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Sale Opens Wed. Morning

Don't Miss This Event

Extra Clerks

HENDERSON & CUDMORE WHERE QUALITY IS SURE

Berthy Dix Says —

Continued from page 2
cal wife and leaves her at home when he steps out of an evening.
And so it goes all down the line. Happiness in marriage depends more upon congeniality, than upon any other one thing, and congeniality is a matter of like to like. So if you want to be happy though married, pick out your double for a mate. It is the one best bet.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am very much in love with a man who I think loves me. We are very congenial and would be very happy together if we were married, but the trouble is that he is a timid sort of an individual without much initiative, and I doubt if he would ever come to the proposing point if left alone, so I am thinking of popping the question to him. Do you think a man would think less of a woman who proposed to him?

ANSWER: Well, Sue, according to Mr. Bernard Shaw and other cynics, women have always been the pursuers in the love chase. Only in the past they had to do it under cover, while now they can do it openly.

Of course, in the days when every husband expected to support his wife, it was manners for a girl to wait until she was asked before she wished her support upon a man. But now, when practically every girl who doesn't belong to a wealthy family and have money of her own is self-supporting, and when she is more likely to be an asset even in dollars and cents to her husband than a liability, there is no reason why a woman shouldn't be as free to propose a matrimonial partnership as she would a business partnership to a man.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am desperately in love with a young man who is a sophomore at college. Will we have a better chance for a successful marriage if we wait until he graduates and then elope and be secretly married? I have a very good position, which I intend keeping. Will our love stand the test of two more years?

ANSWER: If your love is not strong enough to stand the test of a two-year engagement, how do you expect it to endure during the years of marriage? My earnest advice to you is to wait until your sweetheart is through school and has some way of supporting a family. For a marriage to be successful has to be adequately financed. But if you are determined to marry him anyway, don't do it secretly. A secret marriage always has the breath of scandal clinging about it.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Glaspell

She had thought they would be interested, but something in the quality of the interest made her pause an instant. Everybody was looking at her — except Ivy, who brushed something from her skirt. Lydia laughed: "I have no wish to crowd the dead. There should be land enough on the earth for both the living and the dead. So I was thinking, Ivy, that I might give some land to the cemetery. Don't you think it's a good idea?" she asked, as there was some perfunctory laughter, but no one spoke.

"I think it's a very good idea," Mrs. Burroughs, a woman with a broad kind face, said heartily. "It's just awfully good of you, and I'm sure the town will be grateful.

Warmed by this, Lydia expanded: "You know, before my father died —" but she was stopped, stopped by the changed face into which she was looking — the shocked look, the surprise which was followed by something like consternation.

"Before my father died," she began again — but it was impossible to go on. She was speaking into a frozen world. And suddenly, she had no idea why she was afraid. "But doubtless you know the arrangements," she managed to say. "Yes," murmured Mrs. Burroughs. "And I do think," she said resolutely, "that it's most generous of you."

Yet even this kind face could not conceal its dismay. The face of Elfreda Meade made no such attempt. And within Lydia the fear grew. Fear of the she knew not what. After a little she said she must go. Donkeyback wasn't fast traveling and Addie would be waiting. Ivy went with her to untie Pancho. Lydia did not get on him, as if not wanting to now; she began leading him down the drive and Ivy walked with her. "Oh, Lydia," she murmured, "Why did you? Why did you say that before my friends?" "Say what?" asked Lydia sharply. "Say what?" asked Lydia sharply, bewildered and out of patience,

though most of all afraid. "Can't I speak of my own father, even if he is dead?" "But you know. You know." "I do not know," she said. "I do not know what you are talking about!" "O-h," breathed Ivy. "Why, this is terrible! Why, we never dreamed —"

"What is terrible? What is it I don't know? What are you talking about?" Ivy glanced back at the porch. "I certainly can't tell you here," she said shying a little away from Pancho, who was ready to be off.

"Lydia! Don't go out there. Wait for Warren. There seems to be a misunderstanding. Warren will have to talk to you."

"The children would be alone," she replied. "I must get back to them. If Warren has anything to say to me he can come out tonight and say it."

She swung herself on the donkey, came down with her heels more sharply than he expected. He jumped and Lydia called an abrupt "Good-by."

Riding the donkey must have tired Miss Chippman. Addie thought, and she was glad she had the children's supper ready. Then Joe came for her. She had to go. "I declare," she said. "I hate to leave you here alone — till Monday morning."

"That's all right," Miss Chippman assured her. "I am all right," she said, several times. But Addie thought she seemed more tired than days she had worked much harder.

"Children," Lydia said. "I want you to stay here alone just a little while. Mother has something to do. It isn't dark and I'll not be far or gone long. You won't be afraid, will you?"

Koula proposed they all go together. "Not this time, she told them. Diego said he was never afraid. "I know," she said. So Lydia started out to find her father.

She remember her grandfather's and grandmother's graves; they used to take flowers there. She could find that lot. And there been waiting places, where Mother and Father would be. But she became confused. There were so many new graves she lost her way. She felt lost among the

dead and it unnerved her and she went stumbling around uncertainly. Then she saw the monument on which was the name Chippman.

Beside the older Chippman she found a headstone marked "Hertha — Wife of John Chippman." She did not wait to read what it said — the dates. She looked beside it — stood looking down at a place still waiting for a grave. She went to each grave marked Chippman and each time was not her father — name — dates — were wrong.

She went back to the space beside her mother. Perhaps they had not put up his headstone. Perhaps Warren had neglected it. She knelt and felt the earth. Nothing told her anyone rested beneath this earth.

Her father was not buried beside her mother.

To be continued

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2
are, at present anyway, some noises that are necessary to our way of life, but there are many unnecessary noises that can and must be prevented to preserve the hearing of workers and the public generally: noisy auto horns, poor brakes, lack of oil in industrial machines, barking dogs and other preventable noises. The Noise Abatement Society, and the Committee on Conservation of Hearing, American Academy of Otolaryngology and Ophthalmology, are doing their part to reduce noise in industry and in civilian life. In addition to loss of hearing, noise, by keeping us tensed and alert, brings on fatigue much sooner.

THROAT SORE? For common ordinary sore throat. JUST RUB ON MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

Letter From Former Islanders In Alaska

In an interesting letter received at The Guardian Office yesterday from far-away Moser Bay, Kodiak Island, Alaska, Mrs. Ben Lugue writes:

"I am the individual who was tramping two miles away from home with my dogs last January and broke my ankle. Had to call the coast guard to take me to Kodiak to the hospital. (180 miles away). I was there two months, having contracted pneumonia when they were getting me up on crutches. I nearly cashed in, but held on tight and am still around. I was on crutches until the end of September and some since then, but have 'pensioned them off' now (I hope).

"Our huskie has ten puppies. Talk about a pretty sight! Bears are pretty thick this fall. They've gnawed the braces on pipeline, where it comes down from waterfalls and dam below lake. My dogs give them a chase sometimes. One of them is a Spitz and Pom. I'll feller, from Boston. The bear could give just one whack and he'd be just a memory, but guess he's too quick.

"Natives are all at their trapping and hunting grounds at this time. They always give me a fur or two for Christmas, of which I am most proud. Had two made up last fall. Cross fox and silver fox. Of course the silvers can't be compared with Prince Edward Island silvers, but are known for their wearability. I hope to have an other coat by the time I go back to visit Prince Edward Island. I can't seem to do anything with the seal-skins though.

"The blue bill ducks are coming in now from the lakes, as they are frozen. They often look like an island, out here in the bay. Hundreds at a time. One real bright night the white breasted drakes were in close to beach for shelter and the moon was so bright that they looked luminous. Very pretty sight."

Mr. and Mrs. Lugue have many friends in Prince Edward Island, the latter being a native of Cran-

To Review Rail Rates Decision

OTTAWA, Dec. 23 — (CP) — The Board of Transport Commissioners indicated today it will review a decision it handed down in September awarding Canadian Railways an interim freight-rate increase of eight per cent.

The board said it will hear further submissions in February on a railway application, filed early in 1948, for an increase of 20 per cent.

The Board's announcement came after the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Railway Association of Canada moved swiftly to follow up a Supreme Court of Canada ruling that the Board's September decision was an "injustice to the railways."

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