

Life Underwriters Elect President



C. McN. STEEVES, C.L.U.

Branch Manager at Saint John, N.B., for the North American Life Assurance Company, was elected President of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada at the Annual Meeting of the Association held in Toronto on January 21.

Quaker Employees Get New Life Insurance Benefits

PETERBOROUGH, Ont. Jan. 19.—Adding to its already long list of employee benefits, The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited announced today a new low-cost Group Life Insurance Plan for all approved employees.

This plan, which is covered in detail in a booklet entitled "Protecting You and Yours," enables employees to buy life insurance equal to the amount of their annual pay at a cost of 50 cents per month plus the cost of the program will be paid for by the Company.

Islanders in U.S.A.

One of the oldest former Islanders now living in the U.S.A. is Mrs. James Matheson formerly of Brookfield, P. E. I. Her maiden name was Isabella MacKinnon, and she was born in the old family homestead in Brookfield now occupied by her niece, Mrs. Flora MacLeod.

There were ten boys and two girls in her family, she being the only one remaining. Her sister Mrs. A. N. MacLeod formerly of Brookfield, passed away a few years ago.

Only two of her brothers still live on the Island. He passed away several years ago. She lived in Ottawa, Canada, until two years ago, when she and her daughter moved to Boston, Mass.

A number of former Islanders now residing in the U.S.A. had quite a treat a few nights ago, when they attended a dinner in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Boston. Mrs. A. real old time Scotch dinner of the Islands potatoes, and Mrs. Etta Drummond from Brookfield brought back memories to those Charlottetown.

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a nature which may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE

RED CROSS FIRST AID School of the A.R. C.F.C.Y. 6:30 Saturday night.

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CHURCH NOTICE for the Parish of Springfield and Crapaud, Jan. 22nd. St. Elizabeth's, Springfield, Morning Prayer 11:00 A.M. St. John's, Crapaud, Evening Prayer 7:30 P.M. Rev. B. P. Ryan, Rector.

MILTON-RUSTICO PARISH. Services for Sunday, January 22nd. 11:00 Morning Prayer and Sermon. St. Mark's, Rustico, Evening Prayer and Sermon. "Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." The Rector, Rev. A. E. Piercey welcomes you.

ITS PURPOSE.—The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in London, England, in 1804. Its purpose was defined as being "to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment." Restricted, therefore, to the publication and circulation of translations of Scripture only the Bible Society is enabled to serve every Christian Community.

SUDDEN PASSING.—The death occurred in Woburn, Mass., on December 10th, of Miss Mary Ann Snelgrove, 94 years of age. Miss Snelgrove was well known in Charlottetown where she lived for many years before moving to Woburn. Her passing came as a shock to her friends here who had received letters from her up until a few weeks before her death. Miss Snelgrove was able to be up and around until the day before her death.

TRINITY CHURCH.—Rev. Dr. Dudley, Guest Minister, will conduct morning and evening worship tomorrow. In the morning, Dr. Dudley will take his text from the third chapter of Acts: "Health and Happiness Through Faith." The Dramatic Story of Joseph, Favorite Son and Prime Minister of Egypt, will be told by Dr. Dudley in the evening. The music for the day will be under the capable direction of Mr. Kendall, and will include two anthems by the Choir, "Rejoice, Lord, by Elvey, and Becker," with Miss Sally Wood (Soprano) and Miss Lillian Wood (Soprano). The various departments will hold regular sessions at the usual hours.

THE KIRK OF ST. JAMES.—Services at the Kirk tomorrow will be conducted by the Minister, S. T. M. who will preach the sermon, in the morning on "When the winds are against us," and in the evening on "The Ambitions of the Nursery School for the future." The Nursery School for the future meets at 2:30 in the direction of the church organist, Miss E. Lillian McKenzie, Miss Bae, and will include, in the morning, Myles Foster's "O For a Closer Walk With God," with Mrs. W. Gordon Stewart as soloist, and in the evening, an arrangement of Frank's "The Evening Anthem will be "O Gladsome Light," by Sullivan.

who had not tasted Marach's since childhood days. Islanders attending the dinner were: Mr. Alex Macdonald, who the way, is an active member of the Church; his sister, Catherine, Mrs. George MacLeod, they are formerly residing in Dorchester. Mrs. E. E. (Moore) Collins, formerly of Brookfield; Miss Alma MacLean, Stewart, all of North Lake, P.E.I.; Mrs. Percy the former Edith Nicholson of Hunter River; Mr. John A. MacDonald, his sister, Florida, Mrs. Dan MacDonald, they were accompanied by a niece visiting here from Darlington, P. E. I. Jack and his sister are formerly from Brookfield, and Mrs. Etta Drummond from Brookfield.

CHAPTER XXI "IT IS YOUR CHATEAU"

He was relieved too, because this saved him the emotional embarrassment of saying good-bye to Caryll, though he did also feel a little surprised that she should still, he had to admit that she had adopted the common-sense attitude of one would naturally expect from her. She had probably felt sure they would meet in London before she did go back to France.

Not if he could help it, however, O'Hara decided as presently being so conveniently clear. He knew that, for the sake of his peace of mind, it would be wisest not to see Caryll again. The per- per thing to do was to forget her, as he had once forgotten Virginia until she was forcibly thrust back into his mind.

He was sorry that had happen-

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CHATEAU SINISTER

By Leslie Beresford

He had little guessed when he motored from Montreal in the fashion to Paris, he had gone by way of Biarritz, lingering in St. Pierre de Brissac over the misadventures of his childhood, into what quadrum of intrigue and wild cauldron was cold now, and the adventure had ended. He was free to go on his way.

And that would lead him to London where an interview with the great Sir Godfrey ought to be a permanent future. He required about hiring a car for the journey; Rittenberg had already seen to this and obtained one. "You're going with us, of course," he insisted, but O'Hara shook his head.

"If you don't mind, no," he said, making up his mind that he must go on his own. "You're making the Chateau, I take it. I'm not. You'll see. I may have just as it chances. Probably not, for you're in a hurry to get back to France, while my own is my own."

With which, after arranging for a car to come along for him later, room he had occupied. He had to admit that Rittenberg was a thoroughly decent fellow, but that did not prevent him also from envying him, even to the extent of thoroughly disliking him. Caryll, O'Hara could not help but go back to London, politely escorted back to the Chateau on one must go too. That's why I've let behind myself. You and I have come to an understanding.

"About what?" He obeyed the gesture of her slim fingers, indicating the vacant stretch of cushioned window-seat beside her, but set far away, leaning against the side of the bay, against the Chateau, she said, "I don't want it for myself. It belongs far more to you than it does to me."

"Nonsense. Andrew Payne paid good price for it, and he's passed it on to you. It's nothing what- ever to do with me, is it?" "Supposing I make it over to you legally by deed of gift?" "I wouldn't accept it."

Not if he could help it, however, O'Hara decided as presently being so conveniently clear. He knew that, for the sake of his peace of mind, it would be wisest not to see Caryll again. The per- per thing to do was to forget her, as he had once forgotten Virginia until she was forcibly thrust back into his mind.

He was sorry that had happen-

ed; because lovely and sweet-natured a girl as she was, Virginia and he...

"You'd just have to accept it. And there it would be, all uncoupled and going to ruin..." "Yes, but you're not doing anything so utterly silly," he protested. "Of what use would a great place like that be to me, even if I had to accept it?"

"Of what use is it to me, either? I can't go on living there alone. I don't intend to do that, anyhow."

"You were doing that, all the same, when I came along on my way to Paris," he reminded her. "Lucky for me that you did some along," she nodded. "Other- wise, I don't know what might have happened to me by now."

"I hope you're not being too thankful for any little thing I may have done," he deprecated awkwardly. "Others did as much and more for me, for instance. Whatever does he think of you, letting him go to London without you?"

"Julius quite agrees. In fact, it was his idea," he retorted. "Just your usual Cesareque attitude, sitting perched on a high throne above everyone else. Real down to earth, it is time you came down to earth."

"I'm afraid, Caryll, I don't get you," he stammered. "I mean others were all off back to the Chateau."

"Did I say I was going there?" she challenged, and thinking back, he actually heard her say so. "But—where Rittenberg was going, naturally, you would be going. Not necessarily," she contradicted. "In fact, I'm only going back to the Chateau on one must go too. That's why I've let behind myself. You and I have come to an understanding."

"About what?" He obeyed the gesture of her slim fingers, indicating the vacant stretch of cushioned window-seat beside her, but set far away, leaning against the side of the bay, against the Chateau, she said, "I don't want it for myself. It belongs far more to you than it does to me."

sudden blaze of anger came to him. "It was because, like the fool I was, I fell in love with you," he said slowly, heavily. "And that's no habit of mine—if it is of Rittenberg's, that mad about women."

"I'm sure it isn't," she nodded, her eyes earnest in their limpid gaze. "I somehow knew that when I met you. That's why, right away, I fell in love with you."

"Good lord..." He stared at her, amazed, then said, "You really don't mean that? But, of course, it isn't all so easy as just talking Chateau, all that money from Old Man Payne..."

"Are you so stupidly proud as all that?" she flashed at him, a rich colour high in her cheek. "Aren't you an airman, the kind to do man's things, all without any woman's money? Is that really going to stand between us?"

"Do you think I could go back to that Chateau without you, when every inch of it would remind me of you, as the person who really ought to own it?" she demanded obstinately. "Are you going to be refused to share it with me?"

Before he could answer her, she had handed to him a sealed envelope. "Virginia asked me to give you what she's written there, but she said it might make you under- stand quite a lot of things you didn't seem to know."

"DON'T HURT HER!—VIRGINIA" "The only thing I could do, if I was to be honest with myself and him..."

"Good Lord... I quite thought you and he were—a foregone conclusion, Caryll."

"Some men do have silly ideas," she said simply, and he felt suddenly hot with indignation. "If they do, it's some woman who's afraid," he said grimly. "The way you cottoned on to Rittenberg—well, any man would have thought the same as I did. Even Virginia told me how mad he was about you..."

He opened the envelope, found this: "Dear Michael, I have had a long talk with Caryll, and we're the best of friends. I hope you and she come together. It's time. Remember what I told you, the night you drove then what you felt for Caryll. Don't be afraid to show it. If you don't want to hurt her—physically, Virginia..."

He wasted no time in taking the advice, with the gloaming flinging a protecting curtain around them on that window-seat. And if, as he held her close to him, little at his strength and ardour, the physical hurt was pleasant.

THE END

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