

FLAT RIVER SCHOOL.

The half-yearly examination of Flat River school took place on Monday, June 30. Quite a number of parents and visitors were present. The examination was conducted by the teacher, Miss Alma Mason, assisted by Mrs. Angus Ross and Mr. Magnus Ross. After the examination the pupils tendered the following program:

Greeting—By Elizabeth Ross and Etta Beaton. Recitation, "The Flag Goes By," Marion Beaton. Recitation, "A Little Boy's Trouble," Alex Compton. Recitation, "Whose Girl," Donald Ross. Recitation, "At School and at Home," Martin Ross. Dialogue, "Good Bye," Annie Compton and Marion Beaton. Recitation, "A Small Boy's Complaint," Frank Ross. Recitation, "In Flanders Fields and Canada's Answer," Annie Compton and Donald Ross. Recitation, "How Butterflies Grow," Mary G. Ross. Recitation, "Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, Thief," Etta Beaton. Recitation, "A Four-Year-Old Student," Louis Ross. Recitation, "The Latest Joke," Annie MacPherson. Recitation, "A Small Figure," Christene Beaton. Recitation, "What Has Britain Done," Elizabeth Ross.

After the program, cake and tea were served by the ladies of the district and was greatly enjoyed by all. Short speeches were then made by Mr. Magnus Ross and Mr. Malcolm E. Beaton, expressing pleasure in the way in which both the examination and the program were rendered, and which reflected great credit on the teacher.

The following address, accompanied by a beautiful gold brooch, was then presented to the teacher: Dear Teacher—Another school year has drawn to a close and we, your pupils, look forward to the next with no small amount of regret as we realize that you will not be with us. No doubt throughout the past year there have been times when you were sorely tried, perhaps angered, but always you treated us with kindness, and did your utmost to help us understand the most difficult problems and put our school on a level with the others in the province. We would like you to accept this little gift as a token of our esteem and gratitude, and we wish you in the years to come nothing but success and happiness.

The Pupils of Flat River School.

The teacher replied in a few words thanking the pupils for their kind appreciation of her services. The examination came to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

WELLINGTON CENTRE SCHOOL.

The closing exercises of Wellington school took place on June 20th in the presence of a large number of parents and ratifiers, the school being tastefully decorated for the occasion. The examination was conducted by the teacher assisted by Sgt. L. W. Goodwin, M. M. and Mrs. Edwin McDonald. The pupils who answered promptly and accurately exhibited careful and thorough training.

A pleasing program had been carefully prepared and was well rendered. Complimentary remarks were made by Messrs. D.L. Cameron, Chas. Ayers, and Sgt. Goodwin. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss McCabe for her energetic work, and her untiring efforts to bring the school to a high standard, during the past three years. At the close of the examination all present were treated to home made candy by the teacher, after which the following address was read:

Miss Mary E. McCabe

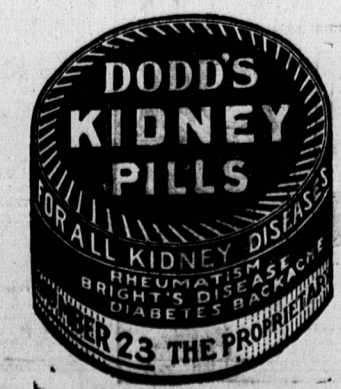
Dear Teacher—I have been requested by the pupils of our school to offer you a slight token of our affection and regard. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be the means of conveying to you the expression of our united love. What we offer you is a poor symbol of our feeling, but we know you will receive it kindly as a simple indication of the attachment which each one of us cherish for you in our Heart of Hearts.

You have made our lessons pleasant to us, so pleasant, that it would be ungrateful to call them tasks. We know that we have often tired your temper and forbearance, but you have dealt gently with us in our waywardness, teaching us by example as well as precept the advantages of kindness and self-control. We will never forget you. We shall look back to this school in after life not as a place of penance, but as a scene of mutual enjoyment, where the paths of learning, were strewn with flowers, whenever memory recalls our schooldays our hearts will ever turn towards you as they do today.

I have been requested by my schoolmates not to address you formally, but as a beloved and respected friend, in that light dear Teacher we all regard you. Please accept with this little present our earnest good wishes. May you always be a happy as you have endeavored to make your pupils, and may they be always as faithful in their duties to others, as you have been in your duties to them. (Patriot please copy.)

TO CURE INSOMNIA

An Englishwoman claims to have discovered a cure for insomnia. It is called "Ay-zed," and all you need to cause you to drop off to sleep is to list the first names of all your friends and acquaintances taking each letter of the alphabet in order.



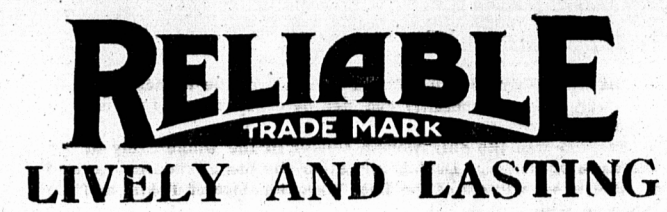
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A BIT OF ADVICE THAT CAN BE APPLIED.

Over four years out of Quickwitt's young life had been spent overseas, in trench and muddy field, in billet and hospital. Here he had been known as Private Quickwitt.

The new suit of civvies which changed him from a fighting man to a humble civilian, left him with a feeling of strangeness and incompetence.

Back of the war the road stretched strange, dark and unfamiliar. His brain could not easily replace the old landmarks. They had promised him his job down at the steel works. It was the first job he had ever held. Now he was to return. He went on his way to the factory. Everything looked strange to him. There was a new foreman, and a new man at the gate. Strange machinery roared and whirred overhead.

The first week was interminably long. Work seemed monotonous, and Quickwitt's fingers refused to be nimble. He thought of the speed with which he had handled cartridges at the front. Several times the foreman warned him during the first ten days that he was slow in picking up his work. By the end of two weeks the complaint was registered that Quickwitt seemed to pay no attention to his job. He was accused of loitering unnecessarily, and several altercations took place between him and the foreman.

A few days later Quickwitt walked out--no one seemed to understand. "Chap's changed a lot it seems to

me," said one of the old hands, discussing Quickwitt's behaviour. "It isn't as though he had been gassed or had anything that would affect his head, yet he just acts deliberately and downright foolish over some things."

Quickwitt meanwhile wandered around. He had tried a job and failed. At present he didn't feel up to a second attempt. The world looked to be out of gear to him. Why couldn't people understand a fellow and give him a chance?

In such a mood he crossed the path of a Unit Service Officer, of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment.

"How did you like your job in the factory before the war?" asked the D.S.C.R. man.

"Oh, fine!" "Well, don't you think if you had stayed you would like it again?" "Might, but it isn't the same. Everything is changed."

"Of course, it has. What did you expect? Do you think Canada stood still while you were fighting over there? The country wouldn't be worthy of you boys if she had, that's progress."

"Yes, but," burst in Quickwitt, "they might give a fellow a chance." And he related a few of the incidents of the past three weeks.

The Service Officer was a man who moved quickly. Within an hour he was down in the factory building chatting with the manager and head foreman about soldiers in general.

factory owner talk and finally brought forward the case of Quickwitt. "You mean to be good to the returned men. You have several waiting for you and you cite the instance of two who are doing well to refute the case of Quickwitt," sized up the D.S.C.R. man in closing; "but let me just point out one fact in this connection. Neither of the men you mention had been overseas longer than eight months. They did their bit however, just as faithfully and well as Quickwitt, but do you see the difference as we see it. Close upon five years out of Quickwitt's life are lost to him as far as business goes. Remember that while he was overseas your world did not stand still. You have gone ahead, in methods, in men, and in machinery, with the result that he has four years of progress with which to compete and four years of knowledge to gain."

"That's true," said the foreman, who was somewhat pleased to think that their progress had been so noted. "I never thought of that before."

"Do you know where that chap is? Well, send him back and we will have another trial together. I guess the fact is that every returned man must be treated differently."

"Good for you," commented the D.S.C.R. Officer, as he turned to locate Quickwitt.

"It should not take long to convince you employers that the man who helped hold back the Hun overseas is capable of holding down his own line in the homeland. All we ask for him is--Don't put up too much barbed wire."

### The Markets

#### CHARLOTTETOWN MARKETS

Butter (creamery) (lb) .....	55 to 58
Butter, dairy .....	42 to 54
Butter, tub .....	42 to 45
Eggs, (doz.) .....	38
Oats, (bush., (buyers price)) .....	80
Hay, ton .....	\$20.00
Straw, .....	9.00
Wool (unwashed) .....	45
Wool, washed, .....	65
Potatoes .....	80

#### MURRAY HARBOR MARKETS

Butter lb. ....	40
Eggs .....	41
Oats .....	85
Potatoes .....	75

#### MONTAGUE MARKETS

Butter .....	33
Eggs .....	38
Oats (bus.) .....	80
Wool unwashed .....	50
Wool .....	65

#### KENSINGTON MARKETS

Butter .....	40
Eggs .....	40

Oats .....	80	White oats .....	85
Wool unwashed .....	50	Hides per lb. ....	18c
Wool washed .....	75	Wheat .....	\$2.00
		Wool washed .....	65
		Wool unwashed .....	50

#### SOURIS MARKET

Butter (dairy) per lb .....	42	W. Oats bus .....	80
Butter (creamery) per lb .....	55	B. Oats bus .....	85
Eggs, per doz .....	38	Eggs doz .....	38
Potatoes per bus .....	80 to 85	Butter lb. ....	45
Fowl per lb. ....	22c to 25c	Oats, black per bus .....	90
Wool .....	65		

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