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MOTHER KNOWS **Kellogg's BEST!**



### Dorothy Dix Says —

Continued from page 2

ried men is that of falling in love with them. She cannot possibly guard herself against this, and when it happens it is a catastrophe that almost invariably wrecks her life. And still another reason why it is wrong for a girl to play around with married men is because of the suffering it inflicts on a sister woman. No girl would want the tables turned on her and to spend her evenings alone at home while her husband was showing some pretty young girl a good time. So let the married men alone, girls. Don't poach on another woman's preserves. It doesn't pay.

**DEAR MISS DIX:** I am a girl 16 years old and like to tack pictures of movie and radio stars on my wall. My mother threatens to tear them down and my father says it is disgusting for me to have a lot of silly looking faces glaring down at me. But I get a great deal of pleasure out of them. Should I be deprived of this small enjoyment?

**ANSWER:** Of course, it is silly, but the pleasures of 16 all seem silly to older people, and since there can be no possible harm in your having the portraits of your movie and radio heroes on your walls I think your parents are foolish to make an issue of the matter. It is just one phase of the adolescence through which you are passing, and if your parents will think back they will remember that at your age they did exactly the same thing. Tell them to summon their memory and their sense of humor, and leave you alone with your harmless pleasure.

**DEAR DOROTHY DIX:** I am perplexed at the behavior of my wife. We have been married for six months and have got along beautifully together until last Saturday night when I went out and played poker with some of my old pals. I lost \$18 and was compelled to hock our only possession of value, my wife's engagement ring. She refused to let me have it to pawn, although I explained to her that it was a debt of honor, so I had to take the ring by force and she slapped me, which made my blood boil.

I cannot understand my wife's actions and am writing to ask if you can explain her viewpoint.

**ANSWER:** No woman will have any difficulty in understanding your wife's viewpoint, but the thing that no woman can understand is the viewpoint of a man that it is more of a debt of honor for a man to pay a gambling debt than it is for him to pay his debt to the woman whose life he has taken into his hands. Of course, you will say you can't look your old pals in the face if you don't pay your gambling debts, but I shouldn't think you would be able to look yourself in the face after you have taken by force your wife's engagement ring to get the money that you owe them, I don't wonder that she slapped you. You are lucky that she didn't throw the kitchen stove at you, and you will be still luckier if she ever forgives you, for a woman's engagement ring is a very sacred thing to her, and it must hurt her deeply to know that you think so little of her, and that it means so little to you, that you are willing to gamble it away in a poker game.

### Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

"Oh, no.—Not exactly He told me I was provided for otherwise—that I would not be absolutely without anything. But naturally I didn't think of that. I was so upset about him. I laughed at him, to shake him up. I made fun of him. But it was all no use. He was most deadly serious. I began to be afraid poor dad was going right out of his mind—that seemed the only explanation of it all. Yet in everything else he behaved just like his old self."

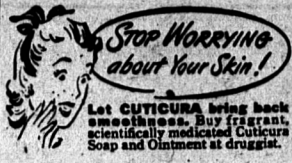
"He didn't say anything about the Will to you, Mr. Lessing?" the inspector asked quietly.

"No, Lessing's tone was abrupt. "He didn't. I am rather annoyed to recall I failed to follow up one cryptic remark he made. When he was speaking about Brett he suddenly exclaimed, "But I've fixed him all right—and he knows it." I was too concerned trying to calm his fears—to ask him what he meant."

"But I've fixed him all right—and he knows it," the inspector repeated. "That might mean anything. It might mean he's left some document incriminating Brett—I don't see it can have any connection with the Will. Unless he thought, he added dryly, "that its conditions would better ensure justice being done."

For a few moments he pondered. Then he asked: "Did you mention the matter of this Will to anyone, Miss Dexter?"

"No, I did think of mentioning it to Mr. Lessing, but it seemed so—such an unpleasant subject that



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"I see. I merely wanted to learn if you were the only one who knew of it. You told no one?"

"Perhaps his private papers will explain a lot that is puzzling. Now, tell me; did your father ever speak to you of Brett?"

"Only occasionally—never directly. I would say he didn't like him, though; I realized that. It seemed as though he'd always treated Brett kindly, but the man had turned against him. Latterly he'd been doing things to injure poor dad. Whatever the situation was, Brett created it all himself. It all came from his side. Not that I ever learned the reason. And I know myself dad used sometimes to give him money. I happened once to see a cheque he had made out to him."

"Gave him money, eh?" The inspector faced Lessing, and remarked quietly but significantly, "There's almost a savour of blackmail there."

Inspector West now sent his glance once or twice from Laurette Dexter to Robin Foster.

"Where did you first meet Mr. Foster, Miss Dexter?"

Laurette showed astonishment. "Why to-night, of course," she answered.

"Never saw him before?"

"I see. Well, it all seems clear enough, yet..." The inspector looked down at the sergeant bent over his notebook, and met his gaze completely, before he turned to Mr. Lessing again.

"Did Mr. Dexter happen to tell you where Brett was—where he is staying, or anything like that?"

"No, Mr. Dexter did not seem to know where he was staying. All he knew was that he had arrived in London. I gather that he had received some message from him."

"I see. You have seen the man, I take it, Miss Dexter? You probably, in that case, can give us a fairly accurate description of him?"

"I haven't seen him often. Dad always seemed deliberately to keep him away from me. But I think I can remember well enough. He—his of middle height and about a hundred and seventy pounds, I'd say. Terribly powerful."

The front door bell suddenly rang and continued to ring.

"Will that be more of your men, Inspector, or the ambulance?" Lessing asked.

"Maybe the ambulance, sir; but I hadn't expected it quite so quickly."

### Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

damp but happy to declare he "never saw such cute little brooks before" as ran today, and Jamie, older, and usually responsible, was not above thrusting down a foot to stay a streamlet, or determine its depth. The pair of ducks, quite as happy as the children, found their own element in today's weather, and sent us to searching about for their probable nest. "No, we didn't get any either," neighbor to this place replied to our query, "but do you know what we did get this very morning?" Yes," he beamed, the expression alive with the hope which farm folk in Spring days "springs eternal," "what did I find but a couple of goose eggs!"

These call to us when we chance to be out about, picking up the eggs the hens now deposit smartly so as to be out to scratch in the new-washed ground. And hearing the strange sound, we look skyward to see if perhaps the wild geese are flying, winging their way to the charms of domestic life into the far blue that to us is the north. It seems that there is a likelihood that those objects that Jeanie saw yesterday afternoon were jet planes. As it happened Rob too "saw something" but in his absorbing interest of farming gave it only a passing thought. Most of his "leisure" today, as that of the farmers at Alderlea, was given to a clearing away—a restoring of cleanliness in stables and piggeries, a work suspended in yesterday's shipping. Seated snug in a strawy corner of the farm-sleigh the ladie here caught many rides to a far field as did granddaughter with her father to the reaches of the farm, at Alderlea.

"Could be, Ellen," James commented in our nightly Au Revolv by 'phone, minutes ago, "that these March days are so fine, the month will go out like a lion!" If that should happen, in sunshine that warms the heart, in caressing breezes rich already with the promise of seedtime and June blossoms, we have had these lovely days! Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night. . . .

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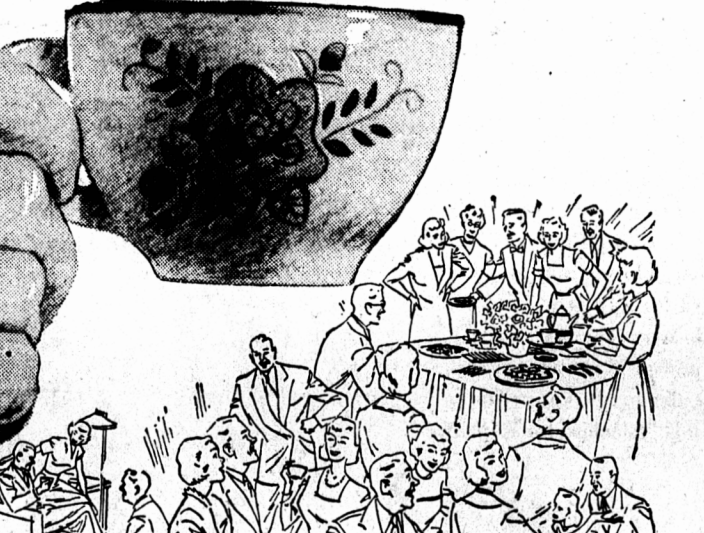
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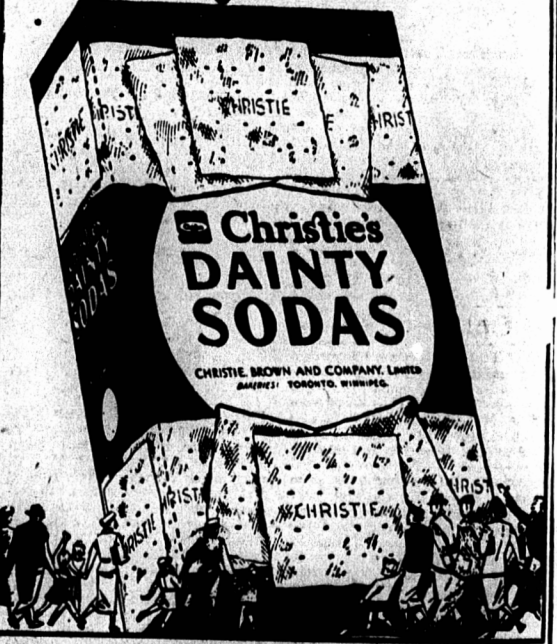
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