

1948 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	:\$83,145,267
Total Income	2,795,596
New Insurance Paid For and Revived	12,018,418
Total Assets	16,777,119
Policy Reserves	14,212,358
Payments to Living Policyholders and Beneficiaries	1,130,279
Surplus for Protection of Policyholders	1,727,317

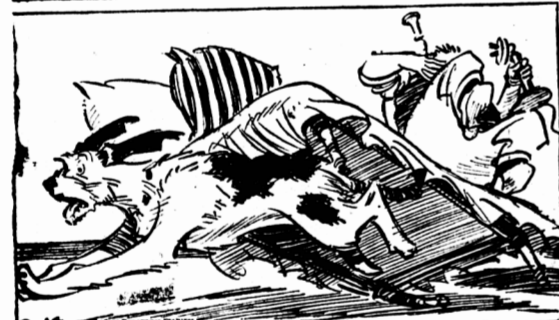
A copy of the annual report will be mailed on request.



Branch Manager: W. B. MacDONALD
Tweet Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY

By Clifford McBride



CHAPTER XII

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"Would that be cricket?" asked the Briton doubtfully.

"It's his business," returned the lady. "I got money on you. 'Keep edgin' him over to the Alhambra side. That's where Purvis'll be sittin'."

"I see. He's the umpire."

"That ain't it," said the lady. "When you get thrown maybe you'll land on the greasy crook. If you feel yourself weakening, remember Old Doc Gibson's prescription. Chris patted his pocket and nodded. "Don't pass it out any sooner than you have to, though," said Sonora.

Betting had been heavy throughout the town. Holiday was tacitly assumed for the occasion. "Might as well shut up shop this afternoon," said Tim, the counterman. "No train in and all Sandrock'll be at the free show. Any of you gals wanta see Chris get his neck broke, go ahead."

With Bella Torrance Alma went to the dormitory to dress. There she was joined by Hazel and Deborah. Deciding that the occasion called for something special in the way of adornment, Alma went over to Wertheimer's to get an artificial rose for her party hat, telling the others that she would meet them at the scene of the event. The flower being tastefully disposed for the greatest possible effect, she went out into the dust and sunlight again. A few paces ahead of her strode a figure which she at once recognized, Clay Thurston.

Two of the Alhambra contingent rounded the corner. She heard Jenny Dell's comradely greeting. "Hello, Thursty. Going to buy us a drink?" It was too late for Alma to turn from the shameful scene. Stiffening her shoulders and her expression, she marched on in military formation.

The arena was a hard-padded stretch in the rear of the dance hall. Around it was gathered practically the total populace of the town. An Englishman, an outlander, was going to be shown up; quite probably injured or even crippled. Calico-Print had an impressive list of casualties to his credit. All out for the big show!

Sandrock's tradition was to do things on time. Some festive spirit fired five shots in the air to denote the hour. There followed wolf howls and insistent calls for Mister Maule, the Honorable Christopher, his Nibbs, Lord Mauley, with sardonic emphasis. The hero, who had been engaged in lighthearted conversation with Miss Biggs, stood up. "Good luck," said Hazel kindly. "Be careful. Shall I hold you coat?" "I'm goin' to wear it," he said and patted the side pocket tentatively.

(To be continued)

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The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"Does it?" said Maule with interest. "What am I supposed to say?"

"Put up or shut up. What about my ten-spot, you cockney blight-er?"

"Ten dollars? I don't happen to have that little lot, you know. Would you loan it to me, Thursty?"

"I'll lend it to you, Maule," offered the doctor.

"How many trials do I have?" inquired the Briton.

"All you want," cackled Terry. "No holds barred. Enrage your cot in the hospital. There'll be one bloody Englishman less in the world." He turned his back and dug into his order.

"Come to my room tomorrow, Maule," said the doctor. "I've got some pointers for you."

Hazel strolled into the luncheon room to see her mates. She was rapturously greeted by Miss Maule. "What hol' you're lookin' simply toppin'!"

A shade of disapproval dimmed Miss Biggs's habitual buoyancy of expression. "Why do you speak English?" she demanded.

"Eh? What?" she returned in genuine surprise. "What do you think I'm speakin'?"

"There you go," she said fretfully. "Speakin', lookin', toppin'. Didn't they teach you better at school? Or didn't you go to school?"

"Yes, I went," he answered, a little dazed. "A public school, you know."

"So did I. Number Three. They never would have let me speak that way. Yours must have been a very poor school."

"A chap can't be always studin', you know," Mr. Maule pointed out. "Study-ing."

"Ing," he repeated, meekly. "But, if it comes in this way, do you Americans talk as if you had your nose in a clothespin — pling — plin. dash it."

"We don't," she retorted wrathfully. "You don't know correct speech when you hear it."

"Will you teach me?"

Miss Biggs elevated her shapely sunburned nose. "Try Bella Torrance. She's giving culture in easy doses to that red-headed telegrapher."

"He doesn't seem to like me, Belles. I'd rather have you, if I came over, say, three evenings a week, couldn't you improve my mind?" he inquired guilelessly.

"The other girls would laugh," said Hazel, and wished she hadn't as he reddened and said quickly. "At me? I see."

Remorse stirred her. "I didn't mean that. Of course you can come. Once a week — oh, well, maybe twice. We'll see."

"What hol' rejoiced Mr. Maule. "You're doin' fine, Christopher, my lad!"

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To My Valentine

I'm sending all my love to you For what it may be worth, Because you are the only one I ever want on earth.

For life can hold no happiness Unless you love me dear, And every day is beautiful If only you are near.

You are my future hope and joy Wherever I may go, I cannot live without you dear, Because I love you so.

I want to hold you in my arms, When silver starlight gleams, I want to walk beside you, In the garden of my dreams.

I want to know that you are mine Through all the years to be, Because I love you, and because You are so sweet to me.

—Constance I. Heckbert.

IN 'MEMORIAM

MR. ROBERT OSBORNE MacLEOD

An outstanding citizen of Long River has gone to his eternal reward, in the passing on Wednesday, Dec. 20th, 1948, of Robert Osborne MacLeod in his 73rd year.

He had become aware of a heart condition several years ago and since that time had suffered serious illnesses, only conquered by his indomitable spirit. In the last months, his condition had declined steadily and at last his gallant spirit was free of its earthly limitations.

He was a Presbyterian until the advent of church union, when he became a loyal supporter of the United Church of Canada. In politics, he was a staunch Liberal and has long been recognized as a bulwark of the party.

As a younger man, he was noted for his strength and endurance, and in addition to his manifold duties, as one of the best farmers of the district, he, at various times, carried out a number of public and many times, lent a helping hand, to those in need.

He was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacLeod, of Long River, a member of a family of five, two brothers and one sister, live at Long River, Chester, Nelson and Lucy, Mrs. Allan R. Campbell.

A brother, John, of Coleman preceded him in death. He is survived by his wife, the former Katie Hogan, who tenderly cared for him, in his illness, three daughters and one son, five, Mrs. Frank Gillispie, of San Diego, California; Ruby, Mrs. George Wolff New Jersey; Mary Ella, Mrs. Heath Montgomery, Park Corner; Bruce of Boston, Mass. and six grandchildren.

A second son, Leslie died in the First Great War.

The funeral was held on Friday with a short service at his late home, followed by the last rites in Long River, United Church.

He had helped to build, and where he loved to worship. Gathered to pay a last tribute, to one who was respected and loved, friends filled the building to the doors.

The Rev. L. M. Murray was the officiating minister, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. G. S. Stevens, from the province. Mr. Murray brought to his hearers, a message of hope, comfort and joy, basing his remarks on the text, "And they shall see His Face," from Revelations 22, verse four.

The hymns chosen were: "The Sands of Time are Sinking," "Hark! Hark! My Soul," a favorite of the deceased, whose ringing voice, as a faithful choir member, had so often been lifted in praise, and "Abide With Me."

The following, all of them friends and neighbors, laid the body in its last resting place in the Geddie Memorial cemetery, Messrs. Bruce Bell, John Gillispie, Horace Thompson, Oscar Johnstone, William E. Johnstone and William B. Doughart. Beautiful floral tributes covered the casket.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Robert MacLeod and family wish to extend sincere thanks to their neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness and sympathy extended to them during their recent sad bereavement, also for the many letters and cards of sympathy and floral tributes.

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