

STETSONS

For Men and Women



We certainly ran Headlong into Marriage!

MARY: "Did your 'head rule your heart' when you proposed to me?"

JIM: "Positively! Being beautiful and sweet-tempered and a grand pal were only secondary considerations..."

MARY: "You brute! I fell for you the first time I saw you!"

JIM: "Honey, that just shows my head ruled your heart because I'd just bought a new Stetson that day and..."

MARY: "I see, Darling, but have you forgotten that I was wearing a Stetson too?"

JIM: "I certainly have not—but then I've always admired your good taste, first in hats and now in husbands!"

MARY: "Oooo! I see where Stetson makes a triangle out of our lives for from now on it's going to be a 'must' on our family budget!"

Stetsons for Men \$6, \$7.50, \$10 Brock Hats by Stetson \$5
Stetsons for Women from \$5 up
MADE IN CANADA
At all Stores... for Men and Women... where Style is Paramount

SALE OF CLYDESDALE STALLION "PERFECT" NO. 26598

The Clydesdale stallion "Perfect" No. 26598, Class A, which has been at the Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. Island for four years, under the Department of Agriculture, Premium Mare Policy, has been sold to Mr. Hector MacKay, DeSable, P.E.I.

He has sired many colts that have led their classes at the Charlottetown Exhibition and at leading Exhibitions in the Maritime Provinces. He has developed into an outstanding Clydesdale stallion and has a very great many admirers in this Province. He was sired by the imported stallion Precedence No. 24623 (21116) and was out of Ottawa Jean No. 54228. She was sired by the low set imported Stallion Sandy Mac No. 24318 (20816). His friend who every success in bringing this...



Back at their home base after taking their part in sky battles along Norway's coast, members of a Royal Air Force bombing squadron survey a map of the territory while they recount their experiences. One of the young airmen points with pride on the map to the spot near Bergen where in co-operation with British naval units they attacked German warships.

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.
CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE L-9789-7-21-311.
L-576-4-27-11.

LITTLE THEATRE GUILD Studio night postponed one week due to recent storm blocking highways. Keep Friday, May 3rd for performance. L-514-4-26-21.

ALL REGULAR Kayser and Orient 35c Hose now on sale at 75c. Moore & McLeod, Limited. L-576-4-27-11.

GYM CLOSING.—The Y.M.C.A. Boys and Girls annual Gymnasium Demonstration will be held on Friday, April 26th at Prince of Wales College Hall at 7:30 P. M. Adults 25c. School children 10c. L-450-4-24-27.

THE PARISH OF MILTON AND RUSTICO.—St. Mark's Church Rustico at 11 A.M. St. John's Church Milton at 3 P. M. Rev. W. J. Phillips. L-546-4-27-11.

POLICE COURT.—At the Police Court yesterday morning one drunk was fined \$5 and costs or ten days, and another on an old commitment, was sentenced to twenty days in jail.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH.—The morning service will commence on the centenary of Rev. James Evans. Who started the Mission, at "Norway House." Rev. Mr. Miller will preach at the morning service on "Apostle of the North." In the evening Rev. Mr. Murray's subject will be "Making a New World." Soloists, morning, Mr. George Johnston, evening, Miss Edna Burke.

MacKay - SLAUNWHITE.—A quiet wedding took place in St. Peter's Glebe, Dartmouth, Thursday evening when Marie Slaunwhite, daughter of Mrs. B. Slaunwhite became the bride of Leslie MacKay, son of Mrs. Edward MacKay, P.E.I. The bride wore a dress of dove rose with black accessories. Her sister, Mabel, who was bridesmaid, wore a dress of powder blue with grey accessories. The groom was supported by the bride's brother, Arnold. Later a reception was held at the Fireman's Hall. The bride received many lovely gifts, among them being chest of silverware from the officers and crew of the C.G.S. Brant where the groom is employed. Mr. and Mrs. MacKay will make their home in P. E. I., Halifax Exchange (Summerside papers please copy).

MISS BETTY NEWSON MARRIED.—At the home of the bride's parents 1233 Balfour, the marriage took place quietly on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock of Elizabeth Ida, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ludlow Newson to Mr. Robert Porter Shannon, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Porter Shannon. Rev. G. P. McLeod was the officiating clergyman. Given in marriage by her father, the bride was attired in a navy blue tulle worn with a navy blue and white turban and navy and white accessories. A corsage of orchids completed her ensemble. Her sister, Miss Katherine Newson, was her only attendant, wearing a Queen's blue lightweight wool dress accented in dusty pink and navy accessories. Mr. Phillip Shannon, brother of the groom, was best man. Mrs. Jack Larsen played the nuptial music. At the reception, Mrs. Newson in a black gown with white lace top and fuchsia girdle, was assisted in receiving the guests by the groom's mother, who chose a gown of lime green and black print with black accessories. For her wedding trip to Vancouver Island the bride donned a plum coat trimmed with beige fox, over her wedding dress. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Shannon will reside at 2444 West Forty-fifth—Vancouver Province, April 29. (The bride's father is a former Charlottetown resident and the family have a wide circle of relatives and friends here).

Keep Minard's in the home.

Banana Wonder

Delectable Products of a Giant Tropic Herb That served a Multitude of Uses.

Long ago, Theophrastus wrote of a fruit which served as food for the wise men of India. Most right-thinking people now agree that this was the banana. Would not the banana turn the mind ready to philosophy? Consider how naturally its form leads to the eating, even more convenient than an ice-cream cone! Well-wrapped, it is always clean; easily opened, it seems to have grown and ripened solely to satisfy a human need.

One soon discovers, however that man has had a good deal to do with the presence of the banana in our fruit-baskets, says Elizabeth Wilder. In order to have bananas in London and Boston, someone had to invent the steamship—and that is why there were none in Boston before Captain Baker brought them over in the eighteen-eighties. In those days, bananas were rare, and yellow bananas were known to be made of pure gold. But, even farther back, someone had to think of raising bananas for food, as it happened, in 1516 Fray Thomas de Berlianga, later Bishop of Panama, imported banana plants from the Canary Islands to Santa Domingo. From there bananas spread all through the western tropics, so that one can hardly think of southern lands without their waving blue-green leaves. After that, the story of bananas—how they are cut and shipped and carried swiftly in perfectly conditioned ships, so that they arrive in the grocery store in exactly the proper condition—becomes one of the wonders of modern life.

You have to ride on a mule for hours through the plantations to get any idea of the world's appetite for this banana. It is not a new thing, still. Your shirt sticks to your back; your hatband is moist. The rich smell of damp soil and rotting banana—oh, how it makes you want to eat!—is overwhelming. But one forgets these discomforts in the fantastic plantations of the tropics. On every side, in every direction, for a thousand acres, the banana plants rise—twelve or eighteen feet high, spreading from the trunk like the feathers in a duster. They are not trees—nothing is more humiliating ignorant than to call them trees. They are a forest of herbs, closing overhead and shutting out the hot sun? That only happens in fairy tales. In the real world, you have to believe it when you have seen this trunk cut through—and a good twelve inches thick it is—with two blades of banana, you have heard it break, like asparagus, and seen the ready, watery cross-section. You never again speak of a banana tree.

The broken sunlight falls through the tattered sunken leaves, as they lie in the warm, all of them, and there at the top hangs the great stalk of fruit, with its pendant purple blossom. Unnaturally, vividly green, the banana hangs down, and they have turned upward toward in a reasonable way; but before long the stalk First they hang down, they grow, the budlike flower drops on a lengthening stem, curiously notched, and at the tip of a piece of wood. And at exactly the right moment, so that the fruit is mature, but will never ripen until it is cut down. You will meet whole trainloads of them, going down to the boat in the banana, fine green bunches of bananas, seventy pounds to a bunch, a hundred and fifty bananas, perhaps, and all as brilliantly green as best.

There in the tropics cows live on bananas, and give fine milk. Horses get them instead of sugar for good feed. The banana is a good food for search of them. Babies bite at them, and survive with little else. Their variety is as wide as can be; green and yellow, and red, and purple, and that will make a roast for a family, red bananas, and best of all, tiny finger bananas the size of a good apple, delicately and exquisitely flavored. The great leaves have their own uses; they will catch a net of water, and you can serve as a lator napkin. In the markets you will see the old cooks ladling hot stew into a carefully folded banana leaf, and the morning tamales come to the table in the opened leaf which has so subtly favored them. That is why all the Indian women, come to the Saturday market, carry on their heads baskets of banana leaves neatly rolled up like umbrellas. But what a wonder, after all, that are able to have bananas in the cold of a December snowstorm! Railroads and factories, Courbet said, are the miracles of our time; it would be well to contemplate the implications of this tropical fruit in one's hand. The very thought of it might warm you, the memory of those long sunny vistas of silken leaves, of the quick tropical rain falling, and leaving you shivering before you. We shall never eat bananas again without remembering a piece of tropical forest, cleared only enough to set in the young banana plants. As far as one could see, great palm branches arched from the ground in delicate fan-vaulting; while the tremendous trunks of those greater trees, like mighty columns, rose lowering above. There, in the still obscurity orchids clung to the branches, and the vanilla vines spread its classical pattern. Sure, some of this mystery and delight will fade as the fruit of the young banana, whose fresh leaves shone in the shadow.

BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT
WINNIPEG, April 26—(CP)—Business conditions showed a slight improvement across Canada this week, according to the weekly report issued today by the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association. Collections ranged from generally slow and unsatisfactory to fairly good.

Most of the light improvement was indicated in reports from Western Canada although trade volume more than held its own in the Maritimes and Quebec.

Keep Minard's in the home.

In Memoriam

MRS. NEIL MACDONALD

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away" was the feeling of the friends of Mrs. Neil Macdonald (nee Lucy B. Graham) when it was learned she had very suddenly passed from time into eternity. Mrs. Macdonald, a daughter of the late George and Charlotte Clow Graham was born at Murray Harbor, Nova Scotia, February 11th, 1870 so that she had only recently passed the allotted span.

While visiting at the home of her sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham, she was taken suddenly ill on Thursday, April 11th, and suffering severely she on the advice of her physician started on Saturday for Montague Hospital but expired before arriving there, her remains rested at the MacKinnon Funeral Home until Sunday when they were removed to the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Graham, in the city of St. John's. Mrs. Macdonald had resided in Montague for over twenty years, there her passing is sincerely mourned by her many friends and also by many friends and relatives in M. H. North and Gasperaux.

Wherever her lot was cast, her presence was eagerly sought for, her cheerful disposition and optimism in time of trouble was a stimulus in helping many over the rough places along life's pathway. A member of the M. H. North Presbyterian Church for many years and later of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Montague, she was truly a follower of the Master as exemplified by her daily walk and conversation. Surviving are besides one son, Lowell, one sister, Mrs. Charles Graham, Gasperaux, two brothers, Benjamin and Gordon Graham, for Mrs. Macdonald had a sister-in-law, Mrs. A. Martin, a brother-in-law, John F. Macdonald, New Bedford, Mass., and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Albert E. Graham, M. H. North and numerous nieces and nephews who mourn her passing. A general service which was held at the home of Mr. Charles Graham on Monday, April 15th was conducted by Rev. Mr. MacPhail. The hymns were "I Come to Thee, O Death where is thy sting," "Oh Grave where is thy victory," "The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "In Thee, O Lord, I Trust." The service was held in the presence of Mr. M. H. North beside her husband and two sons who predeceased her. The service was borne by six nephews of deceased Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Borden and William C. Graham, Newell and Artemas Macdonald. The service was officiated by Rev. Mr. MacPhail. The community owes to the relatives in their sad bereavement. Mrs. Macdonald passed peacefully and her loved ones will miss her.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ROLAND WHITE

The death occurred in Murray Harbour, on April 10th, of Mrs. Catherine White, beloved wife of Mr. Roland White. Mrs. White was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sir, son of Belle River and was in her forty-second year. She was of a gentle disposition and was loved by all who knew her. Her funeral was conducted by the Reverend Mr. Green and was held in the afternoon at her home. The sorrow felt by all at her demise. The heartfelt sympathy of the community goes out to her bereaved husband and children. Also left to mourn their loss are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester and James of Belle River, and her sisters, Janet and Mrs. A. MacPherson of Halifax, Mrs. Andrew Hutchison of Belle River and Mrs. Waldo Cross of U. S. A.

In Memoriam

PATRICK KEARNS

The many friends and acquaintances of the late Patrick Kearns were shocked to learn of his sudden death on Wednesday, April 10th at his home, Baldwin's Road. The deceased was a life-long resident of the district and was held in high esteem for his many fine qualities and strict adherence to Christian principles. He was a very charitable disposition and he gave generously to all deserving causes, and was an active member of his church.

Although advanced in years, having reached the four-score mark, Mr. Kearns enjoyed good health until he was stricken on the evening of his death, and passed away a few hours later. He leaves to mourn a sorrowing widow, the former Anastasia Sanphy, three brothers, John, Baldwin's Road, Terrace, and Theresa's and Francis, South West, and one sister, Mrs. Peter McKenna, Baldwin's Road.

The funeral which was largely attended, was held on Friday, April 12th, at St. Cuthbert's Church, St. Theresa's, where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by his pastor, Rev. Basil Croken, who attended him in his last illness. The pallbearers were the deceased's three brothers, John, Theresa, Francis, and his nephews, Peter McKenna, Edward Cairns, and Michael Curran.

DARLINGTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The monthly meeting of Darlington Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Louis MacPherson on Tuesday evening, April 16. The meeting was presided over by the secretary, Mrs. M. J. MacPherson, and the meeting opened by singing the "Institute Ode" followed by the Creed. The roll call was responded to by

By Westover

"I TAKE MY VACATION ON THE MONEY MY STUDEBAKER CHAMPION SAVES ME!"

"I BUY A GOOD SUIT WITH THE SAVINGS I MAKE WITH MY CHAMPION!"

"WE PAY A MONTH'S RENT WITH THE MONEY OUR CHAMPION SAVES US!"

"OUR CHAMPION'S ECONOMY TAKES CARE OF THE TAXES ON OUR HOME!"

THIS safe, sure-footed, brilliant-performing Studebaker Champion averaged 35.03 miles per Imperial gallon in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Sweepstakes with an expert driver and low-extra-cost overdrive—decisively defeating all the other largest-selling lowest price cars.

And all over Canada, "just average" drivers are enjoying exceptionally high gasoline mileage with their Studebaker Champions—while remarkable oil and upkeep economy further increases their savings.

Come in and drive a Champion. Use your present car as part payment, on easy terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT \$987.00 for the Champion coupe. Delivered in Charlottetown. Prices subject to change without notice.

STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

T. G. IVES
Charlottetown
DISTRIBUTOR FOR PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

exchanging flower slips, seeds or bulbs. There were eleven members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. A motion was carried to send \$5. to the Y. M. C. A. It was decided to have a pantry sale the middle of May. The different committees gave their reports and the following new ones were appointed:—Sick, Mrs. W. Tombs, Mrs. L. MacPherson, Mrs. Lloyd MacLeod, Mrs. Donald MacPherson, Miss Janet MacPherson, Mrs. Percy MacRae, Miss Gertrude Tombs, Miss Muriel Tombs. Programme, Mrs. Lloyd MacLeod, Miss Janet MacPherson, Mrs. Sterling MacLean. It was moved and seconded to get two new lamps and brackets for the school. The correspondence was then read by the secretary. The collection amounted to 66c. Several small bills were paid. Questionnaires on "Education and Better Schools" and "Agriculture" were read and discussed.

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TILLIE THE TOILER — THE BOSS MAKES A DISCOVERY.

IF MR. SIMPKINS WORKS TONIGHT HE'LL FIND OUT WHAT A MESS THE OFFICE IS IN. I'LL CANCEL MY DATE. YOU FELLOWS CAN SAY YOU CANCELED YOURS.

OKAY, I'LL BE BACK.

OH, MR. DOBBS — THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT.

SAY IF THAT'S MR. DOBBS'S DATE AND SON I WANT TO TALK TO HIM.

YES, I'D LIKE TO CANCEL OUR DATE.

KEEP HIM ON THE WIRE TILL I DIG UP OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THIS FILE? CAN'T LEAVE TOWN WITHOUT EVERYTHING GETTING INTO CHAOS.

TRUST ME TO FIX THINGS UP.