

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Chapter XXII

"I understood you to say yesterday that the trip is over so far as you were concerned," Wallis Kano told Maids.

"Don't be nasty, Wally. How can it be over when we're still here?" "That's the point. We oughtn't to be here. Lex-Lohngrin isn't paying our bed and board for life, you know. How much money have you left?"

"Not much." She emitted a low wail. "And my clothes are on the ship."

"Yes. They had the sense not to get left."

She took the defensive. "You needn't be suspicious about it. I didn't mean to miss their old ship. It wasn't my fault."

Maids felt the resentful blood sting her cheeks. She had suffered the charge of irresponsibility too often and too justly at home not to be stirred. "How do you know so much about me?" she demanded.

"Intensive study of the subject. I'm learning every minute."

"Well, I've found out some things about you, too," she retorted darkly.

"Preserve them. The question is cash on hand. I've enough for your minimum passage home and nothing better."

"I don't want your money. I wouldn't touch it."

"It isn't my money. Lex-Lohngrin will settle eventually. I thought you understood that. Metey's left you in my charge." He was commanding himself to patience.

"I won't be in your charge." He rose. "Then I am afraid. In that case I'll see what I can do about my own passage."

Maids wished she had a better basis for judging whether or not this was a bluff. The matter-of-fact manner in which he expressed his intention gave her a slightly chilly sensation. Despite this person though she might and though she told herself that she ought to, the idea of his sailing away caused a definite vacuum in her courage.

"And leave me here?" she quavered. "You won't go and you don't want to face staying. That's childish."

"Need you be insulting?" (Maids considered this a neat diversion.) "I'm trying to be sensible. From your attitude yesterday I gathered that a week in Bermuda or anywhere else in my company would not be an unalloyed joy to your soul. Correct me if I'm wrong."

"You're not wrong. You're only disagreeable, or trying to be."

"Now listen to me with both ears. Miss M. McCabe. If you're sure you will be all right, that you can look after yourself and finish the trip without any help from me, I'll undertake to melt into the scenery and not reappear until I come down to see Bermuda dead rid of you. Answer yes or no." He was regarding her exactly as if he had a right to take that tone. It was outrageous. And she was going to tell him so.

Somehow she did not tell him so. She said merely, "No." So meekly that she inwardly raged at herself.

"Then you may as well make up your mind to be human."

"All right." (She still reserved the privilege of hating and despising him at such intervals as she could bring it to mind.)

"Now for business. We'll have to pool our cash. I've got sixty-four dollars."

"I've got nearly twenty. Won't that last quite a while?"

"Hardly. You can stay at the Duchesse tonight. Tomorrow's moving day. And we must go on a budget if you know what that means."

"Hasn't a budget something to do with not having enough money for what you need?"

"Good definition. Let's make it out. What's first?"

"Clothes. Let's go shopping." She cheered up at the idea.

"I'll be purchasing agent," said he.

Despite his sternest repressions (and it was very hard to resist Maids when she wanted a thing) their joint capital had dwindled by a full third before he could check her. On one point she pleaded in vain. She shuddered at the thought of continued association with the Milkies which she now beheld on all sides; wouldn't he please buy himself a decently unobtrusive street suit?

He would not. And sulks, he might further mention, would be quite futile. "The next item," said he, "is lodgings. Cheap, clean, respectable and probably suburban."

"There's a lovely barouche on the corner," said she. "Let's hire it."

"Railroad train," he prescribed firmly. "And the rest is bicycles. Did you figure on coming along?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"It'll look pretty bride-and-groomy."

"You can say I'm your sister." "I'd figured on getting us into separate houses."

She received this with derision. "Propriety versus economy. You needn't on my account. I don't like you."

"So you indicated before."

"—and I'll never like you again."

Hoop-Skirts Vie With "Tube Look" For Evening Wear

LONDON, March — (CP) — Evening dresses in London's spring shows range from the beautiful crinoline to straight tube-looks that seem too tight to sit down in.

A refreshing difference is shown in a dress by Michael Sherard. The stiffened lace skirt is cut in three tiers that stand out, pagoda style, from a tube foundation. It is appropriately named Conifer.

An introduction by Hartnell is the half-crinoline, created by a tube-look skirt suddenly fountaining, on one hip, into a cascading crinoline.

Secret of a dress by Ronald Patterson is tricky draping. Halter-necked with embroidered lapels, the satin skirt drawn upwards in crossover style and caught at the waist in a tremendous chou. This crossover line above a fully-draped hemline continues the leaf design of the embroidered neckline.

A dinner dress of black taffeta is given a puritan look by its edging of white English embroidery on the high neck, pointed front panel and tiered bustle.

Pearl Flowers, a crinoline by Hartnell, has a tiny, roll-collared bodice, the skirt embroidered with iridescent sequins and mother-of-pearl. A full-skirted lemon tulle is scattered with primroses like a wood in spring.

A voluminous-skirted white satin with bottle green bodice is crisscrossed with lattice-work pattern of ivy leaves and pink roses.

Circle of Flames

Ostrich feathers encircle the skirt of a beautiful, floating dress of pleated grey chiffon, having an Empire waist.

Fish Out Of Water ended up as an unfinished symphony when the designer ran out of spangles. This glittering, figure-hugging dress will be covered with 6,000 spangles.

Short evening dresses are shown by all designers but, however, intricate the designs, they are inevitably outshone by the full-length crinolines and heavily-embroidered satins.

Most of the short dresses have boleros for cocktail, afternoon and theater wear.

One, a short black net spotted with jet spangles, has an overskirt of eight tulle panels.

Evening dress hemlines are not stabilized. They rise in front and fall at the back, are calf-length, ankle-length, hankerkchief pointed or full length.

A hobble-straight, tube-look is decorated with a figure-twist of green-sequin grape vines and is called Clinging Vine.

that way. But in some ways I trust you, though I don't know why I should."

Now! Was he going to take that up wasn't he? He wasn't. Presumably not until his own good time, if ever. Meantime she was carrying all that burden of high and holy indignation on her soul.

"There's a train in twenty minutes," said he. "That'll give us time to rent a couple of bicycles. After we get settled down we'll hunt a job."

"Work?" Maids had not thought of that.

"Certainly. We're on a shoe-string."

"What kind of work?" This might develop into something awkward.

"Anything temporary. I don't expect I could pick up a milk route on a day's notice, but I'll try. You've got a better chance of finding some casual typing. The shoe-string isn't going to get any thicker, you know. And the Wondertrip is over."

Pioneer Days

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proud of her Irish ancestry and her large family.

The night of July 12, 1820, was a gala night at Flynn's place. The house was crowded with young and old friends of the Flynn family who had arrived from different sections of the Island to attend the wedding supper of Patrick's eldest son and the beautiful Bridget MacGrath, who were married that morning in Charlottetown.

The handsome young groom wore yellow trousers and a dark coat with long tails. His shirt showed frilly ruffles above a cream-coloured velvet waistcoat. Whenever their eyes met, the colour mounted to the bride's cheeks, causing them to bloom like a June rose.

The bride was all dressed up in white muslin and looked, when between dances she stood on the moonlit terrace, like a gorgeous butterfly. Her lace-trimmed skirt was drawn over the old-fashioned hoops common in that period. Her milk-white shoulders and rounded bosom was the envy of every woman present. How we should like to know what the groom thought of his blushing

To be continued

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Dorothy Dix Says
Continued from page 2
she is really in love she gets pretty much the same reaction to some particular lad that mother did. His coming turns on the lights and sets the joy bells ringing, and makes this the best of all possible worlds and a grand old place to live in.
So unless some man is necessary to you, unless without him the gayest party is a flop; the finest dinner dust and ashes in your mouth; the brightest day dull and cloudy, you are not really in love.
Nor are you in love as long as you have to justify your love and give a reason for it. If you have to say I love John because he is so intelligent or Tom because he is a go-getter or Sam because he is kind to his mother, what you have is only synthetic love. When you are really in love with a man, you love him because you love him and without any reference whatever to what he is or is not. It is just because he is he and you are that way about him.
Then consider whether you have hallucinations or not. If you think some snub-nosed, carrot-haired youth is handsomer than Gregory Peck and you live in terror of the movies snatching him away to Hollywood or if you think some ordinary youth without two ideas to bless himself with an oracle upon whose words you hang and whose opinion you quote, then you may be sure that he is it so far as you are concerned. No girl in love ever sees a man as he is. As long as she can discern his faults and his weaknesses she hasn't even got a rise in temperature. She is perfectly normal.
DO YOU GET FED UP?
Next, pay careful attention to your reaction to his society. Do you get fed up on him when he hangs around a lot or do you never get enough of his company? A great poet declared once that the test of love was whether you could muse all day on an absent face that had fixed you. That's hokey. Anybody can long for an absent face. The trick is to stand the one that you have gazed upon 365 days a year and still like it.
Next, consider whether you are in love with the boy or the good times he gives you. Is he all mixed up in your mind with flowers and candy and night clubs and automobiles and do you think of life with him as a prolonged party? Would he look just as good to you if he were poor and shabby and didn't have the money even to take you to the movies often, and if being married to him meant hard work and pinching the pennies and wondering where the rent money was coming from?
And, finally, note whether you want to mother a boy or not. All true feminine love is half-maternal. It has to be that way or else every woman would be a divorcee. A woman who is really in love with a man doesn't see his faults or she thinks they are all right because they are his and she begins worrying over his health.
So if you are sure you have found the one perfect man, and you telephone to know if some strapping six-footer has gone home without being run over by an automobile, that's love. You've got it.
DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

bride at that moment. Bridget had a wardrobe that was lavish and costly, befitting the bride of well-to-do parents. It consisted of under-bodices, skirts, night-gowns, petticoats, scarlet cloak and bonnets for winter and summer use, wearing apparel that no modern bride ever dreams of having, or would not want even if she could have 'em.
Supper over, the guests danced all the old-time figures until the wee sma' hours. It was a gala affair, and for years afterward, the country folks spoke about the wonderful time they'd had at Flynn's wedding.
P.S.—The writer of this column is keenly interested in receiving good human-interest stories of pioneer days in P.E.I. Such stories should not exceed 500 words in length, and should be sent to this paper, care of the Editor.
BODY RECOVERED
DUNCAN, B.C., March 6 — (CP) — Body of Earl G. MacMinn, 59, retired manager of the main branch of the Royal Bank of Canada here, who was drowned during a duck-hunting trip Dec. 28, was recovered Saturday.
He came here seven years ago from Nova Scotia where he held positions with the Royal Bank in many cities.
IRISH SPORT
Handball was originated by the Irish in the 16th century.

Today a mother's heart is singing
Two weeks ago her face was haggard from worry—but today she smiles again and her heart sings a thankful song. For today her little girl lives... nursed back from the valley of the shadow by the skilled hands and sympathetic care of a Red Cross Outpost Hospital nurse.
Living in the midst of civilized comforts and safeguards, you may never see one of these Outpost Hospitals that the Red Cross has built to serve those who dwell far from any other medical help. But if your heart is warm, you'll want to help maintain them with your contribution to your Canadian Red Cross. Give generously... not only to support the Outpost Hospitals, but Red Cross Veterans' Services, the Free Blood Transfusion Service, the merciful work of Disaster Services and many other Red Cross activities. The need for your help, like the need for your Red Cross, is never-ending.

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Ellen's Diary
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Rob's fold on a recent frosty night and James who comes briefly to as Rob laughs "set things right" found one hungry and the owner off to an agricultural meeting, to James' mind an incompatible state of affairs. Feed came for fattening hogs; hogs went to market and from Alderlea, a truckload of seed potatoes was sent outward bound. Along fields now to the highway at the corner-store, the Winter road leads. Granddaughter down with a misery for a day or two has recovered and again is James' winnowing small shadow. Jamie continues to attend his classes and when the weather is favorable, the younger lad here keeps close to his father's heels at the choring or is off with Jamie about the fields. In a spell off from duty yesterday, we enjoyed reading "We Keep a Light" by Evelyn M. Richardson, an engaging tale of life as lived in a lighthouse on Bon Portage, a small island lying at the south west tip of Nova Scotia, three miles from the mainland. It is a brave story of the everyday all season living, interwoven skillfully with the ways of the sea as it washes that bold coast — of winds and tides, of ships and buoys, of calm and tempest, of sun and fog... and the light they keep to help pilot the sailor to some safe haven.
"My ship sails farther from the shore each day
The hills I know grow fainter to my eye,
But I am not afraid; my Pilot knows the way
And what is now horizon, will be sky.
I've had to brave the fog, the ice, the rain;
Engulfing waves like mountains rose ahead,
But always has the sea grown still again,
And always set the sun in gold and red.
I know there is a Refuge from the dark,
For often I have heard the hard-four bell,
As to the unknown sea, strong sails my barque,
In consequence, the call will be, "All's well."
Until Monday—Diary — Good-night

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