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Jack Cameron "The Store for Men" CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

He remained on the opposite side the street, lounging in a convenient doorway. His self-imposed vigil was, however, more extended than he had looked for. A full half-hour passed; then came closing time—and "The Man With a Scythe" began to disgorge its garrulous customers. But none from that side door under the archway. Robin began to feel seriously alarmed as the lights in the front window of the public house went out. Should he try to effect an entrance into "The Man With a Scythe" to see if Laurette were all right—or was it a matter for the police? He would look foolish, of course, if he informed the police and it were discovered that nothing really was wrong. While he was still considering what he should do, he heard the sound of the unbolting of the side door, which opened to reveal Laurette. She set off briskly in the direction she had come. He was relieved that apparently no harm had befallen her. He determined, however, not to let her know that he had followed her. Not that he felt ashamed of having done so—in his heart he knew he had honestly been impelled to it by fears for the safety of one whom he—well, whom he had come to admire more than any woman he had ever known. He purposely allowed her to reach Leinster Gardens before he overtook her. "I thought it was you, Miss Dexter," he began as he reached her side. She stopped with a start and stared at him, sudden fright in her eyes. Then she smiled. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Foster." Immediately she was perfectly composed again. "A bit off your usual track, isn't it?" she asked, with a note of challenge in her voice. He did not immediately reply. "Well, we needn't exactly take root here," Laurette said. "As you might guess, I'm heading for home." He fell into step with her, and, as they walked, replied as nonchalantly as he was able: "I've been taking a stroll. I was at the Lyric, doing a drawing of Norman Ashcroft for that series of caricatures running in the Stage Chronicle. I think I told you of them. I started to walk home to my digs, and—well I'll admit I'm in this particular district because I

Pioneer Days

Continued from page 2 around, their numbers had thinned to a mere sprinkling.

At present prices, foxes are hardly worth their keep, yet here and there throughout the Province, you'll find men who still have faith in the future of the industry. These few are holding on to the best animals, experimenting and hoping that one day the tide will turn. If this should happen, the ranchers who held over stock would be in on the ground and in a position to retrieve their losses and perhaps sort away a few gold bricks. Before preparing this article, I talked with former ranchers who told me they have little faith in the industry staging a come-back, that mink and not foxes would rule future markets. Of one thing, however, we may be certain, namely, that neither pelts nor breeding stock will ever again bring the fancy prices they fetched back in the boom days of 1912-1918. Today many escaped foxes and their offsprings are roaming our fields and what is left of our forests. In some sections of the Island, these marauders have been doing serious damage to grain stock and they are not above poaching, as a good many chicken farmers know to their sorrow. Should this continue, our Government may yet have to put a bounty on fox snouts. Should that day come, we could truly say "How are the mighty fallen!"

was actually contemplating ringing your bell to ask if you would care to come out somewhere with me—anywhere."

Laurette did not answer, so he went on hurriedly:

"I say, Miss Dexter, I'm sorry. Perhaps it was presumptuous, and know it's not my job, but I hate to think of your being—" "Oh, that's all right," she interjected easily, as he hesitated. "I was merely thinking it was rather late."

The answer was decidedly embarrassing. Robin could not very well tell her he contemplated "ringing her bell" a full hour and half earlier without inviting a query as to why he had not done so.

"Yes, it is rather late. And in any case you've already been out."

He laughed. "I thought perhaps you'd be —be moping indoors."

He had presented to tell him what she had been doing. But he was doomed to disappointment. "Say, Robin Foster," she said, turning to him quizzingly, "don't you keep a tag on me! Aren't you just the prize Pinkerton? Can't a lady moon around for a spell on her own in this country, just before bedtime? I'm not scared of being alone, ever."

They had now reached her house, and there she turned and held out her hand.

"All the same, thanks, 'friend Robin. It's kind of you to think of me as you do, but just now I'll say good-night. I'm just a little tired and want my bed. Call me up any time."

Slowly he moved along the Crescent. His head bent in thought, he did not observe two men who, from their respective positions, one against the railings of the little square at the west end of the Crescent and the other in the shadow of the opposite corner house, watched him intently as he walked towards Bayswater Road. To be continued

Country Garden

Continued from page 2

in the digging; this is very important and earth must adhere to the roots, drying out is fatal. Plant about twelve or fourteen inches apart and if any should die replace immediately; the second year the hedge should be lightly trimmed in June when the new growth is soft and this is trimmed carefully, old wood when cut will leave hard dead ends. I have found that evergreen hedges will not tolerate any shade even tall perennials will spoil a corner and wild roses or other fast growing shrubs can do a great deal of harm to a hedge before you are aware of the damage. Shape as you wish in the trimming, wider at the ground and the White Spruce tends itself to the art of topley and rivals the Yew of England when carefully shaped. Thanks for the letter and poems written by a lady in the Western Capital. Will she please send me another copy of her letter as the last one has been lost?

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

ning and were glad when the lights appeared and all was bright and pleasant within. With seasonal haste farmers took advantage of last sleighing along the fields or roadway to lessen or complete ends of hauling. What hopes are contained in the logs that pass now to the saw-mill! What comfort is assured in last loads of fuel-wood drawn to a yard!

And now the day fades in an inky darkness lit only by the musical tinkle of the streamlets, that bear away Winter's dead legion in passing. Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night. . . .

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

floving with the news of the house and the neighborhood and who can't go to the corner grocery without picking up a funny little story. Stevenson rated being a good gossip as the most important quality a wife could have, and he wasn't far wrong.

And certainly we must admit that reticence is a cloak of ice about an individual that chills any friendly impulse we may have toward her. We never seem to get close to such a one. We never feel really acquainted with her because we never know what she is thinking or feeling, or anything about her private affairs.

So I think learning to talk is a necessary accomplishment for women, and no line they can carry is as good a line as one of innocuous chatter.

DEAR MISS DIX: Five years ago I married the girl of my dreams and until some six months ago she continued to be just that in my ideals and affections. Then she admitted to me that she liked another man very much and had had several dates with him. She says she feels no love whatever for him, just a desire to be dated by another man occasionally. We have three fine children and she has been a wonderful mother and does not neglect the children, our home or me. I have done everything possible to make my wife happy and we live comfortably, but I have known for years that I have not been her ideal but her necessity and it is bitter knowledge. What shall I do? Shall I let my wife go out with other men or what?

AN UNHAPPY HUSBAND

ANSWER: Men are possessive by nature and it is easy to understand how a man who is as devoted to his wife as you are would find it a heart-breaking experience to discover that he was not all in all to her, as she is to him. But, your wife is as she is made and you have to take her on that platform.

Perhaps she married too young, before she had ceased to thrill at the thought that she was attractive to men. Perhaps she is one of the women who can never love one man very deeply, but who will always crave the admiration of many men. Perhaps she is actuated by a little of all of these motives. However that may be, there she is, bored with you, bored with her children and her home, wanting to



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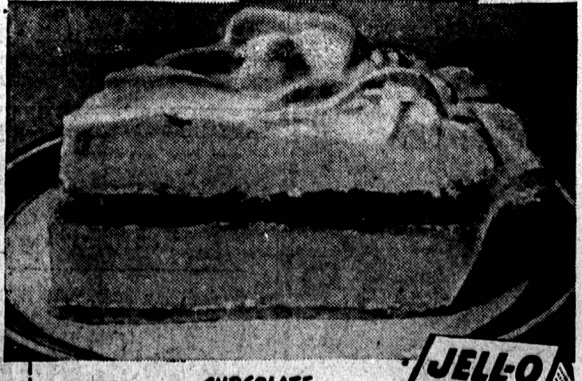
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have a little fling, and what are you going to do about it? I think you had best make a virtue of necessity and make the grand gesture of giving her free permission to have dates with other men. Thereby you will also do much to rob the situation of its glamour. She won't find half the kick in an affair that is chaperoned by husband, so to speak, as she would in one where she was deceiving husband and outwitting him and expecting every moment to be discovered.

Your main object in life is to keep your home together and give your children a mother's care, so deal diplomatically with your wife. And don't let the present situation make you too unhappy. The chances are that she will love you all the better for comparing you with the men she goes out with, and come home to you after her little outing, satisfied to stay in the domestic fold.

DEAR MISS DIX: Every time I get a pretty maid I catch my husband kissing her. What can I do to stop it? G. L. M.

ANSWER: I should think the best remedy for the situation would be to employ only old and homely maids. That probably wouldn't stop him from kissing pretty girls, but it would prevent your having to change servants so often.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



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BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

J.R. WILLIAMS