said to me, "Thy days, my little one, are 'a my hands?'"

Until Monday — Diary — Good-night.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS.—

(Continued from Page 14)

Yet we have the grotesque spectacle of husbands who work themselves to death to lavish luxuries on their wives, but who never show their wives any affection or tenderness and are so grouchy and ill-tempered that they make their home a place of torment instead of one of peace and love.

Many men complain that their wives are disappointments to them; that they are poor managers, extravagant, bad cooks and dull and uninteresting companions. Undenially this is true, but how few men ever take the trouble to try to turn a poor wife into a good one. When a man marries a young and inexperienced girl, she is clay in his hands to mold to his heart's desire if he has the patience and the wisdom to do it.

But he can't do it by force. He can't do it by finding fault with everything she does. He has to make her feel that she is the most important thing in the world to him and that he can only carry out his plans and ambitions by her help.

And, curiously enough, husbands, even those who really love their wives, are so often utterly indifferent to the happiness of the women whose well-being lies in their hands. They seem to think that if they provide their wives with comfortable homes, plenty to eat, and charge accounts at the best stores, they have done their full duty to them and have a right to prune themselves upon being model husbands. They don't feel it is their duty to be interesting companions, or even to talk at home, or to take their wives stepping, or to do anything to entertain and amuse them. Their idea seems to be that being a good husband consists in paying the bills.

Which is why divorce is so common, for being a good husband is a job into which a man has to put all he has of brains and heart and tact if he wants to make a happy home.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride

