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BEAUTY SPOTS ARE BACK AGAIN

Beauty spots—those coquetish little black patches of courtplaster which used to flag eyes to great-grandma's dimples—are back on the faces and shoulders of modern belles. Meant for the gala occasion when a girl wants to look her most alluring, these tiny spots put provocative emphasis on a dimpled chin, beautiful eyes, a smooth brow, a pair of shoulders.

first to her sparkling eyes, then to her smooth white shoulder were first used at a recent party. In addition to heart-shaped conceals, a girl has her choice of beauty-spot motifs cut in star, crescent, triangle or three-leaf-clover designs. To give her free rein in experimenting with all shapes, one pretty little pink and black package holds 10 dots in all designs.

LONDON — (CP) — Money ranging from 26 shillings (\$5.20) to £596, left by British soldiers who died during the Second World War, is still waiting to be claimed, announced the London Gazette.

Islanders I Have Met

By 'Islander Abroad'

Winnipeg, Man.—I had an enjoyable visit with W. L. and Mrs. McIntyre at their home on Ingersoll Street.

Mr. McIntyre, who is a sergeant with the Winnipeg Police Force, is the son of late Patrick and Abigail (Sample) McIntyre of Millcove, P. E. I. After attending St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, Sgt. McIntyre came west (1922) and for a time taught school in Manitoba.

Sgt. McIntyre is the holder of nine (wrestling) medals, four Provincial won in Winnipeg, four Dominion won in different cities in Canada, and one British Empire won in Hamilton, Ont., all won for wrestling in the light heavy-weight class. Besides medals for wrestling Sgt. McIntyre won medals and cups for crack revolver shooting. At present he wears a lapel police special gold button — which he won for highest score in revolver shooting. This button or pin is competed for each year. Sgt. McIntyre has held it for several years now in succession.

Sgt. McIntyre has three sisters, Mrs. Keizer and Mrs. McTague of Charlottetown; and Sister Abigail of St. Anne of Nulato, Alaska, where, with two other Sisters, they have a school among the Eskimos, and seven brothers, David, C. P. R. conductor, in Winnipeg, who came west in 1907; John in Millcove, P. E. I.; Patrick, who was for some years Street Railway motorman in Winnipeg, now of Millcove, P. E. I., where he has purchased a farm; Daniel in Tracadie, P. E. I.; Alphonsus in Millville, P. E. I.; Rev. Alfred, R. C. priest in Riviere Qu'Barre, Alberta; Fred, Christian Brother, in Longueville, Quebec.

Mrs. McIntyre, who is the daughter of James Cullen and the late Catherine (Connick) Cullen was born at Clermont, P. E. I., and for a time lived at Cardigan and later at Bedford, P. E. I.

Mrs. McIntyre attended the Misericordiae Convent, P. E. I., and learned the art of dressmaking in Charlottetown. Around 1923, Mrs. McIntyre came West, and married Sgt. McIntyre. The ceremony was performed at St. Ignatius R. C. Church by Rev. Gavin Monaghan, an Islander, now stationed in Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre have six children, Joseph, a '47 graduate from the University of Manitoba, an electrical engineering of Sherbrooke, Quebec, where he is employed with the Ingersoll-Rand firm; James, with the T. C. A. at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Leo, clerk with the T. C. A. in Winnipeg; Patricia with the Great West Life in Winnipeg; Clara and Vincent at school.

Mrs. McIntyre has one sister Clara Cullen of Boston, Mass., and one brother, Earl Cullen of Bedford, P. E. I. Mrs. McIntyre is a first cousin of Sister Loyola of the Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre had a visit last Sept. from Mrs. Higgins of Summerside, who, at that time, was returning to P. E. I., after visiting a sister in Seattle, Wash., friends in Vancouver, B. C., and Calgary, Alberta, and a daughter near Moose Jaw, Sask. The McIntyre family enjoyed Mrs. Higgins' visit, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert MacDonald, formerly of Bedouque, P. E. I., who were invited to the McIntyre home to enjoy the company of an Islander fresh from the "sod."

In February of this year, the McIntyres were visited by the Misses Agnes and Ignatia Lannigan, whose mother was from P. E. I., on their return trip, after visiting their grandparents, during the month of January, at Hope River, P. E. I. The Lannigan sisters, who are from Sask., spoke highly of their P. E. I. visit — being their first — praising the hospitality and the kindness of the people.

BOYS HAVE DYNAMITE

MONTREAL, April 19 — (CP) — City and Royal Canadian Mounted Police joined in an investigation today into the discovery of 35 sticks of dynamite on two 12-year-old boys Saturday night. The youths will be arraigned in juvenile court on charges of theft and receiving.

LONDON — (CP) — A southwest London council's eight rat "operatives" have visited 1,464 houses during the 15 months and destroyed an estimated 13,300 rats.

SNEEZING With Cold?

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THREE FOR EGYPT

By Violet M. Methley

"When Did You Marry Him?" "Here's the water, though it doesn't appear to be wanted now."

Kay glanced up. Lovelace stood beside them with an aluminium cup in his hand. His face was hard and unyielding, but he showed no sign of having heard that whispered revelation.

"Miss Grange had better come to my tent as soon as she can walk," Kay said.

"Oh, I could go there now, I'm quite all right," the other woman protested. "I—I'm sorry I was so foolish, fainting like that."

"I'll leave you to it then," Lovelace turned on his heel and strode away to the further side of the oasis, where he paced up and down under the fringe of palms, raging at the narrow limits of this island of the desert. He was madly angry with Mavis for her interference with his plans.

As she watched him walk away Mavis laughed in a dreary, hollow way.

"Sydney's wishing I was dead at this instant! Well, I can't suppose he'll have long to wait."

"Oh, you mustn't say that!" Kay protested. "If you got right away to some place where you could rest in peace—"

"Rest! Peace! That has to be inside oneself, as well as outside—"

she broke off, clinging to Kay's arm as the girl helped her to her feet and did not speak again as she dragged herself along to the tent, pausing each instant to gasp for breath.

After she had lain on the low bed for a little while, faint colour returned to her thin cheeks and pale lips and she opened her eyes. Kay bringing some coffee, felt she might put the one question to which an immediate answer was needed.

"When did you marry Sydney Lovelace?" she asked.

"Nearly eighteen months ago," Mavis Grange answered. "At Holywood, Oh, I wasn't ill then, but he was tired of me in eighteen days and left me within eighteen weeks... unfortunately I still cared, so that when I saw a chance of joining the same company just before Christmas, I... fell for it."

Much better if I hadn't I'd kept away from him, but—I wanted to be near him, fool that I am. And the doctors said a dry climate like Egypt might cure me."

"You poor thing," Kay said gently.

"Sydney made me promise not to say we were married. If I gave it away, he swore he'd get me dismissed from the company and I couldn't afford that. At first I thought you were just one of the many fools of women who run after him. I hated you—so much that I told that friend of Miss Russell, the whole story. I hoped she'd repeat it to you—and hurt you."

"No, she didn't tell me," Kay said quietly.

"But now—you do believe it wasn't just to hurt you. I said what I did? I thought it might... save you from him."

Mavis you from him. Kay sat beside her in silence, thinking bitterly how innocently ironical those last words were. The answer to her own question had shattered those hopes which sprang up suddenly when the elder woman told her secret; for a moment it had seemed a possibility that this was an easier marriage. But as things really were, nothing was altered as far as she herself was concerned.

As for Mavis Grange—no, she mustn't know the truth, least how cruelly she had been betrayed. She had married Sydney Lovelace not Rafe Hellyar; she should never be hurt by hearing the actual facts from Kay, his real wife, the girl vowed inwardly.

"How were you going to carry on with this desert-island life, I can't imagine," Kay thought and found, with comfort, that her sense of humour was still keen enough to see the funny side of the tragicomic situation. "One can only hope that Rafe will soon get sick of it all and make use of the car to take us back to civilization."

Deserter From The Desert Island

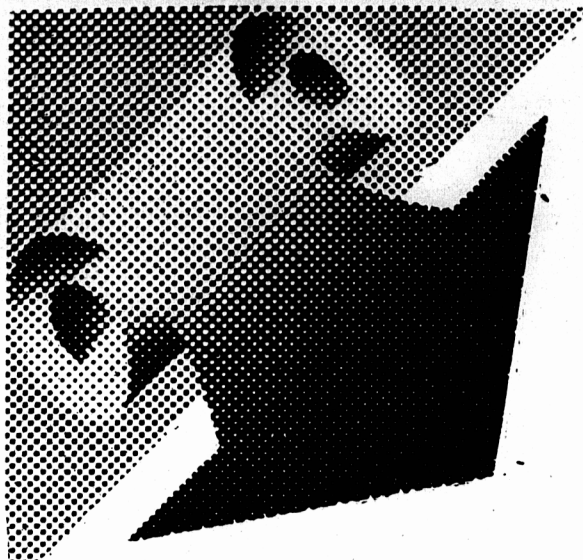
During the day which followed that eventful night, the inhabitants of the oasis behaved in a way which reminded Kay irresistibly of etiquette on their desert island in W. S. Gilbert's poem.

Lovelace remained on his side of the island, she and Mavis Grange hardly left their tent, and not a word or sign passed between them. It was an oddly peaceful time. Kay sat herself to make the older woman as comfortable as she could, plumping the car for cushions and rugs, making a fire from the fallen leaf-sheaths of date-palms to heat water.

At first the water was almost in a state of collapse, but by the evening she revived and seemed to find it a relief to pour out her story to Kay, little knowing how well the girl understood what her life with Sydney Lovelace had been, how many of the experiences she had shared.

"It's about as queer as any situation could be," Kay thought as she made tea that afternoon. "Us two together—and him! But I like her, as I never thought I should and I really believe she likes me, now that she sees I'm not pursuing Rafe."

Late that evening Kay saw Lovelace go into his tent and shut the flap. His face in the glimpse



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PHONE 240

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford MacBride

which she caught of it, almost startled her with its look of hard relentlessness. She woke up towards five in the morning feeling as though some sound or touch had roused her. But no one was visible; Mavis Grange lay sleeping quietly, the chilly dawn breeze just stirred the open door-flap of the tent.

And then—Kay saw. The track across the desert, by which they had come, was fully visible, pale under the lightening sky and it was not empty and untravelled as it had been all the day before. A mile or two away, crawling slowly, beetlelike between the oasis and the horizon was a dark object.

Kay sprang up, stood staring out. A car, no doubt of that. Could it be help coming? Then she realized that it was moving away and not towards them, realized, too, after a rapid glance, that the car had gone from its parking-place near the Moslem shrine.

"The brute! The coward!" Kay burst out, indignantly. "He's deserted us—he's run away!"

"What is it? What has happened?" Mavis Grange asked, waking from her light feverish sleep and staring round perplexedly.

"It's Rafe—I mean Sydney!" Kay caught herself up just in time. "He's left us, gone off alone in the car. I'm sorry I roused you, but it took me so by surprise!"

Mavis sat up, staring away through the opening at the slowly receding car.

She drew an unsteady breath, then spoke vehemently.

"I—I'm glad."

alone on our island, we've got plenty of water and enough food to go on with, so let's have as much fun as we can out of being

Mrs. Crusoes. Oughtn't we to fly a distress signal or something?" In spite of her brave words, Kay could not help a creeping inward

feeling of anxiety as the hours passed and the face of the desert remained a blank. (To Be Continued)

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