

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

To all Churches, Halls, Schools, Home Owners, in fact all users of Warm Air Furnaces. Don't leave ordering castings or parts until the first cold snap next fall. Have your furnaces checked as soon as through using them — If they need parts — order them now and avoid delays, disappointments, chilly homes or public gatherings.

SEE

CROCKETT and STOREY Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN

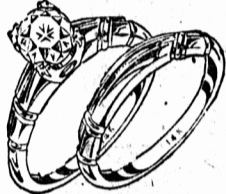
She'll Fall in Love at First Sight.



WITH THE MAGNIFICENT DIAMONDS

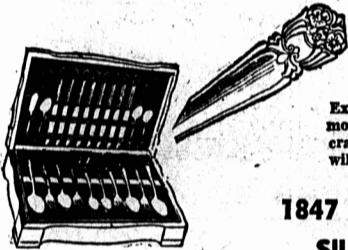
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She's sure to be thrilled with their radiant, flawless beauty — and the mountings are supremely beautiful, too. Each one is hand-crafted in 14-18 kt. gold. Choose the diamond for your bride-to-be from the glorious selection at Wellner's.



Modern WEDDING PAIR

Beautifully modern in design — featuring a sparkling solitaire diamond ring and matching band.



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WELLNER'S

JEWELLERS SINCE 1868

Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

CHAPTER IX

It was queer going back to the office as soon as they reached home the next morning. Tony seemed to enjoy having everybody kid him. He kidded right back and went off whistling on a story to which he had been assigned stopping on the way out to kiss Barbara while the whole place applauded.

Barbara was embarrassed. She typed fast and furiously and spoiled five pages before she could collect herself. She was dreadfully self-conscious and thoroughly miserable.

She wished she had not insisted on keeping on with her work. She caught herself a dozen times, mooning out the window, remembering Tony's smile, the way he kissed her, hearing him whisper that he liked her, he liked her so much.

However, Tony had no such difficulty. He telephoned his story in about noon. It was a good story. The city editor was pleased. He said maybe marriage was what Tony needed to stabilize him.

Barbara could scarcely wait for twelve o'clock. She and Tony had agreed that they would not attempt to get lunch at home, since Barbara had only an hour. They thought it would be simpler to buy sandwiches across the street from the office as usual. Tony would lunch with her every day if possible. Of course he had no such regular hours as hers. He reported to the office every morning, but he was likely to be out on a story from then on. Sometimes he came back for another assignment; sometimes he went right on to the next yarn.

However, he was waiting that day when Barbara came out of the Clarion Building, his face shining, his eyes very bright, as he caught her arm. Barbara thought she had never seen him look handsomer or gayer.

He squeezed her arm as they walked across to the restaurant where the newspaper crowd generally ate. "You'd better hang on," he whispered. "It's all I can do to keep my feet on the ground. Am I happy?"

"Oh, Tony!" cried Barbara with Irene MacMillan and Margaret Lowther most willing victims.

Lively and brain-teasing contents conducted by Mercedes Donahue and Marion MacEwen, provided lots of fun with dainty Easter baskets presented to the winners. The usual bountiful lunch and good old cup of tea was then served. All this time a beautiful but mysterious cake with thirty-six candles, baked and decorated in pink and white by the hostess and Marion MacEwen, adorned the centre of the attractive dining table. Finally, the lights in the dining room were turned out, the candles were lit for a few minutes, blown out, the lights clicked on, but the mysterious cake had disappeared, but quickly re-appeared all cut, and delightfully arranged on a silver plate and served with a most generous treat of delicious butterscotch ice-cream provided by the gracious host and hostess.

Now guess—who had a birthday? Not it was not a birthday party, but it was the eve of the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Cornwall-York Point Women's Institute.

Alexandria, Egypt, became a naval base more than 2,000 years ago, when Alexander the Great founded it to aid in his campaign.

Easter

Here in this lovely garden fragrant with spring-time bloom, The gentle Son of Mary Is laid in Joseph's tomb.

The stone is sealed, and the keepers watch Because of the words He said, "After three days I will arise, I will arise from the dead."

Slowly the hours wander by, In the dark night-bird calls, And round about the lonely tomb, The silvery moon-light falls.

When lo! strange tremors shake the earth, And vivid lightnings play, And one in snow-white garments Is rolling the stone away.

Trembling with fear and terror The frightened guards have fled, And Christ walks out of the sepulchre Risen from the dead.

Now in this lovely garden fragrant with spring-time bloom, A golden dawn is breaking Above an empty tomb.

Angels greet the troubled women Driving all their doubts away, "He is risen! Hallelujah! Christ the Lord, is risen today."

—Constance I. Heckbert.

"Aren't we lucky?"

"I'll say!" he exclaimed. They had to put up with a great deal of badinage from the rest of the Clarion force, but Tony was equal to the occasion. He did not mind being teased about the fact that he and Barbara were newly-weds. He even boasted of it, as if it were a bouquet for his lapel.

Barbara was glad to be alone when she attempted their first meal at the flat. She had bought a cook book the week before and surreptitiously studied it. It sounded quite simple. She stopped at the market when she left the office and bought some lamb chops and green peas and lettuce and asparagus for salad, as well as staples like flour and coffee and sugar. She was astonished at the size of the bill. She had imagined that when one cooked one's own meals they cost practically nothing. She had even believed two could live as cheaply as one if she prepared the food herself.

"Another illusion gone," she muttered. She put the chops in the broiler exactly as the cook book directed. She began to shell the peas. She had not dreamed it would take so long. Finally she had them on, but by that time the chops were beginning to burn around the edges. She turned the flame down and decided to make some muffins. According to the cook book they could be dashed together in a jiffy. Barbara found the process much more intricate than that. By the time she had them ready to go into the oven, she discovered that the oven was cooking and the chops had stopped cooking. She turned the flame up full height and popped the muffins in. At that moment the peas boiled over. She poured some of the water off and started to set the table and fix the salad. She smelled the peas before they boiled quite dry, although they had a scorched look, and then the chops burned. "I mustn't get hysterical!" Barbara warned herself.

She had the door open onto the service porch to clear away the smoke from the chops and she was trying to scrape off the blackened tops of the muffins when Tony walked in. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "what are you trying to do, kid? Asphyxiate us?"

Barbara burst into tears. "Everything's gone wrong. Every single thing!"

Tony chuckled. "For heaven's sake, sugar, don't cry. We'll go out to eat."

"I wanted to eat at home," wailed Barbara.

Tony pulled her apron off and used it to dry her eyes. He kissed her and tousled her hair and kissed her again. He chuckled her under the chin. "I'm game if you are," he said.

"But the chops are burned and the peas are scorched and the muffins look like shriveled bricks."

"Shucks," said Tony, biting into one, "they taste larruping."

Barbara stared at him. "You're just saying that," she accused him bitterly. "They're awful."

"Not on your life," lied Tony. "I always did like chops, well done."

"That's why you tell the waiter you want them rare?"

Tony pinched her cheek. "Anyway, the salad's elegant."

"Because even a moron can wash lettuce and spread asparagus out of a can on it," said Barbara with a sniff.

(To be continued)

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 We've Talked About It!
 We've Never Tasted It!
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CORNWALL-YORK POINT W.I.
 The regular monthly meeting of the Cornwall-York Point Women's Institute which met with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Murchison in their lovely new home in York Point on Monday, proved a mysterious but most happy event. The business part of the meeting completed, a lively and interesting period of recreation followed. Betty King held her audience spellbound with clever demonstrations on artificial respiration, bandaging, dressings, etc.

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