

PROWSE BROS. LTD. CLEARANCE SALE

2 DAYS ONLY FRIDAY & SATURDAY FEB. 7 & 8

Perley
Montreal's
Leading Furrier

FUR COATS

Great Reductions! Unusual Savings!



PERLEY EXPERT FURRIER HERE

- FRENCH SEAL DYED RABBIT \$179
- BROWN CONEY COATS \$179
- GREY BROADTAIL PROCESSED LAMB \$259
- MOUTON LAMB PROCESSED \$259
- BLACK PERSIAN PAW \$359
- SILVERY RACCOON COATS \$329
- MINK & SABLE DYED MUSKRAT \$429
- GREY KIDSKIN COATS \$459
- BLACK PERSIAN LAMB \$695
- FINE BLACK PERSIAN LAMB \$789

CONSIDER THE QUALITY OF THESE COATS, THEN YOU'LL APPRECIATE THE PRICES! SEE THEM FOR YOURSELF NOW—YOU'LL BENEFIT BY THE SAVINGS. BUY FOR LATER.

BUDGET OR LAYAWAY

PROWSE BROS Ltd.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.



"Pepcy" mongrel dog, origin unknown, one night followed Policeman Henry Breitenkam as he walked his midnight tour in Orange, N. J. For months after that, he would wait for his uniformed friend outside police headquarters each night and remain with him until he went off duty. Then Breitenkam fell ill, failed to report for duty. Pepcy, disconsolate, crawled under his friend's locker and refused to eat. Above, Lt. J. McDermott offers food, but Pepcy just stares dully. When Breitenkam returned, four days later, Pepcy pepped up, broke his fast, and seemed happy.

Breton Understands Women

By John Holloway Horn

She Was Delightfully Young

On his way back, Fossick noticed Paul Breton reading the poster outside the town hall which advertised the exhibition of the work of the members of the local Arts and Crafts Society. The gardener had spent his life in Cheriton with out missing this annual show, but Breton was always ready to do anything once.

It was fairly depressing, like all such exhibitions, and consisted in the main of the work of earnest amateurs and the product of surplus feminine energy. Baskets, needlework, metal-work, woodcuts, pictures and photographs were optimistically arranged, and perhaps a dozen citizens were contemplating the exhibits with varying degrees of interest and intelligence.

Can't help you, sir, a young lady inquired politely. "I'm a member of the committee," she told him. She was delightfully young in years, dress and manner. Twenty, perhaps, with eyes of that rare lapis-lazuli which a painter would notice even more than an ordinary man. Her hair had pins and curled round her shapely head in a lovely plait.

"Is there any of your work in the show?" he asked. "One or two very insipid water-colours," she said. "Why insipid? Why consciously paint insipid pictures?" "Because I can't paint," she said. "I like doing it, but actually I'm a cheat."

"Good gracious!" "I'm an undergraduate at Oxford." "On mature consideration, I think I do need assistance," Paul Breton said. "I should be obliged if you would show me round. Is anything for sale?"

"Yes and no," she smiled. "And what does that mean?" "We are all willing to sell—we're all hard up—but we never do sell anything—that is, excepting Mr. Heriot, of course. He's our big noise. He has actually had pictures on the line at the Academy."

"Really?" Paul Breton said. "That's one, for example. A lovely sense of distance he always gets into his work." "A very pleasant sense of colour," Breton said as he contemplated the picture she had indicated. "That is his, too?" he added, turning to another picture.

"How did you know? It's quite a different type." "But the same feeling for colour." "Are you an artist?" she asked. "In a way." "Mr. Heriot is the art master at the local school."

"Poor devil!" She glanced at him in silence. "I mean that he's an artist, and it must be dreadful to attempt to teach art. It's the one thing which cannot be taught." "I'm sure you're wrong. He's one of the happiest men I know."

"That's odd—if he is an artist." "He loves his work—his real work, I mean. And he's quite fond of his teaching. He had a lovely cottage, and a lovely wife. He plays bridge splendidly and is extremely good looking, and they have two positively adorable baby girls."

"You made it all sound quite fascinating. That picture of an old workman in a barn is also his?" "Yes." "Is that for sale?" "It's marked in the catalogue at thirty pounds," she said with a smile. "He always puts an absurd figure like that on his pictures. It's one of his jokes."

"He has a sense of humour, too?" "He certainly has." "He should like that. Do I give you a cheque?" She looked at him in amazement. "Thirty guineas—are you serious?" "Quite."

"I don't suppose that you can have it until the exhibition is over. It finishes on Saturday." "Of course not. To whom do I make out the cheque?" "I really haven't the faintest idea. To the secretary, I imagine. Anyway, I can give it to him."

"Then I'll make it out and collect the picture on Saturday, if I may." "There are some little red labels somewhere in the book pinned on them," she said. "I'd better stick one on. I do hope he comes in while I'm here." Paul Breton, who she went on as she glanced at her cheque he handed to her. "Paul Breton. Are you the Paul Breton?" "But that you are. I heard that you had taken Cheriton House. Thank goodness you haven't seen any of my pictures."

"But I have. Isn't that one?" The sketch of the windmill, I mean?" "Yes," she said doubtfully. "You're quite right. It is insipid," he said. "It is insipid, you're frightened of colour. But it's one of the few things you are frightened of. I should say, and now that you know my name, I think that you might tell me yours."

"Betty Somers. My father's the Town Clerk." "And you're going to be a chemist?" he asked with a smile. "I'm reading chemistry—which isn't quite the same thing." "But isn't it an odd thing for a girl to be interested in?" "You can rely on chemicals—far more than you can on people. Mix two of them, and you can count on the reaction. You know where you are with them."

"But would people be as amused as they are if you could count on them?" "Perhaps not," she admitted. "You certainly cannot count on them," he said, and she noticed the sudden touch of seriousness in his tone.

He spent half an hour wandering round the exhibit, and just after he had gone, Heriot, on his way back from the school, looked in. He noticed the red label at once. "Hi, Betty," he called. "What's all this? A joke?" "No, Mr. Heriot. The picture has been sold. Thirty guineas was the price, wasn't it?" "You're telling me!" said Tim Heriot.

Gallup Poll Of Canada

CANADIANS NEVER AT A LOSS FOR SPARE TIME OCCUPATION

Reading, Radio and Visiting Friends Most Popular Pastimes

By Canadian Institute of Public Opinion

TORONTO — Critics of the trend towards shorter working hours often maintain that the public would not know what to do with its spare time.

The public, given a chance to air its views through a national Gallup Poll on the subject of leisure, disagrees—quite violently. Three-quarters of the Canadian public say that they never or rarely find themselves in a position of not knowing what to do with their spare time. Only a negligible six per cent were undecided as to how they would use it if they had twice as much spare time as they now have.

Most popular spare time relaxation of Canadians (they say) is reading—a statement which conflicts with the fact that in a typical week of March, 1945, the Gallup Poll found that 60 per cent of adult Canadians were not reading, nor had read, a book in that period. Answer may lie in the fact that predominant reading would consist of newspapers and other periodicals.

Next to reading, say Canadians in this survey, they like listening to the radio.

The Gallup Poll interviewers across Canada started the survey by asking a sample of typical Canadians:

"Which of these do you like to do Most in your spare time?"

The person being interviewed was then shown a list of some nine pastimes, and given a chance to mention any others not on the list. Here, then, is how Canada likes to spend its spare time:

Reading	26%
Listening to radio	23
Visiting friends	20
Going to movies	13
Playing cards	11
Sports (participating)	7
Parties; dancing; etc.	7
Sports (spectator)	6
Using, or working on, car	6
Other	12
"Have no spare time"	4

The column adds to more than 100 per cent because some people gave more than one answer.

Then came the question, asked of all except those who claimed they had no spare time:

"Do you ever find yourself not knowing what to do in your spare time?"

Often	5%
Sometimes	17
Rarely	12
Never	62

Are women busier than men? So they claim. Only 57 per cent of the men interviewed said they never found themselves without anything to do, while 67 per cent of the women claimed the same thing.

To the final question: "If you were to get twice as much spare time as you now have, how do you think you would use it?" only six per cent could not give an answer. Largest number of the remainder said they would visit friends, followed closely by reading.

The survey boils down to the fact that few Canadians think they have too much time on their hands, or that they would not know what to do with any more.

—World Copyright Reserved—

ELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)

Delightful places we found for Jamie's coasting ground this morning and in the slippery conditions prevailing, he needed a constant attendant. So a larger sled was favored that we both might enjoy the thrill of the pastime. It might have continued for a longer period, but out there last grey day, if tranquility of the midwest and James had not called to remind us of the passing of time. Then by way of his own sled, which rides on the trip to the mailbox. Sure enough the brown squirrel was there, on a low spreading branch of a hemlock. "And listen to what she's saying to you" Jamie begged. But there was no time for jollering.

We moved along to inspect the ice cakes heaped in confusion near our gang-way" bridge, left there after the sport of Monday night's thaw, when tons of waters and ice had gone down the pond and through the open sluices as Mr. C. and his helpers kept vigil there in the silent watches—that every miller knows so well. We stopped to listen to Nature's strange voice in the snapping and complaining of the ice now bridging the stream, occasioned by the water being drawn away from it, when crushing was being done at the mill below. "I guess" Jamie confided as we made our way up the lane "you n' me n' mother'll have to go fishing some days this Spring—when will Spring be there?"

Our foods are being chosen for the most part to suit our guest. And they are served according to his fancy. If he prefers his potatoes "with" the peels off" then nakedly they are brought to the table. If he likes his toast "barely brown" and his soup "with" not a sign of a vegetable in it" we too at once accept them this way. Jamie had no desire for dinner today, causing his grand-

father much uneasiness and leaving his place vacant at the meal. Nothing would tempt his appetite. When I went over a list of his preferences he maintained a stony silence, but continued his play. At the time he was engaged in moving a small truck-load of "cat-sticks" across the kitchen floor, obviously a difficulty an engrossing task. James ate listlessly, at times raising his eyes to look with a sad expression to Jamie and then to me. "After being out all morning, Ellen," he murmured over Jamie's head "he must be hungry—or else he's going to be sick."

James brightened however when, after the lumber had been delivered to the satisfaction of the dealer and the dinner table cleared a voice calm but authoritative asked: "Where's my dinner now?" James laughed, picked up his cap and went to the house across the lane but not before he said in a pleased relieved tone: "Well he's not sick anyway—that's one good thing!"

"Where's my dinner?" Jamie repeated. I was perplexed. If Rob had been present he would have ended the lumbering operations long before this; Jock would have had Jamie to the table but stern as he can be it would likely have been done by persuasion; Jamie would have delivered a clear-cut ultimatum to Jamie before the meal began.

"Tell me now" Jamie said to me, nodding his head to each word "where's my dinner?" Then his face broke into a smile—a nice grin. If there is anything in this world that can grate at a lad of a fellow into my good graces it is his dinner? In the warming oven, to be sure, awaiting his pleasure. We could perhaps have imposed our will. We might have

had a stormy scene that would have made Jamie "remember" now he tells me: "Stop that infernal machine, Ellen so that I can find out how Rob got along with his work this evening—it's so confounded slippery now!" Until Tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...

LUNCH WELL Health authorities advise parents to ensure that all members of the family have substantial lunches. They say that scrumptious, ill-planned lunches are, in effect, little more than snacks are responsible for deficiencies in Canada's diets, particularly among children.

Surveys made in two provinces revealed that one out of every ten children examined was thin and underweight.

They taste BETTER They Are BETTER! OGILVIE Oats

OGILVIE MINUTE Oats Small Packs QUICK-COOKING

THAT'S the Breakfast for ME!

YES, Ogilvie Oats give me extra food value for my money. They're the ideal family breakfast cereal. Best for flavour and nutrition, with a plus value during meat rationing, as food extender for meat loaf and casserole dishes.

FRUITATIVES LIVER TABLETS

Stop constipation this natural, easy way

A healthy liver produces one quart of bile daily. This bile is nature's own laxative. It aids digestion, keeps the whole system toned up and free of wastes and poisons. Fruit-atives help stimulate the active flow of bile. Made from fruits and herbs, Fruit-atives have brought relief to thousands of sufferers... mild, effective, harmless. For quick and natural relief try Fruit-atives today.

Twelve persons were killed or burned to death in this Dakota plane when it crashed into another aircraft at Crofton airport, near London, while taking off from the ice-covered runways. Plane was bound for South Africa.

Passengers are seen boarding the ill-fated plane, operated by Spencer Airways, prior to the tragic take-off at Crofton. The plane carried 18 passengers, members of families, and its full crew. It was parked Dakota.

Announcement

Due to inefficient electricity to keep our oil burner operating long enough to heat our store, we were obliged to close yesterday morning without notice.

This may happen again so if you cannot get our store to answer your phone calls, we hope you will understand what has happened.

This situation is beyond our control, and we would appreciate your kind consideration.

R. T. HOLMAN

CHARLOTTETOWN

DRIVE IN COMFORT WITH THE

Town Taxi

4-HEATED CARS-4

At Your Service 24 Hours A Day

Under Management of

WENDELL MCPHERSON LEE CHAPPELL

Phone 1600 180 Gt. Geo. St.

had a stormy scene that would have made Jamie "remember" now he tells me: "Stop that infernal machine, Ellen so that I can find out how Rob got along with his work this evening—it's so confounded slippery now!" Until Tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...

LUNCH WELL Health authorities advise parents to ensure that all members of the family have substantial lunches. They say that scrumptious, ill-planned lunches are, in effect, little more than snacks are responsible for deficiencies in Canada's diets, particularly among children.

Surveys made in two provinces revealed that one out of every ten children examined was thin and underweight.

They taste BETTER They Are BETTER! OGILVIE Oats

OGILVIE MINUTE Oats Small Packs QUICK-COOKING

THAT'S the Breakfast for ME!

YES, Ogilvie Oats give me extra food value for my money. They're the ideal family breakfast cereal. Best for flavour and nutrition, with a plus value during meat rationing, as food extender for meat loaf and casserole dishes.

FRUITATIVES LIVER TABLETS

Stop constipation this natural, easy way

A healthy liver produces one quart of bile daily. This bile is nature's own laxative. It aids digestion, keeps the whole system toned up and free of wastes and poisons. Fruit-atives help stimulate the active flow of bile. Made from fruits and herbs, Fruit-atives have brought relief to thousands of sufferers... mild, effective, harmless. For quick and natural relief try Fruit-atives today.

Twelve persons were killed or burned to death in this Dakota plane when it crashed into another aircraft at Crofton airport, near London, while taking off from the ice-covered runways. Plane was bound for South Africa.

Passengers are seen boarding the ill-fated plane, operated by Spencer Airways, prior to the tragic take-off at Crofton. The plane carried 18 passengers, members of families, and its full crew. It was parked Dakota.