



"Terrific... say the Turners"

HERBERT G. TURNER
10235 - 114th St.
Edmonton, Alta.



"Just like a miracle, Kem-Tone covered our old painted walls perfectly, with just one coat. I was pleasantly surprised the way Kem-Tone saved me both time and money."

ONE COAT COVERS

MRS. STAN TURNER
23 Monkstown Road
St. John's, Nfld.



"It was hard to believe that any wall finish could dry hard in one hour, but Kem-Tone proved itself to me. I painted my living-room with Kem-Tone and entertained that evening in the same room."

DRIES HARD IN ONE HOUR

MRS. M. C. TURNER
1029 King St.
Saskatoon, Sask.



"Just a dip of the brush and presto—one wall was finished—or at least it seemed that way to me. I have never covered a wall so easily in my life before. Kem-Tone is sure easy to use."

EASY TO APPLY

W. G. TURNER
1436 Wellington Crescent
Winnipeg, Man.



"Our rooms are EXTRA LARGE yet one gallon of Kem-Tone did the job perfectly. As a matter of fact, I even had some Kem-Tone left over."

ONE GALLON DOES A LARGE ROOM

FRED TURNER
60 Mosher Park Ave.
Toronto, Ont.



"I was working around the house and my dirty hands rubbed along our Kem-Tone walls. Out came the soap and water, in a second the dirt was gone... believe me, Kem-Tone washes perfectly."

WASHABLE

THE MIRACLE OF MAKING OIL AND WATER MIX



The Oil in Kem-Tone contains a miracle ingredient that enables it to mix with water.

MADE WITH KEM THERMO-TEMPERED OIL
Kem-Tone is made with KEM THERMO-TEMPERED OIL fortified with durable resins. These are scientifically combined with 23 other quality ingredients to give you the Miracle Wall Finish!

\$498 IMPERIAL GALLON
Concentrated Paste Form
One gallon of Kem-Tone paste, when thinned makes 1 1/2 gallons of Kem-Tone finish. This means that your actual cost of Kem-Tone is **\$332** per gallon is

TWELVE lovely colours, and white, to choose from—ask your dealer for colour chart



Kem-Tone

TRADE MARK REG.
MIRACLE WALL FINISH

GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

- 1 Covers most surfaces—wallpaper, wallboard, painted walls, plywood, brick interiors, etc.
- 2 One coat really covers.
- 3 Dries hard in one hour.
- 4 A pleasure to put on—spreads like a charm.
- 5 No disagreeable paint odour—use room the same day.
- 6 A hard, durable, washable surface.
- 7 One gallon does an extra large room.

INSIST ON *Genuine Kem-Tone*
THE ORIGINAL RESIN AND OIL FINISH

COMMIES IN AUSTRALIA
CANTBERRA, Australia, March 14 — (Reuters) — Prime Minister Robert G. Menzies said tonight that 36 or 40 "men of evil intent," holding powerful positions in Australian industry, were all avowed

Communists. Appealing to "the great mass of Australian union members to face squarely up to the vital question of Communism," he told the House of Representatives: "When I talk about Communism, I am not talking of what

some poor woolly-minded people think is a blend of Marxism and Leninism. The people who are the Communists are the limited number of men who sit in powerful positions in Australian industry..."

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Chapter XXV
Being observant by nature where his own well-being was involved, Aymon noticed a shift of balance in the compact figure before him. "Do you want an answer here or will you come outside?"

The dancer was not an especially timorous person, but for professional reasons he did not care needlessly to risk the asset of his good looks. Moreover he was not feeling his fittest. He played for time. "I guess a professional instructor has got as good a chance to marry her as a milkman."

Walls went back on his heels as if jarred by a swing on the chin. "Marry?" he repeated blankly. "Did you say marry?"

"That's what I said. What about it?"

"A girl doesn't run away through a storm at dead of night from an offer of marriage."

"Just the same, marriage is my play," stated the dancer with such positiveness that Walls found himself inclined to believe, while he did not understand it. "What's yours?" he added.

"I told you that on the pier." "Oh, yeah! The Lex-Loehgrin responsibility stuff." One of the liquid but somewhat bleared eyes essayed a wink. "Pretty soft, huh? It's open field, fella. I'm not crabbing your trying on your hook. No more nights of the old milk route if you win out, eh? I reckon you could use a couple million smackers yourself."

"Is that you or your hangover talking about millions?"

"Malda Linn's little gal that's got 'em."

"Malda who?"

"Linn. L-i-n-n. Linn."

"It is the hangover, we're talking about Malda McCabe."

"Oh, cut the bluff. Even a milkman can't be so dumb as that."

"All right, I'm dumb. Now go on from there."

"Listen you poor goof. This McCabe party is Vanderlyn Linn's only kid, and what she's doing on the loose may be you know but I don't."

"Not a brain in the old head, Walls, my boy," said the owner of the head gently to himself. "Of course! It was the Linn basement. How did you find out?"

The other became genially boastful. "She never fooled me for a minute. So that's that. My cards are on the table. What about yours?"

In the shock of revelation Walls's desire for slaughter had waned. Now his expression darkened again.

"That doesn't clear up last night."

"Now I'll tell you as one man to another," said the dancer. "I'm not too proud of last night. Too much champagne, and it didn't set so well on the cocktails. I lost my head. And she is darned pretty, you know. No harm done."

"That's just as well for you," returned Walls grimly.

"I didn't mean to scare her. Sorry about it, though I don't know exactly what did happen. Give her my apologies, will you, like a good guy?"

Still in a semi-daze, the caller was surprised to hear himself assent and to find himself out in the friendly sunlight.

Somehow Walls got through the morning, and even earned a fair allowance in commissions. A subdued Malda met him at luncheon. The side glance of her eyes as she greeted him was propitiatory, almost to the point of shyness.

"I'm sorry I spoiled your night's rest," said she.

"Aymon sends apologies."

"Nothing. His intentions, it appears, are honorable." He was forcing a light tone.

"His actions weren't."

"He had too many drinks."

"Are you defending him?"

"Not exactly. He asked me to give you that message. Any reply?"

"No."

After a long pause she said. "Are you blaming me for what happened?"

"You're never to blame, are you? A little more frankness might have helped."

"About what?"

"Yourself. It might also have saved misunderstanding between us."

Her dark brows drew down in that effect of consideration which always seemed to deepen the hue and luster of the eyes beneath. Her look did not shift from his, but it became somber. "You've found out."

"Yes."

"How?"

"Aymon."

"I never told Aymon."

"No. He dug it out himself. You see, he hasn't that sweetly infantile confidence in what's told him that I have. Or had."

"Don't!"

"It's perfectly all right," he assured, "her. If you choose to travel incognito. Why shouldn't you?"

"If I'd known from the first—however, that doesn't matter now. You gave me fair warning. At the time I didn't quite understand, or quite accept the idea of a purely temporary association. This makes everything clear. You could give yourself away after our first little hunt. Because I might be a fortune hunter or a climber and try to trick you into marriage for your money. It must be painful to suffer an inferiority complex like that."

"I don't understand," said bewildered Malda.

"Why, to believe that nobody could care about you for what you are," he explained. "Only for what you have. It's the fault of your bringing-up, I suppose."

"I suppose so," she agreed sullenly. She had hurt him as badly as he had hurt her. And she got no satisfaction out of the thought.

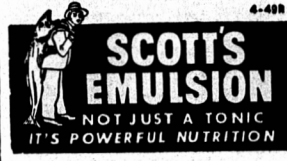
"Interlude without aftermath," he continued. "Because you are Malda Linn there couldn't be even friendship between us afterward. How does it feel to be so shut off?"

"It wasn't that. There's Stimmis, too, to be considered. You make me feel like a poisonous snob. It wasn't



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wholly that, Wally," she pleaded. "Mostly, though. Wasn't it?" he insisted. She had to be honest now. "Yes. Probably you're right."

"Now, about your going back. There's a de luxe suite on Friday's book. You can cable for the money. I've made the reservation in your alias. But why not recover your identity now? The show is over."

"Suppose I do get the money, will you come along?"

"No."

"You wouldn't take it from me? I think that's petty in you."

"Very likely. But that's the way I happen to feel about the whole thing."

"I know you haven't enough left to take you back. Can you get any?"

"Don't bother about me. I'll be all right."

"Do you think I'd be very happy, leaving you here like that, after what we've been through together?"

"You haven't any further use for me, have you?"

"You needn't be ho-r-rid to me. You needn't make it unnecessarily hard for me," he retorted.

Another difficulty struck her. "How could I cable for money without giving myself away?"

"Wouldn't a cable order to Malda Linn be likely to start something?"

"You could have it sent to Miss M. McCabe."

"You don't know my family!"

"Disadvantage of a lofty station," he commented tartly. "I hadn't meant to worry you with it, but there's some sort of tip going around. A reported tried to hold me up about your not being as advertised. I laughed him off. But a cable probably would spill the beans. You wouldn't take a minimum passage?"

To be continued

Horne-Peake Wedding

On Monday afternoon, February 20, 1950 a quietly pretty wedding was held at St. Peter's Cathedral Chapel, when Delma Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Peake, Charlottetown, was united in marriage to Laughlin MacLean Horne, Elmsdale.

The bride wore traditional white satin on princess lines with long sleeves ending in a point over the hands; a shoulder length veil was held in place by a lace halo trimmed with seed pearls. She carried a white prayer book, with two red roses and long white streamers. The bridesmaid, Marian Peake, wore pale green satin brocade with a feather hat, and carried a nosegay of yellow roses in a lace and silver holder with long yellow streamers.

The reception was held at the Queen Hotel in the Victoria Room, where the wedding photos were taken by Mr. Barter of Meyers Studios. The toast to the Bride was proposed by Rev. Canon Malone and responded to by the groom. The bride's mother wore a jade green suit dress with grey accessories and the mother of the groom wore black with wine accessories. During lunch, Miss Bettie Compton sang beautifully, "Till Walk Beside You."

Mr. Glenn Johnstone was best man and Mr. Keith Johnstone and Mr. Ralph Peake were ushers. After the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Horne left by plane for a short trip before returning to Elmsdale, P. E. I. where the groom is a prosperous young farmer.

Musical Program At Cornwall Church

A much enjoyed musical programme was given in Cornwall Church Sunday evening, March 5th. Although the weather was stormy a good congregation assembled. The choir was under the direction of Mr. Harry Hyde and Mrs. Stanley Newman as organist. The minister, Rev. M. K. Charman, and choir are deeply appreciative to the guests who so capably contributed to the evening's entertainment.

Following is the programme: Anthem: "Great Is The Lord". Hymn: "I Love To Tell The Story".

Responsive Reading and Lord's Prayer.

Solo: "Whispering Hope", Mr. James Austen.

Accordeon Solo: D. M. McEachern.

Duet: Mrs. M. K. Charman and Shirley MacDonald.

Organ Selection: Mrs. S. Newman.

Anthem: "Sing A New Song."



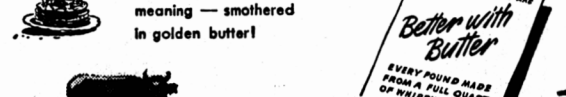
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On Bread, Toast, Biscuits, Muffins — That matchless natural butter flavour!

On Fish, Steaks, Chops — Butter added means extra goodness!

Pancakes, Waffles, take on new meaning — smothered in golden butter!



MARKETING SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA

Reading: Rev. M. K. Charman. Hymn: "Near The Cross".

Solo: "Fear Ye Not O Israel", Mrs. Clarence Murchison.

Instrumental music: Wm. McEachern, "The Palms".

Solo: Mrs. Douglas MacDonald, "Sunrise".

Trio: Messrs. MacMillan, Miller and Boyle.

Solo: "Angels Ever Bright and Fair", Mrs. Murchison.

Hymn: "Onward Christian Soldiers".

Benediction: Rev. Charman.

MEAT PRODUCTION

Australian farms produced 971,400 tons of meat in the year ending June, 1949, which was 24,300 tons more than in the previous year.



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