

1949 ANOTHER Great year FOR THE EMPIRE LIFE

Financial Strength and Security to Policyholders is reflected in the Company's operations as shown by this summary from the Annual Report.

Insurance in Force ...	\$89,211,956
Total Income	3,004,655
New Insurance Paid For and Revived	12,780,433
Total Assets	17,903,394
Policy Reserves	15,100,833
Payments to Living Policyholders and Beneficiaries	1,097,191
Surplus for Protection of Policyholders	1,866,928



W. Blair MacDonald
Branch Manager
Tweel Building
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

FERTILIZERS

THAT MAKE FIRM FRIENDS

AMMONIUM NITRATE, 33%	\$88.00	
SULF. OF AMMONIA, 20%	\$62.00	
SUPER-GRANULAR, 20%	\$32.40	
MURIATE OF POTASH, 60%	\$67.00	
3-15-6	\$42.00	(\$43.00)
3-15-6 (3% Borax)	\$45.00	(\$46.00)
5-10-10 (1% M.G.O.)	\$45.60	(\$46.60)
5-10-13 (1% M.G.O.)	\$48.20	(\$49.20)

F. O. B. cars out factory
Our 1949 prices in brackets
Orders subject to confirmation

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE
Packed in five ply paper bags 100 lbs. each

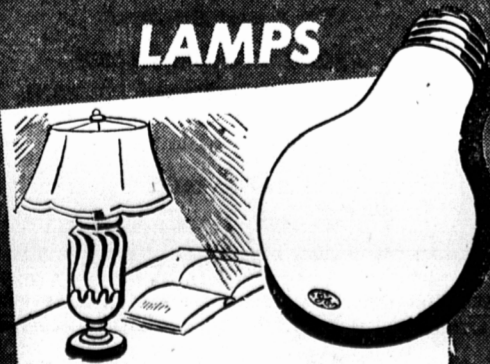
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The **Island Fertilizer Co.** Ltd.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.



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Examine any two makes of lamp—they look alike, don't they? And yet you'll notice the difference in your home and in your office when you switch to General Electric lamps. They stay brighter longer... give you greatest lighting value. That's why it's important to ask for G-E Lamps by name.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

The Morning Is Near Us

By
Susan Glaspell

Addie's husband drove in, smilingly watched the children a moment, then came over to her. "Stopped at the box for your mail. Couple of letters." He handed them to Lydia with a laughing. "This makes me feel a kid myself. My—they look pretty—all playing together like that."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," agreed Mary. "These paint people are never going to stop sending circulars," said Lydia. Then she glanced at her other letter. It was from her father.

Mary and Ivy went on talking. Lydia sat looking at her letter. "Yes, it's wonderful what Lydia's done with the place," Ivy was saying. "I do think, Lydia—why, my dear—what's the matter? You're white as a sheet!"

"She's tired," said Mary. "She's done so much for the party." "But Lydia,—you are white," Ivy insisted.

"Nonsense," she managed to laugh. "How could I be white? Steady now. Hold steady. I think it's time for the ice cream," she said.

Time for the ice cream. The big moment. Can't spoil the party. Couldn't read the letter now. It was there in her pocket—the letter from her father.

She served the ice cream. Koula blew the candles and cut one slice of cake. Lydia finished cutting the cake. No, her hands didn't shake. Mustn't spoil the party. They had brought out tables and the children were eating under the elm. Warren arrived, and Henry Kircher wandered over to "see the fracas".

Lydia got some ice cream for the grown-ups. They were merry too, in the spirit of the party. Must keep in the spirit of the party. Her left hand pressed her jacket pocket: it was there, waiting for her—the letter from her father.

She and Warren were standing together. "I never knew it was such a swell place for a party," he said. "You're a wizard, aren't you, Lydia?"

"Is that a good thing to be?" she laughed. "Darned if you haven't made the place gay. People are happy here." He said it marveling it could be true.

Mary and Ivy began gathering up the children who would go back to town. There were protests and delays, none of them wanted to leave. "It's so nice here," they would say. "We like it here," they'd say. "Will you have another party next birthday?" they asked Koula.

Then the shouting and the waving of good-bys. "There goes a happy bunch of kids," said Henry.

A few of the neighborhood children remained. Addie was clearing up. Henry said he'd be over the hill now. She walked a little way with him. She could read her letter now. She wanted it so much she was weak before it and had to delay the moment while she waited and talked with Henry.

She left him at the cemetery fence, walked a little way alongside the fence and sat down. Down at the house Diego was turning handsprings and Koula was looking at all her presents. Addie was bustling around.

With hands that were cold and not steady she opened her letter. She read:

"Dear Lydia: You shouldn't have come back. I never expected you would and I thought you'd understand that. I don't see why you didn't understand and why you're making this trouble now."

"Why—there's some mistake," she gasped. "This isn't."

But she read on: "I meant the place to be for the cemetery. I don't see why Warren ever let you stay."

"I didn't want things done to the house. I wanted it torn down as it was. You had no business to go there at all. You know well enough what I meant—why I left it to you the way I did. You shouldn't have taken advantage."

You shouldn't have taken advantage. If one of the laughing

FOR ALL THE FAMILY



Now! Improved, foil wrapped cubes... quick dissolving, a grand hot beef drink

children had suddenly been slapped right in the face....

"I don't want strangers there—those strange children prowling around. So go away now."

"I note what you say about coming to see me and all that. Now, Lydia, what is the use pretending you don't understand? You know very well I am not your father."

The graven stones in the cemetery behind her were not more graven than Lydia as she sat there now. The dead in their graves were scarce less motionless.

A long time and then she continued: "You're making it very hard for me, opening it all up like this; but one thing I've got to say. It was not Hertha's fault. About my not being your father or anything not being her fault. It was—else—it was not her fault. It was—Hertha didn't want you to stay at home. It was me, and I should think you could understand that. I didn't want you there on account of your not being my child. Now that's easy to understand. If you don't understand it it's because you don't want to. I didn't want your mother to pay attention to you, or be loving with you, and that's the reason it was the way it was between her and you. I

wouldn't let it be any other way. I want to say again that nothing about it was her fault. And after while I couldn't stand it to have you there and she had to do what I said and you were sent away. "You should have known before. Well, you know now, if you didn't before—and I think you did."

"I'm sorr: you've been put to the expense, but that is your own fault. You've been away a long time and must know lots of places to go. "None of it was your mother's fault. Now you remember that."

The letter was signed John Chippman.

To be continued

NIMBLE FOREST MICE HANDICAP FORESTERS

VICTORIA, B. C. Jan. 21. — (CP) — A group of little forest creatures - mice - are thwarting reforestation plans of the British Columbia forest service.

Scientists have been attempting for years to plant seeds instead of young trees, believing seeds would be much cheaper and would result in harder forest growth.

But the mice stand in their way. Mice, with a tremendous appetite for seeds, are making it necessary for foresters to stick to the old, cumbersome method—collecting seeds, planting them in nurseries, and transplanting the young trees by hand.

Every evil smelling compound imaginable has been tried on the seed, but mice continue to eat 9) to 100 per cent of all seeds planted.

GLENALADALE HOME AND SCHOOL MEETING

The December meeting of Glenaladale Home and School Association was held in the school on the evening of Dec. 12. Fourteen members were present.

The meeting was opened with a prayer, led by the Honorary president, Rev. K. C. McPherson. The

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minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The president then called on Mrs. W. F. McDonald to open a discussion on "Comics, and their Influence on Children." The discussion which followed was interesting. Those participating in it were Rev. K. C. McPherson, Rev. K. McMillan, Sister Clare Therese and James Hughes. One outstanding conclusion arrived at was to supply the children with other educational comics such as Treasure Chest which at present is supplied the school by Rev. K. C. McPherson.

The topic of discussion for the next meeting was decided to be "The Home, The School and The Pupil—the discussion to be led by Mrs. B. McDonald.

The meeting was adjourned by the members singing a number of popular Christmas Carols. (Patriot please copy)

RANGE OFFICER DIES

DONCASTER, Yorkshire, England, Jan. 20 — (CP) — Charles Laywood, for 29 years chief range officer at the Bisley Rifle Range, died today.

"Me use Nickel?"

The oil and gas he sells would cost more were it not for Nickel. Tough, hard Nickel Steel hits bite through rock to reach the oil. Drilling equipment is made of Nickel Steel to stand terrific stresses and corrosion.

Much oil refinery equipment is made of Nickel alloys to stand up under intense heat, under sub-zero cold, and to resist corrosion by acids. The modern refinery contains hundreds of tons of Nickel alloys.

In the tankers at sea, in the tank cars which transport oil products, in the tank trucks which bring oil and gasoline to the service station, Nickel alloys are used in many ways.

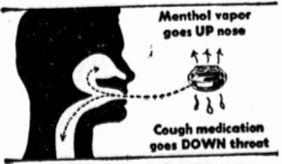
Forty-three years of research have uncovered hundreds of uses for Nickel in the United States and other countries. Now Nickel exports bring in millions of U.S. dollars yearly. These dollars help pay the 14,000 Nickel employees and also help pay railwaymen, lumbermen, steel and iron workers and other men and women making supplies for the Nickel mines, smelters and refineries.

IN EVERY LIFE

Canadian Nickel

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

STUFFY NOSE? RASPY COUGH?



Get FAST UP and DOWN Relief

Suffering from double misery of stuffy nose and cough from cold or smoking? Here's double relief—fast! It works up-and-down—both ways at once. Smith Brothers Menthol Cough Drops.

Menthol vapors go up—bring cool comfort to stuffy nose. Famous cough medication goes down to ease dry tickle, soothe raw irritated membranes.

SMITH BROTHERS
MEDICATED MENTHOL
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