



"You Wouldn't Kid Me Would You Mister?"

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me you plan to retire at 60 on your income? . . . Why you don't earn any more than I do!"

... "Well John, it's this way . . . you see, I'm buying a Canada Life income . . . I'm taking no chances . . . I can handle it quite nicely and intend to add to it as the years go by."

Most men with moderate salaries can have a life income at 60 or even earlier. You'll be surprised how little it costs now to be financially independent later on.

The Canada Life

Canada's Oldest Life Assurance Company

The Canada Life Assurance Company, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. Without obligation on my part please tell me how I can get a guaranteed Canada Life Income \$50 □ \$100 □ \$200 □ \$500 □ a month at age 55 □ 60 □ 65 □

FARMERS' WEEK PROGRAM

- Tuesday, Feb. 21st. 10:00 a.m., P.E.I., Central Farmers Institute
Tuesday, Feb. 21st. 1:30 p.m., P.E.I., Central Farmers Institute.
Tuesday, February 21st. 7:30 p.m., P.E.I. Swine Growers' Association
Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. 9:30 a.m., P.E.I. Sheep Breeders' Association
Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. 1:30 p.m., P.E.I. Egg & Poultry Association
Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. 7:30 p.m., P.E.I. Egg & Poultry Association
Thursday, Feb. 23rd. 9:30 a.m., P.E.I. Horse Breeders' Association
Thursday, Feb. 23rd., 1:30 p.m., P.E.I., Dairymen's Association.
Thursday, Feb. 23rd., 7:00 p.m., P.E.I., Dairymen's Association.

The meetings will be held in the Board Room, Civic Building, Queen Street. A full representation from all groups is invited to these meetings. Special speakers have been arranged to address a number of the meetings. The sessions of the Central Farmers' Institute will include six practical addresses on Agriculture by young and progressive farm leaders. Do not miss these instructive talks.

SAVE 3 WAYS with a GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-Thrift REFRIGERATOR



MANY owners say a new G-E Refrigerator saves enough money month by month to pay for its own cost. They calculate it saves up to 20% on perishable food bills. Figure out what that would mean to you. By keeping food fresh a G-E Refrigerator enables you to buy in quantities at week-end bargain prices. It prevents waste by preserving "leftovers". It uses so little current and the upkeep cost is almost nothing. Don't think you're being economical by doing without a G-E Refrigerator. It's much more thrifty to have one.

Saves You Money... All Year

GENEROUS TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE MacKENZIE & CO., Kensington

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

stand behind every fire insurance policy issued by us. Each of our Companies maintains large deposits with the Dominion Government FOR YOUR PROTECTION.

What reason are there behind YOUR policy? Do you KNOW? It is a pertinent question.

W. K. Rogers Agencies Limited

Complete Insurance Service

A Chapter In Our Island History

Text of a lecture delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald in the Market Hall, at Charlottetown, on Jan. 27, 1881.

On a fine morning in the month of June, 1772,

"The powerful king of day Rejoicing in the east,"

had begun to cast its golden beams over the "forest primeval," which at that early day, with the exception of an occasional plot of ground lately abandoned by the poor Acadian, fringed the bank of the noble bay and river of the Hillsborough, down to the very water's edge, as the good ship "Alexander" glided proudly over its rippling waters. All on board anxiously endeavored to get a good view of their future home from the most favourable positions. The variety of maple, birch, beech, spruce and pine, with their branches literally kissing the limpid waters which they overshadowed, presented to the passengers, especially to those from the Outer Hebrides, a rugged, rocky and storm-beaten coast whence they had come; for you must remember that in the Outer Hebrides a tree, or even a twig the size of your little finger, is hardly ever seen to grow.

The good Father McDonald, who was walking on the quarter-deck, reading the breviary, captivated by the prospect before him, closed his book for a moment in order to enjoy a scene which appeared beautiful beyond description. A few minutes later, as the morning advanced, might be seen, grouped on the quarter-deck, a knot of passengers, composed the priest, the doctor, and other leading members, expatiating in their choicest Gaelic on the beauties of the scene that opened to their view. All was profound silence and deep solitude, only broken by the chirping of wild fowl, which, in sportive glee and with rapid wing, played over the bosom of the sleeping waters. Of the weird-like, frail bark of the sea-sturdy micmac, with no less rapid flight, gracefully skimmed the rippling waves.

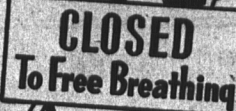
Fort La Jole

As they reached the harbour's mouth, the ruins of Fort La Jole with the old French forts on each side of the harbour, could be distinctly traced out; but they no longer bristled with Gallic metal, or offered anything calculated to dispute their progress.

Now as they came abreast of the old fort on their right, a break in the forest on the north side of the Hillsborough river, and intended for the town yet, to be built, with stumps in many places down to the high-water mark, loomed quietly in sight. Towards this partially cleared spot of ground the bold captain of the "Alexander" directed his course, and after coming in front of that charming, but then solitary spot, destined in after years to be the busy seat of trade and commerce, came out in full fashion, and seeing neither wharf or pier, not even a buoy to which he could bring his ship, he dropped anchor in those well-cherished waters which we now call the noble harbour of Charlottetown.

I cannot say just now positively whether Donald McDonald, Glenaladale's brother, came out with the staff of mechanics and laborers sent out the previous year to put up buildings for the intending emigrants, or whether he took passage out in 1772. Be this as it may, it is certain that it was through his cleverness and energy that the

RELIEVE COLDS AND NASAL CATARRH



Clear those blocked Nasal Passages before they become the breeding place for millions of dangerous germs.

Catarrh is stealing your enjoyment of life. Mucus keeps dropping into your throat. You can't taste, smell or breathe properly. Your clogged nasal passages provide a breeding place where millions of germs thrive and multiply. Don't wait a day longer. Act NOW . . . before your condition develops into a more serious ailment. Start using Mentholatum . . . the healing balm used by millions of people the

world over. The antiseptic vapours of Mentholatum quickly penetrate air passages . . . fight the lurking germs . . . retard the gathering of mucus . . . clear the clogged nostrils and finally note healthy breathing again. Get a 30 cent tube or jar of Mentholatum today. Insert a little up the nostrils every night and morning. That simple routine has relieved thousands of men and women. It will bring you relief or your money will be unconditionally refunded.

captain of the "Alexander" was prevailed upon, much against his will to continue his voyage up the Hillsborough and land the passengers at a point up the river, the most convenient to the head of Tracadie Bay, the place of their final destination. To have insisted so warmly on this point need not appear strange, when we consider that at that time the principal means of transit from one locality to another was by water, and from the time of the first French settlers, a crossing from one water to another has been called a portage. We must remember there was no railway or steamer, or even a St. Peter's Road, in the primitive times. The ordinary, and only practical route from Charlottetown to Tracadie as far as Portage or Scotch Fort and then by land across to Tracadie Bay.

At Scotchfort

The brig "Alexander," accordingly weighed anchor and made her way, in the best manner she could, up the river, passing with much difficulty through the narrow and crooked channel between the mussel beds at French Port, till she came to a point nearly opposite the head of Tracadie Bay. Here, in an unbroken solitude, she landed the passengers and their household goods on the north bank of the Hillsborough. And as the passengers found that a certain place, which they had passed on their way up, was called French Fort, from the fact that the French actually had a fort erected there, they very naturally, by way of distinction, called their place of landing Scotchfort, a name it still retains.

It is said when all their effects were landed and lay scattered on the shore, they all expressed their wonder how they ever succeeded in stowing them on board one single vessel. On first landing many of the emigrants complaining of the unexpected difficulties and privations inseparable from the country, it would appear, on the whole, that the prospects of the emigrants on their first landing were somewhat gloomy, and that the accounts sent home were rather discouraging. Noble hearted Glenaladale, who did not accompany the expedition

in person, found himself so much embarrassed in circumstances by his generous exertions in their behalf, as to be obliged ultimately to sell his dogged nostrils and finally note healthy breathing again. Get a 30 cent tube or jar of Mentholatum today. Insert a little up the nostrils every night and morning. That simple routine has relieved thousands of men and women. It will bring you relief or your money will be unconditionally refunded.

For instant ease from chest colds, ordinary sore throats. RUB ON MINARD'S GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING LINIMENT

CHRISTABLE

(Continued From Page 2)

"Oh, just some papers — instructions from the firm." She closed it in her handbag. The two men from the pilot boat had come aboard, and they crossed the deck to go up to the Captain's quarters. Glancing round Christable met an inquisitive look from one of them. She and Keith leaned on the rail, while the ho-bo-to ship hung aloft, the blue waves slapping her side. Christable had no idea what was in Keith's mind, though afterwards she guessed.

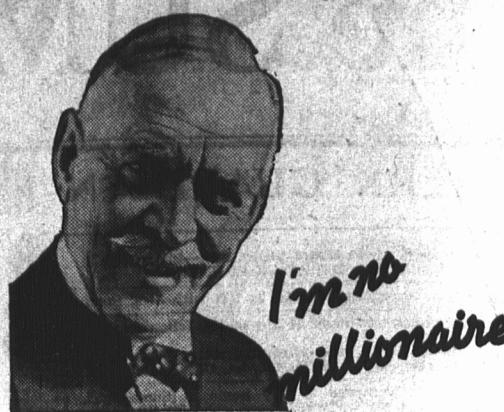
"Are you Keith Milson?" Christable, in surprise, when Keith didn't answer immediately, said innocently: "Yes."

"Our name is Lorraine!" said Keith hurriedly, correcting her. She stared at him. She thought he must be mad. And then she saw that he looked very queer. A smirk passed across the faces of the two men. "Let's see your passport," said the taller one. Keith took it out. The two men looked at it together, closely, and the smaller one said: "That has been tampered with!" The tall man nodded, taking a paper out of his coat pocket, and unfolding it carefully. "I'm Detective Inspector Kyle of Scotland Yard," he said, and repeated monotonously, "You, Keith Milson, and you, Mary Christabel Milson, on the charge of conspiring with Thomas Craigie, alias George West, to defraud Henry Bayes Goring of Essex Court, Wimbledon, of the sum of one thousand pounds, by means of false representation." He drew a breath, added a warning about anything they might say being used in evidence, and concluded: "You'd better get packed up to come along ashore with us!"

DEATH STEPS IN

Christable stared at Keith. He looked very white. "Say something!" she thought. "For Heaven's sake, say something!" He did manage to say: "There's some mistake!" "Well see," said the big detective. "Better get packed up and come along," the other one told Christable.

They moved towards the companion ladder on to the main deck. Christable breathed deeply, trying to strengthen herself, clear her head. She wanted to protest her innocence. "It's impossible!" she was going to say. "I know nothing about this! It's some awful mistake!" The words were on her lips. Suddenly there was a terrific noise, a reverberating bang, so loud that in itself it seemed to stun her. Keith, going down the ladder in front of her, pitched forward. He hit the rail of the ladder—smack!—crashed down to the deck below with a thud. Christable screamed, nearly lost her balance on the ladder and stood staring down. Keith lay on the deck, his face, turned to the sky. The detective following Christable pushed past her and ran down the ladder. She covered there, the ladder under her feet, the gulls wheeling and crying in the sky above. "Not real! This isn't real!"—the helpless cry seemed to ring in her head. But her body realized what her mind would not. Someone took her arm and drew her back off the ladder; she tried to stand, staggered and went down into waves of numbness, silence, darkness. "Is he dead?" asked the detective, who had laid her down on the deck, when the other officer came up.



I'm no millionaire!

—but I've borrowed from the bank for years

How? By meeting the simple requirements a sound banker asks from any borrower, no matter who he is.

First, he wants to know what the money is to be used for. That's reasonable; and I tell him quite frankly all the details. He wants to know how I propose to pay the money back. So, I give him a list of all outstanding bills, current expenses and my income. That gives him a clear picture of how I stand.

And if I happen to have no security he often lends me money on my own note of hand, with one responsible endorser—because we've done business together for years.

That's all there is to it! I have always kept my side of the bargain, paid back as agreed, and established a line of credit that often proved useful when cash was badly needed.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

R. E. Howard. A contest was put on by Mrs. W. E. Haslam the prize being won by Misses Winnifred Haslam and Janet Sinclair. Lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by the committee in charge. Meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

again from below. "Dead," said Inspector Kyle laconically. He bent and picked up Christable's handbag; the first thing he took from it was the envelope Keith had given to her. He tore it open, and took out a packet of bank notes. He filed them over—French francs, Italian lire, Argentine dollars. "And here's the swag!" he said. He looked at Christable, lying half-conscious at his feet, and shook his head.

(To be Continued)

SPRINGFIELD W. I.

The regular meeting of Springfield W. I. met at the home of Mrs. A. W. Haslam on January 9th with 9 members and 8 visitors present. The vice-president presided and opened the meeting by repeating the Creed. Minutes of last meeting were then read and approved. 3 new members joined. Mrs. Noel, singing chair reported for school committee and suggested that the school ceiling be cleaned. Next meeting at home of Mrs. Norris Sinclair, when roll call will be answered by naming a Maritime University. The questionnaire and Education will be discussed. New committees for next meeting: Lunch, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Irving Haslam, Mrs. J. E. Sinclair, Mrs. F. W. E. Haslam, Program Miss Olive Buchanan, Mrs. H. B. Haslam, Mrs.

YEO'S THEATRE SATURDAY—18th "BORDERTOWN" with PAUL MUNI BETTE DAVIS ALSO-COMEDY NECKING PARTY with CHARLIE MCCARTHY EDGAR BERGEN

Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE — Now Showing—"It Can't be a Truant Officer!" — Tomorrow — "Who's a 'Fraidy Cat?'"

Comic strip panels with dialogue: WE SHALL HAVE SCHOOL, SIR? I'M PLAYING HOOKY FROM SCHOOL. HEAVENS! BOO!

Comic strip panels titled TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS. Dialogue: BE CAREFUL OF THAT INK—MY LAND!—TH' NEW CARPET— I DIDN'T SPILL IT— MY LAND! MERCY! DON'T SIT IN THIS NEW CHAIR— IT'LL GET DIRTY SOON ENOUGH— SPECIALLY WITH THAT DOG WALKIN' ALL OVER IT— MY LAND! GEE! I DON'T LIKE OUR NEW HOUSE AS MUCH AS I DID OUR OLD ONE!

Comic strip panels titled TILLIE THE TOILER — MUMSY HAS AN ALIBI. Dialogue: THAT WAS SWEET OF YOU TO GET MAC TO LEAVE BEFORE DICK COMES TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE. YOU'RE THE DEAREST MUMSY IN THE WHOLE WORLD. BUT MIND YOU, TILLIE, I DON'T APPROVE OF YOU GOING OUT WITH DICK WHEN MAC ASKED YOU TO GO FIRST. YOU FORGET THAT EVEN THOUGH MAC ASKED ME, I DIDN'T SAY I'D GO WITH HIM. NEVERTHELESS, IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT TO ME, I GUESS THAT'S DICK AT THE DOOR NOW. YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT, TILLIE. THANKS, DICK— BYE, MUMSY. GOOD-BYE, DEAR, AND HAVE A GOOD TIME. I STILL BELIEVE WHAT I TOLD MAC TONIGHT WILL BE FOR TILLIE'S BENEFIT. ANYWAY, NO HARM CAN COME FROM GOOD INTENTIONS.