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WHEN DO WE
STOP LIKING
PICNICS?Ruth Cameron Poses a
Question for Young
and Old

(By Ruth Cameron)

Do you really like picnics?
Do most people?
We were about to take a tramp one
day lately and the question was whe-
ther to go morning or afternoon.
Then some one said, "Let's stick
some things in our knapsack and go
for all day and have a picnic lunch."
For a moment there was a polite
agreement in the group and then the
rebel broke out: "Oh, let's not. I
hate picnics. Let's have an early
lunch and go afterwards."

To which the majority promptly
agreed. I wasn't among them. When
do people stop liking picnics?

Surely all children like picnics.
Or is it something they pretend to
do to save grown-up feelings, just as
some of them pretend to believe in
Santa Claus long after they really do,
so as not to deprive father and
mother of their happy belief in chil-
dren who believe in Santa Claus?

If, by any chance, there is any
child reading this who'd like to tell
me the truth about this, I'd love to
hear from him and won't be in a
mood to criticize the spelling.

Or if any one of adult years can
remember back to not liking picnics
as a child, that would be most inter-
esting.

And if all children, or the big ma-
jority like picnics, when do we stop
liking them?

Lovers usually like picnics, don't
they? There's a suggestion of playing
house in setting up their own little
table on a rock somewhere in the
wilderness or in the lee of a sand-
dune, that appeals to anyone in their
peculiar state.

And as for cooking something out-
doors, that's still more like playing
house, and therefore still more thrill-
ing. To light one's own hearth fire,
even if it is only one's own for a few
minutes, is a great adventure when
you are in love.

But what about the rest of us? Do
we really like picnics or do we mere-
ly suffer them passively because
someone suggests them and it is eas-
ier for most of us to assent to a plan
than to put our objections into
words?

I have noticed that automobile
picnics have become much less com-
mon than they used to be. This may
be partly because so many inexpen-
sive eating places, serving whole-
some and tasty food in a simple way
have sprung up along the route. Or
it may be because, while people in
the early days of the automobile
were willing to eat a picnic lunch for
the sake of being out and using the
car, they have ceased to feel the de-
sire of going just for going's sake.

MONTREAL, April 20—After reach-
ing an "international agreement" in
court today, two Rumanians shook
hands with two Russians and walked
off to their cells, while the Russians
walked out to their freedom. The
agreement was equally suitable to
both parties.

The four, charged with distribution
of circular letters without a permit,
appeared for hearing after being free
on bail of \$10 each.

The Recorder found them guilty
and fined them \$11 costs each or
three days in jail. Each had his \$10
bond, but not the extra amount the
fine called for. The four went into
conference and in a few minutes
emerged all smiles.

They claimed their bail money.
Each Rumanian gave each Russian
a dollar. The Russians paid their
fines, while the Rumanians pocketed
\$9 apiece.

Then there was hand-shaking and
smiling. The Russians walked hap-
pily from the court room and the Ru-
manians bourced off to jail for three
days, clutching the money they saved.

Jack Pearl collects and carries
lucky pieces for a hobby. The Baron
has the world's largest assortment
of good-luck tokens.

... OF ...

Interest to Women

LITTLE AMENITIES ARE
OFTEN MISUNDERSTOODRuth Cameron Says Bearer of "Bad News" Not
Always Appreciated and Admits Difficulty of
Ever Trying to Help Some People

(By Ruth Cameron)

To tell or not to tell, that is the
question. Once more I've heard it
discussed probably for the 25th in-
stead of the Nth time. And if you
think that means that it is old hat,
you are right, but it also means that
people are always interested in it
and so gives me the right to discuss.

To tell or not to tell—when you see
someone with a slip hanging, a frock
ripped, or a smooch on his or her
nose. Which do you do?

One youngster said that she al-
ways would speak to a girl at a
dance, even if she didn't know her,
dance up near to her and say "Snow-
ing down south," if she saw a slip
hanging.

That was a new one to me, by the
way, and so was R.S.V.P.—ribbon
showing very plenty.

She said she thought it was really
the part of a Golden Rule follower
because she really wished people
would tell her when her slip hung.

Someone else asked how about a
st. run and we decided that since
that was something about, and one
could hardly do anything about, and
since everyone knows they come be-
tween one moment and another and
therefore do not connote careles-
ness, and furthermore since one is
almost always conscious of them
oneself from the little creepy sensa-
tion that tells the sad news, they
should be left out of the reckoning.

But anything that could be cor-
rected, anything that one would want
to know about oneself, we all agreed
that people ought to be told about.

Good logic and friendly philosophy
—and yet, and yet—

There is one thing one learns as
one grows older—that the emotions
know no logic.

I do believe that any woman who
has a slip hanging or any man who
has a smooch on his nose, wants to
know about it, but I also believe that
some of the exasperation he feels at
having looked foolish, transfers it
itself by some absolutely illogical pro-
cess to the person who tells him
about it.

Don't tell me that isn't fair. I
know it. But it is human.

The best friends who won't tell us
that we have halitosis or B.O., or
don't know how to order anything
but chicken salad, have always seem-
ed to me a cowardly lot. But they
have a sound sense of the fact if
they do break the dread news, they
are going to share the fate of all
bringers of bad news.

Apparently they prefer our contin-
ued friendship and good-will to our
best good. Is that flattering or is it
not?

Maybe it would be a good idea if
we went about telling perfect stran-
gers these interesting facts. Then we
shouldn't lose any friends and they
would be warned. Or would they?
Would they more likely go to their
friends to demand reassurance? And
get it?

To tell or not to tell—well, like
many things in life neither decision
is wholly satisfactory. So I expect we
shall all try first one way and then
another.

WHAT CHILD MAY EXPECT
IN WAY OF HOMEWORK

(By Arthur Dean, Sc.D.)

Homework is one of the problems
which ought to be settled—and set-
tled definitely. Parents, teachers and
pupils ought to know what is ex-
pected of a child in the way of home
work.

We have had enough talk about the
matter. We know that the child's
physical condition is more important
than book learning. We know that
five teachers can deal out five as-
signments, which no human can ever
carry out. We know that some tea-
chers can give half-baked instructions
without reference to a child's ability
and capacity for learning. We know
that some children must study in a
crowded tenement where they have
absolutely no privacy. We know that
the radio is blaring, that a baby is
crying, a father scolding, a mother is
swearing, while some poor high
school pupil is trying to get his les-
sons. We know a lot of things about
the faults of homework and hardship
under which it is carried out. But
what do we do about it? In many
places nothing.

I believe that teachers should re-
alize that the preparation of a lesson
is a hundred times more important
than the perfunctory recitation. It is
absolutely more important to learn
than to recite. To get information is
a great deal more important than to
be able to memorize information and
then recite it.

I wish every teacher before she
assigns the lesson, would think of
these things.

1. State clearly and concisely the
study task which is to be assigned.
2. Relate the new task with tasks
already done.

3. Make some provisions for indi-
vidual differences between pupils.
4. Try to make the study task in-
teresting by motivating it.

I am sure a good many people will
not agree with me when I say I be-
lieve that most of this study busi-
ness should be worked out during
school hours and not sent home.
Home study is growing steadily
worse.

The lighting isn't always
good in the house. The ventilation is
often poor. Father and mother are
working, brother and sister are en-
titled to their home for recreational
purposes. This recreation interestes
seriously with the study business of
the child. Of course some children
have their own rooms to study in,
with ink, pens, pencils and paper,
and reference books. But these study
conveniences are rare.

Now why don't teachers take time
to present in school hours these
study tasks and give the children an
opportunity to study in school? The
teacher is not to sit on the platform
as a policeman while they study. She

is not to work on her school report or
correct examination papers, or read
the daily paper, or gaze out of the
window and dream of what she is
going to do next week-end. She ought
to mingle with the pupils. Let them
ask her questions, show them how to
study, and help them with their
striving.

I don't care very much for recita-
tions. What interests me is studying
and gaining intellectual power. To
me a poor recitation often times in-
dicates the poor quality of teaching.

HOW TO HOLD
CORONATION
PARTY

(By Cynthia Proctor)

We're torn between our natural in-
clination to go patriotic about par-
ties for the approaching holiday and
a desire to tell you a little about
table settings for a coronation party
you might like to reproduce at home.

Table Settings

Dennison's have gathered togeth-
er as complete an assortment of cor-
onation party accessories as we've
seen anywhere so if you want to see
the results of their expert handiwork
do by all means drop in their store
on Franklin street and see the ta-
bles set for coronation parties. Stop
to see the bridge accessories too. No
written description could do justice
to the effectiveness of such ordinary
implements as crepe paper, pebbled
gold and silver tissue and cellophane.

Pomp and Circumstance

One table is laid in white and gold
against a backdrop of coronation
draperies. You may purchase these
coronation backdrops done in blue or
red, each bearing a proud G.R., VI, in
white. One table covered in St
James blue crepe paper has a 'coach
and four' only it is actually a coach
and sixteen, complete to the last
authentic detail.

The Royal Crown

Another had unusual candlesticks
bearing St. James blue candles. But
the table that seemed the most at-
tractive was covered in lovely soft
fuchsia crepe paper and the centre-
piece was a regal royal crown.

This crown can be made to use at
home, we were speculating about
concealing a luscious cake under-
neath, too, with the help of the ex-
perts on table decorations at Den-
nison's. Bands of gold are arranged
to stimulate the framework of the
crown, with fuchsia paper under-
neath. A gilt ball and the Grecian
star top this masterpiece. Around the

Fresh from the Gardens

"SALADA"
TEALIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GAMBLE
SO WHY FEAR THE FUTURE?

(By Edith Johnson)

"I'm afraid to get married," a
young man tells you in a burst of
confidence. "Although I am making
a pretty good income now, how can I
be sure I will have enough to sup-
port me five or ten years hence?"

And how often you have heard a
beautiful and strong young woman
say: "My husband and I would like
to have children were it not for our
fear of the future. We don't think it
fair to bring children into a world of
uncertainty."

People who buy or build a house or
anything else of size at this time
must have their nerve with them.
We're crazy for a home, but we are
not going to make any kind of an
investment. So we have decided to
go on marbling time.

People with no faith in themselves
or the future are quarrelling with
their destiny.

To hear some of them talk, you
might suppose that theirs is the first
generation to have any experience
with insecurity from the day our
pilgrim fathers landed on a bleak
shore in a strange country to the
present hour. You might suppose
that jobs hitherto had always been
plentiful, that it had been easy for
women to have children and rear
them, that none of their forebears
had looked into the dark face of
danger and asked in their despair:
"Well, what next?" It may seem that
insecurity was an invention of the
1930s hursting upon a startled world.

Why this defeatist attitude? Has
not life always been a gamble just as
it is today?

Is not every love affair fraught
with hazard, every marriage, too?

NO FACE IS PRETTY
WHEN IT "JELLS"

I know one woman who will spend
an afternoon a week having her face
done up beautifully with professional
massage and makeup. The minute
she puts on her hat, however, she
puts on that old, stern set of jaw and
hard eye gleam.

Why is this? Why not keep the re-
laxed facial expression until one gets
home and there try it out on the fam-
ily? It's such a nice habit, and an
especially beautifying one.

Our faces want to please, but those
hard, bitten nerves and habits of
face jelling won't allow it. Some-
times a worried look is excusable.
But all of the women one
meets in a day can't be victims of
debts, ills, disillusion, Some of them
have a right to turn a pleasant face
on the world.

I heard a smart looking individual
spoken of recently as 'that brittle-
faced' decorator. Does one have to
wear a brittle expression? One does
not. One could just as well adopt a
'soft' expression, since either way it
is a habit.

We have been thinking only in the
terms of cosmetics for the face, for-
getting this other little ingredient in
the facial ensemble. It mightn't be
a bad idea to suggest that women
take out their vanities often, not to
restore the wilted makeup, but to
see if the expression is jelling again.
If you feel the teeth gritting, the jaw
line setting, the forehead puckering,
you may be sure that the artificial
bloom on the cheek isn't fooling any-
body. It's the young facial expres-
sion that makes one look young.

crown is a realistic band of 'er-
mine' made of crushed paper, tabbed
in black.

Favors

Nut cups are made in miniature
crown style. The cup is pasted on a
lace doily, and the crown slips on
over the top. Other favors are bags of
mints or candy wrapped in blue and
fuchsia cellophane each bearing a
tiny crowned head.

Paper China Cups

You may by the 'paper china' cups
and plates now with bands of gold,
fuchsia or blue. You'll like the hot
beverage cups with 'ears' which help
you pick them up without burning
your fingers. These come in the same
royal colors.

Bridge Parties

Should you be planning a bridge
party to celebrate the coronation you
may have a complete assortment of
coronation accessories, from kingly
cards to invitations. Even pencils
bears a royal crest!

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