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Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman CHAPTER II Continued

"It's about six kilos north of here," the other told him wearily. "It's an old clearing we were working on three years ago, when they first started this idea. I made straight for it that first afternoon because I knew the country around there."

"You talk like a fool," he gasped. "I'm finished, I tell you! Do you think I don't know? I've missed my chance. But if you've got the guts of a louse, you'd be thinking about having a go at it by yourself. Or are you one of the good little boys who's hoping to be made a 'trusty'?"

"No, I'm not," Tony returned soberly. "And if you're willing to tell me how I can find the boat, I'm more than willing to listen. I've had one whack in the punishment squad, but I'm open to risk another on a chance like this."

"That's better," he said. "I'd like to think someone was going to do these swine in the eye, even if I'm past it myself. Well, listen. You'll have to find that keg first of all. I've told you roughly where it is. It's sunk just under the surface of the water close in to the bank nearly opposite the tool hut. The stream runs into the swamp just below there, and the best way is to follow it to where the mangroves begin and then strike north along the coast. It's a hell of a trip and you'll be wading most of the time. When you've covered about six or seven kilos, you'll have to work right out to the seaward edge of the mangroves and keep your eyes skinned. There's nothing to mark the place where I left the boat for all that cursed swamp where in one of the creeks. There are hundreds of them, but that's all I can tell you."

It was by no means a comprehensive description, but Tony realised that it was all he could expect. The mangrove swamps which lined the coast were utterly featureless and one might travel all day without coming upon anything to distinguish one particular spot from another in the intricate network of muddy creeks and dense vegetation.

"It doesn't sound too easy," I said doubtfully. Still, I ought to be able to find it if I search long enough. But how about the food you mentioned? That'll be spoiled by now, won't it?"

"No; it was a sealed tin of biscuits," the other returned. "There had been two of them, but one had been opened and sea water had got in. One could just eat the stuff, and I made a meal of it. I didn't want to open the other till I got back. I wish I had now — but that is your good luck. It was hard though! To get a chance like that — and then to miss it!"

Tony was silent, having no words to offer; and after a moment, the other went on: "Well, maybe I'm better off after all. I'm finished with everything now, and it won't be long before I'm out of it altogether. Half of me is dead already and free from pain, and the sooner the other half goes the better. Sleep — that's what I want. Years of sleep. I'm tired — tired."

His voice had trailed away till it was barely audible, and Tony guessed that the effort of prolonged speech had utterly exhausted him. He would have liked to ask further questions, but he could not bring himself to do so now. The man was obviously at the end of his strength, and it would be sheerly brutal to keep him talking. Besides, he doubted whether he had any further information to impart.

To be continued

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JOHN. T. MACKAY

The people of Sea View and surrounding districts were saddened to learn of the passing of Mrs. John T. MacKay, on Thursday morning February 26th.

The deceased had been in poor health for some time but was able to be up and about the day previous to her passing. The late Mrs. MacKay, formerly Mary Ramsay MacGougan, born in Malpeque in 1867, was the daughter of the late Duncan and Barbara Ramsay MacGougan. In 1893 she married John Thomas MacKay and lived in Darnley for some time.

Her home was always open and her warm hospitality, given all visitors as well as friends, endeared her to all who had the pleasure of knowing her. She was a strong supporter of the church of which she was a faithful member for many years.

She leaves to mourn one son Earle on the homestead, and two daughters (Emily) Mrs. William T. George G. Marquis, Newton, Mass., and one sister, Miss Flora MacGougan, Summerside, besides four grand children and two great grand children.

The funeral which was held from her late residence was largely attended and was conducted by the Rev. E. C. Evans. The hymns sung were "The Lord's My Shepherd" and "Jesus Lover of My Soul" favorite hymns of the deceased. Mr. Russell MacKay sang very feelingly "Lights of Home."

The pallbearers were Charles Adams, Leighton Coulson, Wallace Pickering, Frank Bearisto, Edward MacGougan, and Cecil Mill. Interment was in Malpeque cemetery.

The beautiful floral tributes were as follows:

Pillow Family. Sprays Ruth and George. Grandchildren. Duncan, Lilla, Barbara, Hubert, and Aunt Winnie. Walter, Lu and Family. Cecil, Theresa, Ernest, Florrie, Amelia. Mamie, Daisy, Hope, Florence, Jabez. Doreen. Harold, Marion, and Artemas. Edson, Ruth and Hoppood. Sea View W. I. Bouquet Ella and Marion.

Card Of Thanks The family of the late Mrs. J. T. MacKay wish to express deep gratitude to all the friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness during their recent sad bereavement.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Wayside humour, especially in Europe, brings a smile a mile. Here are a few samples taken from the signposts in England to amuse and puzzle, the keen-eyed reader of today.

The first one may be seen as you enter Shropshire. Wig Wig 1) Homer 2)

And this near south-east London. Ha Ha Road S. E. 18. This cordial invitation on the wall of the Plough Inn at East Hendred, Berkshire, isn't so tough to read once you get the hang of it. Try it.

Notice HERESTO PANDS PEN D ASSOCI AL HOUR INHAR M (L.E. SSMRT) HA ND FUNLET FRIENDS HIPRE ICN BE JUSTAN DK INDAN DEVIL SPEAK OF NO NE And believe it or not, here's an epitaph to a fish.

In Memory of the Old Fish Under the soil the old fish do lie 20 years he lived and then died. He was so tame you understand he would come and eat out of your hand. Died April the 20th, 1855. Aged 20 years.

Oysters drink 15 gallons of water a day, filtering their food, chiefly plankton, through the gills of their head.

Unlike other fish, oysters are not the same in every part of the world. British oysters, for example, are hermaphrodites! Each oyster contains both male and female cells; and frequently changes its sex after the first spawning.

A four-year-old oyster will spawn 525,000 larvae. But of this huge progeny perhaps not less than a dozen baby oysters may survive. Why? Because for the first few days the larvae drift about in the water at the mercy of every hungry fish. The survivors sink to the bottom and settle on some object to which they adhere by the convex valve.

Upon reaching the age of one year, a spat is called a brood. At three it is called a half-ware, and then a ware and strange but true, oysters are at their best eating when they reach the age of 5 or 6 years.

Mice and monkeys have survived flights to heights of 38 miles above the earth, and there's no reason why man could not do the same. The monkeys were given an anesthetic during the high ride to prevent them from meddling with the instruments necessary to record their physical reaction. The mice were allowed complete freedom in their cages.

When the rockets spent their force, the compartments containing the animals were lowered to the earth by parachutes.

Monkeys are quite the animals these days and Dr. Emanuel Marques, of the Chicago Medical School predicts that transplanting the monkey heart to human beings may be tried within a year. The monkey heart and lungs would be only temporary spares to be used while the human organs were undergoing repairs.

Such operations have been successfully performed on dogs and the doctor can see no reason why the same method would not work with humans.

Fredrick and Daniel Deadman, brothers, operate a funeral home in Medina, Tenn.

Smashing a bottle of liquor across the bow of a ship is a custom having to do with a horrible old rite. In early days, a ship's launching was accompanied by human sacrifice. The liquor today is a symbol of the breaking of the sacrificial victim's body and christening the ship's prow with human blood.

Put up your "dukes" means put up your fists. Want to know how the word dukes, instead of fists, originated? Well, men with oversized noses came to be called dukes because the Duke of Wellington himself sported an unusually large snout. A man's hand doubled into a fist was called a "duke buster". Finally, the buster was dropped and a man's fists became his dukes.

A married man may boast that he is the captain of his soul, but the chances are his wife holds the mortgage on it.

A salmon going up the Columbia River to spawn passes under the supervision of 16 different government agencies. The poor fish.

A North River doe uses its splinted leg just as readily as its three natural ones. Skippy broke his leg some time ago and his owner, Robert Vickerson, had a vet put the leg in a cast.

BORDEN SCHOOL

The following is the Borden School report for January and February.

Principal's Department Grade X.—1. Freda Noonan; 2. Graham Lodge; 3. Desmond, McIvor. Grade IX.—1. Baden Sexton; 2. Malcolm Lodge; 3. John L. Read. Grade VIII.—1. Betty Currie; 2. Aldona Gallant; 3. Edith Melvor.

Vice Principal's Department No report.

Miss Greenan's Department Grade V.—1. Judy Ann Davies, Arlyn Jane MacLeod and Allan MacLean; 2. Coreen Grant; 3. Norma Cerrett. Grade IV.—1. Ralphie Leard; 2. Olga McKenna, Eric Darrach and Ronnie Sharpe; 3. Joseph McLaughlin.

Miss McKenna's Department Grade III.—1. Bonnie MacLean and Diane MacLellan; 2. Joanne Doucette and Norma MacKenzie; 3. Thane Bell. Grade II.—1. Teddy Grant; 2. Kenneth MacDonald; 3. Rena MacInnis, Diane Leard and John Jay.

Mrs. Farmer's Dept. Grade I.—1. Elliot Gallant, Judy Anne MacKenzie and Maureen MacDonald; 2. Colin Love and Reni MacLean; 3. Judy Darrach and Heather MacDonald.

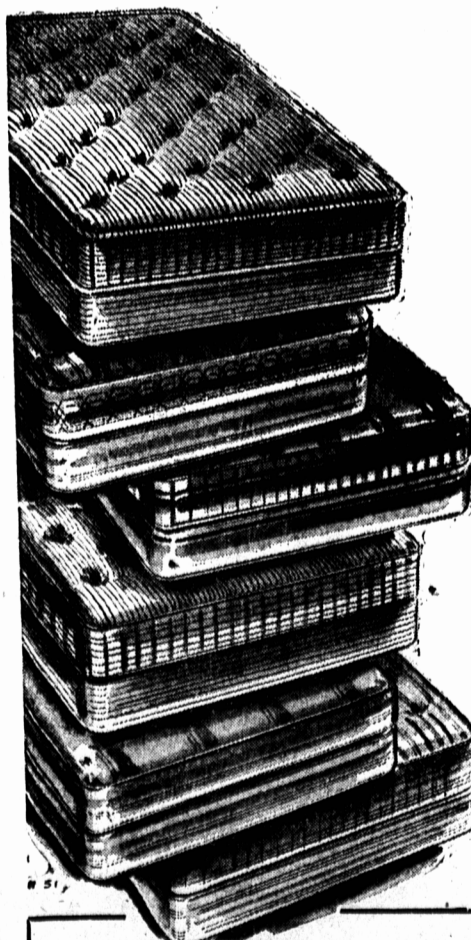
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