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Dorothy Dix Says —
Continued from page 2

from marrying men and women who are drunkards, or gamblers, or spendthrifts, or just plain no-account, but when their objection to a marriage is based on silly and frivolous grounds or inspired by selfishness, then the children have a right to marry in spite of parental opposition.

As for your woman of 35 who is going to marry a man whom her parents consider unsuited to her, I say let her go to it. If at that age she hasn't intelligence enough to know what she is doing she belongs in a home for the feeble-minded. And how can any one know she will not be happy? Perhaps she has been starving all of her life for love. Perhaps she is so weary of being suppressed and bossed at home that she would be happier in any kind of house that was her own than she is in her parents'.

You can never tell how a marriage is going to turn out. Some of the most promising go on the rocks and some that everyone is sure will be failures are glorious successes. And each of us has a right to take our own chance.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for nine years and we have no children. Recently my wife obtained a position. A few things have caused me to wonder about the relationship between her and her employer. Apropos of nothing she is always asserting that there is nothing between her and him. He has several times called at the house and when he comes she is literally beside herself with delight. After his departure she is morose and sullen. When he is away from the city on a business trip she mopes around. When he returns she is gay and only then is she affectionate toward me. Sometimes for two or three days at a time she barely speaks to me. Do you think I have any grounds for wondering at her conduct?

ANSWER: Perhaps you are jealous and that makes you imagine things that are not really true. And take into consideration the fact that your wife is going through the excitement of a new experience in going to work. That is all very wonderful and uplifting to the domestic woman, and if it turns her head a bit and makes her idealize her employer as part of the glamorous adventure, don't take it too seriously. Be patient. She will get over it in a little while and find that work in an office is just as dull as work in a kitchen.

But if you are going to be jealous, get your wife to give up her job. No money she earns can pay for wrecking your marriage, and that you will surely do if you are suspicious of her and always watching her.

DEAR MISS DIX: The ten qualifications that a man must have to attract me are: First—Good health and habits. Second—Good looks. Third—Intelligence. Fourth—Cleanliness. Fifth—Kindness, consideration and big-heartedness. Sixth—Must be good spender. Seventh—Must be good mixer. Eighth—Must be entertaining companion. Ninth—Must be efficient. Good money-maker. Tenth—Must be good drinker. I have found two or three like this, but haven't been able to hold them. Can you advise me how to do it? I am a divorcee, 28 years old, with two children.

LILLIAN
ANSWER: All you seem to desire in a man are all the virtues and graces and then some and that may explain not only why you are a divorcee, but why you have been unable to hold the men who attracted you. You ask too much of any mortal man. They simply couldn't make the grade. Perhaps it would be just as well for you to take stock of your own qualifications as a woman and ask yourself what you have to give in exchange to this paragon among men.

York and Vicinity

Mrs. Fred MacDonald, City spent the week-end in York.

Freda and Alden Newson, York were visitors to the City on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Westley Cooper and daughter were visitors to the City on Friday.

Mrs. Earl Ling, was a recent visitor to Harrington, the guest of Mrs. Vernon Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. Edison Watts, City are visiting in York the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Watts.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Swan, have returned to their home in York after spending the winter in the City.

Miss Marion Murray, spent the week-end in York the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Murray.

Master Jole Caswell, Pleasant Grove spent the week-end in York the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dalph Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Newson, were recent visitors to Union Road the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Newson.

Many friends of Mr. William McEwen of York are sorry to hear of his illness, his friends wish a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. George MacMillan, Covehead, spent Thursday evening in York the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

Mr. Allison MacMillan, Covehead, was a visitor to York last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McMillan were visitors to York last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Proud, and son George, were recent visitors to West Covehead the guest of Mrs. George Bearlsto.

Miss Mary Watts, City, spent the week-end at her home in York the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Watts.

Misses Helen, Bernice and Anita Lewis, City spent the week-end at their home in York the guest of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

What might of been a serious accident occurred recently in York when the truck belonging to Mr. Tom Power and Mr. Clarence Woodridge slid into the gutter at Ernest MacDonald's gate and nearly trapped Mr. Woodridge underneath it.

SURPRISE PRESENT

ATHABASKA, Alta. — (CP) — J. H. McIntosh, who purchased some surplus U. S. army equipment, found an inhalator among the supplies. The inhalator, used to revive persons overcome by gas or drowning, was given to the hospital here.

Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

No one could catch him from the rear, but Robin thought of the pistol. His head turned towards it. Finger-marks or not, he would risk it. But instantly, even as though thought reading the workings of his mind, Brett acted. Glancing at Laurette to make sure she was out of harm's way, and swinging the chair again, he flung it from him with all his force. All instinctively ducked; but it flew—not at one of them, but straight at the cluster of lights hanging from the centre of the ceiling.

There was a crash—a splintering of glass as the lamps were shattered—a resounding thud as the chair smashed against the far wall... in darkness.

Laurette uttered a cry. Simultaneously the men surged forward to where they thought Brett stood. Robin grabbed and closed with a struggling figure, and at the same time found himself assailed. In the blackness and in the ensuing melee it was impossible with any certainty to know who was who.

In the midst of the whirl of bodies gripping and striking blindly in the darkness, Robin saw a faint shaft of light as the door leading from the room into the hall was swiftly opened. He shouted a warning as a figure unmistakably passed through. Then the door was closed.

Breaking away from his opponent—who he discovered from his voice, was none other than the sergeant—Robin made for the door. The sergeant followed. They found themselves involved with Peter Lessing, who himself tore the door open.

Straight across in front of them was the old butler seated on the hall floor and leaning against the wall, groaning. Just before they bundled through they hear the outside door being shut.

They wrenched it wide in time to hear the purr of the self-starter in Sherwood Dexter's limousine merge into the throb of the engine. For an instant the figure of Rufus Brett showed at the wheel; then the car was away, accelerating swiftly. The sergeant behind Lessing sounded his whistle, but in a flash the car had swept round the corner of Berkeley Square and was out of sight.

INSTALMENT FOUR

Brett was not caught, the car was not stopped. A little later it was found only a few hundred yards away, deserted.

Where Brett vanished to thereafter remained a mystery. All search for him was unavailing. Plainly he had found a secure hiding place; otherwise the publicity given to the case by the newspapers would inevitably have resulted in his capture.

Robin Foster followed the incidents of the hunt with intense interest. Also, he frankly welcomed his contact with it for the opportunity it gave him to improve his acquaintanceship with Laurette Dexter.

He respected the fact that she was the affianced wife of another man, but at the same time did not discourage his conviction that there was more of the "eminently suitable" than the romantic in her betrothal. Furthermore, Laurette seemed frankly to welcome his friendship.

Despite the strain and sorrow he felt she must be enduring, she maintained a remarkable calm, and at the house in Pochester, Crescent which Mr. Dexter had leased for his stay in London, received Robin on more than one occasion. Their conversation had not been entirely devoted to the sad side of her affairs.

She could not leave London—Scotland Yard had courteously intimated as much. She had faced the ordeal of the preliminary inquest bravely, but was made to realize that further similar ordeals would almost certainly follow.

He was now on his way to see her. He was returning after a sitting, snatched at one of the intervals, given by a theatrical star, a caricature of whom he was doing for an illustrated weekly. It had suddenly occurred to him that he could time his movements to arrive at Laurette's house not long after dinner. He recalled she had told him she intended that evening to remain indoors.

He had almost reached her house when he halted in astonishment. Under the light in the portico he saw her standing with a man. It was not this circumstance that occasioned his astonishment; it was the appearance of the man she was with. He was under-sized and rather shabbily dressed—of the lower London East End race-course type, Robin decided.

The man moved down the steps, glancing furtively from side to side. Laurette followed her strange companion. In the street the man dropped back slightly as if he did not quite know whether he should walk with or behind her. She spoke a word with him and they set off at a brisk pace together in the opposite direction to where Robin stood.

Impulsively he commenced to follow them.

Twice they turned corners, then again they reached Leinster Gardens. From which they walked into the more plebeian locality that spreads beyond. At last Laurette and her curious companion reached a public house: "The Man With a Scythe."

As they passed the main entrance, the man unexpectedly left Laurette without a sign and slipped inside. Laurette took no notice of his going but continued to walk on. To his amazement she turned to her left and passed out of sight under an archway not many yards on. Utterly bewildered, Robin increased his speed and, still holding the farther side, arrived opposite the archway just in time to see her disappear up two steps into



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THE PROUDDEST NAME IN TIME

Island Son Is Mayor Of Alberta Town

On Monday, February 20th, the citizens of Innisfail, by acclamation, elected Mr. Frank O. West, Mayor.

This is something of a unique occasion in that Mayor West is a native born son of Innisfail, and also the son of the late George West, a former mayor of Innisfail.

Mr. George West was a former P. E. Islander, and was born at York. The new mayor's mother was Mary MacFarlane of Bedouque.

Mayor Frank O. West took his public and high school education at Innisfail and at the age of 17 during First World War joined the Royal Canadian Flying Corps and went to Toronto for training. Peace was declared before Mr. West got overseas and he returned home with the rank of Flight Lieutenant.

Mr. G. W. West, his father was one of the pioneer merchants, having come here from Prince Edward Island in 1891 and opened a general store, first on the north hill and later moved to the present site on Alberta Street, when the C. P. R. opened the town south of the track. The business was sold to the First

what was obviously a side entrance to "The Man With a Scythe." It was utterly beyond him to understand why she had ventured into such an establishment with such an escort.

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BY J. R. WILLIAMS