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Ojibway Indian's English - Born Wife Enjoys Bush Life

TORONTO, Feb. 23—(CP)—Mrs. Antoine Commanda, an English schoolteacher who came to Canada to marry an Ojibway Indian in Northern Ontario, is helping to spread the lore of the bush among Canadian youth.

In Toronto, recently, she held members of a Y.M.C.A. boys' group spellbound with her tales of life on a reservation at Nipissing in Ontario's Parry Sound district.

On the tribal ceremony which took place at her marriage 12 years ago, she said: "The wild beat of the tom-toms was fluttering my heart as we walked in tribal procession to the little white-painted wooden church of the Ojibways. After the wedding, the feast lasted three days and three nights and the braves and their wives only stopped the ceremonial dance to gorge themselves with huge chunks of roasted moose meat and other delicacies such as caribou tongue soup and sturgeon's roe.

"When came the mingling of the blood. My fingers and the fingers of the old chief were pricked and the blood smeared across both. This signified my adoption into the Ojibway tribe and I was given the name 'Antoine. Ikway' (Antoine's woman).

As a schoolteacher in Northampton, England, she travelled half way across the British Isles to hear the late Grey Owl, Indian naturalist from Northern Ontario, who was on a lecture tour.

"I was interested in learning the Ojibway language and I asked Grey Owl for the name of someone in Canada with whom I could correspond. He gave me the name of his favorite guide, Antoine. For a while we were pen pals. When I came to Ontario a year later, I met and married him. Some day I hope to go home for a visit but my heart is here in the wild bush country."

While her husband traps in the winter, she teaches woodcraft in Toronto schools, lectures and writes magazine articles. In the summer she returns to the reserve at Nipissing and she says she likes nothing better than "to paint the glorious sunsets and watch the flickering northern lights."

Under Mrs. Commanda's direction, the boys aged nine to 15 years in the Y.M.C.A. group meet twice a week to learn authentic dances of various Canadian and United States Indian tribes. They wear theatrical war paint on their bodies and learn tribal ceremonies and chants and even a smattering of the Ojibway tongue. Since their organization last November, they have outfitted themselves with complete Indian costumes.

From Northern Ontario, Mrs. Commanda brought to the class genuine skins of deer, loons, rabbits and snakes.

Mrs. Commanda has one complaint. She believes Canada's 100,000 Indians are unfairly treated.

"Today I am Red Indian No. 214 of No. 14 Reserve, numbered by the Canadian Government like a prisoner in a concentration camp," she says. "As a treaty Indian, I cannot buy liquor, not that I want to. But I also have no vote and I feel strongly that all treaty Indians should have one. Otherwise, who represents their interests?"

BLAIRMORE, Alta.—(CP)—F. M. Thompson, who opened a general store here 33 years ago, was presented with gifts on his retirement. Thompson moved his store here after the mining village of Lille closed down and recalls the days of kerosene lamps and hitching posts.

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By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES (Continued)

beneath a grotesque disguise. "You had better open your own box, Mademoiselle. You may have a pleasant surprise."

With a startled exclamation, she looked up at the chet standing beside her. He had bowed without speaking in handing her box to her, and she had taken it instinctively. Finally, the formal ranks broke and dancing became general. Andy's arm was around her waist at last, his hand holding hers, his head bent to listen to her. She raised her face and began to whisper breathlessly. "I haven't been able to meet you. I wrote you a letter but I couldn't send it because I didn't have a stamp. But I've got it with me tonight. Do you think I could slip it to you without being seen?"

"Of course. When I give you your favor at the end of this dance, hand it to me."

"I'll have to get it out first, and I don't know how I can manage it. It's inside my dress."

"Your brooch is undone, Mademoiselle. The one fastening the lace in the front of your bodice. We had better stop dancing, so that you can re-clip it. Oh—is that the end? I thank you a thousand times, Mademoiselle, for the honor of this dance. Will you accept this trifling favor from me?"

The "trifling favor," when she undid it, proved to be a mirror framed in brilliants. The silver handle and the border encircling the brilliant were both beautifully chased, but the silver back was smooth, bearing only her monogram and the date.

CHAPTER VI.

"Didn't you hear your name called, chere? And are you so entranced with one favor that you don't want another?"

Estelle sprang to her feet, blushing furiously. She had forgotten entirely about Marcel in her preoccupation with Andy; and now here he was! Marcel himself, only slightly disguised, waiting for her. She tried to make amends by chattering with forced gaiety. "It's a beautiful ball, isn't it? Doesn't Clarisse look lovely? Just see how gracious and easy she acts."

"She does look lovely. But I don't want to talk about Clarisse or Aurora or Narcisse, or any other member of the Fontaine family. I want to talk about you."

"There isn't anything to say about me. I'm not important."

"Oh, yes, you are! You're supremely important. That is, to me."

The Duke, whom she had belatedly recognized as Andy, was dancing very near them with Aurora. Marcel could not whisper any further endearment and, when Andy came quickly to claim her the instant the next dance began, his resentment blazed out at her.

"If I hear Marcel Fontaine calling you chere again I'll call him out and make short work of him."

"Please, Andy! If you mustn't mind what Marcel says, you mustn't even think about quarrelling with him. If you've read my note, you know—"

"Yes, I've read your note. Would you really be willing to come to a place where you could see me alone? Not at church, where there may be spies lurking in every corner, where I can't touch you—"

"I'll go anywhere. I'll come to your house if there's no other place."

He drew her more closely to him, and spoke to her with tenderness such as she had never heard before. "Darling, you won't have to do that. Though I'll never forget that you offered. But there is another place. That is, I own another house besides the one you're thinking of—the big white one with the black balconies on Pyramont Street. A very old lady lives in this little house. I bought it for her. She's a relative of Anne's. It was Anne asked me to buy it."

"Yes, Anne was my wife, you know. A long time ago, before I knew you, I loved Anne like a boy, but I love you like a man. I appreciate you more than I did her; I can make you happier than I did her. There were so many things that she wanted me to do that I didn't do, that I didn't even bother about trying to do, or that I teased her about doing. I did buy this little house though, just because Anne asked me 'n. I've always been glad, I'm gladder than ever now."

"Will the little old lady let me in?"

"No, I'll let you in. I'll tell her I had to see someone privately, that I thought of her house. Tell me when you can come, darling, and I'll be there."

Estelle had no trouble in finding the house. As she opened the little gate and went up the short walk, her feet began to falter, and when she reached the tiny gallery she tried to turn back. But then it was too late. Andy opened the door and drew her in—

At first she could not talk because of the kisses, and even after he had stopped kissing her she stood holding her until she stopped trembling and stood quietly, resting against his heart. Her eyes rested, with gratitude and appreciation, on the tasteful restraint of the little drawing room. "Was it Anne who planned this room, or was it the little old lady?"

"They did it together. I'm glad you like it. Would it interest you to see the rest of the house?"

"I'd love to. And—the little old lady, too?"

"I think it would be a very good thing if you did meet. Then you could always say you came to see her, if you found you needed to say something."

(To Be Continued)

Christian Movements Barred Red Propaganda In Korea

(By Stanley G. Matthews in Montreal Star)

Communist propaganda in South Korea never had a chance when it invaded communities where Christian movements were active, Prince Edward Island born Dr. Florence J. Murray, a United Church medical missionary on furlough from the war-torn Asiatic country, said in Montreal this week.

Dr. Murray, who left the South Korean capital of Seoul last June as North Korean hordes poured south of the 38th parallel, was in Montreal to address a public gathering in St. Andrew's United Church, Westmount. She also spoke at the annual meeting of the Montreal Presbytery of the United Church Women's Missionary Society.

Christian Future Bright

Interviewed on her arrival at the Central Station, Dr. Murray, a graduate of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown and Dalhousie University, and a missionary to Korea since 1921, said that there is great hope for the future of Christian work in Korea, despite the current war there.

Both North and South Korea are anti-Communist, Dr. Murray maintained, and Communist propaganda has only been effective where Red offers of aid, have appeared as the only alternative to destitution. The so-called "North Korean" army, she pointed out, is made up of Koreans who had been indoctrinated as Communist while they lived in Manchuria and Siberia, and by impressed residents of North Korea.

Millions of Koreans flee before the Red onslaught because they have experienced what life under the Communists offered "three months ago," they imposed their

rule by ruthlessly exterminating opponents. High taxes in Communist-dominated areas of Asia have actually meant that the average person's standard of living has declined and that there are no rich families any more.

Injustice and Cruelty

"Injustice and cruelty are considered necessary to put the Communist program across, and this is what I object to. But we must remember that the western nations cannot change men's minds by force either, and we'll have to find a different answer if we are to win friends in Asia."

Student Refugees

Prior to the invasion of South Korea last June, Dr. Murray said, thousands of refugees from Communist tyranny poured south across the parallel. These refugees included hundreds of students, who swelled Seoul's student population to 100,000.

Communist infiltrators began work among them and were making rapid progress when the Christian churches stepped in and set up a residential sector for the students. This put a sudden stop to Communist success among hundreds of them.

Movement Set Up

Then the Korean native churches set up a Christian Life Movement, which included a program for sending out pastors and other Christian workers into communities throughout South Korea to establish public works, health and social service programs.

"Where this movement was working, Communism had no chance whatsoever," said Dr. Murray. She called such assistance programs the best type of anti-Communist propaganda. "We pay for war but we're not willing to pay for peace," she

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIAL

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said. "Is it any wonder we have the kind of world we do?"

Interned by Japs

Interned by the Japanese in 1941, Dr. Murray was repatriated to Canada in 1942 and returned to Korea in 1947. A surgeon, she headed the pediatrics department of the 150-bed Severance Hospital in Seoul, one of Asia's finest.

Mrs. M. W. Booth, vice-president of the Montreal W. M. S. Presbytery, greeted Dr. Murray on her arrival in Montreal.

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OF 20 GREAT PRIZES



If you can estimate how long the Cream of the West 8-day clock will run

Yes, you can be a winner of one of 20 grand prizes—and it's so easy in this new and exciting contest. Read below how to enter and be a winner!

<p>1st PRIZE</p> <p>THOR WASHER—Safety wringer and large tub. Can be supplied with either gasoline engine or electric motor.</p>	<p>2nd PRIZE</p> <p>SUPREME DE LUXE ALUMINUM KITCHEN UTENSILS—Complete 20 piece set—everything from a heavy duty Master Cooker Dutch Oven and Aluminum Kettle to Cake and Pie Pans.</p>	<p>3rd PRIZE</p> <p>WESTINGHOUSE "RAMBLER" RADIO—Portable Radio, hand-cranked, extra powerful. Runs on AC or DC current or on its own battery.</p>
<p>4th PRIZE</p> <p>SUNBEAM MIXMASTER—All mixing speeds plainly indicated. Easy to see—easy to set.</p>	<p>5th to 9th PRIZE</p> <p>PRESTO ALUMINUM PRESSURE COOKER—3 1/2 imperial quart capacity. Reduces cooking time 75%.</p>	<p>10th to 20th PRIZE</p> <p>ANDROCK KITCHEN UTENSILS—A complete set of the famous 18 piece "500" set of kitchen utensils, including such items as assorted strainers, soup server, potato masher, pastry server, flour scoop, can opener, cake turner etc.</p>

It's all so simple and takes only a few seconds to enter. All you have to do is estimate the number of days, hours, minutes and seconds that the Cream of the West 8-day clock will take to run down from one winding!

The clock will be wound up and sealed at 12 noon, on March 22nd. It will be on display, along with these fine prizes in the windows of Douglas Bros. and Jones Ltd., Charlottetown & R.T. Holman Ltd., St. John's.

To enter, just ask your regular dealer for an entry coupon when you buy a bag of Cream of the West All-Purpose Flour. A 7-lb. or 24-lb. bag gives you one estimate, the 49-lb. bag—two—while the 98-lb. bag gives you four. And of course, the more entries you make, the greater your chances of winning. Winning entries will be those which most closely estimate the days, hours, minutes and seconds of elapsed time between the starting and stopping of the Cream of the West Clock.

You can drop your completed entries into the sealed ballot box your dealer will have in his store, or mail to Box 342, Charlottetown. It takes only a few moments to enter this exciting contest... and it means magnificent prizes for twenty lucky housewives. Contest closes

Saturday midnight, March 24th. The lucky dealer who sold the first prize winner her bag of Cream of the West Flour, will receive the contest clock as a special gift prize. No more than one prize to any household. Make as many entries as you wish.

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Grade VII—1. Florence McKinnon; 2. Eric Arsenault; 3. Audrey McKinnon.
Grade VI—1. Leonard Praught; 2. Geraldine McKinnon; 3. Lorne Arsenault.
Grade IV—1. Lillian Praught; 2. Diane Arsenault; 3. Claude McKinnon.
Grade II—1. Gordon Praught; 2. Vernon McDonald; 3. Earle McKinnon.
Grade I—1. Connie Praught; 2. Carol Ann Arsenault.
Teacher: Anne McNeill.