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Our store will remain closed all day— SATURDAY, MAY 24th
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FRIDAY NIGHT TILL 9.30 P.M.
CLOSED SATURDAY, MAY 24th

Cookies—extra tasty when they're **MAGIC** baked!

OAT CRUNCHIES

Measure into bowl 3 1/2 c. rolled oats and sprinkle with 4 1/2 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. grated nutmeg; mix thoroughly. Combine 3 well-beaten eggs, 2 tps. grated orange rind, 1/4 tsp. vanilla; gradually beat in 1 1/2 c. fine granulated sugar and add 1 1/2 tps. butter or margarine, melted. Add egg mixture to dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by small spoonfuls, well apart, on greased baking sheets and centre each with a piece of nutmeat. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 15 mins. Remove baked cookies from pans immediately they come from the oven. Yield: 5 dozen cookies.



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Happenings Of The Week
Continued from page 2

their daughter, Mrs. G. W. Kay, whose husband has recently been transferred there from Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boone of Moncton, N.B., are visiting Charlottetown, guests at the Charlottetown Hotel.

Miss Lulu Toombs will be missed by a large number of friends socially and in church circles. She and her family have been active in every good work.

Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Creelman and Carol and Robin are leaving today by car for a week's visit to Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Corrigan left yesterday by car for Boston to attend the graduation anniversary of the Doctor's class at Tufts College.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Putman have returned home from a month's trip to Montreal, Toronto and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Walthen Gaudet had as their guests last weekend the latter's sister and her husband, Professor and Mrs. R. G. Lawrence of Fredericton, N.B. Mrs. Lawrence was one of this year's graduating class from the University of New Brunswick, where Prof. Lawrence taught this year in the English Department. They will spend the summer at the University of Wisconsin where Prof. Lawrence will continue his studies towards his Ph.D. degree in English Literature. In September they leave for England where as one of the recently announced Beaverbrook Scholarship winners Prof. Lawrence will continue his studies at the University of London.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Williams of Summerside will spend the holiday weekend in Mouth of Keswick, N.B., with their son, Mr. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Williams.

Miss Diane Dewar, student at Mount Allison Commercial School, is spending her vacation at her home in Summerside.

Miss Alice Harrison of Moncton, N.B., will be the guest of Mrs. A. Stirling MacKay, Summerside, during the holiday weekend.

Mrs. Emma Bradshaw entertained at bridge at her home in Summerside this week.

Mrs. Elton Robertson of Summerside is visiting friends in Charlottetown.

Mrs. Heath Strong entertained the Nurses' Graduating Class of Prince County Hospital at the tea hour on Friday at her home in Summerside. Miss Helen Schurman presided over the tea cups and Miss Margaret Doyle assisted in serving.

Mrs. J. LeRoy Holman was hostess at bridge at her home in Summerside on Monday evening.

Mrs. A. C. Saunders, who has spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Myron Stoll, of Youngstown, Ohio, arrived in Summerside on Tuesday and is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Schurman.

Mr. and Mrs. Chesley Robertson of Summerside have as their guests, their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robertson of Ottawa.

Miss Zilpha Sharp of Summerside entertained at bridge on Monday evening.

The Prince County Hospital Nurses' Graduating Class held a formal dinner last week prior to the dance and exchanged gifts. The floral decorations of pink and white carnations were donated by Mr. George Williams.

Miss Martha MacFarlane is a patient in the Prince County Hospital as a result of an unfortunate accident.

The Misses Carol and Merle Elderkin of Summerside were entertained by their friends at a party at Robson's Restaurant last week. Miss Marion Rogers, on behalf of the group made a presentation to each of the girls, who are leaving on the 28th of this month to reside in Kentville, N.S.

Mrs. Blair Elderkin of Summerside was honored by the St. Mary's Guild on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. J. W. Lecky when

P. W. C. Graduates



Marion Isobel Schurman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schurman of Central Bedouque. She entered Prince of Wales College in 1949. Next year she plans to obtain her Arts degree at Acadia University. Marion is secretary of the graduating class.

John William MacNaught is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson MacNaught of Summerside. He entered Prince of Wales College in 1948. Next year he plans to continue his course in Science at McGill. John is the prophet of the class of '52.



James Donald Shand Ibbott was born at St. Stephen, N.B. the son of the Rev. J. T. Ibbott and the late Mrs. Ibbott. He entered Prince of Wales College in 1948, and has taken a pre-medical course. Next year he plans to go to Dalhousie University. James is life president of the class of '52.

Robert Lorne MacEwen was born at Elrose, Saskatchewan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey J. MacEwen. While at Prince of Wales College he has taken a pre-medical course. He plans to continue his studies at Dalhousie University. Robert is president of the graduating class.



Charles Leroy Agnew was born at Leamington, Ontario. He received his early education in Moncton and later at McGill. Last fall he entered Prince of Wales College in the fourth year Arts division. Charles is valedictorian of the class of '52.

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—
Continued from page 2

service. Recently he wrote me of his engagement to another girl. He insists he will always think a lot of me, and wants me to keep on writing. My family tells me I'm very foolish to keep in touch with him at all. I feel that if I do write I may have a chance to win him back. I only write him once a week, and keep my letters friendly and newswy. I simply can't get interested in anyone else.

FRANCIE S.

ANSWER: Ordinarily, in a case like this, my advice would be to end all connection with the boy at once and concentrate on new fields. However, there seems to be something a little queer about his sudden engagement, and there may be a chance of winning him back. You must be prepared to take the chance as a gamble and, if you lose, it means additional heartache. Do you want to risk it? A weekly letter such as you describe doesn't commit you one way or the other. If you have the courage to keep it up, go ahead. You're a sensible, wise girl, and I hope you get the man if you want him so much.

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Unholy Bond
By Cameron Doekery
CHAPTER FIVE
Part One

"This is one of my favorite haunts, but it's a little dark for reading now." He patted the seat beside him. "Come and join me for awhile."

"You are tired, aren't you?" he persisted.

"In a way. Emotionally wrong out. I guess. Something quite strange happened to me today and I don't know what to do about it."

"Perhaps talking will help."

She said nothing at first and he waited silently, the glow of his pipe as he drew on it outlining his rugged features. Then she began telling him of Oakhart and the reading of the will.

"This is a problem," he agreed when she was through.

"For long moments neither spoke. Janet relaxed. Even though telling him about it had solved nothing, still it seemed to help. When he did speak, his deep voice seemed struggling to suppress excitement.

"Janet, do you like nursing as much as I think you do?"

"How much do you think I do?" she countered.

"Well, let's put it this way: You are a pretty girl of more than average intelligence, yet you must be around twenty-four. Doesn't that prove that you've found a satisfaction in your work that love so far hasn't been able to displace?"

"You're very frank."

He chuckled. "I suspect you mean tactless. But I'm leading up to something and I want you to face the facts."

"What do you mean?"

"I think I told you I am more interested in pediatrics than any other branch of medicine, but I want to have children under my eye continually—not just treat them when they come here in desperation."

"Yes, I understand that."

"Would you consider turning Oakhart into a children's sanitarium?"

"Why, I hadn't thought about it, Richard."

"It sounds like an ideal spot."

"But you don't understand—Oakhart is mine, and the money to pay certain taxes and upkeep but I have no money to make an investment such as you suggest."

"That's where I come in."

"You, Richard?"

"We might be able to do it together. I've saved some of my salary, enough to pay for medical supplies and hospital beds and paying patients would carry it along. Of course, we'd be lucky to break even at first."

Some of his enthusiasm transmitted itself to her. She smiled at his eagerness. "You sound almost as though you'd been planning this."

"I have—for years, but I never thought the opportunity would come."

"But you've never seen Oakhart?"

"You've told me about it, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I haven't seen the top story myself."

His big hand closed convulsively over hers. "Lord, Janet, haven't I told you enough? Can't I make you see what this would mean?"

Suddenly his voice dropped. "I'm being presumptuous. Perhaps you are not interested—after all, I can't expect everyone to feel the way I do about this thing."

"I understand, Richard, and I think it's wonderful, too. It's well, it's just rather overwhelming, that's all."

"There's another thing— He seemed rather embarrassed now and unsure of himself. "Well, this is more personal, Janet. I don't quite know how to put it..."

She waited tensely, little dreaming what influence his next words were to have on his life.

"Cliff, I have something to tell you."

Janet clasped her hands, making an actual physical effort to remain calm, although her heart was thudding like a trip-hammer. "What is it?" He looked up from his desk in his cubby-hole of an office, all the slickness of their last meeting apparently dissipated.

"Richard Eynon and I are going to be married."

"You're a month late for April Fool, Janet, he said dryly.

"I am not fooling."

He stood up then, and walked around the desk until he faced her. His hands gripped her shoulders and he leaned closer staring directly into her eyes. What he saw there made him swear softly.

"Lord, Janet—what are you trying to do to me?"

"Nothing, Cliff, nothing. I don't want to hurt you, but I was afraid of hurting you more if you heard it from someone else."

"What am I supposed to think? Two weeks ago you told me you didn't love him, that he hardly knew you were alive."

"So much has happened since then."

"Evidently." He turned his back on her, staring out his small window at an opposite wing of the hospital.

"Do you want me to tell you, Cliff?"

"Confession is good for the soul, isn't it?" His voice was tight with sarcasm.


"Please don't take that attitude," Janet pleaded. "I'm ashamed of nothing I'm doing. When you hear about it, perhaps you'll understand."

"All right then, but make it short; I'm not made of iron."

She studied his broad shoulders encased in his professional starched jacket, wishing he would turn and face her.

To be continued.

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