Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan,
Just for one day,
All things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best.
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing.
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gypsy,
Why hasten away?

—Ralph Hodgson.

WHEN YOU'VE A COLD

If you have a cold, be sparing with the powder-puff, but generous with the cold cream at night.

JEWELLED GLOVES

Jewelled gloves and buckles for shoes give brilliance to the winter season. Robe de style bootees in pastels open over instep to reveal gold stitching.

A VICTORIAN DIARY

The writer of the diary from which the following extract is taken was Martha Pearson, wife of Rev. William H. Jervis. She was a sister of the Rev. Hugh Pearson, a Canon of Windsor and the "Dear Hugh" of the diary. The volume from which the extract is taken, one of many now in the present writer's possession, was obviously never intended for publication in full, but such enteries as the following are worthy of wider publicity than they can ever obtain in the pages of a private manuscript journal. The original style and punctuation are retained.

"March 12th 1879: Our dear Brother Hugh having most kindly given us Tickets for the Nave of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at the marriage of the Duke of Connaught with Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, we left Paddington by the 5 p.m. Train it also conveyed the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Premier—of whom I had an excellent sight as he entered a royal carriage at Windsor Station.

"The Chapel had been emptied of all the cross benches and choir boys' seats, and carpeted. A blue and gold tabouret is placed for the Queen, and similiar, but not such gorgeous seats for the members of the Royal family. Rows of benches are on each side of the Nave, and under the organ screens are the places for the Canons' friends on one side, and for the Lord Chamberlain's on the opposite.

FAMOUS JOHN BROWN

"Sir George Elvoy came in after dinner, and played us the March in Hercules, which is to be performed with a full Orchestra tomorrow. He wanted a ticket for Mrs. John Gough Nichols—the Dean could not give him one! but on writing to "John Brown, Esq.," he received it within two hours. Said John Brown is said on good authority to have disposed of more seats than the Lord Chamberlain—A Butcher off Windsor had three given to him!

"Sir George met the Prince of Wales, Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, and the Crown Princess walking about yesterday morning. The Prince of Wales came up and shook hands, as did the others. They begged Sir George to play, and he sallied forth to catch blowers. Bramsion, the choir master, and old Mr. Cope (clerk of the works) were captured, and Sir George played. They begged for the National Anthem, which the Crown Princess sang with all her might.

"March 13th, Thursday: A brilliant morning succeeded a tempestuous night, but the air has become extremely cold. We are all ready by eleven, when the north door of the Chapel was half opened. We were most fortunate in seduring best places in the Canon's division.

"The Nave was lined with rows of seats, and the Chapels turned into retiring rooms for the Gentlemen and Ladies of the Corps Diplomatique and Nobility, the hideous Chapel to the Memory of Princess Charlotte being metamorphosed into a Bower for the Bridesmaids. The Buffetiers were the first to appear, with their pikes, and picturesque attire, then Garter King at arms and Clarenceux made their entree. The Trumpeters with their silver trumpets stationed themselves at the West door. By the South door arrived Musurus Pacha, many of the Corps Diplomatique with their wives, and distinguished persons of all nations.

"The bridesmaids looked very well in their dresses, trimmed with a profusion of wild roses and bluebottles (bluettes). The Archbishop, Bishops of Oxford, Worcester, London, and Winchester, the Dean, dear Hugh, and Lord Wriothesley Russell, entered to the Minuet in Sampson.

THE BELOVED QUEEN

"The March in Hercules greeted the Minor Royalties—i.e., Princess Beatrice, Crown Princess, Princess Christian, Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Teck, Queen of Belgians, her Daughter, Princess Phillippe of Saxe Coburg, Princess Frederick of Prussia. Then came the beloved Queen, in rich black silk, with little Prince Albert Victor, to the March in Athalie, Prince Albert Edward's March heralded the Bridgroom and his Brothers of Wales and Edinburgh. He is the tallest and handsomest of the three.

"A long pause then ensued before the sweet little Bride appeared, escorted by her graceful Bridesmaids. She has an engaging and amiable expression tho' no beauty. Her long Train was ivory white Satin. By her side marched her Father, a Soldier-like man, bearing a Field Marshall's Baton and in Austrian uniform. They were preceeded by the German Ambassaror, Count Munster—a most striking and noble figure. The Occasional Overture was chosen for the Bride's entree.

As soon as the ceremony was over the orchestra and organ began the Hallelujah chorus, which sounded nobly thro' the building. We had an excellent opportunity of studying the dresses, the ladies returned. The Crown Princess was in Salmon The Princess of Wales so graceful and lovely, between her three little girls and two boys! The former preceeding her, the latter by her side. Duchess of Edinburgh in pink. Princess Christian in dark velvet trimmed with sable. The Princess Fritz Cart in crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. Queen of Belgians blueish green. Princess Phillippe of Sax Coburg in bright pink. Mrs. Wellesley most striking in garnet velvet and beautiful lace—a tira of jewels most becoming to her.

"The Queen stopped at the West door to greet many persons most graciously. Dear Hugh said that the Stand-up banquet in St. George's Hall was very sumptuous. Her Majesty walked up and down, and congratulated him most kindly on his restoration of health. The newly marrried pair also greeted the guests as they passed between the ranks. We returned here to luncheon, after which we sallied forth to the entrance of the long Walk whence we could see crowds lining the drive more than half way to the Equestrian Statute—a distance of three miles. The Bridegroom and Bride were in an open Barouche drawn by four greys. They were greeted by hearty cheers, and bowed graciously on both sides—looking amiable and gracious.

RING ON RIGHT HAND

"Hugh and Mr. Travers say that the ring was placed on the Bride's right hand, and that at Princess Louise's marriage she gave her left hand instead of the right! As we returned to the Castle, I saw John Brown, who was also in the Chapel. All the royal footmen came in for a few minutes—they still wear the bag for the Queue.

"March 14th. Returned home. The weather changed from in tensely cold and bright to cold and sleet! I went down to the railway to order a porter for our luggage, and saw the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Princess of Edinburgh, leave the railway platform. A train, just before our own, conveyed the King and Queen of Belgians and other Royal guests to Paddington."

NOTICE ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association will be held in the Secretary's Office, Tweel Building, Wednesday, January 9, 1935 at the hour of 2 P. M.

J. W. BOULTER,
Secretary.

NOTE:—It is the intention to postpone the above meeting until the following Monday afternoon, January 14, at 2 P. M.
L-3359-1-4-3i.

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John Simpson, Hamilton.
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Is Virtue "Meaningless Nothing"? Dorothy Dix Raps Sophistry Of Modern Writer

Beware the False Leaders Who Preach Free Love When Marriage Becomes Too Expensive. Life-Long Bitterness and Regret Are Still the Portion of Those Who Lack Self-Control

A prominent and popular writer, discussing the problem of the boys and girls who are in love and who cannot marry because they have neither money nor jobs, says: "It should be obvious that the only way of getting around such a condition—shocking as it may sound—is for them to live together without being married. I can hear some of you gasp. It is a gasping subject. But just the same there it is, plain, blunt and inescapable. No use to cover it up with platitudes, no use to preach, no use to cry.

"We babble meaningless nothings when we talk about chastity, self-control and hope to poor young people. Worn out, valueless banners of virtue, which would set a stigma upon the natural and inevitable and which are now held aloft by an inept society, flap dismally in the tornado which sweeps across the world."

I believe this to be a false and a most misleading propaganda, and that nothing is calculated to do more harm than to teach the young that they have a right to break the laws of God and man if these laws stand between them and their desires. Nobody will deny that it is a sad and terrible thing that boys and girls cannot marry at the time of life when Nature intended them to mate, but they buy a little present happiness, a few thrills at too high a price when they pay for them with their virtue and their self-respect and the respect of their fellow creatures.

I know, no one knows better, because I get thousands upon thousands of letters from distraught young creatures, torn between love and the lack of the price of a wedding ring, who are taking the easiest way out and going to live together without benefit of clergy. This lowering of the morals of young people has been the greatest tragedy of the depression. Breaking banks have not wrought the havoc that the breaking down of ethical standards has, for many a boy and girl who will recoup their financial losses in the future have suffered a spiritual bankruptcy from which they will never recover.

In the turmoil that we have been through, when we have seen so many of our traditions and opinions and beliefs scrapped, it is not strange that youth has lost its hold upon the eternal verities and does not know what to cling to, and because it cannot live according to the old rules it feels that it has a right to live without any rules at all.

But this cannot be. There are certain things that are right or wrong and our attitude toward them does not affect them. The commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," was not thundered from Mount Sinai for booms nor for depressions. It is a law unto us for all time and we have no more right to break it when we are poor than when we are rich.

This doctrine that teaches that morality is a matter of money and that if you haven't enough to marry on openly and honorably and in the sight of all men you are justified in setting up a hole-and-corner illicit relationship is demoralizing enough to men, but it is fatal to girls because it sweeps away their every protection and leaves their fates to the fickle fancies of the youths to whom they have given themselves.

What a broken reed this is to lean upon we see daily attested. Innumerable husbands are unfaithful. Few husbands remain ardent lovers. Most men weary of domesticity and would break their matrimonial chains were they not held by the powers of law and society and by the potent hands of little children. So are the wife and her children kept safe in many and many a case.

But the girl who has entered into an illicit relationship with a man has no hold whatever upon him, except her ability to keep him charmed and in love with her, and in time every woman exhausts her little bag of tricks and loses her conjure wand. There is then nothing to keep the bored lover from being on his way to fresher fields and pastures greener. He has no alimony to pay, and society welcomes him back and thinks he is wise in having broken up his little affair.

But nobody slays the fatted calf for the girl who has bought her romance with her good name. She isn't even asked to sit at the table with those who are enjoying their breaded veal chops. She has put herself outside the pale, and no matter what sophistries she uses to herself, no matter how she brazens it out, in her secret heart she goes humbled and ashamed because she has been false to her ideals and lowred the standards of her sex.

Of course, the girl who enters into a liaison with a man always believes that he will marry her, but this seldom happens. Free love means what it says, so why should he pay for what he gets for nothing? Besides a liaison is even more disillusioning than marriage. A couple see each other at their worst. They are not at ease with their consciences. They know that people look at them askance. They cannot boast and glory in their love. And so most of these affairs under the rose break up in a year or two. It is not the lovenest that endures, but the honest house that is founded on the rocks of decency.

We teach children that the very foundation stone of character is self-control and that the measure of our strength is our ability to deny ourselves what we want at the minute and work for it and wait for it until we can get it honestly. This applies to matters of sex just as much as it does to anything else. Illicit love never carries any blessing with it.

DOROTHY DIX.

FASHIONABLE PEOPLE SMART FROCKS FOR

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Lots and lots of washing frocks are the tiny tots needs—simple ones of course!

And isn't this the cutest style ever? The fulness falls so prettily from the shoulders. The little sleeves are so cute.

And to make it! Practically a front and bake section to be joined.

Cotton broadcloth with shiny finish that wears for ever and a day is sketched. It may be pale blue, pink or green. The plaited frill is white lawn which gives a very dainty trim.

Scotch plaided gingham is another darling scheme.

Dimity prints, pastel voile or organdie, gingham, checked lawn, etc., are suitable.

Style No. 961 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material with 2 yards of plaiting and ¾ yard of ½-inch ribbon.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING
PITTED AND UNPITTED
Dates of Quality
JONES-SCHOFIELD-HATHEWAY, LTD. (Dried Fruit Division) SAINT JOHN, N.B.

A Morning Smile

The Quack was selling an elizir which he declared would make men live to a great age.

"Look at me," he shouted. "Hale and hearty, I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really as old as that?" asked a listener of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say," replied the assistant. "I've only worked for him for 100 years."

Motorist—I'm sorry I ran over your hen. Would a dollar make it right?

Farmer—Well, better make it two. I have a rooster that was mighty fond of that hen and the shock might kill him, too.

TEETHING TROUBLES Ended!

"My baby has five teeth and has never been sick since his birth, thanks to Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. Alton A. Parcher, Glenalmond, Quebec. Baby's Own Tablets were originated by a doctor to help babies through teething. They soothe; act as a mild regulator, reduce fever, and correct indigestion and diarrhoea. Even a tiny, delicate baby can *safely* and easily take them. 25c at all druggists.

Dr. Williams' 246
BABY'S OWN TABLETS

THE COOK'S CORNER

Quick Nut Bread

¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups white flour
2 cups Graham flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg
2 cups milk
1 cup nuts, cut fine.

Mix dry ingredients, add egg and milk and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes at 375 degrees F. Remove from pan as soon as taken from the oven.

Orange Bread

1 cake yeast
1 cup orange juice
1 grated lemon rind
3 tablespoons sugar
About 4 cups bread flour
¼ cup tepid water
1 grated orange rind
1 teaspoon melted butter
2 egg yolks

Soften the yeast in the tepid water and add to the orange juice with the grated orange and lemon rind. Add the salt, melted butter, sugar and egg yolks well beaten, then stir in the flour gradually, in order not to get the dough too stiff. Knead well until the dough is smooth and elastic then cover and set aside for two hours in a moderately warm place. When light, work once more very lightly and make into two loaves. When double their bulk, bake in a moderately hot oven for 45 minutes. When made into sandwiches makes a delicious addition to afternoon tea.

WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR

"Well," said David, as he noticed the dog and came over to the woodpile, "guess nobody 'membered to untie you. If I let you go, will you be a bear? Bears are awful scarce."

Sugarfoot wagged his rear third enthusiastically but failed to live up to the bargain, once free of the rope. He speedily ran in the direction of the barn.

At eight o'clock David was tucked in his cot and Ruth sat near, reading, for the thousandth time, a tale of the 'Coon and the 'Possum and the Old Black Crow.

Ann knocked at the door and her voice was heavy with anxiety. "You-all ain't got Sugarfoot in there, has you?"

Ruth went to the door. "Why, no. He isn't loose, is he?"

The giantess nodded dully. "The rope is untied off his collar."

The girl caught her breath and turned. "David! Did you untie Sugarfoot?"

The tone of her voice caused David to answer dubiously, "Well—sort of—you see, Mama, he wanted to play bear and I just thought I would let him, so . . ."

Ann was lighting a lantern. She hurried out of the back screen door.

"See if he might be down at Alfredo's," called Ruth with an effort at cheerfulness.

The giantess did not answer.

Ruth scolded David for untying the dog, but said nothing more. That afternoon Ann had asked her for the rest of the poison which, together with the box containing the remains of the liver fever medicine, she had locked in her trunk after her disastrous mistake. She had given Ann the poison which the giantess then placed in the carcass left over from the barbecue. The coyotes were becoming too numerous around the home ranch and Ann wished to thin their ranks. Sugarfoot was to have been kept tied during the night to keep him from the meat.

After David had fallen asleep Ruth left the room and went out of the house. On the other side of the barn she could see Ann's lantern moving slowly through the bushes near where the poison had been placed. Ruth did not like to leave David alone in the house, but she decided to help Ann search.

She had reentered the house and was lighting another lantern when a slight, familiar sound turned her rigid. The sound came again; a low whine and a scratching on the screen door.

It was Sugarfoot. As Ruth held the door open, the little dog walked sleepily inside and, going to Ann's door, sat down and yawned. It was as though, peacefully asleep on his sack by the woodpile, he had become cold and had risen in the hope of a warmer bed in Ann's room.

Ruth picked the dog up in her arms and ran outside. "Ann! Oh, Ann!" The moving light beyond the barn suddenly stopped. "Here he is, Ann! He's alive!" The lantern began to move violently.

Carrying Sugarfoot into the living room, Ruth lit the lamp. The little dog stood before the fireplace, his short legs widely spread and his sides distended almost to burst-

She had reentered the house and was lighting another lantern when a slight, familiar sound turned her rigid

ing. He looked sleepy and wonderfully content. Ruth knelt down and prodded him with her finger. He was as tight as a drum.

Ann came in panting and dropped by the dog. Sugarfoot licked her hand and strove to wag his tailessness; but such exercise is fatiguing after a hearty meal.

"He certainly doesn't seem sick," said Ruth.

"No. He et the meat though—his tracks is all around."

CHAPTER 19

For half an hour the two women sat on the floor with the dog between them. For a time he seemed rather pleased at so much attention and gave a short sharp bark of inquiry. Then, as nothing much happened, he yawned, scratched at the floor, and after turning around lay down with a soft sigh and presently began to snore.

"Sugarfoot, honey," said Ann at last, "why ain't you dead?"

* * *

After the cattle sale Ruth knew that Snavely had misinformed her about the yearly earning power of the ranch. As near as she could estimate, the income—even without the Parker cattle—was more than three times the amount he had mentioned. She believed that his lie was an attempt to discourage her, not a plan to make money for himself.

But the cattle buyer had come and his check was now in Ruth's hands; this check gave her, after Snavely's share was deducted, nearly a thousand dollars over the amount of her note. Ruth walked on air—small wonder that she was not anxious to have any more words with Snavely. After all, what if he had underrated the income? She could meet her note, and she had not been forced to sell any of the fine Parker cattle except the calves. She had improved the ranch wonderfully and next year this improvement would manifest itself in real money. And with the money from next fall's sale she would buy more cattle, pure breds, the best in the world. She had set herself five years to bring the earning of the ranch to a certain comfortable amount. Then she and David would move into town near the schools. . . She knew that Snavely would have to be considered in these plans, but the future looked so bright, it was a shame to spoil it with thinking of him. In her heart she rather believed that Snavely would eventually sell out to her.

Since the cattle sale something seemed to have happened to Snavely; he no longer gave the impression that he was waiting for something. Instead, he had a puzzled, uncertain air. He avoided Ruth consistently, but where before he had let it be seen that he avoided her because he could not stand the sight of her, he now made half-smiling excuses.

The girl had been so happy with the results of the round-up and the gayety of the fiesta that she paid little attention to him. She had won. Nevertheless, whenever he was

Snavely stepped out from the porch and asked: "You-all goin' for a ride?"

behind her Ruth had to control a wild impulse to run.

On the day after she received the cattle buyer's check, Will Thane drove up to the ranch. He brought a marriage license for Alfreda and Magda. He had already secured the priest's signature, and now asked the newly married couple to sign, telling them the paper was an agreement with the great American government to live happily together and never quarrel about anything. Alfredo and Magda signed it joyfully.

As it was still mid-morning Will did not hurry away. He and Ruth sat on the running board of the roadster and talked.

"David and I are going to flag your dad this afternoon and go into town with him. I've some business to attend to and David wants some ice cream. We're going on a regular spree—they have a movie in town, haven't they?"

"Two; both terrible. But say, you can't go in with Dad; he's quit the delivery business."

"Oh! Why?"

"No use in it. He started carrying mail by accident, anyway. You see, after mother died, he and I went to live in town. We left Juan and Juana on the ranch. I went to school and Dad became sheriff. Well when I got old enough to go to the university, we went to California. But Dad couldn't stand it there—too cold and too far away from the ranch. So he came home. He used to go into town every week to get a letter from me and first thing he knew he was the mail man. But now that I've come home for good, Dad's quit. The new man made his first trip last week. All of which family history is only to say that if you want to go to town you'd better let me take you." Will stood up.

(To Be Continued.)

HEADACHE, BACKACHE?

FOR young girls growing into womanhood, for women in middle life going through the "change," or those who suffer from headache, weakening drains, backache and nervousness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the vegetable tonic needed. Mrs. J. W. Flanagan, 6 Labatt Ave., Toronto, Ont., says: "I had nervous headaches, pains in my back, had no appetite and would feel dizzy and faint. I was so weak I could hardly keep up. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can say it restored all my lost strength and seemed to give me new life." Sold by all druggists.

New size, tablets 50 cents, liquid $1.00.

THIS STUDENT FOUND HER COMPLEXION TONED UP TO ITS NATURAL BEAUTY

A young girl was one of several persons who formed a clinic or test class recently held in a large Canadian city. She was thrilled with what happened. At the beginning of the treatment her blood was tested and found to be below normal in red corpuscles and haemoglobin, the red substance in the corpuscles. Her health was "indifferent". But after thirty days this student returned rosy with joyous health.

When the girl student's blood lacked vitality her complexion also lacked sparkle and colour and was uninteresting. But after a month's treatment with the tonic, which was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, her blood became fully charged or filled again with the proper amount of red corpuscles and haemoglobin. This toned up her complexion to its natural beauty and awakened the life and sparkle of her eyes with vibrant health. It was all so easy and results so delightful.

Would you, too, like to be better looking? And also have that vitality which lets you take a happy interest in work or play? It's no fun to be only half alive whether one is young or old, so turn to this tested tonic yourself. Try the same remedy this young student used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Take as directed for 30 days or so and watch new colour flooding your cheeks, new flesh filling your hollows and new health vibrating in your body. Full size package is 50c.

67G

STERLING WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The December meeting of Sterling Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Walter Reid with fourteen members and one visitor present and the newly elected president, Mrs. H. S. MacEwen, very capably presiding. The usual order of meetings was carried out, opening with the singing of "Silent Night." After the committees gave their reports, all bills presented were ordered to be paid. New committees appointed were, to visit the school: Mrs. Austin Walsh and Mrs. Earl Henry; to visit the sick: Mrs. H. S. MacEwen and Mrs. Earl Henry, and Mrs. Thomas Bolger; to prepare the program: Mrs. J. E. Fleming and Mrs. Lorne MacEwen, and to prepare the lunch: Mrs. Cranford MacKay, Mrs. Frank Bell, Mrs. Walter Reid and Mrs. J. McGuigan. Mrs. Wallace McKay and Mrs. Walter Reid were appointed to make arrangements for baskets of fruit, etc., and other gifts to be sent to the sick and shut-ins. Money was voted to be sent to the Gyro Fund and Santa Pal Fund and each member offered to make three pounds of sugar into candy, for the school children.

An interesting program followed and included a contest, first prize being won by Louisa Fleming; a solo by Mrs. J. E. Fleming; a reading by Mrs. Thomas Bolger; a piano solo by Mrs. Ernest MacEwen and a reading by Louisa Fleming. Next meeting roll call will be answered by Health Rule for a Child or What I Keep in my Medicine Chest, and Mrs. Lorne MacEwen will be the hostess.

FOR WOMEN'S VOTE

(By The Canadian Press)

MONTREAL, Jan. 5—Arguments against the enfranchisement of women were termed "absurd" by Louis Francoeur, editor of L'Illustration, addressing the Canadian Alliance for Women's Vote in Quebec. There was no need, he said, to seek to prove why women should vote and no reason, human or divine, why the accident of sex should prevent anyone from carrying out "a matter of such secondary importance" as voting.

MARION MURPHY

Particularly sad at this season of the year is the loss sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Murphy, of Kinkora, in the death of their eldest daughter, Marion, who passed away on Friday evening in the Prince County Hospital. The little girl was taken ill on Christmas day and was brought to the hospital on Thursday with a badly ruptured appendix. An operation was immediately performed but the little girl did not rally and passed to her eternal home on Friday evening. Although only eleven years old, Marion had been the little housekeeper during her mother's long and serious illness, caring for her five little brothers and sisters with a devotion and loving care far beyond her years. She was a lovable and affectionate daughter and her parents are heartbroken over their loss. The sympathy of neighbors and friends is extended to the grief stricken family.

CROWN TO APPEAL ACQUITTAL

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

QUEBEC, Jan. 5—The five judges of the Court of Appeals who will decide if Nelson Phillips will again have to stand trial for the murder of Maud Ascah, 15-year-old Gaspe schoolgirl, will sit here on Tuesday, when the Crown will argue its appeal from the acquittal granted Phillips by a jury under Mr. Justice Noel Belleau last October.

The appeal is the first of its kind in the Province of Quebec and the second in the Dominion since the criminal code was amended to permit the Crown to appeal an acquittal.

ROBBED UNDER FIRE

(By The Canadian Press)

SOUTH YARRA, Australia, Jan. 2—During the excitement of a nearby fire robbers entered a chemist shop and at pistol point forced the owner to hand over all the contents of his till.

Clear Skin
Stop Itch in 30 Minutes

Don't let millions of invisible germs or fungus growths make your skin Itch, Burn, Crack, Peel, cause Sores, Pimples, Ringworm, Hand-Itch, Athlete's Foot, or Crotch-Itch. You can stop the itch in 30 minutes and quickly heal your skin with Dr. Nixon's Nixoderm. This remarkable prescription, based on the discovery of a famous English Skin Specialist, works fast because made specially for stubborn skin troubles. It must quickly clear and heal your skin or money back on return of empty package. Ask your Drug Store for Dr. Nixon's Nixoderm today.

TRY THE
New Tillyer Lense
When next you need glasses. Their worth has been proved. We fit up in latest style or frames or mountings.
E. W. TAYLOR
Charlottetown
J. S. TAYLOR
Alberton

The Cost Of An Eye Service
Any person who considers the cost of an eye service from the proper angle never complains of the price. Anyone requiring aid in seeing is losing more as a result of his errors of vision than it would cost to have them corrected. There is no cost to a satisfactory eye service. It is a steady payer of dividends.
G. F. Hutcheson
OPTOMETRIST