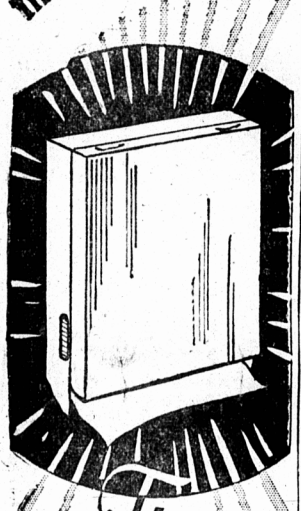


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MAKERS OF A WIDE RANGE OF HIGH QUALITY PAPERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND DOMESTIC PURPOSES

Give List of Rules for Success Dorothy Dix To the Man About to Marry

Before You Marry, Son, be Sure That You Are Fitted for Marriage, That You Can Finance it Adequately and Are Ready to Settle Down - Then Pick Out the Girl Who Fills the Bill, But Consider Well the Cost

A young man asks if I will give ten rules for the guidance of bridegrooms. Well, son, before you marry have a heart-to-heart session with yourself and make sure that you are good husband material.



There are many men who can no more be domesticated than a wild eagle and to whom any home will be a cage and any wife a jailer. Such as these should retain their freedom and remain bachelors and not doom some luckless girl to a lifetime of hard and vain labor in trying to tame them and teach them to eat out of her hand.

There are men who are born philanderers and whom no woman could hold though she had the beauty of a movie star and the snappy comebacks of a night-club hostess and was as expert a salve-spreader as a gold-digger.

If you belong to any of these types, don't get married, no matter how willing the girl is to take a chance on you. Marriage doesn't change a man's nature or desires.

Second. Don't marry until you are good and ready. Don't marry until you are old enough to have your tastes and habits formed and to know what you want in a wife.

Don't marry until you have had your playtime and are ready to settle down. You haven't any right to take a girl from a happy home, where she has companionship and dates who are ready to take her out and give her a good time and dump her down in a flat and go off and leave her to spend the evening by her lonesome.

Third. Don't marry until you have the price of a wedding ring. It doesn't have to be platinum set with jewels. It doesn't even have to be solid gold.

Fourth. Decide before marriage what kind of wife you want and need. Don't marry a girl because she is one thing and then be dissatisfied with her after you get her because she isn't something entirely different.

If you are an intelligent young man, fond of discussing the higher things of life, don't marry a moron who never got through the fourth grade at school just because she has eyes that look like violets drenched in dew.

If you are an intelligent man and want a wife who will be a real companion to you, pick her out by the brains inside of her head instead of the permanent wave that is on the outside.

Get some married man to let you look over his bills. Bills for shoes and food and clothes and gas and electricity and beauty shops and doctors' bills for everything under the sun, and if you feel that you would rather spend your money on paying for Sally's manures and new hats and the baby's milk than you would on buying yourself glad raiment and playing in golf tournaments, you may know that you are one of the men whom heaven has sent as the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Also, you will be happy yourself, because the chief thing that is the matter with the disgruntled husband is that he begrudges the price of matrimony. (To Be Continued on Wednesday.)

SLEEPLESS, PALE, NERVOUS

Mrs. Hart Completely Restored to Normal Health After Taking 6 Boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

FEELING WELL AGAIN. "I was in a weak, run-down condition—sleepless, pale, nervous and with loss of appetite," writes Mrs. R. M. Hart, of Toledo, Ont. "I was often taking weak and fainting spells, and weighed only 105 pounds. I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking six boxes I was completely restored to a normal condition. I also gained 23 pounds. My condition began to improve after taking the second box. I have had no recurrence of my trouble since."

Marriage is a business as well as a sentimental enterprise and its success depends upon its being adequately financed. No man and woman can be happy no matter how much they love each other, if they are hungry and cold and shabby and tormented by bill-collectors. Indeed, under such circumstances they would be more than human if they did not indulge in criticisms and recriminations and the wife blame the husband for having dragged her down to poverty and the husband reproach the wife for having stood in the way of his advancement.

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A Morning Smile

TO THE LETTER. MOTHER (sternly): Didn't I see you sitting on that man's lap last night? DAUGHTER: Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you hadn't told me to. "Good heavens, I never told you to do anything of the kind!" "You did, mother. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

For The Cook

DEVIL ROLL. Comes the day when you want to score an extra and particular triumph in the cookery line: Comes the day when you want to really prove to yourself that you have it in you to make one of the alleged fancier dishes successfully: Comes the day when you are just a bit bored doing the usual routine thing and demand a change of procedure: Then—that is the day to step into your kitchen humming the blithest tune you know, and make you this delectable chocolate roll! Note that it is to be baked spread on your cooky sheet—the first meringue-like mixture; this is so that you will be able to roll it easily. 3 tablespoons granulated sugar. 1/2 teaspoon salt. 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten. 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar. 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled. Few drops vanilla. 1 cup cream whipped. Combine sugar and salt. Add gradually to egg whites, and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Fold in chocolate carefully. Spread 1/4 inch thick on ungreased baking sheet, 9 x 13 inches, and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Cover with cloth and cool. Fold confectioners' sugar and vanilla into whipped cream. Spread on cake; roll as for jelly roll. Chill. Serves 12.

Praying at the Parson - Scene - Wesley Chapel. Occasion - The prayer meeting after the first evening service conducted by the new minister. Extract from the prayer of Brother Smith: "Lord, we do not know whether our new minister can take a hint, but Thou knowest that our last minister was not much of a visitor." - Methodist Recorder.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern By Annabelle Worthington



No. 338 - Becoming Daytime Dress. The modish flared collar is attractive. It crepes a lovely softened bodice line. Designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. No. 341 - For Tiny Tots. This style is designed in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3/4 yards of 35-inch material with 1/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting. Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred). Price of pattern 15 cents.

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued) "Jean, you're so much one of us, now, that I should like you to know what lies at the back of things. You'd understand—some of us—better." Jean turned impulsively. "I don't need to understand you," she said quickly "I love you." "Thank you, my dear." Lady Anne's voice trembled slightly. "If I were not sure of that, I shouldn't tell you what I am going to. But I want you to understand Blaise—and to make allowances for him, if you can." Jean pulled forward a stool and settled herself at Lady Anne's feet. "Do you mean about the 'mark of the beast'?" she asked, smiling a little. "Blaise told me to ask you about it one day?" "Did he? He thinks far too much about it and what it stands for—saddy. "It has come to be almost a symbol in his eyes. You see, he too has suffered from the family falling—the very falling that was responsible for that white lock of hair."

spoll, and Claire, whose life Sir Adrian spoils—and that means Nick's life as well. And now—you! Some unconscious instinct of reticence deep within her forbade the mention of Blaise Tormarin's name. "I expect we are not meant to be joyful," said Lady Anne. "Though after all, it's largely our own fault if we are not. We make or mar each other's happiness; it isn't all Fate. . . . But I've had my share of happiness, Jean—never think I haven't. Afterwards, with Claude, I was utterly happy." She fell silent for a space, ceasing on that quiet note of happiness. Presently, almost loth to disturb the reverie into which she had fallen, Jean questioned hesitantly: "And the 'mark of the beast', madonna? You were going to tell me about it." "It came as a consequence of the Tormarin temper. That's why Blaise calls it the 'mark of the beast'. It was just before he was born—when I was waiting for the supreme joy of holding my first-born in my arms. Derrick—Blaise's father—was an extremely jealous-natured man. He hated to think that there had ever been anyone besides himself who cared for me. And there was one man, in particular, of whom he had always been foolishly jealous and suspicious. I can't imagine why, though—with a little puzzled laugh. "You would think that the mere fact that I had married him, and not the other man would have been sufficient proof that he had no cause for jealousy. But no! Men are queer creatures, and he always resented my friendship with John Lovett—which continued after my marriage. I had known John from childhood, and he was the truest friend a woman ever had!" She sighed. "And I needed friends in those days! For somehow, brooding over things to himself, my husband conceived the idea that the little son who was coming was not his own child—but the child of John Lovett. I think someone must have poisoned his mind. There was a certain woman of our acquaintance whom I always suspected; she hated me and was very much attached to Derrick—she had wanted to marry him, I believe. In any case, he came home one evening, from her house, like a madman, and there was a scene. . . . a terrible scene. . . . he hurling ac-

ussions at me. . . . I won't talk of it, because he was bitterly repentant afterwards. As soon as the fit of rage was past, he realised how utterly groundless his suspicions had been, and I don't think he ever ceased to reproach himself. But that has always been the way! The Tormarins have invariably brought the bitterest self-reproach upon themselves. One way or another, the same story of blind, reckless anger, and its consequences, has repeated itself generation after generation." "And then? What happened then?" asked Jean in low, shocked tone. "I was very ill—so ill that they thought I should not live. But I did live, and brought my baby into the world. Only he was born with that white lock of hair. And my own hair had turned perfectly white." Jean was silent for a little. At last she said softly: "I'm so glad, madonna, that you were happy afterwards. Your 'house of dreams' came true in the end!" "Yes—Lady Anne's grey eyes were very bright and luminous. "My house of dreams came true." After a while, she went on quietly: "But my poor Blaise's house of dreams fell in ruins. The foundation was rotten. You knew, didn't you, that there was a woman he once cared for?" Jean nodded. Speech was difficult to her just at that moment. "It was a miserable business altogether. The girl, Nest Freyne, was an Italian. Blaise met her when he was travelling in Italy, and—oh, well, it wasn't love! Not love as I know it, and as I think, one day, you too will know it. It blazed up, just one of those wild infatuations that sometimes spring

into being between a man and a woman, and almost before he had time to think, Blaise had married her—" "Married her!" The words leapt from Jean's lips before she could check them. In the account of Tormarin's disastrous love affair, which had been forced upon her hearing in London, there had been no mention of the word marriage, and she had always imagined that the woman, this Nesta Freyne, had simply jilted him in favour of another man. Moreover, since she had been at Staple, nothing had been said to correct this impression, as, very naturally, the subject was one avoided by general consent. And now, without warning or preparation, she found herself face to face with the fact that Blaise had been married—that he had belonged to another woman! It seemed to her suddenly very far apart from him, and a fierce, intolerable jealousy of that other woman leaped to life in her heart, racking her with an anguish that was almost physical. She was confused, bewildered, by the storm of emotion which suddenly swept her whole being. "Married her?" she repeated with dry lips. "Yes. Didn't you know that Blaise was a w/dower?" Had Lady Anne divined the stress under which the girl was labouring that she so quickly interposed the knowledge that his wife was dead? "No," answered Jean unsteadily. "I didn't even know that he had been married." The fact of that other woman's being dead did not serve to allay the tumult within her. She had lived, and while she lived she had been h's wife! "Yes, he married her." Lady

Anne went on speaking in level tones. "I think matters were hurried to a climax by the fact that Nesta's step-sister, Margherita Valdi, detested English people. She was much the elder of the two, and as their mother had died when Nesta was born, she had practically brought the girl up. She would never have countenanced the idea of her marrying an Englishman, but Nesta so contrived her meetings with Blaise that Margherita was unaware of his very existence, and eventually they married without her knowledge. From that day onward, Margherita declined to hold any communication with her sister." (To Be Continued)

BOSSY'S PHILOSOPHY

The Calf— Mother, it's nice to be a calf And all day romp and jump and laugh. Just watch me skip and gallop— WOW! I do not want to be a cow And staid and quiet be like you And never say a thing but "Moo!" The Cow— It's nice to be care-free and wild. And shout and play all day, my child; But use your calf's brains, I appeal A calf becomes a cow—or veal. Wouldst be a cow, my darling, OR Veal cutlets in a butcher's store? —Farm and Fireside.

Get Born Early - "What do you believe is the reason for your long life, Uncle Aaron?" the reporter asked the colored centenarian. "Beoz I was bawn a long time back ah guess," said Aaron reflectively— North-eastern Christian Advocate.

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AUCTION SALE

I am authorized by the Executors of the late John Neill of Rustico Road, to sell by public auction on Thursday, April 14th, at 1 o'clock P. M., Farm Stock, Crop, Farming Implements and Household Effects. Also 25 acres of land adjoining farm. Terms made known at sale. A. McRAE, Auctioneer. 1925-4-9-31.

AUCTION SALE

The Executors of the Estate of James McLeod, late of Mermaid, Lot 48 in Queen's County will sell at Public Auction on the premises on Thursday the fourteenth day of April 1932, at one o'clock p. m., the following: A quantity of hay, oats and wheat, 2 horses, 3 head of cattle, mower rake spring tooth harrows, gang plow, single plow one-half interest in manure spreader, two engines, pulper, cream separator, farmers scales, roller potato diggers, driving express and truck wagons, wood and box sleighs and various other goods chattels and effects in and about the dwelling house and premises of the deceased. William S. McEachern, Walter Munn, Executors. McLean & McKinnon Solicitors. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 1814-4-1-fm-w-61

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