



CRESCENT CARNIVAL

FRANCES PARRISON KEYES

(Continued)

Stella had thought they might manage some hand holding, even at De La Houssaye's Restaurant. But they were not inside the door before three men came up and hailed Raoul heartily. They did not seem to see Stella at all, for they insisted that Raoul must come in and have supper with them, and he, himself, apparently remembered her rather tardily, for it was not until he had accepted their invitation that he said oh, he had Miss Stella Fontaine of New Orleans along and of course she'd have supper with them, too. The men echoed oh, of course, but Stella thought the headdress in their voices fell away quite noticeably as they said it. They had installed her at a table for six in the very center of the room.

A rumor that Raoul was at the restaurant had reached Allain de Gruy, whose house was almost next door. He had not heard about Stella, and he burst into raucous laughter when he saw her. "We're just starting supper, Cousin Allain," she said. "Why don't you take the place at the foot of the table? You see I haven't any host, and I think it would be suitable if you'd act as one for me. That would make this a real family party."

Stella redoubled her efforts to deal competently with the supper party, and her success became more and more marked. It was Raoul who spoke the word that finally brought the gathering to a close. "Stella and I were on our way to Jeannerette when we met you. We were just going to snatch a sandwich here and then cruise along. Her grandmother's counting on me to get her back to Bois Fleur at something like a reasonable hour. It's been great seeing you all. Haan! it, Stella?"

"Yes, I've enjoyed every minute of it." They were safely back in the car again by themselves, they were speeding south, and Raoul was looking at her with affectionate approval. "Well, you certainly have all the makings of a politician's wife, and then some. You were simply swell all through supper. All those men will be your friends for life now. And what's more, they'll be mine too—you're not tired, are you?"

"No, Why?" "Because, no matter what your grandmother's counting on we're going to be pretty late getting home." "Are we really going to Jeannerette?" "Almost. At least, that was my idea. There's a plantation this side we can get out and sit under the oaks. That is, if you'd like to."

"Yes, I'd like to." She tried to say it quietly. She tried to suppress the tumult that was bursting the bounds of her heart and penetrating to the uttermost parts of her being. "Is there anything that means a lot to you, Stella?" he asked abruptly. "Not about being in love. But in the sense politics do to me."

"Yes, There is something I care about. I don't know whether I care so much as you do about politics, but I think so. It's music." "What kind of music?" "All kinds. But especially I like to sing." "Will you sing for me? After we get into the allee?"

"Yes, Would you like me to sing the song from Louise—the one Mary Garden sang in her first great hit?" "Yes, very much." They had reached the old allee of oaks which had once led to the great house of a proud plantation. When they were out of sight and hearing of the highway, Raoul stopped the car. "Sing to me now, honey," he said.

When the song came to an end Stella sat still, her hands tightly clasped in her lap. It seemed an eternity before Raoul spoke to her. When he did speak, his voice was so husky that she knew the reason he had not spoken before was because he could not.

"I should think you could sing," he said. The words told her everything she needed to know. But after a moment he went on with mounting vehemence. "What a voice! Stella, there isn't anything you won't be able to do with it!" "Grannie won't let me do anything with it. And besides, now—" "Besides, now—you've got to do something with it. We've got to think." He switched on the engine again and started the car. The shadow and silences still enveloped them. He drew her close to him. "I know the way you feel," he said. "I know you want to go with me. And I want to have you. I've got

York Highlights

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Vessey, Hazel and Lovna Vessey spent Saturday in the capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vessey spent Easter the guests of her mother, Mrs. Boyver, Covehead Road.

Miss Evelyn Underhay, teacher of York School is spending her holidays in Bay Fortune.

Miss Fredda Thompson of York spent Easter in Charlottetown at the home of her grandparent Mrs. Barwise.

Mrs. Harold Watts has returned to her home in York after an extended visit at her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Bradford, Black Harbor, Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lewis, York were Easter guests of Mrs. Lewis' sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd MacMillan, West Covehead.

Miss Bernice Lewis, Stenographer Halifax Seed Store, Charlottetown, spent Easter Sunday at York guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

Miss Christine Proude, teacher at Pleasant Grove spent Easter holidays at home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Proude.

Misses Aletha Brown, and Irene Chappell were Easter weekend guests at their parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chappell and Mr. and Mrs. Leith Brown of York.

Many friends and neighbors of Mrs. Proude, mother of the congenial and obliging Post Master, Mr. Peter Proude are pleased to learn that she is able to be about again after her severe attack of the "flu".

Miss Marguerite Vessey and Miss Mary Watts employed in Charlottetown spent the Easter holidays at their homes in York the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Vessey and Mr. and Mrs. George Watts.

Mrs. William Bowen of Wheatley River who has been visiting friends and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ling and family, for past six weeks has returned to her home in Wheatley River accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ling, Bonnell, Joyce and Earla Ling on Sunday last.

The "Canadian Girls in Training" York group of the United Church, met at the manse on Friday night, March 23rd. The leader, Mrs. Douglas led the devotional period. Usual business and arrangement for a C. G. I. T. concert assisted by the Trail Rangers were made which will be held in York Hall on the Easter night service by furnishing special music. These youthful singers will be the future choir of the church. Games

to save you all I can. I've let you in for enough already. So I can't save you from much. But I can save you from some. Of what you'd rush into if I'd only let you.

"Won't you let me rush into anything, Raoul?" "I've already let you rush into an engagement. That is, I suppose we are engaged. Aren't we?" "I—I hope so."

"All right. I hope so, too. So we are. You can tell the world we are, if you want to. I'm going to tell a few people myself, right away. The more people you tell, the better I think it will be. When everyone knows, it will give you a chance to find out whether you can stand hearing your friends in New Orleans say, 'My dear, have you heard about Stella Fontaine? She's fallen for a common Cajun from Abbeville. And of course her grandmother's heart is broken.' It will be, too, you know, Stella. But I think we've talked enough for a while."

"You mean that now you're going to take me home?" "Yes, that's what I mean. Listen, Stella. This is the biggest thing that's ever happened to either of us—the biggest thing that ever will happen. It'll be hard tonight, for me to take you home now. It'll be hard for you to go. It's for you to choose, though, Stella," he said steadily.

She drew a deep breath. "No," she said. "It isn't. You've chosen. And you're right. But, Raoul, we can still kiss each other, anyway, can't we?" He laughed. It was a joyous laugh, snapping the tension between them, dispelling the hopelessness that threatened them. He put his arms around her again. "You bet we can," he said. "And now—"

(To be continued)

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

because babies are a natural by-product of marriage. It is just your misfortune that you have had ill health as a result. Nothing your husband was responsible for.

And don't forget that he has got a bad break as well as you have. He has had the anxiety about your health, the terrible bills that have had to be incurred for nurses and doctors and hospitals, and the depression of having to come home every night to a sick and nervous wife instead of a jolly and healthy one.

Snap out of it. Try to see the situation from his point of view, and instead of reproaching him with what you consider his neglect, tell him how wonderful you think he is in being patient with you. He has done the sensible thing in sending you to your parents, where you have better care than he can give you and so he can have a chance to pay up your bills. Now you be sensible and leave your baby with your mother and go to some specialist who can cure you. Don't let your morbid frame of mind wreck your life.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We are two 16-year-old girls who are tired of the old-fashioned ideas about petting. Here is the way we look at it. There are only two reasons why a thing should not be done—because of harm to yourself or someone else, or of others' opinions. We think we do ourselves no harm, and we believe that intelligent people do not think less of us for doing it.

ANSWER: But the petter does do herself harm when she throws away all the reserves of maidenhood, and when she violates all the canons of good taste. No man feels he need respect the girl who is a heavy petter.

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

Science against pain

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L.V. SUMMERSIDE—

For Charlottetown—7:15 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 2:45 p.m., daily ex. Sun. For Borden—7:15 a.m. daily ex. Sun.; 2:45 p.m. daily ex. Sun. For Tignish—6:15 p.m. daily ex. Sun.; 12:01 p.m. Mon., Wed., Fri.

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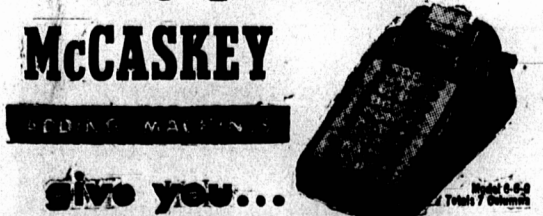
Lv. Borden pier 9:10 a.m. Lv. Cape Tormentine pier 2:40 p.m.

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F. A. McCourt 182 Queen St. Charlottetown

Hazen Howard, Presbyterial president. Miss Vodia MacKay was the adopted missionary for prayer. Gifts were received for the Port Worker in Halifax.

Fifty-eight home and eleven hospital calls had been made. Five books were read. Thankoffering envelopes and Monthlys were passed out. "Arose" was the word chosen to answer the roll call at the April meeting which will be held at the home of Mrs. LePage.

Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Riply are on the Lunch committee. The meeting closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison. A dainty lunch was passed and a social time was enjoyed.

WOODVALE SCHOOL

Report for March. Grade IX—Leigh MacMillan. Grade VI Sr.—Edward Proff. Grade VI Jr.—1. James Broderick; 2. Edith Hardy; 3. Irene Hardy. Grade V—1. Emmett Proff, Isabel MacMillan.

The March meeting of the Auxiliary of the W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. W. J. Patterson. The Easter Worship Service was opened by the President repeating the theme: "The War for Love and Peace," and reading the call to worship.

"The Head that Once was Crowned with Thorns" was sung, followed by Mrs. Carew reading a poem from the Missionary Monthly. Mrs. Orville Sellar read the scripture lesson, taken from Ephesians. All knelt in the circle of prayer. The offering was received and dedicated by singing three verses of "Take My Life and Let It Be."

Mrs. Bulman read Kagawa's poem: "Love Means Adventure". Mrs. J. S. MacLeod read "A call to Prayer," taken from a previous monthly. The singing of "Lead on, O King Eternal," closed the Worship service.

"Which Way Japan?" the last chapter of the study book, was presented by Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. Sellar, Mrs. Carew, Mrs. Cousins and Mrs. Bernard. Mrs. MacLeod the Literature secretary, introduced the books of the bookshelf and passed out several books to members to read. She urged every member to read Kinoshima.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and the roll call was answered by fifteen members. A letter was read from Mrs.

Grade III—1. Eileen Ahearn; 2. Leo Proff; 3. Jean Proff. Grade II—1. Winston Hardy; 2. Charlotte Proff. Grade I—1. Wilfred Broderick; 2. Robert Hardy. Perfect attendance: Eileen Ahearn, Leo Proff, Jean Proff.



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