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**HOLMAN'S** 2 BIG STORES  
SUMMERSIDE & CHARLOTTETOWN

"Where Old Friends Meet"

### Howlan and Vicinity

Miss Anita Peters, Duvar, was in Howlan on Saturday.

Mrs. Ben Gallant spent a day recently with Mrs. Alban D. Arsenault.

Mrs. Hector Richard on Monday accompanied her husband to the Island Capital.

Mr. Alban T. Arsenault was a train passenger to Charlottetown on Monday, Feb. 21st.

Mr. John F. Gallant and son-in-law, Arthur Gallant, motored to Summerside on Thursday.

The sympathy of this community is extended to Fred Chamption of O'Leary in the loss he sustained by fire which completely destroyed

his electric plant on Wednesday night. It being only covered with small insurance.

Mr. Arnold Wood of Howlan went to Charlottetown on Monday where he will attend Farmers' Week meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. Prosper J. Gallant of Duvar on Saturday, the 19th, visited with relatives and friends in Woodstock, P.E.I.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillis Cook have the sincere sympathy of their friends in this community in the loss of their little daughter.

The many friends here of Francis Blanchard of Piusville were very sorry to hear of his accident and his stay in hospital in Saint John, N. B.

Mrs. Thomas Cook, who spent some time with her daughter here in Howlan, returned to her home in Cape Wolf on Thursday for

the funeral of her little grandchild, little Norma.

Mrs. John F. Gallant and youngest son, Gene, returned home from Prince County Hospital on Friday, after Gene had been a patient there for a week.

Mrs. Gabe Arsenault of Kelly's Road, returned to her home on Monday from the Prince County Hospital. Here's wishing her a speedy convalescence.

Peter Gallant of Woodstock, who just recently lost his dwelling house by fire, has now purchased and hauled a building which he will make up into a house.

Mrs. Bruce Carruthers went to Cape Wolf on Friday to attend the funeral of her little niece, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hillis Cook, who was about a month old.

On Saturday, Feb. 19th, Tennis Peters returned from his two

weeks' trip to U. S., where he went to visit his eldest brother, Peter, who was quite ill at his home in Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. J. Hector Richard, M.L.A., went to Charlottetown on Monday where he will attend the present session of the Legislature which opened on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, Feb. 23 Mrs. Edie Gallant and little son Gary spent the day in Woodstock with Mrs. Gallant's parents, it being the birthday of her youngest brother, Gene.

Mr. Tennis Peters returned to work on railway section on Tuesday after two weeks spent in U.S.A., while away his place was filled in by his son Edmund Peters of O'Leary.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Webb and son Keith were supper guests on Sunday evening, Feb. 13th, of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Adams of O'Leary, it being the first birthday of their little granddaughter, Miss Jean.

Mr. John R. Dignan of Howlan visited his sister, Mrs. J. F. Gard of Charlottetown also Mr. Gard, who was a patient in hospital, on Tuesday. While in town he also attended a Presbyterial meeting in Hearts Memorial Hall.

Mrs. Jos. L. Gallant and Mrs. Vincent Gallant of Upper Howlan were joint hostesses on Wednesday the 16th when the Social Ladies Club called on them for a social evening. A very enjoyable evening was the result, and delicious refreshments were served.

The death of Mrs. John Peters of Bloomfield Station, which occurred in the Sacred Heart Home, Charlottetown, on Feb. 17th, is regretted by her friends and relatives, and sincere sympathy is extended to her husband and family in their hour of sorrow. Her remains were conveyed to her home in Bloomfield Station from where her funeral will be at St. Anthony's Church, of which she was a devout member. The funeral is to be on Monday morning.

The angel of death hovered over O'Leary on Thursday, Feb. 17th, and claimed for its own baby

Norma, month old child of Mr. and Mrs. Hillis Cook of Cape Wolf, Lot 7, Little Norma was born at the home of Mrs. Alton Boulter and was a lovely child at birth, but apparently not very strong, so that when the young mother was able to return home the doctor advised her to leave the child where he could see it often, so it was left in the capable care of Mrs. Boulter, who carried out the doctor's orders and it seemed so much better that on Sunday the 13th the proud parents took it home on Tuesday however, it didn't seem to eat so well. The doctor was contacted and advised the parents to bring it back to Mrs. Boulter's home where it passed away on Thursday. On Friday afternoon Claude Jolly, undertaker, conveyed the little remains to the home of its parents from where it was interred the same afternoon in the family plot on the homestead cemetery beside its grandparents, who predeceased it last fall. Besides the parents are one little sister about 2 years old left to mourn.

### S'ide Home And School Welfare Group Hold Meeting

The February meeting of the Home and School Welfare Group was held in the Summerside High School on Tuesday evening with the president, Mrs. Creelman MacArthur, in the chair. Final arrangements were made for Monday evening in the Auditorium when a variety concert, consisting of two short comedy plays "The Dear Departed" and "Nellie McNabb" and a male chorus, will be sponsored.

Mr. J.R. Murphy, president of the P.E.I. Teachers Federation, was

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### The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

The militia idea was promptly quashed by Judge Purvis himself, for political reasons. He had no wish to antagonize a powerful governmental department. Accepting his defeat with good grace, he presented himself before the rain expert with so ingratiating an address that he was invited to dine with the party.

To Cricket's disappointment, the expeditionary chief was not assigned to her. By clever maneuvering, however, she contrived to catch snatches of the discussion at his table. Toward the close of the meal, the leader inquired, "What is that sleep butte, two and five-eighths miles north-northeast-and-by-east of here?"

"Robbins' Nub, I expect," said Judge Purvis. "Has it been explored?" (the rainmaker next asked). "Hardluck Hartsey's probably been up there," said the Judge. "Kindly summon Mr. Hartsey to meet me after supper."

As usual on Mondays, Hardluck had ridden in to call on Mrs. Sonora Cassidy. He was hailed to audience before the visitor in the parlor. Sonora came along, uninvited, to see that he got a square deal. "Are you familiar with the elevation known as Robbins' Nub?"

"I been there." "Can you tell me who owns the land?" "Don't nobody own it. What would anybody stake out that sand heap for? Why, Mister, an unmarried wolf couldn't make a livin' off'n it."

The General nodded. "Gentlemen" he pronounced, "we shall use Robbins' Nub as the site of our operations." The local boss's friendly attitude toward the experimenters, notwithstanding his rebuff in the matter of barring them from Harvey's, was a topic of puzzled discussion among the Harvey staff.

Clay Thurston brought to the inquiring minds of the eating house the solution to the Judge's soft-stepping. "I've found out what he's after," he told Cricket. "He's pulling wires to be appointed governor of Mountain Territory."

"Could he make trouble for Harvey's as governor?" "And plenty! I wouldn't be surprised if he used his authority to run the place out of business. Then what would you girls do?" "Go somewhere else, I expect." "Or stay and work for Purvis."

"Not me! You know what I think of him." He studied her anxious face. "You wouldn't care to take over the speaker of the evening on the subject 'The Need of Federal Aid in Education.'" He presented many enlightening facts in that regard, explaining its meaning which is assistance from the Dominion treasury whereby every child in the Dominion is given the opportunity to obtain the form of education, which will best fit him to face life. He made reference to the High School as being the best equipped in the province and made comparisons on the cost of education per pupil in the different provinces. If the Federal Government does not take teaching as a national responsibility why would it pass legislation in 1943 freezing the teachers in their jobs after 33,000 had left the profession?

In Canada there are 11,000 people in charge of classrooms who have no certificates and one-half of Canada's rural teachers are not fully qualified. Male teachers during the recent years have left the profession in such numbers that the ratio of men to women teachers has dropped from 43 to 31 to the 100. In two provinces there are 21,000 pupils enrolled in correspondence courses alone. Where the teachers' salaries have been increased the greatest, the shortage of teachers is the least. Canada spends on education per pupil \$57.92 while the United States spends \$74.22 per pupil, yet all believe that pupils here should have the same opportunity as the pupils of the United States. The imperative need for a new basis for educational finance is the result of two tendencies, one being the increasing demands on education as free, universal and compulsory with extensions of the years of leaving school higher and higher; and the second to put education on a minimum level throughout the country.--S.

the job of managing me, would you?" "I've been advised against it," she replied. "Well, I haven't changed my honest opinion as to that," he stated. "You'd be foolish to take such a chance." "Even if I wanted to?" "Do you want to?" "Yes, I do," she said calmly. He looked about him. They had been talking just inside the parlor. "Do you think it would be safe for me to kiss you here?" he inquired. "I don't know how safe it would be. I think it would be nice. Nobody's around except Toodies." The Willoughby pug curled in his carefully selected chair, gave an impatient bark. Cricket bent back her head, blinked, and patted a disordered wisp of hair into place. Deb was looking for her dog. "Here's your spoiled child, Deb," said Clay. "He's getting fat as a pig. Lend him to me. I'll take him out and teach him to run lizards." "Perhaps I will sometime," she said. "He likes you. Look!" For the obese pug was pawing at Clay's leg, begging for notice.

### CHAPTER XX

The Dyrenforth miracle workers proceeded at a tempo of irritating deliberation. Daily the corps withdrew to the solitudes. Kites were discerned, flying above Robbins' Nub. Small balloons ascended and floated away on vagrant impulses of the upper air. Larger spheres pulsed stationary, anchored and of the upper air. To the feminine portion of the Harvey staff the delay was far from displeasing. Sixteen extra men, a majority of them young and presentable, enlivened the social atmosphere. The Harvey parlor overflowed each evening on to the Harvey veranda. For nine days the visiting savants scoured the vicinity, making topographical charts and exchanging telegraphic messages with Washington. On the tenth day the prevailing desert wind dropped to a soft breeze from the mountains.

The night was sultry. Languid with the heat, the majority of the girls turned in early. Cricket dragged herself upstairs at nine-thirty. Hazel took fifteen minutes longer, and when she came up she was restless, disinclined for sleep, wanted to talk. Not so, her roommate. Cricket yawned her good nights and was off.

Sounds of distant firing roused her. She tumbled up, stumbled to the window and looked out. The moon, blew up in her face, followed by several stars. A flaming portent moved majestically across the sky. Her reeling brain took in soaring kites and a parade of balloons. Boom-crack! went a kite. Boom-burr-r-roo-oom! went the balloons in impressive antiphony. Then she reeled back as the roof of the night was torn to fragments by a terrific explosion, followed by the diminishing rumble of a thousand trains invisibly traversing the spaces. She perceived with stupefied amazement that Robbins' Nub had gone volcanic. Then back from the far mountains roared the mighty echoes.

A light moved perkily along the passageway. Cricket rose from her flattened stomach and staggered out to encounter Miss Bliss. "Help me quiet the fools," she said. "Several of the girls had snatched up garments and would have run out into the night, had not Miss Bliss and her young aide blocked the way. "Back to your rooms, all of you," snapped the voice of authority. "What was it?" "What blew up?" "Was it a collision?" (To be continued)

**YORKTON, Sask. -- (CP) --** Harry Bronfman's last real estate holdings here were sold to Sol Saper and Donald Thomson, both of Yorkton. The property is occupied by 14 tenants including business firms.

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### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IT'S ON PAGE ONE, GENTS! THAT INVENTOR THE MAJOR FINANCED WAS GRABBED TODAY BY THE MEN WITH THE BUTTERFLY NETS! -- AT THE PECAN HATCHERY HE'S KNOWN AS ROBERT FULTON, AND HIS ROOMMATE IS FERDINAND DE SOTO!

THAT SOUP-SHEDDING VEST WAS A STORM SIGNAL -- TO SNEEZE OUT AN IDEA LIKE THAT, HE HAD TO BELONG TO THE PHI BETA CUCKOO CLUB!

BREAKING THIS TO THE MAJOR WILL BE AS MUCH FUN AS KICKING OUT BABY'S FIRST TOOTH!

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