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UNCLE RAY'S CORNER

A LITTLE SATURDAY TALK It is too bad that there have been so many cases of the "flu" this winter in different parts of the country. It is a disease which is no fun to get. I had a touch of it ten years ago. Thousands of persons died in the flu epidemic of 1918 and 1919. It has not been so bad this time, but it has been bad enough. Hundreds of schools were closed the week before Christmas in different cities. Doctors say that the sickness this time has not been so much influenza as "la grippe." La grippe is a little more than a heavy cold; yet those who become ill with it do not enjoy themselves a great deal. The flu and la grippe are spread by means of germs. One way for the germs to travel is through the air after a person sneezes. It is a good idea to keep your distance from persons who sneeze, so that the germs will not reach you. If you have to sneeze, use a handkerchief to catch the germs and keep them from hurting anyone else.

If we go into crowded stores or theaters during the time of an epidemic, it is hard to avoid breathing in some of the germs. The best way to protect ourselves from sickness is to keep our digestion in good order. You will help yourself by eating fruits and vegetables. Do not eat very much meat. Drink at least a few glasses of water each day. Rain and snow are great helps in keeping down the spread of germs. They clean the air, taking away the germs and dust. It would be fine if we could order a rain or a snowfall whenever it was needed. We cannot do that now (at least our order will not always be filled!) but scientists will probably find a way, within a few hundred years, to bring rain or snow at any time. Maybe cities will vote on whether to have rain on Saturday or Sunday!

Uncle Ray

Says Diamonds Will Be Found In Canada

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—At least seven or eight prominent members of the Convention of the American Scientific Society advised me to meet Dr. George F. Kunz, who is much in evidence at the present convalescence. I did so, and Dr. Kunz is worth meeting. His chief interest lies in the practical character of his scientific work. His specialty is geology and his extra-specialty is the study of precious stones. For this reason he has for long been the high authority on these sparkling matters for the world-famed Tiffany house here, and has been made vice-president as a mark of honor. Dr. Kunz's first words to me were "Canada may well be proud of her wonderful surveys both extensive and intensive. Let her keep it up. I firmly believe that diamonds at no distant date will be found in Canada. The British" with a twinkle in Dr. Kunz's eye, "always ultimately find diamonds, though I am not one of the Americans who think these gems had anything to do with the South African war." The eminent jewel specialist went on to speak of his explorations in Canada, and especially of the great help Earl Grey had given him. "Canada has the same diamond approximations as Ohio and Wisconsin," said Dr. Kunz. "As a matter of fact, there has been one single authentic diamond found in your country. The Erie-Birks people once showed me a genuine diamond evidently drifted from the north. Diamonds may be hidden for ages. The first in South Africa was of the year 1868." This eminent lapidary told me an interesting story of the late Henry Ward Beecher, the basic part of which I was already familiar with. After violent intellectual output, the great preacher would sit for hours communing with precious stones, which rested by his brain and induced sleep, especially the opal. Dr. Kunz told me that Beecher, to this end, frequently borrowed gems from Tiffany's through him. "Beecher was a great soul and absent-minded," said the doctor, "and sometimes he would forget he had borrowed the stones and once or twice he actually gave one away."

PINE FORT PIONEER OF TRADING POSTS

WINNIPEG, Man., Jan. 5.—(By the Canadian Press).—Traces of old trading posts have been found along the Assiniboine river, some of them more than a century old. Several sites of former trading posts have been located by Dr. D. A. Stewart, Medical Superintendent of Manitoba Sanatorium. After years of research work, Dr. Stewart gave an address here recently on the subject of the ancient trading posts, as reported by the Assiniboine Free Press, and said he had discovered the sites by marks left in the earth, hollows that were once cellars and, buffalo bones and wooden stockades. Pine Fort, the first of the outposts situated some 15 miles north of Souris, yielded many important finds, he said. Traces of bastions, house timber, human bones and even rifle bullets were chronicled among discoveries made here. It was at this site that Indians gathered most of the spruce tree gum, rootlets and bark with which they constructed their canoes. Rivers in Souris, a little west of Pine Fort, was used by the Hudson's Bay Company as an exporting sta-

tion. It was here that one of the first shipments ever made was sent to Fort Esperance, another post still further west. Brandon House, mapped north of the Assiniboine, roughly six miles above Souris, was one of the chief early centres of the Hudson's Bay company at one time, the speaker said. Several routes radiated from this point, connecting it mainly with Pine Fort all traffic being on water. Montague A. LaBosse, to the north-west of Pine Fort was the scene of an attack by Mandan Indians in 1794, which drove many traders to Assiniboine House, where some of the earliest traces of early habitation have been found since. Pembina came into existence when traders from Montreal, known as the X-Y company set out west and used the site as their base for some time. Later they moved to Fort la Reine, now Portage la Prairie. Evidence shows that Qu'Appelle was at one time headquarters for the same company. It was abandoned, however, in 1800, owing to the scarcity of animals, and the company moved to Fort Dauphin. Records kept by the trader showed that even in those days, mosquitoes so tormented men and horses that expeditions were hindered on several occasions. Other posts of note were Fort Garry, Fort Willkie and Fort Pelly. It was around this group that almost all troubles with Indians centred, finally ending with the Pemmican war.

WITHIN OUR HEART

Across the span of closing years, We retrospect with smiles and tears— Our scenes now passed away: Our minds recall the dim and bright, Of yesterday and yesternight— On this glad New Year's day. Adown this new year's vista lies, The things concealed from human eyes— And from the mind of man; We cannot see what is in store, Nor lies beyond our very door— Destined in God's own plan. Within our heart we introspect, On what to do—and to neglect— In life's great race to win; We would resolve to cast aside, The arrogant, and things of pride— That's bound us from within. That word so harsh we may have spoken, In anger, may have friendship broken— And caused an aching heart; An act performed that was unkind— That not atoned by one refined— That would new love impart. We therefore view life's polyglot; A new leaf turn—without a blot— Its ours to mark it right; This page of Nineteen-Twenty-Nine Is ours to fill in every line— With deeds of love, wrought with delight. We'll pledge anew and dedicate; Our life to good reconsecrate— In kind humility; We would forgive, and be forgiven, If from our hearts mean things were driven— By grace and sympathy. The new horizon, we would scan, With kindness toward our fellow man— Of city-mart and sod; The wreny heart and tear-stained eyes, Would look for solace toward the skies— Unto the throne of God. —Peter A. Reilly, 128 West Brookline St., Boston, Mass.

Following recent improvements and extensions Brazil now has 47,000 miles of improved highway.

AN ATTIC SALTSHAKER

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MENTIONING a visit to Amy Lowell, the New England poet, at her home in Brookline, Mass., Jolly A. Edward Newton says (in "This Book-Collecting Game") that she welcomed him "at the door of her stately mansion in its park of green velvet, studded with fine old trees— which I should describe as elms but for a story I once heard."

HERE is the story: A little girl was visiting at an English country house situated in a park famous for its fine old trees. As she strolled around with her host after dinner, knowing that she was expected to remark upon their beauty, she exclaimed: "How beautiful those old elms are! If they could speak, what would they say?" To which her host replied quietly: "They would say, I think, 'We are oaks!'"

A CHARMING anecdote about Princess Ileana, daughter of Queen Marie of Rumania, appears in Sislely Huddleston's "Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios." As a gift of seven Princess Ileana went with her mother to stay at Buckingham Palace. "Why do you eat so many bananas?" asked King George one day. "Because we had none at all at Jassy," answered the child. "What did you do at Jassy?" inquired the King. "Carried thermos bottles of hot tea, just as Mamma did, to the soldiers who lay freezing and dying in the streets," replied Ileana. But she went busily on eating bananas. "Will you never have had enough bananas?" asked the King. "Never," said the child, "while you have any left."

INSISTING all through her book "Schumann-Heink: The Last of the Titans"—that she "never was noticed for her beauty," that great singer tells (with audible chuckles) an amusing story against herself. To quote her own words: "It was reserved for my old age to be mistaken for a very brilliant and famous singer—no less than Mary Garden herself."

TWO YEARS ago when on a sleeping car Schumann-Heink overheard two negro porters having a hot and terrible argument. Presently her manager came along. Right away one of the porters said to him: "Say boss, ain't dat dar lady in dat compartment a famous singer?" "Why, yes," replied the manager, "that's Madam Schumann-Heink!" "Dat!" said one porter. "What I tell you? Didn't I tell yah she was a famous singer?" "Oh," said the other, "I knowed dat all the time—I knowed she was a famous singer, but you said she was Mary Garden!" "Enough said," pipes the diva.

BUT Schumann-Heink does pride herself on her small feet. How do I know? Well, in the early days of "the Heink's" success at Covent Garden, the big-hearted Nordica—then at the zenith of her fame and popularity—gave a dinner for Schumann-Heink for the express purpose of introducing her to London's "High Society." Imagine Nordica's feelings, however, when the guest of honor arrived—and late, too—wearing ordinary street attire! "I had no evening dress," explains Schumann-Heink. "I had nothing but an ordinary dress on and a plain old coat."

THE butler wouldn't even let her in. But Nordica—already nervous as "the Heink" was late and the other guests had arrived—came to the rescue. Sizing up the situation, she cried: "For heaven's sake, Ernestine, go with my maid upstairs, quick, before any one sees you, and she'll fix you up and make you look decent." Soon Schumann-Heink reappeared beautifully "turned out" in a fine black dress "with pearls and earrings and a necklace and things stuck in my hair from Nordica's jewel-box. But I don't mind telling you that Nordica's slippers were too large. You know, I really have very small feet!" There you are!

ART YOUNG, gifted black and white artist, in company with some newspaper men was standing outside the Old Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, on a Saturday afternoon in April 1910. Inside the church was being held the funeral service for Mark Twain. The negro janitor of the church was standing by the side door and just to be sociable, Young said to him: "About how long will it be before the remains are brought out?" "I dunno," said he, "but they can't get 'em out too soon to suit me. I got to clean up the church 'fo' tomorrow mornin'." "I am sure," says Young (in his reminiscences "On My Way") "that Mark Twain would have enjoyed the janitor's wish to hurry him on his last long journey."

RECENT observations by museum officials, who timed visitors with a stop-watch, revealed that fact that the average halt before each work at which they looked at all was of a few seconds, says Walter Pach, art critic (in "Ananias, Or The False Artist.") Then he tells a story to illustrate the way that the seeing of pictures was regarded in the Renaissance.

THE great artist Piero della Francesca, had painted a band of decoration around the choir of San Francisco in the city of Arezzo, then another series of pictures above the first, and was beginning a third still higher up. Whereupon a great prelate tried to reason with him, saying: "But Piero, no one will see what

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you paint up there," "God will see it," was the reply of the artist. He spoke for the artists of all time, comments Pach.

MR. PACH also tells a new Whistler story—at least, new to me. Urged by some artists to go and look at certain pictures he had called very bad without seeing them—they were the works of a man he detested—Whistler agreed to do so on condition that they first go to look at some pictures that he liked and that they had never seen.

THE proposal being accepted with enthusiasm, he marched them to the National Gallery (London) and showed them the Rembrandts. "But you didn't mean those pictures, Whistler? Of course, we've seen those." "No, you haven't. You've doubtless glanced at them, but if you'd ever seen them, you'd not be proposing to make me look at the stuff you talk about."

WARDEN LAWES tells an amusing story about a man caught smoking in the prison band room. "He explained to me," chuckles the warden (in "Life and Death in Sing Sing") "that there was a crack in one of the clarinets and that the accepted way to find such a crack was to blow smoke into the clarinet. I knew he was lying, and he knew that I knew it, but it seemed to me that a masterpiece like this called for a suspended sentence, and it was so ordered."

READING Newman Flower's "Life" of Franz Schubert—he died just one hundred years ago—brings to mind Oscar Wilde's saying: "Genius is the only quality which the public will not forgive." The total sum which Schubert made by his composition in the entire course of his life (says Flower) amounted to the equivalent of Two thousand eight hundred and seventy five dollars (\$2,875). A singer has been known to get that much, and even more, for merely singing a few of Schubert's songs in these days.

ONE of Schubert's most beautiful songs, "Hark! Hark! the Lark!" was composed at the Schwind family Home, Moonshine House, Vienna. Moritz Schwind—Schubert's great friend—wished to draw the composer's picture. But Franz, restless as ever, refused to keep still. Persuasion proved of no avail. Some one then gave Schubert a copy of Shakespeare.

LOOKING through it, he came upon "Cymbeline," and the words of the song so captivated him that he immediately proceeded to set it to music. Schwind ruled some lines on a piece of paper for Schubert's use, saying as he did so that they were the most valuable drawing he had ever made. And while Schubert composed Schwind made his picture.

ON ONE occasion Schwind called at Schubert's rooms to take him for a walk and found him in bed. Franz got out and began to rummage in a drawer, pulling out socks, then throwing them viciously back again. "What are you looking for, Franz?" Schwind inquired. "It appears to me, Moritz, that they don't knit socks without holes in these days," Schubert answered.

NOT everyone knows that Paul Claudel, French Ambassador at Washington, is a poet as well as a diplomatist, and not a minor poet by any means any more than he is a minor diplomatist. At one time, too, says Sislely Huddleston, (in his new book), he wrote obscure plays, penned in Biblical verses, which were considered the last word in literature by his faithful followers comprising the Claudel cult.

ONCE there was presented an act of a drama at one of the little Parisian theatres patronized by the Claudel cult which was prefaced by a declaration by an actor before the curtain, to the effect that the author of the play desired to remain anonymous. When the curtain fell at the end there was a loud demonstration against the play. THEN the actor reappeared and announced that "the piece we have just presented is the first act of 'Partage de Midi' by Paul Claudel." Instantly the adverse demonstration

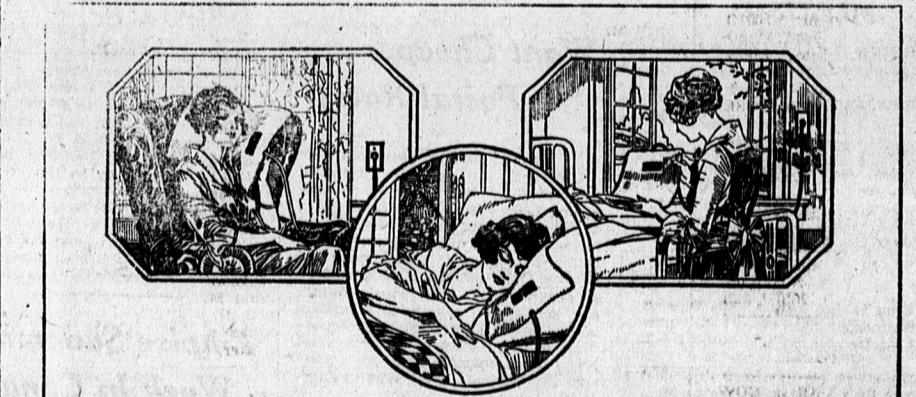
ceased and presently the entire audience was on its feet cheering vociferously. It is dangerous—says Huddleston, wickedly—when there is a cult for strange works to present them anonymously. (Copyright 1928)

NEW EXPERIMENTAL CAR FOR SHIPPING ANIMALS

Word has been received by J. Macnab Wilson of the Toronto Humane Society that at a conference of the C. P. R. and C. N. R. plans were discussed for building an experimental car designed to promote more humane methods for shipping animals. The idea is to have the car divided into sections in order to prevent too much jostling. Mr. Wilson has also heard from the Government at Ottawa of expectations for improved conditions in the treatment of animals. Last year 163,415 animals and birds were examined by the inspectors of the Toronto Humane Society. The annual report shows 5,449 horses examined; 107 horses humanely destroyed; 200 sent to hospital or stable, and 42 brought to shelter. There were 7,153 dogs brought to shelter; 5,751 diseased and injured dogs destroyed; 735 placed in homes; 657 claimed by owners, and 13 sent to veterinary hospital. Cats to the number of 17,735 were brought to shelter, and of these 16,361 were humanely destroyed, while 374 were placed in homes. There were 82,299 cattle, sheep and swine examined, and 3,207 performing animals and birds. Other animals and birds to the number of 3,604 were examined. The poultry which came under the inspection of the society amounted to 47,572 birds. Seventy-six summonses were issued during the year, resulting in 64 convictions. There were 1,916 complaints investigated and 1,078 warnings issued.

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