

FOR MOTHER'S DAY Give Her A Permanent

The modern mother is style conscious. She knows that in order to look her best she must have a smooth coiffure. It must be well styled and easy to manage. Our hairdresser stylists will find the most appropriate fashion for your mother. She'll bless you every time she uses those spare moments saved from every-day beauty care to good advantage.



Marie Elena Beauty Salon

HELEN LEBLANC Proprietors 76 Gl. Geo. St.
LENA LEBLANC Phone 2191

HAVE ANOTHER SLICE!



-to bake bread just right use Fleischmann's fresh Yeast

Serve plenty of bread these days to give your family enough of the energy food they need. Supplying Vitamin B, bread is a quick energy replacer—low in cost. Fine, too, as a stretch for scarcer foods! If you bake at home, use Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—Canada's favorite for over 70 years. You can count on it every baking. Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, with the familiar yellow label.

MADE IN CANADA SUPPLEMENT YOUR DIET by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh Yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex Vitamins.

USED AS INCENSE In most ancient times, aromatic herbs, resins, and spices were sacrificed on the altars of Zoroaster in Persia.
NAME FROM PAINTING The school of 19th century painting called impressionism gets its name from Claude Monet's painting "Impressions."

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



"When you bought that camera with a Guardian Want Ad—I know'd there was a catch to it!"

Quick, Tasty Noon-day Nourishment

that's LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP Mix

The Soup Sensation of the Nation

This War—Four Years Ago

By The Canadian Press
MAY 10, 1941—Rudolf Hess, German deputy Fuehrer and Nazi party leader, parachuted from a Messerschmitt fighter plane at Newton Mearns, eight miles from Glasgow on the estate of the Duke of Hamilton. German raids damaged the Houses of Parliament in London.

They shook hands again but she was frowning slightly at the careless way he had spoken of a young man who seemed, on brief acquaintance, to be quite admirable. She looked at her watch. It was already almost two o'clock, too late to get a letter off to Norah telling her of her thrilling story, and asking her friend to do a little shopping. She must write in the evening before going to bed. Meanwhile she would dig into her prospects. There were a hundred items to run down and fix in her mind before she could be the slightest use to Rocky Point. As she had been Mr. Bingley's guest, she did not leave a tip, but in future she intended to be punctilious about that sort of thing, even to keeping a hairbreadth on the generous side.

At the desk, the Viking was talking to Mr. Bingley. Leslie intended to stop there herself and ask for a room, but seeing the two men engaged, she walked discreetly past. However, the manager called her back.

"Miss Vance, Mr. Sanders. The housekeeper and Mr. Sanders will have to know that you're employed here. No one else. I've instructed Mr. Sanders to give you all possible assistance. He went away."

The Viking put out his hand. "I'm awfully glad to get to know you, I put in a good word for you."

She thanked him. "I'll need your help. Assign a room to me, please, so that I can unpack and settle. Then, when you're not busy, I'd like to ask a hundred and one questions. I want the list of expected arrivals. I must know everything you can tell me. Absolutely everything."

His kind intentions showed in the room he assigned her, which was on the seaward side of the hotel.

She unpacked and put away her belongings. When she had bathed and dressed in a pretty cotton frock which she fondly hoped she had bought as good as her last season's price, she sat down at the desk and opened her notebook. Eric Sanders had set her to a duty from six until eight and she had gladly accepted his suggestion that they dine together. There were so many questions to ask him and so much he could do to help her.

Later she put away her notes and went downstairs where she asked a bellboy to direct her to the housekeeper. Tracked to her private parlor, Miss Sabin proved to be a very formidable lady indeed. To make the meeting harder, she had never heard of Leslie or Leslie's job and she concluded that she had been purposely kept in the dark.

"I don't think why I wasn't told," she said significantly. "Because I'm both new and important. My job is, after all, such a very little one. At that, I'm on a month's trial. It means a lot to me, Miss Sabin. That's why I came straight to you. I shall need your help if I'm to succeed."

She hoped she looked as such in earnest as she felt. Undoubtedly, Miss Sabin could find her chances, and on the other hand she could help enormously. As to her own reaction to Miss Sabin, Leslie felt an instant sympathy for the older woman who was trying so hard to take ten years off her age not, probably, through vanity, but to keep her place. She was too stout, but she carried herself well and her hair was a beautiful silver. If Miss Sabin knew about Tony, she would probably give her a better deal, but Leslie would not mention him in the way of business. He was her private problem just as she was her joy and delight.

After the first five minutes Miss Sabin gave up looking aggrieved. After a while she offered to show Leslie around Rocky Point. Leslie was much impressed with what she had seen. Room after room was ready for the season with fresh white curtains, chintz draperies and slips. The cheaper rooms, such as her own, were exactly as dainty and clean as those which only the enormously rich could afford to occupy. Then there were the admirable private dining rooms; the great ballroom with mirrors and wall scones and gold chairs along the margins. At the rear of the hotel, the vast kitchen, clean and cold, where chefs in high caps flourished long knives and white uniforms, girls cut oranges and grapes at a long table; much to see and nothing Leslie thought to criticize.

"You're wonderful, Miss Sabin," she said honestly, not because it was policy to flatter. Miss Sabin showed her pleasure but hastened to redistribute the praise. "So is Mr. Bingley. The whole staff is fine. We have a way of getting good material at Rocky Point and improving it. Eric Sanders now—he's an ambitious fellow. Almost too much so, maybe. I've known that led for ten or twelve years. Since he sold blueberries he and his mother wick in the backwoods. His folks live across the island. As soon as he was old enough, we took him on here. That was in old Mr. Crumble's time. You must have seen Mr. Crumble around here, I remember you, Miss Vance, but I guess you wouldn't remember me."

All at once Leslie did remember. "You had charge of the dining room. It comes back to me. My hair wasn't white in those days. Change with all of us. I felt badly about your poor brother. And what became of that lovely little girl with the flaxen curls? Elsie, wasn't that her name?" "Elsie was killed two years ago in an automobile accident."

"Oh dear! You certainly have had bad luck with your family. And left you all alone?" "No, I'm not all alone. Everyone has somebody to live for, don't you think, Miss Sabin?" "Maybe. I've got my mother she lives down in the village. You must go visit her. You're married?" Leslie shook her head, smiling but uncommunicative.

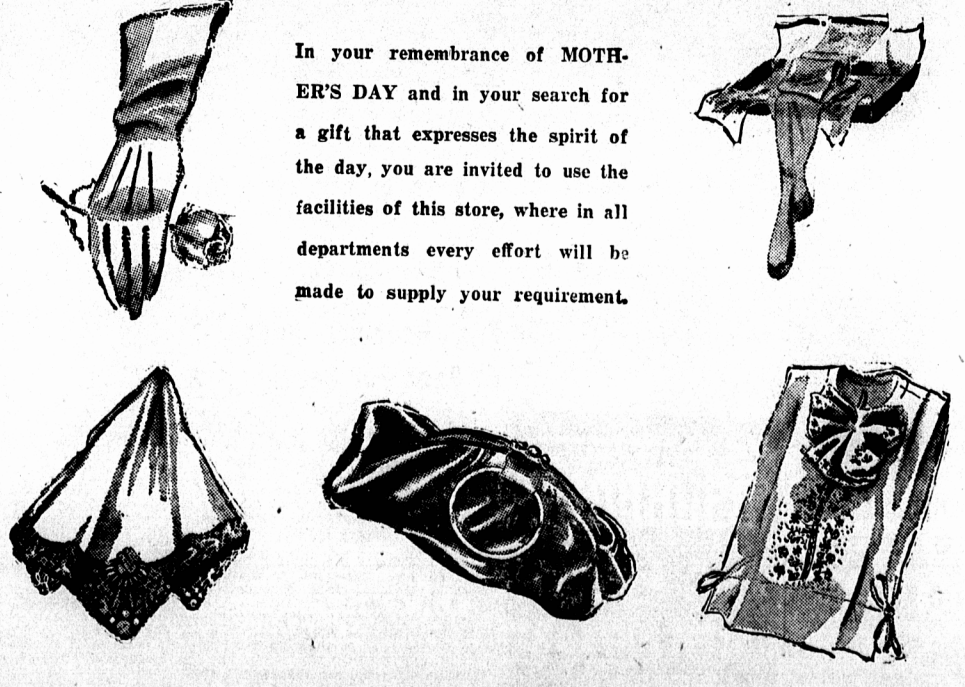


SHE'D LOVE SOMETHING LOVELY TO WEAR!

Mother's Day Gifts

from the store Mother likes best

Something extra-special for that extra-special Mother? Find it here, at the store that knows Mother's own taste in everything from hosiery to hankies. Costume-complementing has been our specialty for many and many a year—and Mother herself depends on our fashion-fame in selecting her own accessories! Come in and find the gift for her—sparkling beauties at prices that keep the joy in giving!



In your remembrance of MOTHER'S DAY and in your search for a gift that expresses the spirit of the day, you are invited to use the facilities of this store, where in all departments every effort will be made to supply your requirement.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited
Charlottetown Prince Edward Island

(To Be Continued)