

**FOR WOMEN (WHO BAKE AT HOME) ONLY**  
*BETWEEN US GIRLS*

YOU CERTAINLY CAN DEPEND ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!

YES - IT GIVES SUCH DELICIOUS FLAVOR IN YOUR BAKING

FLEISCHMANN'S WORKS FAST

DON'T THEY RISE BEAUTIFULLY LIGHT AND TENDER!

AND HOW! THOSE LUNCHEON ROLLS MUST BE READY ALREADY!

**3 out of 4 Canadian Women prefer . . FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST**

FRESH or the NEW FAST DRY

Needs NO Refrigeration!

**MAGIC makes baking fine-textured, delicious!**

**CINNAMON SANDWICH BISCUITS**

Mix and sift once, then sift into a bowl, 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1 1/4 c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 3 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/4 tsp. salt and 1/4 c. fine granulated sugar. Cut in finely 4 lbs. chilled shortening. Combine 1 well-beaten egg, 1/2 c. milk and 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquid; mix lightly with a fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead for 10 seconds on lightly-floured board and roll out to 1/8" thickness; shape with floured 1 1/2" cutter. Cream together 1 1/2 tps. soft butter or margarine, 1/4 c. lightly-packed brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind and 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon. Using only about half of the creamed mixture, place a small spoonful of the mixture on half of the cut-out rounds of dough; top with remaining rounds of dough and press around edges to seal. Spread biscuits with remaining creamed mixture and arrange, slightly apart, on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven, 375°, about 12 minutes. Serve warm. Yield—16 biscuits.

**CRISPER! LIGHTER! MORE PER PACKAGE!**

**MCCORMICK'S**

JERSEY CREAM SODA

REACH FOR THE BRIGHT BLUE BOX!

**The Neighbors** By George Clark

"The boss would be happier if he'd stayed in the air force."

**P. W. C. Graduates**

**ALICE NOREEN CONNOLLY**  
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Connolly, Charlottetown. Noreen graduated from St. Joseph's Convent to P. W. C. in 1946. This year she is a member of the Times Staff. Noreen plans to continue her Science course at Saint Dunstan's University.

**GEORGE ERIC THEO CROZIER**  
Halls from Darnley, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crozier. Theo enrolled in the Special Matriculation class in 1947, and after graduation this year intends to enter the teaching profession. During the past year, Theo has been president of the S. C. M.

**BEVERLEY PATRICIA FITZGERALD**  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. FitzGerald, Charlottetown. Beverley graduated from Saint Joseph's Convent, receiving the Governor General's Medal, and entered the Special Matriculation Class of P. W. C. in 1947. This year she is Alumni Editor for the College Times, and is also a member of the Welshman staff. Her plans are indefinite.

**ISAAC CLAUDE GODFREY**  
Claude is one of our veterans who returned to Prince of Wales in 1946 after spending more than three years with the services. He plans on attending Macdonald College next year to continue his course in agriculture.

Photos by Craswell

**Dorothy Dix Says: -**

Continued from page 2

necessities as powder and lipstick, to say nothing of clothes. I do without the things I need rather than ask him. I envy the girls in his employ who can look forward to a pay envelope on Saturday night.

F. G.

ANSWER: I have written on this subject a million times and I shall write on it a million times more, hoping that I can make a husband here and there understand how foolish and unjust he is in refusing to give his wife a definite personal allowance for her own use. The majority of husbands do not do this through stinginess, because in the end it saves nothing to pay a wife's bills instead of giving her the money to pay them herself. They do it because they have the idea that women do not feel about financial independence as they do, and that they are not humiliated by having to panhandle a husband for every cent they have.

No man would want to go to even the kindest father and ask him for carfare and cigarette money. Nor would he think it fair to work for father without getting a salary, and having father dole him out a nickel now and then and buy him clothes when he needed them. If a woman hasn't enough sense to handle a few dollars, she isn't fit to be a man's wife and rear his children. If he can't trust her with his pocketbook, surely he can't trust her with his name. And, if he doesn't care enough for her not to want to humiliate her by turning her into an unpaid servant, he should not have married her.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: How can a girl tell if she is boy crazy?  
E. M. W.

ANSWER: Same way she could tell if she had the measles. It breaks out all over her and is an affliction she cannot hide. If you think about boys all day and dream about them by night, if every little pimply adolescent youth seems like a hero and a gift from God to you; if there is no pleasure in doing anything if boys are not along, then you are boy crazy. And may Heaven preserve you while the mental aberration lasts!

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

**Ellen's Diary**

Continued from page 2

The latter was the favorite and with it there were pieces of cake eaten as is their custom, from the icing downward, until last crumbs vanished.

James who much enjoys family gatherings beamed around the table. "This now," he commented, "to my mind is fine—you've got your mother back" he said to the lady "but I'm afraid that something's gone wrong now with your grandmother!" "Karolyn laughed, and "Yes" he nodded "I'm sadly afraid, do you know what I caught her doing when I came in for a drink of water this afternoon, and you were at the house across the lane? I'll be best if she wasn't whitening this ceiling! Now wasn't that a queer thing to be doing and us at the sawing? Did you ever hear of the like before; I didn't—not in all my time! The farmers' wives I known wouldn't think of taking up any work of their own on an afternoon like this—they'd keep their thoughts glued on the out-of-doors, and be ready to clap down the tea-

pot at a moments notice—and not have to be told to do it either! Yes" he gave a chuckle in which he was joined by the others. "I believe that stay away hasn't help your grandmother!" Thus it was that two chores made progress today at Alderlea—the wood-sawing and the seasonal cleaning.

"April is slipping away, isn't it?" James says, drawing off boots that tonight contain more than neat feet—"Sawdust" granddaughter looked at the heap of it in a yard wistfully this evening "is the best stuff to mix with sand for mud-pies!"—"and so has this day!"

Until tomorrow . . . . . Diary . . . . . Good-night.

**Chipman Knit HOSIERY FAVORITES with ALL THE FAMILY**

**Murder Could Not Kill**

"I hadn't the chance. Whoever it was seemed to have been interrupted. At any rate, the call was cut off."

Barbara van Buren wrinkled her brows anxiously. "Strange," she muttered.

"I should say it was," agreed Robin. "Anyway, I set out on foot for 'The Three Choughs.'" He then related what had befallen him on way.

She heaved a genuine sigh of relief as he finished his story. She was thankful that at least she had escaped being a party to a dastardly crime.

"How glad I am nothing worse happened, Mr. Foster," she said. "But why should this happen to you?"

He shook his head but answered brightly, "Somebody doesn't love me, that's clear."

"This friend of yours, Mr. Foster, the friend who got you away from these men—how fortunate it was he should chance on the scene. Who was it?"

Robin hesitated, then, shrugging his shoulders in a gesture of indifference, smiled "It wasn't a he. It was a lady, Miss Laurette Dexter."

She stared at him in amazement. "Miss Dexter," she repeated in a hushed tone. "Why—"

"You know her?" Robin asked sharply.

"I know of her," she answered. "Who in this world doesn't?"

"Of course, I'd forgotten the newspapers. She's downstairs now, as matter of fact, with her car. She's going to run me up."

"I want to meet Miss Dexter. Come right along and introduce us."

She almost ran downstairs. Without waiting for Robin to effect an introduction she went straight forward to where Laurette Dexter was standing.

"Good evening, I'm Barbara van Buren. Mr. Foster had just been telling me of your adventure tonight. Absolutely thrilling! And so courageous of you. I'm so anxious to hear more about it. Won't you change your mind about going up to Town and just stay right here to join my party, Miss Dexter?"

Laurette, smiling, studied Barbara with interest. "I'm afraid not, thanks very much. Any other time I'd have loved to, but just now I really must get back to London. I'm sorry."

"That is a pity. Perhaps you are anxious to inform the police of what happened to-night."

"As a matter of fact, Miss van Buren," Laurette said decisively, "We are not thinking of informing the police at all—not at the moment, at any rate. We both feel we have had enough publicity, and"—a gracious smile covered the barb of her words—"we thought perhaps it would be unpleasant for you to be brought into the matter; as of course you would be. It would have to be explained why Mr. Foster was down here."

Barbara van Buren glanced swiftly from one to the other, and with a sudden spurt of vindictiveness she added: "Probably you do not wish your fiance to feel unduly worried."

"Meaning?" demanded Laurette.

"Why Mr. Peter Lessing, is it not? I have seen photographs of both of you frequently enough in the illustrated papers. You are engaged to him, aren't you?"

"I was," rejoined Laurette then, curiously and significantly. "Good night, Miss van Buren." And turning without even glancing at Robin, she stepped through the entrance door.

Raising his hat, Robin also said good night. Barbara van Buren stood there, her eyes fixed not on the two disappearing figures but on some vision beyond her present environment, as if suddenly she had seen the gates of some long-dreamed-of paradise slowly open.

**INSTALLMENT 18.**

The light from a street lamp in Ladbroke Road shone on the features of a man unobtrusively pacing to and fro sentrywise within a short area near the entrance to No. 144. They were revealed as the features of Inspector West. For the past fifteen minutes the inspector had kept patient vigil there. It was after two o'clock in the morning, and an hour previously he had been compelled to rouse himself from sound sleep and a comfortable bed at the call of duty.

The approach of a car along the otherwise deserted road arrested his attention, but there was not the slightest alteration in his attitude as he watched it closely. The car slowed down as it met and passed him, crawled alongside the kerb for a few yards, and stopped. From

it descended Robin Foster. The inspector, who had turned as he observed the car's speed slacken, walked towards it unhesitatingly. Unaware of the detective's interest, Robin whose back was turned to West, raised his hat and waved a cheerful good night to the driver of the car, the engine of which had been kept running. The driver, Laurette Dexter, responded gaily as she drove away.

Robin turned and stepped briskly across the paved walk to the door of No. 144. He was fumbling for his key when Inspector West hailed him quietly.

Robin swung round in astonishment. "Good lord," he ejaculated as he peered at the detective's face, "It's Inspector West, isn't it?" "It is. You have just got back from Clobham, haven't you?"

It was impossible for Robin to restrain a look of bewilderment. "How do you do it, my dear Holmes?" he asked with a cheerful laugh, recovering himself. "You're right first shot. That is where I've come from."

"Well, I'd like to talk to you. It's important."

Once inside No. 144, Robin showed the detective into the sitting-room which formed part of his menage.

"What were you doing at Clobham, Mr. Foster, may I ask?"

"You may," Robin answered cheerfully, despite his acute apprehension. "I went down there to see about painting a lady's portrait. How did you know I'd been there? As a matter of fact, how did you come to know I wouldn't be there still?"

To be continued

**Enticement**

Filmy, gossamer, 60 gauge PHANTOM Nylons—sheer than sheer—enticing from every viewpoint. More snag-resistant, more wear-resistant.

**Phantom**  
\*Trade Name Registered  
\*Design Mark Registered

NATIONAL HOSIERY MILLS LIMITED • HAMILTON, ONTARIO

**THE FASHION SHOPPE**  
141 Great George St. Phone 55

**Card Of Thanks**

I wish to thank the Clergy, Sisters, Doctors and Nurses of the Charlottetown Hospital. . . . . Also all those who remembered me with cards, fruit, ice cream and different treats while in the Hospital.

Mrs. James McCann, East Royalty.

**CARD OF THANKS**

Mrs. Stephen L. Thompson and Family wishes to acknowledge with thanks all flowers and messages of sympathy and assistance rendered by their relatives and friends. Also Dr. R. Murchison, Hunter River, during their recent sad bereavement.

**SWIFT 'N SURE** by T.R.M.\*

Hasn't Sis asked her best beau to dinner tonight? Bet Mom's forgotten. I'll drop by and remind her!

Heavens! I did forget. What can I serve that's good and quick?

Have cold meats! Tim will add Pickle and Pimento loaf!

But where will I get cold meats good enough for dinner?

At my butchers! He's a Swift Authorized Dealer!

YOU CAN BUY Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats with complete confidence! Each nutritious, fine-tasting, succulent meat or sausage is unconditionally guaranteed the finest of its kind. Look for them wherever you see the Authorized Dealer sign!

\*TABLE-READY MEATS