

Moore & McLeod Present a Great February Cotton Event



"PRINCESS" COAT DRESSES



<p>MISS INDIA</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A best seller! • Exotic Indian type print in wine, blue, navy blue and green. • Puff sleeves. • Crisp white pique (cotton) collar. • Colored ric rac braid, 7-gore swing skirt. • Sizes 14 to 20. <p>\$1.00</p>	<p>FLORA DORA</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • They're adjustable to 3 lengths. • Trim white cuffs and collars. Belt at waist. • 2 handy pockets. • Design illustrated, in brown green, navy blue and black. • Sizes 14 to 42. <p>\$1.00</p>	<p>SCARLETT O'HARA</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The moulded bustline flatters your figure. • The white pique (cotton) collar lends a dainty touch. • Puff sleeves. • Pocket. • 7-gore swing skirt. • Design illustrated in blue, navy blue, green and red. • Sizes 14 to 40. <p>\$1.00</p>	<p>THE GUARDSMAN</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Smart, military looking, with side buttoning. • Pocket and high collar. • 7-gore swing skirt. • Small polka dot design in wine, blue, navy blue and black. • Contrasting white braid trim. • Sizes 12 to 42. <p>\$1.00</p>	<p>SIMPLICITY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • A marvellous buy. • "V" neck style with two smart lapels. • Self belt and insert of cross fagoting. • Pretty floral design in green, blue, wine and mauve. • Sizes 38 to 52. <p>\$1.00</p>
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Buy Two or More Today While the Selection is Complete

MOORE & McLEOD LTD. "ON THE ISLAND IT'S FOR FASHION AUTHENTICITY"

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

When Ordering By Mail,—Please Ask for Them by Name! (Basement)

In Memoriam

ROBERT ROACH REID

On the evening of February the second, the residents of Crapaud Village and vicinity, were shocked and surprised, when the word was forth, that Robert Roach Reid had just passed out of this mortal life. He had been in failing health for the past two or three months, but no one had the slightest idea that the end was so near, in fact he had been up and going about the house every day until the morning before he died; on that morning he decided to remain in bed, and shortly after darkness closed in on that evening, he passed away, leaving behind the ripe old age of a little over 83 years.

He was a lovely death, not too sudden, and not too lingering, and no severe suffering, he just seemed to gradually fade away, peacefully and calmly, until he drew the last breath, and the spirit returned to God who gave it.

He had all the comforts that the heart could desire, he died in his own comfortable home, diligently waited on, by his devoted wife, and his only daughter, Mrs. Hazel V. Norton.

Mr. Reid was a consistent member of the United Church, and was a very careful and sensible living man, apparently always aiming to give God first place in his life. He was a splendid neighbor, and in his lifetime had been the means of helping many poor fellows over some rough places in life. He was born in Westmorland, a son of the late William Reid Sr., and was the last survivor of a family of ten, he having five brothers and four sisters all of whom having predeceased him some years ago. He located at this village 65 years ago, and learned the trade of carriage building with the late William Stright, and at this business he became an expert and was noted for turning out good substantial work, and he conducted a carriage shop in this building for a number of years, in the good old days when we had mechanical kinds.

Something over 51 years ago, Robert R. Reid, and Mrs. Mary J. Rogerson of Crapaud were united

in marriage and by this union there were two children, one son Ernest, a very promising young man, who predeceased his father, about twenty years ago, and one daughter Hazel V. (now Mrs. Harry V. Norton).

When Mr. Reid was getting up in years, he was appointed Post Master at this village, and in this position he gave the general public very satisfactory service for many years. He was a man who always seemed to enjoy life. He loved this "Garden of the Gods", and even the passed summer, he would take his car out, and getting some old companions to join him, they would go for a leisurely drive of 50 or 60 miles, and it seems to some of us now, as we look back, that he was then taking a farewell view of the beautiful hills and valleys that he loved so well.

He leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father; his wife and daughter, Hazel V. Norton and five grandsons Viz. Robert, Ernest, Frederick and Harry Norton. The funeral was held on Friday the 4th inst. at his home, and was attended by all his old friends, and neighbors from far and near; the services at the house and grave were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Young of Trvon, and Rev. Mr. Bridgewater of Crapaud. There was a very nice service at the house, at which his own favorite hymns were sung by the members of all denominations, and an immense number of people were present.

Interment took place, in the beautiful St. John's Church Cemetery, where the remains were tenderly laid away in the family burial plot, by the side of his father and mother, and his only son Ernest, and his son-in-law the late Harry V. Norton.

The pall-bearers were all old neighbors, viz. Messrs. George Wood, Robt. P. Rogerson, Avarad McVie, Warren J. Newson, James W. Rogerson, and Thomas Storey.

(Patriot please copy)

FREETOWN W.I.

Mrs. Austin Scales was hostess on Wednesday Feb. 9, to the members of the Birch Grove W.I., for their regular monthly meeting.

The president, Mrs. J. Lewis, was in the chair and the meeting opened with the Creed in unison. Each of the thirteen members

106th Birthday

On the evening of Jan. 24th, last, approximately forty people from widely separated sections of the province assembled at the home of Mrs. Hannah Whitlock, Hunter River, to pay honor to her father, Mr. William Bernard, "the man that time forgot."

The occasion was the 106th birthday of that grand old man, Prince Edwards Island's premier gentleman, in point of years. The centenarian despite his majority of years, is still alert, active and enjoying life to the fullest. Although we commonly associate decrepitude and senility with persons who have been fortunate enough to attain the century mark, such is not the case with Mr. Bernard, for his appearance and activity would give the impression that he had not long passed the "alleged span" of life.

In support of this contention let me cite an incident which occurred on the evening of the celebration. Among the guests was a Charlottetown lady, who had not previously known the Bernard family. In the course of the festivities, she remarked to a lady sitting

near her, on the absence of the old gentleman whom they had come to see. The "absent" one, by the way, had just passed in front of her, the better to see and hear the musicians playing in the adjoining room. But so youthful were his movements, that she could not associate him with the object of her visit. Present for the evening were two sons, several grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren and other relatives. In addition to the many congratulatory messages received, there were many gifts and cakes, including one kindly sent by radio station C. P. C. Y.

Mr. Bernard, was born in Devonshire, England, emigrated to this province 99 years ago and pursued a vigorous career on the farm. A man of temperate habits and a believer in moderation, he stands today a living example of the typical fine qualities of a hearty Englishman.

In his moments of leisure he enjoyed the comfort and stimulation of a good pipe full of good tobacco, and apparently it has proven to have had no detrimental effect on the venerable gentleman in a physical or mental sense. Messrs. Groom, MacLeod, MacLean and

Pete Craig with the "pipes" violin and vocal selections made the evening an enjoyable one and all hops to see a repetition of the happy event next year.

Cornwall

Miss Erma Newson, Kingston, Cornwall, the recipient of the gifts of Miss Thankful Newson.

Mr. Charles MacArthur, and Miss Erma Baird spent the weekend at their home in Cornwall.

Miss Alma MacArthur and Miss Sadie Burice, nurse in training at the Prince Edward Hospital attended Cornwall on Saturday night.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 5th, the C. G. I. group of Cornwall with their leader Mrs. Woodside attended a bean supper held at the home of Mrs. Geoffrey Bain, Cornwall. A very delightful evening was spent by all present.

Madam MacMillan, of Cornwall, was the very interesting speaker at the "National Parks of Canada" and also some

appreciative audience in Cornwall hall, Tuesday night Feb. 1st. This was under the auspices of the Y. P. U.

The farmers around this district are busily engaged in harvesting their supply of ice.

MAYBE THE GIRLS ARE JUST "KIDDING" HIM

NEW YORK, Feb. 14—Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, who sailed for Europe two months ago lamenting because his bride partner-wife was getting a Reno divorce, returned yesterday in the Bremen even adder.

The cause of his grief—there simply seems to be no escape, he said, from the "army of woman" age 16 to 70, which has been hounding him with proposals of marriage.

"Unfortunately," said the lanky bridge ace, "now that I have become an eligible bachelor I have not had a minute's peace."

"I have been pestered with new proposals of marriage from an army of women varying in age from 16 to 70 and in social positions from a chambermaid to a duchess."

He said his only consolation after

his wife's divorce was the hope that he might find some solitude in which to devote himself to the writing of books.

He had hoped, he explained, to be let alone.

Since there was apparently no escape, he might have to ask his former wife to remarry him, re-marked.

Tenders For Hauling Cream

to the Central Creameries, Ltd., on or after 1938, will be received up until Saturday, February 18, 1938, for the New Haven, West River, Clyde River, Cornwall, etc. route. Tenders to state price per hundred pounds of cream delivered to our Creamery. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For further particulars apply.

CENTRAL CREAMERIES, LTD.

BRINGING UP FATHER

TOUGH LUCK!
OUT ALL DAY AN' NOT A TRACE OF A BEAR!

I PROMISED SIR VON PLATTER I'D BRING HIM A BEAR! HE NEVER SAW ONE, BUT I WILL HAVE TO DISAPPOINT HIM TODAY—I'M AFRAID!

BEARS!

IS THAT WHAT THEY ARE? THEY'RE HUNGRY LITTLE CRITTERS—THIS ONE ATE THE LAST PIE WE HAD—I'VE FED THEM ALL THE MEAT WE HAD AND STILL THEY ARE HUNGRY—WE ARE ENTIRELY OUT OF FOOD—DO YOU MIND—?

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