

DON'T BORROW FROM personal FRIENDS



It was Shakespeare who said: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

Shakespeare's advice is as sound today as it was when he wrote it, but, then, he was talking of personal friends.

Today, there is no need to lose friends because you need money, for lending money is everyday business at the Bank of Montreal, and because it is done on a sound and businesslike basis, the Bank, instead of losing friends, makes more and more every day.

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Charlottetown Branch: A. I. B. BELCHER, Manager

NO MORE GOOD-BYES

By Margaret Malr

A FAMILIAR VOICE

Lydia turned up the next morning in a great state of excitement. She and Dwight Sanderson had been staying for some months at a West End hotel. Now Dwight had to go to America on business and Lydia was to accompany him.

To New York! she said ecstatically to Susan. "Just think what fun, Susie, darling. I've always wanted to travel. And now New York of all places—just where I have always longed to go."

Her mother, Susan thought, was certainly much happier since her marriage. She looked younger, if anything; her face had lost some of its hardness; while her vitality and zest for life were certainly amazing.

Lydia bent down gushingly to embrace her grandchild. Gillian was planted happily in the middle of the sitting room carpet, playing with liddy-winks counters. Their colours fascinated her and she had arranged them all carefully in rows.

"Lovely red counters," said Lydia. She picked one up to show her appreciation, but her grandchild eyed her with suspicion.

"Don't put it in your mouth!" "Oh, no, darling!" Lydia laughed weakly, a little staggered by this injunction. She replaced the red counter hurriedly in position and, getting up from the floor, settled herself comfortably in one of her own armchairs by the fire.

"Are you busy, Susie, darling? I'm not disturbing you, am I?" "Oh, no, Mummy, of course not. I was trying to do some housework but it is an awful wait."

Susan grinned. "It's nicer to sit down, anyway." She gazed across the hearth at her mother and then down at her own flowered overall.

"How smart you are. Don't look at me."

Lydia fluttered the veiling in her hat. She was wearing black with pearl earrings in her ears. Her lips were very red and her face carefully made-up. "Susie, I shall worry about you. Will you be all right here while we're away? You've got enough money to carry on with?"

"Yes, I'm all right." "I'm overcaressing myself—but I'm sure Dwight would help you. Dwight's very good natured."

"Oh, no, Mummy, of course not. It was Susan who was all right. As though he hadn't done enough already. I shall manage perfectly well. All the bills are paid off now. I can make a clear start."

"I suppose you'll stay here in London?" "Oh, yes. It's a lovely flat. Mummy, so comfortable. And of course we can go to Oxford for a few days whenever we want to. Daddy and Eleanor said to come whenever we liked."

"Yes, Lydia nodded smilingly. "Poor old Charles! I'm glad you have him to fall back on. Such a sterling character—I'm beginning to think I never appreciated him."

Susan laughed. "Don't be absurd, Mummy. You ought never to have married him. Dwight suits you very much better. I said so at the moment. It's strange, isn't it, what mistakes one makes when one's very young?"

Lydia looked distressed. "I do hope I was not a bad influence. Sometimes I think I gave you all the wrong advice. You didn't talk too much about the bills, did you, did you, Susie, darling?"

Susan smiled and put out a conciliatory hand. "Don't worry yourself. Nobody could really help me much in those days. My head was in the stars and I expected the moon to fall into my lap."

Lydia's hand covered hers. "You know, darling, I wonder sometimes about your marriage—I know things were not always quite right between you and Martin. Some day you must tell me about it."

"Some day, Mummy," Susan smiled gratefully. "It's a long story."

Susan followed her mother out into the tiny hall and they kissed each other affectionately. They hesitated a moment, looking at one another. They were so unlike Susan thought, and yet they had so much in common.

"Some day," Lydia said quickly. "You'll be happy again, Susie. You're still so young. Nearly all your life is still ahead of you."

Susan nodded, without speaking. Her life is still ahead of you. Lydia went out. Susan stood with her hand on the door-knob and watched as her mother walked away down the corridor. At the turning to the left Lydia looked round, mother and daughter waved to each other and smiled.

Susan turned back into the flat. She stood in the hall for a minute or two, then she went to her room. She had done most of the housework, so she had time to see about getting the lunch ready. Gillian called to her from the sitting-room. "Mummy, Mummy—come and see what I'm doing."

"Shan't be long," Susan said. "I'm just coming."

The telephone gave a little apologetic tingle and then began to ring shrilly.

Susan held the telephone receiver patiently to her ear. "One minute, please," the operator was curt and cold. "There's a call for you."

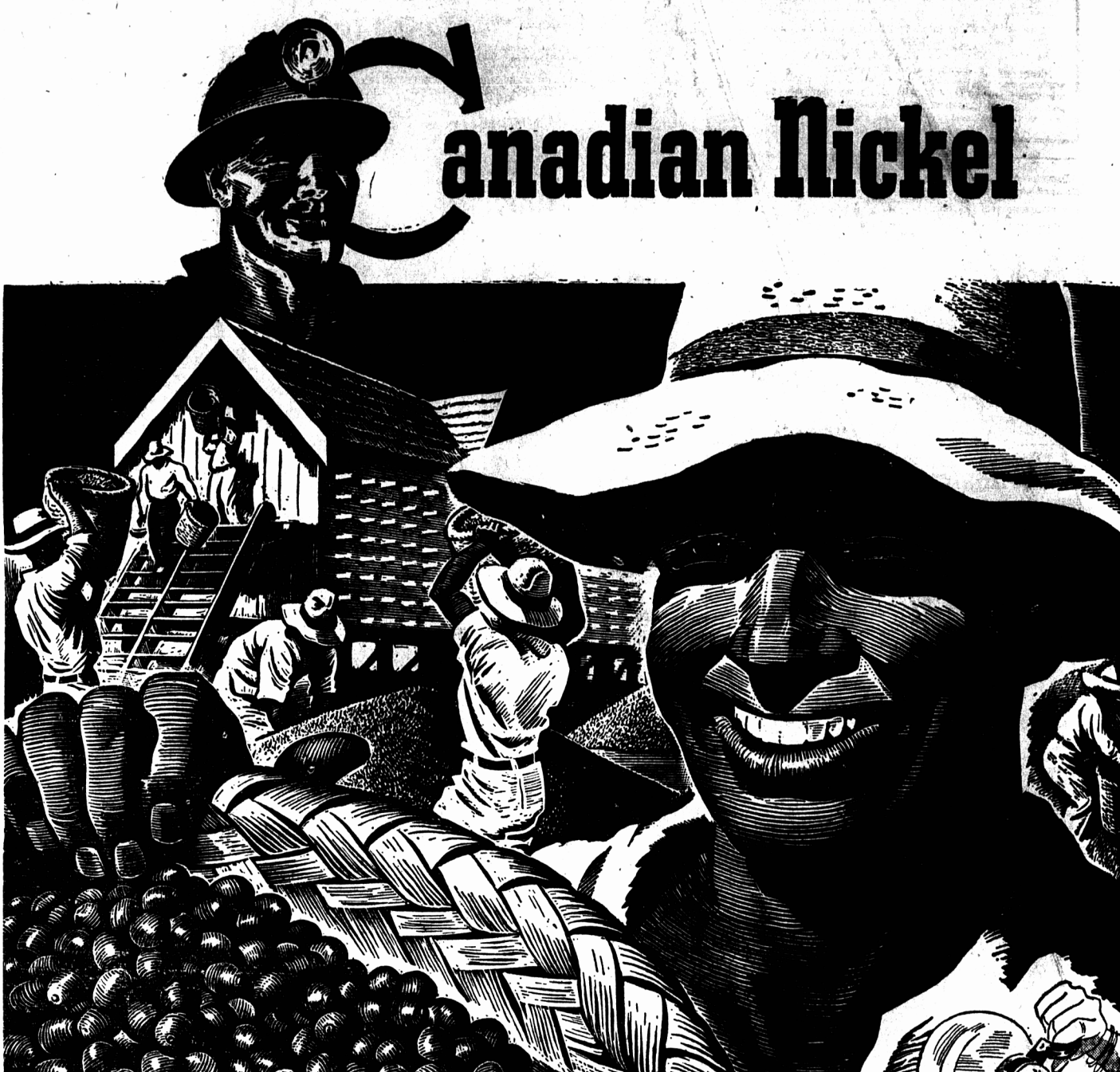
Eleanor, Susan thought. Probably Eleanor ringing up to know how we are, to ask us down perhaps for the weekend, she walked, listening. There was a long pause when nothing seemed to be happening. She said hello, but nobody answered, and she waited again. How annoying it was, wasting all the morning. Better ring her up, perhaps, and let them ring again. It was so often the way with these distance calls; the junctions got engaged or put-off, and there were hitches, delays.

She was just going to hang up the receiver when there was a sound from the other end. The voice was familiar to her and suddenly she became out of breath and her knees felt as though they might give way.

"Susan, is that you? It's Terence here."

"Yes," she said. "I know." She felt the thrill, the urgency of his voice across the wire. "I wanted to ring you for days I tried to get through to you last night. Susan, I've waited so long—and I can't wait any longer. You've got to tell me how soon we can meet."

(To be continued)



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DAD'S MUSIC SCORNE BY MENCHIN CHILDREN

LONDON, May 10.—(CP)—Yehudi Menuhin's playing may be to most people the world's greatest violin music, out to a five-year-old Krew and six-year-old Zamira—his son and daughter—it is "just an old scraping noise."

The youngsters solemnly told a reporter that "Mummy" at her piano plays much better. Both parents say it is wrong to teach music to an unwilling child. "It spoils them for life," said Mrs. Menuhin. "They enjoy music more if it is not forced on them early in life," said the father.

Iantigen "E" DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE FOR HAY FEVER

See Page 9

Now Showing! THAT OUTSTANDING BRITISH FILM THE "Story OF DDT"

Made under the direction of the British Ministry of Information this film shows the discovery and development of that miracle war-time insecticide DDT—how it was used in war and how it can serve in peace.

See It FREE at: Souris, May 14th, McQuaid's Hall, 8 O'clock DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME Presented by Green Cross Insecticides

PISQUID WEST SCHOOL

Honor roll for March and April. Grade IX—1, Alicia Handrahan and Gordon Birt, equal. Grade VIII—1, Charlotte Hughes; 2, Agnes Hughes; 3, Shirley Coffin. Grade VII—1, Glendon Jay; 2, Edna Kelly; 3, Arthur Coffin. Grade VI—1, Jean MacKinnon; 2, Harry Hughes; 3, Martin Kelly. Grade V—1, Edna Jay; 2, Gordon Jay; 3, June Coffin. Grade III—1, Francis MacKinnon; 2, Barbara Coffin. Grade I—1, George MacDonaid; 2, Manning; Jay; 3, Wilfred Kelly. Grade I, Jr.—1, Kier Coffin. Highest Average Senior Grades—Charlotte Hughes. Highest Average Junior Grades—George MacDonaid and Manning Jay. Perfect Attendance—Charlotte Hughes, Edna Kelly, Harry Hughes and Martin Kelly. Warren McGuirk—Teacher.

HERBERT B. MORESHEAD

CALAIS—Herbert Bell Moreshead, 77 years old, died at the Calais hospital Sunday night, April 21, after a long illness. He was born in Prince Edward Island, coming to Baring, Maine, when a young man. For many years he was employed in the saw mills of this town, and later became caretaker of the Baring cemetery. Surviving are his wife, Mildred (Jordan) Moreshead, seven daughters, Mrs. George McLeod, Woodland; Mrs. Robert Neeley, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Nicholas Guarino, Brooklyn, Mass.; Mrs. Edmund Wise, Brockton, Mass.; Mrs. Lynn Fowers, Randolph, Mass.; Miss Ethel Moreshead, Roxbury, Mass.; and Mrs. William Leardred; three sons, Edward and George of Baring and William of Malden, Mass.; also 12 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Raymond Bates of the second Baptist church, Calais, officiating. Bearers were William McLaughlin, Roddy Strouk, John Huntley and New Tyler.—(Bangor News April 30.)

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CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

SEEMS TO ME THIS DOOR BELLS ALWAYS RINGIN'— MY LAND! A PACKAGE! WHAT A BIG ONE! (SIGN HERE, LADY!) WHAT IS IT GRAN'MA? HUH? HUH? (WE DON'T KNOW ANYBODY IN LAURELTOWN— IS IT FOR ME ???)

TILLIE THE TOILER

IN THREE MONTHS MR. STUBBE CAN GROW ANOTHER GOURD BIG ENOUGH TO LUB IN! FORGET IT! BUT I CAN'T, I'M SUSPECTED OF HAVING HALLUCINATIONS! ER-ER MAYBE I COULD GET SOME BOOKS ABOUT HALLUCINATIONS TELL ME, HAVE YOU GOT HALLUCINATIONS ABOUT BOOKS?