

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride

THESE TRUNK HINGES WERE NEVER MADE TO HOLD MY STUFF.

THANK HEAVENS! THAT'S OVER! NOW TO CALL THE EXPRESS MAN.

SO THAT'S WHY YOU WERE TRYING TO GET MY ATTENTION, I MISSED ALL THAT!

A Woman's Remedy For Dull Back Pains

"How gloriously well I feel now—just like a new woman—all this change has been brought about by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Those dull back-pains are gone forever. I am 'regular,' no headaches, no liver-spells, no lack of appetite. I am in the best of good health—thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

No inconvenience—no pains or griping with Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they work silently, while you are at sleep.

To help rid yourself of "blues"—to feel more active, more full of energy and good spirits, regulate with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold at all druggists.

CIVIL AVIATION IN INDIA

NEW DELHI—(CP)—The Air Transport Inquiry Committee set up by the government has circulated a questionnaire eliciting data on the organization and the development of civil aviation in India. J. I. Watkins, expert adviser from Australia, assisted the committee.

WALTHAMSTOW, Essex, England—(CP)—Walthamstow children are to exchange visits with Swedish children this summer.

Murder Could Not Kill

The letter addressed to the editor of the Stage Chronicle, was written from the Pyrrhic Theater.

Dear Sir—I have been keenly interested in the black and white work appearing in your pages signed "Foster." I wonder if you could arrange for this artist to do a caricature of me in the manner of your "Pertinent Portraits"? I would have written to him direct, but was not sure if Foster is actually his name. Of course, I do not ask that the drawing should be reproduced in your valuable paper—I am not writing in the hope of publicity. I myself would pay "Foster" his customary fee.

Sincerely, Barbara Van Buren.

"Well," Robin asked, "who is she?"

"Nasty, nasty. Don't pretend you haven't heard of her."

"Oh, I've heard of her; one reads names, naturally, but I don't know anything about her. Would she make a good subject? What's she like?"

"She's a courageous woman, anyhow, to risk having her face maltreated by you. The females have usually shied away from your grizzled pencil so far. She's the lead in that American company that came over two or three months ago in One Woman—a pretty punk play it is. I don't think it can last many weeks more. She's good, though—and good looking; that's putting it mildly. You're in luck, my lad."

Don't be a fathead. Would you use the thing if I did it?"

"I don't see why not. And I really don't think she's hunting for publicity—certainly not the kind you'll give her. I fancy she's genuine when she says that. Are you going to take it on?"

"Yes, certainly. I like American women; those I've met. They're generally—anyway, I like 'em. You say she really is a good actress?"

"First-class. The play's not, through. It's a rechauffe; merely old-fashioned heavy melodrama cut and spiced up to suit the modern style. I don't know why on earth they brought it over to London. Someone with plenty must be backing it good and heavy. I should imagine it's been losing money right from the start."

"You haven't heard who is behind it?"

"No, I can't say I have. Despite the fact that someone must be, it's only fair to say that there's been none of the usual rumours about the van Buren."

"That relieves my artless, unsophisticated mind," smiled Robin, and after exchanging a little shop with his friend and editor, he pitched the stub of his cigarette in the empty fireplace and departed.

That evening, having arranged the appointment, he went to the Pyrrhic Theater.

When he was shown into Barbara van Buren's dressing-room he found her seated before her three-sided table-mirror intently completing some readjustment of her make-up.

She received him warmly enough, throwing out a hand for him to touch in greeting.

"So you're the Mr. Foster," she said in a deep, rich voice. "It's very nice of you to come right along. I do like people who got on with it and don't lurk about."

Robin murmured something conventional and studied her in silence as she continued to peer into the different angles of her mirror. Even from her reflections and al-

though her face was loaded with make-up for the footlights, he could see she was a very beautiful woman of a luscious croise type. He judged her to be in the early thirties.

Rising, she drew her wrap close very lovely. She said a word to her dresser hovering attentively near and the woman left the room. The actress then pulled her chair away from her dressing-table and sat down in it, directly facing him. She indicated a chair to him.

"Please sit, Mr. Foster. Now, do you think I'm liable to prove a good subject?" she asked, smiling.

"Don't hurry your answer. I don't go on for a little yet and it won't take me a minute to climb into my frock."

"From my point of view, yes," he replied. "Whether the result will please you is another matter."

"Oh, well, I came after you, so it's my funeral it's a fable of mind to collect unusual representations of myself, and yours, I believe, judging from what I've observed, will be that... Well?"—her eyes twinkled in amusement at his deliberately calculating regard—

"Let's have it. What do you make of me?"

At that moment Robin, quite frankly, was thinking she was one of the most prepossessing women he had ever met. Although no longer quite in the first bloom of her marvellous beauty, she had a perfection of poise that probably she had lacked in earlier years, and he was deeply impressed by it. Her hair was a deep brown, her wide-set eyes hazel—the eyes of a woman without illusions, with an infinite knowledge of the world and its ways, cynical yet tender.

"Well—why don't you go ahead? Don't you intend to make a few notes?" she proceeded in a tone of mild surprise. "Don't say you've lost your pencil," she added, smiling.

"I make my notes mentally," said Robin. "I work directly from memory—my visual memory is naturally good and I have trained it as well; it simplifies this sort of work immensely."

"In that case, if you merely want to look at me and talk to me, do have a cigarette to relieve the painful process—painful to you, I mean," she hastened to add pleas-

The Flour that Blooms in the Oven

EASIER TO USE... BETTER RESULTS

BLOSSOM OF CANADA FLOUR

AIRCRAFT WORKERS LAID OFF

TORONTO, April 20 — (CP) — A.V. Roe, Ltd., aircraft firm at suburban Malton, will lay off 175 workers on Friday, the company announced today. R. Fairbairn, industrial relations manager, said the lay-off was due to a drop in R.C.A.F. requirements for overhauls and reconversions, chiefly on Mitchell bombers. The company employs 2,000.

To be continued

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

WHEN THE TOWNLEYS BUILT IN THE SUBURBS THEY TOOK MORE PAINS WITH THE GARAGE THAN THE REST OF THE JOINT—

AIR CONDITIONING IN THE GARAGE? I NEVER HEARD OF IT, BUT IF YOU WANT IT WE CAN DO IT!

YUP! FIREPROOF THE WALLS AND WATERPROOF THE FOUNDATION, AND PUT A SEPARATE THERMOSTAT IN THE GARAGE, AND I WANT A BURGLAR ALARM ON THE DOOR. MY CAR'S GOTTA ROLL IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER!

NOW THEY COMMUTE TO WORK AND GUESS WHERE THE CAR STANDS ALL DAY, RAIN OR SHINE, THE YEAR AROUND.

THANKS TO MRS. ROBT HUIF 2088 LIVINGSTON ST. ELLENTOWN, PA.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

LMM—TRAMPING THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF A JOB BEFITTING A HOOPLE IS WARM WORK—MY THROAT IS PARCHED! HEADS, I TARRY HERE FOR A COOLING DRAUGHT TAILS, I RESOLUTELY TURN AWAY AND TAKE UP THE QUEST!

BAR

BOCK BEER

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BET HE TAKES UP THE QUEST? THAT'S A DOUBLE-HEADED COIN!

OUT OUR WAY

NO, NO, NO! NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NO, HAMP, I WON'T ALLOW IT!

SEE TH' GUY EASE IN AND JUMP OUT? HE TOLD ME HE WAS GONNA HIT TH' BULL FOR A NEW LATHE CHUCK, BUT HE THINKS HE'S FOUND HIM IN A BAD "NO" HUMOR!

"NO" IS JUST AS DECEIVIN' AS "YES"! TH' BULL'S REALLY IN HIS BEST HUMOR—HE'S REFUSIN' TO LET HAMP TAKE A DIRTY JOB!

FRIGOR UNIT AND REFRIGERATING SWAPPING GEAR

THE NOES HAVE IT

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

Would you like to MODEL for Community and win all these Exciting AWARDS in New York?



HERE IS WHAT YOU DO

Bring your photograph with you to our store and fill in an application form. Mail it with your photograph to Jon Whitcomb, c/o Onida Community Limited, Niagara Falls, Canada, before midnight, May 1st.

AND WIN ALL THESE Exciting AWARDS

- * All expense trip to New York for you and your own chaperone (or husband). Stay at the Waldorf-Astoria for five days.
- * Model for Jon Whitcomb, painter of COMMUNITY'S beautiful young women. \$100 fee per day, for three days (Canadian Funds).
- * \$100 (U.S. Funds) for incidental expenses.
- * The original portrait of yourself by Jon Whitcomb (Value \$2000).

FOUR EXTRA PRIZES—Four other lucky girls will each receive a \$100 Canada Savings Bond.

This contest is sponsored by the members of Community, the Finest Silverplate.

Fill an Application Form at THE ROGERS HARDWARE COMPANY LIMITED

Last Call! Only Seven Days Left!

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK (For Two)! MODEL FOR JON WHITCOMB (\$100 a day)!

Model Search, by Community Silverplate, ends May 1st

If you have ever dreamed of being a real-life cover girl, this may be your long-awaited opportunity.

Jon Whitcomb, famous New York illustrator, is looking for five new, undiscovered feminine faces for modelling for color-page advertisements of Community Silverplate. ONE WILL BE A CANADIAN GIRL.

Easy to Enter—Nothing to Buy **HURRY — APPLY TODAY!**

Take your photograph (snap-shot will do) to your favourite silverware dealer. He will give you an entry blank. Fill it in and mail it with your photograph to JON WHITCOMB, not later than midnight, May 1st.

► **FOUR OTHER LUCKY CANADIAN GIRLS WILL EACH RECEIVE A \$100 DOMINION GOVERNMENT BOND**

Some Lucky Canadian Girl Will Win!

- 1 Free, all-expense trip to New York for the girl and her chaperone (or husband). Stay at the Waldorf-Astoria for five days.
- 2 \$100 a day (Canadian funds) model fee while posing for Jon Whitcomb (approximately 3 days).
- 3 \$100 (U.S. funds) for incidental expenses.
- 4 Original of the \$2000 painting by Jon Whitcomb.

Community THE FINEST SILVERPLATE ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED (Division of Onida Ltd., Niagara Falls, Can.)

Would you like to model in New York for a painting like this?



Enter the Community MODEL SEARCH NOW and win all these exciting awards!

- * All expense trip to New York for you and your own chaperone (or husband). Stay at the Waldorf-Astoria for five days.
 - * Model for Jon Whitcomb, painter of COMMUNITY'S beautiful young women. \$100 fee per day, for three days (Canadian Funds).
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- This contest is sponsored by the members of Community, the Finest Silverplate.

Fill in your Application Form at

G. H. Taylor Jewellers for Four Generations

WILL A GIRL IN CHARLOTTETOWN BE THE MODEL Jon Whitcomb "THE FAMOUS ARTIST" IS LOOKING FOR?



HOLMAN'S

will give you all the details about the—

Community MODEL SEARCH THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

win all these exciting awards—

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Fill in your Application Form at

HOLMAN'S 2 BIG STORES SUMMERSIDE & CHARLOTTETOWN