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SALE ENDS—Saturday, April 27th.

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Larger Cheques!

HOLMAN'S 2 BIG STORES SUMMERSIDE & CHARLOTTETOWN



Seven Models —
One Quality
... THE BEST

In Memoriam

MRS. NEIL MACKINNON

Clyde River Community was shocked and saddened on Sunday, March 3rd to learn that Mrs. Neil MacKinnon had passed away quietly in her sleep. Her death came as a great shock to her family. Although she had not been in good health for some time, even her immediate family did not realize the end was so near.

All that medical skill and care could do, proved of no avail, and her gentle spirit winged its way to the Heavenly Father, whom she so dearly loved. Her passing was calm and peaceful.

She was a fine christian woman, beloved and highly respected by all who knew her. She was a faithful member of the Clyde River Presbyterian Church and the W. M. S., as long as she was able to attend, her place was seldom vacant.

A daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespie, Clyde River, she was born in Cornwall, October 11th, 1873, later moving with her parents to Clyde River.

The funeral was held on Wednesday, March 6th. A short service at the home was conducted by Rev. E. R. Woodside of Cornwall United Church, followed by a service in the Clyde River Presbyterian Church, conducted by the Pastor Rev. T. W. Goodwill assisted by Rev. E. R.

Woodside. The hymns sung were: "The Lord's My Shepherd," "Asleep in Jesus," "Satie in the Arms of Jesus." By request "The Old Rugged Cross" a favorite of the deceased was joyfully rendered by Mr. John Heartz.

She leaves to cherish her memory an aged husband a semi-invalid for some time, also three sons and three daughters, one daughter Violet having died in childhood. The sons are: Kenison and Thomas, Clyde River; John in Fairholm, Sask. The daughters, Edna, Mrs. Wilkins, Hartford, Conn.; Viola, Mrs. William Ackerman, Presque Isle, Maine, who with Mr. Ackerman arrived home in time for the funeral; Vera, Mrs. Nicholas Gullis, Desable, P.E.I.

There are also left to mourn, four brothers, John Robert, Scotch Settlement, N.B.; Frank and Richard in Mayo, Yukon; James in Farnon, Sask.; George, William, Samuel, Thomas and sister Hannah predeceased her.

She also leaves a number of grandchildren to mourn her loss.

Her eldest grandson Reginald MacKinnon has stayed in the home and helped care for his aged grandparents for several months.

The following were the Floral Tributes:

Broken Circle—The Family.

Sixes—The Murchison Family.

W.M.S. of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Murchison, Jr.

Mrs. George Gillespie and Family.

The Nurses of No. Maine Sanatorium, Presque Isle.

Marion and Carroll Akeley.

The pall bearers were John Mur-

ray, George Livingstone, Harry MacLean, Spurgeon Livingstone, Hugh J. MacLean and Watson Livingstone. Interment was in Clyde River cemetery.

A loving Mother true and kind
No friend on earth like her we'll find
She did work hard for those she loved
May God grant her eternal rest.

In Memoriam

MRS. GILBERT BRIDGES

The community of Cascumpec was saddened on Friday afternoon, April 5th, when it became known that Mrs. Gilbert Bridges had passed away at her home after a long illness.

She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Locke and was born at Locke Road sixty-five years ago. While still young she went to the United States where later she married and after a few years returned with her husband and three young children to the Locke Road where the family resided until ten years ago when they came to Cascumpec to occupy the homestead after the death of Mr. Bridge's father.

The late Mrs. Bridges was very highly respected and esteemed in the community where she was recognized as a woman of splendid character and high standard of liv-

ing. She was indeed a true homemaker. Energetic, industrious and efficient, she found joy in service. In the home she was an unselfish and devoted mother and wife. In the community she was ever ready to help a worthy cause. Her activity continued unabated until she was stricken by her last illness.

There are left to mourn their loss her sorrowing husband, one son and four daughters, namely, Melvin, Locke Road; Laurie, Mrs. Arthur Peterson, Wollaston, Mass.; Vera, Mrs. Clifford Collette, Cape Wolfe; Eunice and Iva at home, also five grandsons, two sisters and four brothers. The sisters are Mrs. O. L. Bent, Calgary, Alta. and Mrs. Harold MacLennan, Summerside. The brothers are George Locke, Starbuck, N. H.; Gilburne Locke, Berlin, N. H.; Shelton Locke, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Raeford Locke, Locke Road, P. E. I.

The funeral service was held in Cascumpec United Church on Sunday afternoon, April 7th and was largely attended. The service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. M. K. Charman who spoke "Fidelity" from the words "The Master hath come and calleth for thee."

The hymns sung were "Cafe in the Arms of Jesus, All the Way My Saviour Leads Me" and "Rock of Ages."

Among the floral tributes were a wreath from Cascumpec Women's Institute and a spray from the local auxiliary of the Women's Missionary Society of which the de-

COMMODORE NORAH

(Continued from page 2)

"I know, I believe some of the men have been saying I'm frightened of the sea—that I'll never be able to take my father's place until I've spent a year on the fishing grounds.

"Well, there's something in that, though, ye ken fine I've nae years o' yer courage. But I'm thinking ye'll get a better idea o' what the men ha'e to put up wi', if ye come out wi' us in the morn'."

It was Sunday evening, and in the clear spring air a church bell had begun to ring, its metallic chimes drifting over the smooth water of the harbour. The cry of gulls seemed to make a fitting accompaniment.

Norah was wearing a smart blue costume with an ultra-modern hat; and her short skirt, silk stockings and court shoes made Donald wonder if she would really be at home in a dirty, smelly skiff on a wild sea. And yet he knew that if she made the voyage and showed herself eager to understand the conditions under which the crews worked, she would command a great deal more respect and loyalty from her men. She might, too, discover that her bitter competition with David McGregor would be in the long run, bring not only the McGregor business but her own to ruin. Her crews would not long remain a secret under the unyielding unsympathetic pressure of her management, and it might be that a time would come when they would refuse to go to sea at all.

As Norah left him to make her way to the Evening Service in the church, old Donald sat down on a pile of the plies below him. Filling a pipe with thick black tobacco, he thought with a great deal of satisfaction that the Grants and McGregors would come to bury the hatchet and work together for their mutual advantage. It was funny, he thought, how like the Governments of Europe were Norah Grant and David McGregor.

On a morning night, by force of practical example, he would try to make Norah aware of the duty which she owed to her men, and in the end, perhaps, his efforts would not be altogether in vain.

He struck a match and, cupping the flame between horny, larry hands, applied it to the tobacco in his pipe. His deep and hearty puffing was interrupted by the sound of heavy boots close by. He turned slowly. Jock Galbraith, lean, brown and humorously-eyed, stood behind him.

"Fine night, Donald," greeted Jock.

"Ay, fine. They were men in different camps and to a certain extent, had to be on their guard; but they had always been friendly and each, despite an unflinching loyalty, was of the opinion that their respective employers were mistaken in carrying on so bitter a conflict.

"Silver Spray's ready for the sea again," announced Jock. "In spite o' Norah Grant and her ruffians," he added with a grin over the edge of the pier.

"I'm glad o' that," he replied. "But ye mean that Norah Grant was personally responsible for the fire."

"If she wasna responsible, who was it, then?"

"There's a fly in the ointment somewhere," he said cryptically. "A fly in the ointment and a wasp in the waist," suggested David's henchman. But Donald refused to discuss the matter further.

"It was a dirty trick," he said and turned the conversation to other topics.

The weather next evening was typical of late April; a thin wind was blowing up from the south-east, bringing with it a scudding grey clouds and the threat of rain. The dark water of the harbour, even in high tide, was whipped into a mass of white-topped waves which sailed against the hulls of the skiffs as they lay at anchor.

"It would be like along the open coast outside Donald knew only too well.

Under circumstances being normal in Invercote it is doubtful if any boat would have left at all that night, for the pilots were inclined to believe that the weather was more likely to get worse than better. But Norah Grant scorned a suggestion by Donald that they should remain in the harbour until the morning.

"Nonsense," she said sharply. "And Mr. Grant, she added, "is coming with us, too."

As she climbed down on to the deck of the Silver Spray, followed by her fiancé, Donald raised his thick eyebrows.

"There's gaun ta' be some fun here," he remarked, looking out of the side of his mouth to one of the crew.

In the meantime, on the opposite side of the pier, David McGregor, at the wheel of the Silver Spray, was preparing to lead out his boats. In spite of the ugly weather he was

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VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

READY FOR SEA

He was feeling more optimistic than he had done for a long time, chiefly on account of the fact that the Silver Spray was in commission again and that he could strive against the Grant skills on terms of more equality.

All morning and afternoon he had been working hard with Jock and other members of his crews to get the boat ready at an early hour; and now, shortly after five o'clock, he was receiving final reports from his skippers. All the boats, he learned, were fully provisioned for the night and the early part of the following day; the last of the paraffin, petrol, and crude oil had been taken aboard; every engine was in good running trim, every net in perfect repair.

He glanced up at the sky. "Be a bit of a sea on," he remarked to Jock, who stood beside him in the little glass wheelhouse. Jock nodded. "Norah Grant and Menteith are gaun, oot wi' Donald's Broom, I'm hearing."

"What?" exclaimed David. "Norah Grant going out on a night like this?"

"Ay, maybe she'll get drowned," observed Jock with a sidelong glance at his master. He was rewarded by

a peculiar grunt, and he chuckled inwardly. Jock, too, was feeling optimistic on this grey evening.

Down the pier strode a tall, angular figure, dressed in severely cut tweeds, and a felt hat that flapped in the wind.

"There's yer aunt," said Jock. "And I ken fine what she's unnaikin, she's desperate in case the Grant boats will get away afore ye."

"Good old Aunt Arabella!" grinned David, and waved to the forbidding-looking lady who paused on the edge of the pier overhead.

She smiled. Above the whine of the wind she called out: "If your father was alive he'd have been outside the harbour an hour ago."

"We're just going," returned David. "Good luck," she replied, and without another word turned away. She did not even glance at the Grant skiffs.

(To be Continued)

B. C. Squatters Face Eviction

VANCOUVER, April 14 (CP)—The quiet life of 80-odd residents of Vancouver's squatters' Utopia along the banks of the Fraser River goes on uninterrupted, despite a

City Council order that the "village" be cleared by May 26.

Twenty-six squatters' families—mostly hard-working fishermen who make their living from the river—have made their homes in this no-rent no-worry settlement for years. Life there where the river cuts into Vancouver's east district has—have made their homes in this no-rent no-worry settlement for years. Life there where the river cuts into Vancouver's east district has taught them it doesn't pay to worry. So they refuse to worry now.

One resident of the squatters' settlement won't care if they are moved out. She wants a "real home" of her own with her husband. Another declares he's lived there for five years and has no intention of moving. If he is forced out, he says he and his family will have to go on relief.

Still another resident will not be affected if the eviction order is enforced. He owns three cabins and the land upon which they stand. One of the cabins encroaches four feet on the city property, but he plans to move it.

For the most part, the settlers of the squatter village choose to say nothing about the eviction order. Mothers continue to hang out their washing as before and the men go on repairing their nets and boats for fishing. As to what will happen—they have decided to wait and see—but they refuse to worry about it.

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Thimble Theatre — Starring POPEYE

THE JEEP ASSISTED US IN ESCAPING FROM SAGASKIA—IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE HIS STRANGE POWERS MAY BE USED TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM WHICH NOW PRESENTS ITSELF

OKAY, I WILL ASK HIM

LISSEN, EUGENE, I GOT LOTS A CASH FOR 'B'COMING CHAMPEEN OF SAGASKIA—YA UNNERSTAN?

BRINGING UP FATHER

I WANNA SEND ALL A CASH HOME TO BUY SPINACH FOR POOR LITTLE KIDS—D'YA SEE?

JEEP!

JEEP!

JEEP!

KIN YA USE YER 'LECTRISKY TO DO IT?

JEEP!

JEEP!

JEEP!

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN, YA SEZ YA KIN?

JEEP!

JEEP!

JEEP!

I-H-M—THE POPEYE SPINACH FUND WILL BE STARTED BY "JEEPOGRAPH"

JEEP!

JEEP!

JEEP!

OH! IT'S LOVELY HERE IN TULSA—ONE FEELS SO ROMANTIC! OKAY—I FEEL LIKE A LITTLE FLOWER—

DEAR—WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD AND GRAY?

I DO—MAGGIE—

WHAT?

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF IT PAYS TO TELL THE TRUTH?

JEEP!

JEEP!

JEEP!