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For years, Maritime folks have enjoyed the many advantages of OIL-TREATED Bras d'Or Stoker Coal.

They have stopped worrying about soot and dust or the danger of rusting stoker parts — they are finding that oil-treating gives better combustion in their heating system and greater economy when the fuel bill has to be paid.

Now, Bras d'Or has a big NEW advantage! In addition to being OIL-TREATED it is DRY CLEANED by a revolutionary new system — first of its kind in Canada.

Our Stephens-Adams Coal Cleaner removes every scrap of rock and other foreign matter from the raw coal WITHOUT THE USE OF WATER.

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So the best way — the most economical way — to keep the home fires burning is to specify BRAS D'OR oil-treated, dry cleaned stoker coal next time you order.

No Water. No Dust. No Waste with **BRAS D'OR** Dry Cleaned, Oil Treated STOKER COAL

Western Cowboy Band Featured Monday At Rollaway Hall

Doc Williams, Nationally known Radio Entertainer direct from the World's Original WWVA Jamboree, Wheeling, W. Va. brings his western cowboy band, The Border Riders to the Rollaway Hall on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 29th and 30th.

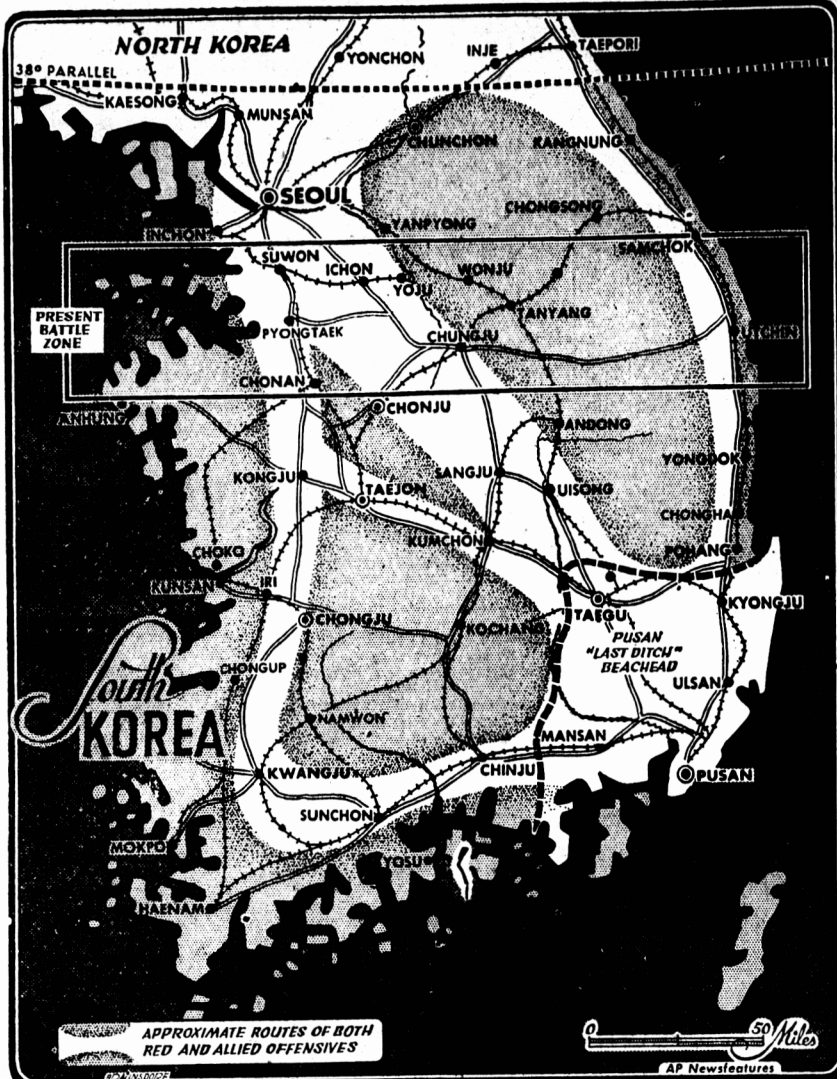
Doc is a veteran radio and stage performer with 18 years spent before the microphone and behind the foot-lights. Off the stage his hobby is flying and he holds a private pilot's license and owns his own plane; is also an operator of an Amusement Park located near Altoona, Pa.

On the Doc Williams show will be featured an old timer, Hiram Hayseed, old time vaudeville performer with 34 years behind the foot lights; Cy Williams, Doc's younger brother; Marion Martin, blind accordionist; and that charming and beautiful lullaby girl, Chickie Williams, a sparkling and vivacious beauty with an out of this world voice. The show promises to be one of the best of its kind seen in this section.

NOTICE

R. T. Holman Ltd., Charlottetown Store will be closed all day Monday, January 29 for stock taking.

Korea's "Bloody Alleys"



By JOHN L. SPRINGER

The Chinese Communists seem to be following a well-tested strategic plan in their campaign in South Korea. They are using the same bloody alleys that already have served the successful North Koreans and the United Nations offensives below the 38th Parallel.

Inchon, which opened the door to Seoul the easy way. Now the Chinese Reds have begun their downward drive below the 38th Parallel. While the Chinese are obscuring the entire story of military movements, the Reds appear to be following the same paths used last summer.

repeat, once that line is set up, is another question. Can the Allies break out and chase the Chinese up the bloody alleys again? Odd are against it. They are too badly outnumbered.

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Fredericton and Vicinity

Mrs. Hector Rees was a visitor to Charlottetown on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Seaman, Breadalbane, were recent visitors to Hunter River and Fredericton.

Miss Laura Smith, teacher in Darlington school, spent the weekend at her home in Pleasant Valley.

Miss Catherine Stevenson has been on the sick list, but is now feeling better and able to resume her duties as teacher in Breadalbane rural school.

Mrs. Milton Weeks, Mrs. Eldred Weeks, Mrs. N. A. Cutcliffe, Mrs. F. W. Cutcliffe, and Mrs. Harry Weeks were visitors to Summerside Tuesday and Wednesday. While there they attended the annual meeting of the United Church Presbytery.

Fredericton and Vicinity

Fredericton friends were sorry to learn that Mrs. Lorne Weeks, Summerside, a former resident here, had the misfortune to fall and break a bone in her foot. Her old friends wish her a speedy return to her usual activities.

The current issue of the Institute News contains several articles which were sent in by members of Fredericton Women's Institute. A meeting held almost thirty years ago will be of interest to many and is as follows: "On Tuesday evening September 20, 1921 the women of Fredericton met together in the hall for the purpose of organizing an Institute. Miss Carruthers of Charlottetown was present. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. G. W. Tinney; vice-president, Mrs. J. A. Cutcliffe; secretary-treasurer, Miss Stella Weeks; directors, Mrs. Howard Weeks, Mrs. Fred Weeks and Mrs. George Stewart; auditors, Miss Agnes Arthur and Miss Laura Weeks. It was moved and seconded that to hold a birthday party in the hall on October 4 to raise money. Each member to have the privilege of inviting five friends. Meetings to be held third Wednesday in each month. Next meeting in the school October 19 at 7 p.m. Meeting adjourned."

KINGSTON Y. P. U.

The regular meeting of the Kingston Y. P. U. was held at the home of Mrs. Wilbur Younker on Tuesday evening, January 16th.

Velda Green led the devotional period which opened the meeting with singing hymns, "What A Friend We Have In Jesus", followed by prayer. The scripture reading was taken from the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Hymn, "Blest Be The Tie" closed the devotional period.

The president, Shirley Newson conducted the business period. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by thirteen members. Collection amounted to ninety-four cents. Friendship Fund 18 cents. The committees for next meeting are as follows: Devotional—Aloha MacGregor, Study—Shirley Newson and Mildred Paul. Recreation—Olive Barrett and Alton Green. Lunch—Edna Colwill and Shirley Newson.

Members were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Younker for their next meeting on January 30th.

Olive Barrett and Edna Colwill led the study period which was taken from the Book of St. Matthew, Chapters I, II, III.

The recreation period consisted of games and contests under the direction of Velda Green and Roy Younker.

A dainty lunch was served by the hostess assisted by the committee in charge.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Younker for the use of their home and kind hospitality shown.

The meeting was closed by repeating the Mimpah Benediction.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



HE'S JUST A STRAY DOG—BEEN HANGIN' AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD FOR WEEKS!

HE HASN'T ANY HOME! WE JUST GAVE HIM A BATH AND NOW WE'RE GONNA SELL HIM AND SPLIT IT THREE WAYS!

YOU MUST MEAN THE DOG!

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

Outpost In China

By Val Gielgud

Continued

CHAPTER XVII

WEAK MAN'S PRIDE

Patrick James proceeded to the refilling of his pipe. Gerald Havelock wandered over to the sideboard and poured himself a stiff whisky and soda.

"You know, Gerald," said James quietly, "I thought better of you than that."

Gerald squirted soda savagely into his glass.

"Are you going to tell me how to run my station now?" he asked.

"Don't lose your temper! You began by being amiable when you should have been tough, and then became truculent when you should have been amiable. You should have heard Leslie Dale handle that beggar: it took more than a few stale proverbs to get him rattled, I can tell you!"

"I've no doubt you can," sneered Gerald, gulping his whisky.

James's formidable jaw stiffened. "Leslie did a lot for you, Gerald, you know."

"He certainly did," laughed Gerald bitterly. "He began by teaching me; then he let me to a job he knew was too much for me; finally, he's shaken Sheila's loyalty to me. It's a lot from one man!"

"Look here," protested James soothingly, "you're seeing everything wrong. Leslie's the whitest man I've ever met—and I've known a few. He did all he could for you."

Gerald poured himself out a second drink.

"The marines," he said, "might believe that in the circumstances!"

Patrick James's Irish temper might well have got the better of the discipline of his cloth at that moment, if he had not been interrupted by the door opening to admit Sheila and his wife.

"Hello," said Janet cheerily, "got rid of the Big Sea Wolf?"

Gerald's only response to that singularly ill-timed pleasantry was to stride across the room and pull Sheila round to face James.

"Just tell the padre something," he began.

"I think," said Janet James hurriedly, "that we're rather in the way, Pat."

"The conference was a wash-out," said the missionary in an undertone. "I'm afraid Gerald's rather upset."

"I can do without the soothing-syrup, thanks," sneered Gerald. "Tell them, Sheila!"

Sheila wrenched herself free. "I've nothing to be ashamed of, Gerry," she said quietly, "except of the way in which you're making an exhibition of yourself!"

Patrick James stared. "Is that enough for you?" demanded Gerald.

He glared comprehensively round the room, made a queer baffled gesture with one hand, and flung out of the french window.

"Won't you sit down?" suggested Sheila calmly. "Dinner shouldn't be a minute or two now."

"I think," said Janet, "that you'd better go back and look after Gerald, Pat. Get along with you!"

"Oh quite—quite," agreed the missionary, rather blankly. And he hurried out in his turn.

TWO CANDID WOMEN

The two women were left facing one another.

"That," said Janet, "is a good deal better. We can now breathe. Men are children, aren't they? And they do clutter up the place so. I think I should like one cigarette."

Sheila smiled shakily. "Thank you," she said. "That was clever of you. Well?"

Janet James crossed her woollen-stocking legs, and blew smoke towards the ceiling.

"You needn't worry," she said. "I'm not going to talk to you like a mother. I have to do a good deal of that to Pat, bless him. I like you, Sheila, you know. You're so delightful young. You almost make me feel young again."

"And you're also—curious?" suggested Sheila.

"Very," admitted Janet. "So let's be girls together, shall we? You dislike me a little, and I disapprove of you a little. So there's lots of room for us to get on better and better."

"I don't think," said Sheila slowly, "that I should dislike you at all anywhere else."

"Where wouldn't you notice me anywhere else," said Janet smiling. "Tan Pu has got on your nerves as much as on your husband's."

"Why hasn't it ever got on yours, Mrs. James?"

Janet smiled, and about that smile there was a sweet and grave certainty which made Sheila Havelock realize that something was most certainly missing from her life.

"Of course, it's old-fashioned of me," she said, "but I love Pat."

"Does it make all that difference," said Sheila, wincing a little, "to love a man?"

"In a curious way, it manages to take the common out of commonplace, my dear."

Sheila looked at the window, and the streak of river beyond.

"I always wondered," she said, almost to herself.

"Surely you ought to give your husband another chance?" said Janet quietly.

Sheila's lips tightened. "Are you bound to give me good advice, just because you're too old to be able to set me a bad example?" she demanded.

Janet James laughed outright. In a way that last parry of the girl's had caught her on the raw. For though Janet disapproved, by inclination as well as the experience of a lifetime, of any slackening of any marriage bond there was something about Gerald Havelock which made it exceptionally difficult to regard him with other than a good deal of exasperation, to use no stronger word! In Janet's eyes he was a milkop. The early Edwardian term put it in a nutshell. He ought to be able to look after his wife. He ought not to drink so much whisky.

Sheila had stubbed out her cigarette nervously, and was peering out into the darkness from the



RARE BEAUTY — You can travel the seven seas for a long time these days without seeing this beautiful sight — once so common. It's the square-rigger Eagle, U.S. Coast Guard training vessel, standing out to sea from the USCG Academy at New London, Conn. The Eagle was formerly the German navy's schooner Horst Wessel.

corner of the veranda. "Didn't your husband say that the conference with Wu had come to grief?" she asked abruptly, without turning round.

"Yes," said Janet, "why?"

"Oh I only thought that if it were so, we might have something more than my character to worry about!"

"Pat'll let me know what he wants done in lots of time," said Janet coldly.

Sheila's eyebrows rose.

"You're quite happy to leave it to him—if Wu's going to shoot the place up?"

"My dear," said Janet soothingly, "he and I were through the Boxer business in the year dot. No one who lay awake in the Pekin Legation night after night, hearing those awful brass trumpets howling eternally hatred for all 'foreign devils,' is going to bother much about Wu. This is just a picnic for Pat."

"Gerald," said Sheila, "was always a fool on a picnic! Left the salt behind, or laid the cloth over an ants' nest —"

Janet looked at the girl shrewdly. Sheila had come back from the window, now stood fretting the edge of the tablecloth with her fingers. The youth and gaiety seemed to have deserted her face altogether—but that may have been a trick of the lamplight.

"Are you getting scared?" murmured Janet. "I promise you there's no danger —"

"You've your husband to back you haven't you? I wish I had someone to rely on."

To be continued

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