

New Chrysler "75" Town Sedan, \$2140
Wire wheels extra. Immediate deliveries.

No other Performance comes even close to CHRYSLER Performance

The very name of Chrysler spells a new and finer kind of performance—a sparkling, dashing, vivid road behavior that has eluded the best efforts of a whole industry to excel. No small part of the ever-growing popularity of Chrysler cars is due to that singular and significant leadership in performance. People recognized in the first Chrysler something entirely new—obsoleting the sluggish, heavy, bulky and cumbersome vehicles of its day. And they have continued to recognize—that Chrysler engineering has not only brilliantly maintained that lead but has actually widened its margin of superiority. Add to this superiority of performance, that original style and beauty all Chrysler's own, at prices hundreds of dollars under other cars which are compared with Chrysler. Then you will find it easy to understand the universal demand for Chrysler.

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

New Chrysler "75"—Nine body styles, \$1985 to \$3050. New Chrysler "65"—Six body styles, \$1325 to \$1460. New Chrysler Imperial—Five custom body styles, \$3545 to \$4605. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

Provincial Motors Limited DISTRIBUTORS, CHARLOTTETOWN.

R. K. CLEMENTS,
Montague, P. E. I.
RUSSEL CLARK,
Mt. Stewart, P. E. I.

McLEAN BROS.
North Westshore, P. E. I.
CLIFFORD COX,
Souris, P. E. I.

Ruhr Gas For All Germany
Germany will have a vast network of trunk-line pipes supplying gas to all parts of the country from a battery of coke ovens in the Ruhr, if the scheme, now under way, is completed. Work has already started on the first part, which is the laying of a horse-

shoe-shaped line to include several industrial towns up the Rhine as far as Cologne. The next step will be the laying of a line, 125 miles long, to Hanover, at a cost of approximately \$2,000,000, including gas compressors. If the Hanover line proves successful the pipes will be pushed out to other large cities. The gas is to be

made by large coke ovens at the pits heads of the Ruhr coal mines. A process of welding the pipes overcomes the difficulty of leakage of gas at the joints, which heretofore had made impossible the delivery of gas under pressure over long distances.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

AN ATTIC SALTSHAKER

By W. ORTON EYEWON
Reproduction Prohibited
All Rights Reserved

HERE'S a new Ben Franklin story—at least new to me. It is told by the Marquis de Barbe-Marbois, first French Consul-General to the United States, in his 150-year-old diary just published under the title "Our Revolutionary Forefathers." From Baltimore the Marquis wrote:

"It is at the inn where we now are that Dr. Franklin arrived one winter's day, covered with snow and half dead with cold. The family and several guests surrounded the fire, and no one inconvenienced himself for the stranger.

"FRANKLIN sat down near a window as if to rest, and after several moments addressed the innkeeper and asked him if he had oysters.

"Yes, excellent ones."

"Open them and take a dozen to my horse."

"Does he eat them?"

"Just take them and you will see."

"EVERYBODY got up to go and see the horse eat oysters. The children, the strangers, the servants went to the stable to witness such a novelty. Franklin, in their absence, established himself near the fire, in the best place. Very soon they came back to tell him that the horse would not even look at the oysters.

"In that case," Franklin replied, "bring them to me and give him some oats."

WHICH reminds me—I don't know why—of the story about the man who rushed from his house one bitterly cold night, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Out poured his neighbors demand-

ing: "Where! Where! Where!"

"In everybody's house but mine," explained the ill-used wretch.

CONAN DOYLE tells this against himself

Arriving in Paris he hailed a cab-

man to drive him to a hotel.

"Dr. Doyle," said the worthy, "I perceive from your appearance that you have recently been in Constantinople. I have reason to think also that you have been at Buda, and I perceive some indication that you were not far from Milan."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the creator of Sherlock Holmes. "Five francs for the secret of how you did it."

"I looked at the labels pasted on your trunk," said cabby.

ANOTHER of Conan Doyle's stories has him on a day's deep water fishing in company of an old boatman who knew who his patron was. Now, like most fishermen, Doyle enjoys fishing in peace. But the old chap wasn't going to miss such a golden opportunity and bombarded the author with questions about Sherlock Holmes. To most of them, Sir Arthur returned short, snappy replies such as, "I don't know," "I have forgotten."

FINALLY the old salt said: "You remember when Sherlock Holmes fell over the cliff, don't you, Sir Arthur?"

"Oh, yes, I remember that all right."

"Was he badly hurt?"

"Yes, he was."

"I thought he must have been," came the bombshell. "He's never been the same man since."

AFTER the schooner "Elena" had won the race across the Atlantic last July for the King of Spain's Cup, she was unexpectedly met at the entrance to Santander harbor by a Reception Committee headed by King Alfonso. A wild hunt for the Skipper-Owner of the "Elena"—William B. Bell—then ensued. Finally he was discovered in his cabin struggling with his collar.

"Come quick... hurry up... the King's here," gasped the searchers.

"Where's my collar button?" came the frantic reply.

"All hands went to the rescue. Soon the elusive stud was found and Captain Bell dashed out on deck. Probably the one time a King was kept waiting by a collar button.

ALFONSO was then shown over the "Elena." On entering the main saloon he immediately spotted a picture of himself hanging on the wall. Turning to Mrs. Bell—the captain-owner's wife—he said in perfect English:

"Who is that fellow over there? I seem to have seen him before. What do you have that up there, for?"

Mrs. Bell explained that it had been presented to the "Elena" before leaving New York. Alfonso then recalled that it was taken from a painting by an American, Miss Margaret Fitzhugh Brown.

DURING a short trip made by members of the Bell party while the



'I'll go to work for You, Mother'

BRAVE words, bravely spoken. Boyish shoulders, braced to lift burden of responsibility beyond their strength.

It is a tragedy so common as to create but little comment... children starting out to fight life's battles, unequipped.

Have you thought of the story behind the little figure that urges you to buy a paper... that begs the chance to run an errand, for a few sorely-needed coppers? Have you imagined the plans that may have been made for his education—the hopes, held in happier days, for his future?

And have you considered what would be the fate of your boy... your girl... should you be taken away?

For the burden you drop must be carried on... on the frail shoulders of your children...

Or on the broad, sustaining back of Life Insurance.

Make your decision today... and protect, with adequate Life Insurance, the future you would wish for those you love.

Any Life Insurance representative will be pleased to discuss the details with you.

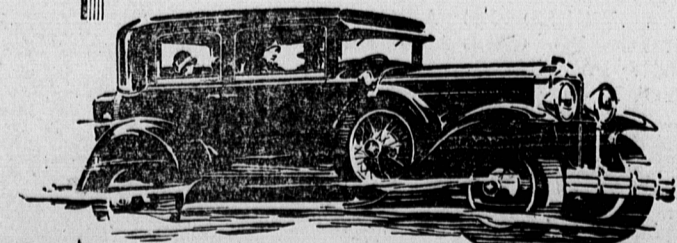


Life Insurance Service



Leading the New Trend..

in power and getaway
in Style, Luxury and Beauty



OLD motor car standards are changing—old styles and old abilities giving way to new—and as everyone knows, the creator of the new trend is this new McLaughlin-Buick.

New body lines and contours—radiant new colors—new adjustable front seat, full-width rear seat and countless other refinements in Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher.

New and improved carburetion—new constant-pressure gas pump—increased bore and stroke—greater piston displacement—

and other advancements in the famous McLaughlin-Buick sealed chassis and triple-sealed engine.

And a thrilling new order of performance—an entirely new kind and degree of car operation—with elements of virility, getaway, swiftness, smoothness and stamina undreamed-of a few months ago!

The new McLaughlin-Buick leads the new trend... in power and getaway—in style, luxury and beauty!

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WITH MASTERPIECE BODIES BY FISHER

A. Horne & Co. | Prince Motors
CHARLOTTETOWN | JUMMERSIDE

Dealers For Prince Edward Island.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—McLAUGHLIN-BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"Elena" was at Santander, they were returning to the schooner in a "bus" which was full of Spaniards, among whom was a young poet who had recently been awarded a prize for some of his words. He was welcomed enthusiastically by the other occupants of the "bus," and encouraged to recite his poems. This he did. At the close of each selection he was applauded by clapping and loud bravos.

"We tried to picture such a delightful incident in the United States and failed," says Miss Helen G. Bell in her book about the thrilling voyage, "Winning the King's Cup."

But it opens up possibilities.

WHEN John Philip Sousa was casting "The Smugglers"—one of his early light operas—he engaged for the principal baritone role, Henry Mansfield, brother of the celebrated Richard who was then playing in "The Black Cloaks" at the old Standard Theatre, New York. One night Henry introduced Sousa to Richard.

"So you have engaged my brother to take part in your opera?" said the tragedian.

Sousa nodded in acquiescence.

"Well, he'll make a hell of a mess of it," prophesied Dick.

"Richard was correct," adds Sousa (in his reminiscences "Marching Along"), "for that's exactly what his brother did."

DICK MANSFIELD, himself, had an excellent singing voice and in his early stage career in England created the role of Major-General Stanley in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," at the special copyright performance given at Pagniton. At

that time he was with a Gilbert and Sullivan touring company playing "Pinafore," Mansfield's role being Sir Joseph Porter.

ONCE when travelling in England, Sousa was taken ill. The nurse engaged to look after him was "extremely pleasant to look at."

The first night she placed her cot next to Sousa's bed. Next day he was a little better and at night nurse moved the cot about two feet from the patient's bed. The third night his improvement was so marked that she made the distance six feet, and on the fourth night she moved still another three feet away. Presently the cot was removed to the next room.

"Had I been there a month and improved as rapidly as I did that first week," chirps the genial conductor, "the nurse would probably have been sleeping in the next block."

MENDELSSOHN'S lovely "Spring Song" (in "The Sands of Time") was composed while Mendelssohn was staying with friends at Denmark Hill, a suburb of London, the while his friends' children kept running in from the garden to take his hands off the keyboard and beg him to play with them, was not the work of Felix Mendelssohn but was written by his sister Fanny! So declares Oscar Gunkel in a note to the "Salt-Shaker."

"THIS delightful lyric of fairy daintiness (the "Spring Song"), was composed by Felix's sister Fanny, a woman whose musical gifts were second only to those of her wonderful

brother," says Mr. Gunkel. "During Fanny's lifetime her compositions were habitually lumped with Felix's but after his death in 1847 they were partly published under her own name."

That will be news to many.

IN HIS later years Bismarck was found of telling a story in which old Baron Rothschild—head of the Frankfurt branch of Rothschilds—made fun of himself. Having called in the doctor at the age of eighty-one, when he was ill, he thought his end was near. The doctor examined him (relates Count Egon Corti in "The Reign of the House of Rothschild") and replied:

"What are you thinking of, Baron? You may live to be a hundred."

Thereupon the old banker replied with a smile:

"What are you talking about? If God can get me for 81, he won't take me at a hundred!"

COUNT CORTI also tells a story about Nathan Rothschild, founder of the English branch of the famous bank. Nathan was dining with William von Humboldt, another guest being a Frenchman, Major Martins who kept on praising everything French and was odiously sentimental about the horrors of war and the large numbers who had been killed.

"Well," said Nathan Rothschild, "if they had not all died, Major, you would presumably still be a subaltern."

What the Major said, or did not say, is left to the imagination.

WHEN Rudyard Kipling reached

London from India in search of fortune he lodged in some rooms—up two flights of stairs—Villiers street, alongside Chancery Cross railway station. One morning a friend called, and when found himself in Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace, smashed to smithereens.

"SNAKES," said Kipling, noting the look of astonishment on friend's face. "I was dozing in chair yesterday evening and my foot slipped out of my shoe which comfort I had unsecured. Half-waking, I felt with my foot for the slipper and began slipping it in, when toes touched the leather tom snake! flashed across my brain. I gave one desperate kick and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

IT IS said that owing to defecation in paper and ink all present-day books will automatically disappear another 200 years.

Do your reading NOW.

Keep Your Health TO-NIGHT TRY

Minards Liniment

for that cold and tired feeling. Get Well—Keep Well.

KILL FLU

by using the Old Reliable

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd., Yarmouth, N. S.