

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the great Gulf of St. Lawrence  
There is a lovely spot,  
That does not need to cultivate  
The sweet Forget-me-not  
For its sea view and its pleasures,  
And scenery so grand,  
Will never fade from those who've  
seen  
Dear Prince Edward Island  
The called "The Garden of the  
Gulf"  
And "The Gem of the Sea"  
On Isle of Beauty, all sweet praise  
Flows freely unto the  
For peace, sweet rest and happiness  
Are found on every hand,  
In the green fields, in vales and  
plains  
Of Prince Edward Island  
In summertime it really is  
A place of beauty rare,  
I think it's here that Nature holds  
Her summer Beauty Fair,  
With music furnished by the sea,  
That breaks along the strand,  
And by the birds, the winds and  
trees  
Of Prince Edward Island.  
Its fertile soil yields rich reward  
For those who toil therein,  
There is no land beneath the sun  
So free from care and sin,  
Here rich and poor are just the  
same  
They all so hand in hand  
All men are just like brothers kind  
On Prince Edward Island  
No natives speak of it as home,  
When far from this sweet spot,  
That does not need to hand to  
them  
A sweet "Forget-me-not"  
When they leave its dear peaceful  
shores  
To try some other land,  
Wherever they roam they'll "no  
forget"  
Dear Prince Edward Island  
—Number 13



GNR. MAURICE SHERRY

Son of Mr. and Mrs. James Sherry, who was seriously wounded on Aug. 4 and died Aug. 5. The following letters received by his mother, Mrs. Dorothy Sherry, 11 Dorchester Street, Charlottetown, speak for themselves:

France, 8 Aug. 1944  
Capt. Colin Munro,  
70 L.A.A. Bty.,  
8 L.A.A. Regt., R.C.A.

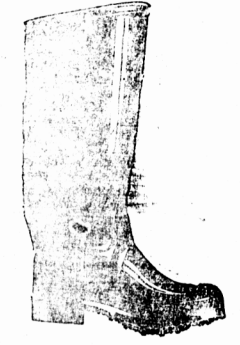
Dear Mrs. Sherry:  
Words on paper seem very inadequate to express the deep sympathy which we all feel in the loss of one of our most likeable and efficient men; but every man in our troop wishes to convey to you, our feelings at this time. Maurice came to be relieved ago, while we were in England, and in a very short time, his admirable disposition and cheerful nature won him the respect and friendship of the entire troop. We were fortunate in having Maurice among us. His humour and devotion to duty have been examples for any soldier to follow. When we came to France, Maurice was anxious to get in and do his part. We had not long to wait, and then some rough action, and through his gallantry, his duty quietly, efficiently and cheerfully. I spoke to Maurice during the first bad shelling of his gun position, and although he had a few very close ones, he never faltered in the service of his gun.

Maurice was a deeply religious man in his quiet way and his approach at all times. When church services were possible in the field, Maurice was always among those who attended voluntarily. He could have had very little indeed for which to atone.

On 4th Aug. we were deployed in the Caen sector, and came under heavy enemy shellfire, despite the intensity of the fire, and the fact that his detachment commander had been severely wounded. At 4:30 P.M. when his detachment was about to be relieved, Maurice was wounded, very heavily, and Maurice was seriously wounded, with the others moved immediately to a casualty collecting post where his wounds were properly dressed, and he was quickly evacuated to a field surgery, where he was immediately operated upon. Every effort was made, including morphine and transfusion, to save his life. Despite the efforts of the surgeons, Maurice passed away at 3:30 P.M. on 5th Aug. Father Beauchamp, the chaplain attached to the division, took charge of Maurice's welfare. Maurice to rest today in distance behind the lines, a short military honour. Father Beauchamp, and as many Maurice's friends as possible, attended. It was a sunny day and in that peaceful atmosphere, Maurice now rests in peace. Maurice now rests in peace after a very gallant service. I am unable at this time to furnish you with the exact details of his resting place. In due course, the military authorities will forward that information to you. However, I have a request, if necessary forward it to you. There is little else to add. Mrs. Sherry, except that I, and our troop wish to express to you our deepest sympathies, and our promise that Maurice's death will be avenged in the very near future. Yours very sincerely,  
COLIN MUNRO.

**THROAT SORE?**  
For common ordinary sore throat  
**JUST RUB ON**  
**MINARD'S**  
"KING OF PAIN"  
LINIMENT

**THE NEW SYNTHETIC RUBBER**  
—IS HERE—  
We Now Offer MEN'S, BOYS' and WOMEN'S RUBBER BOOTS  
Also full lines of fine RUBBERS



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BOTH STORES

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Today, you want to make sure that the fur coat you buy is the finest value for your money. When you select a fur fashion here, you're certain of beauty, expert workmanship, comfort and wear, for our label means quality and scrupulous attention to detail. For lasting beauty, enduring wear see this outstanding collection of beautiful FUR COATS today.

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**Poultry Jottings**

The time has come when the housing of pullets should receive the prompt attention of the poultryman. You remember the excessive great care and attention you gave your baby chicks the matter of housing it is certainly an important one to give similar attention to the correct housing of pullets.

It is my intention under this column to give plain and simple advice regarding the care and management of your poultry flocks. I will see a general lowering of poultry and egg prices after the winter. What plans are you making to still keep the price of your population and make relatively more profit? Care and management of their poultry flocks is not a matter of luck. It is definitely a matter of planning. Results vary, but this is attributable more than not to the differences in the chicks. It is up to you to plan.

The successful poultryman must be interested in his chickens — he must live with his flock — note every disturbing factor — be open to suggestions — but use good judgment. Most successful poultrymen will admit they learned the hard way — by experience. Pay attention to small details — avoid all, keep records — study them, and correct weaknesses. PLAN AHEAD!

Hatcherymen can do much to help you, but you must do your part. Hatching should insist that all chicks heading his hatchery should be from known high production hens and you, as chick purchasers, should insist that he use good sires. Again, it is up to you.

Here are some figures that will start you thinking maybe planning. It takes 80 to 90 eggs to pay the expenses of keeping a hen one year. After that, each extra egg is almost clear profit. Think that one over! Figure your profit on up to the flock that would lay 150 eggs per year per flock average. It can be done — is being done.

**Fortune's Apprentice**  
BY  
Leonard Leslie

"John was so low in spirits when I saw him," she recounted. "He had gone through so much. No wonder he was brooding. There is much to be thankful for. Thank God he is alive."

"After what I can understand your feelings only too well, my dear," she sighed in a fine, clear voice. "He is not going to be a burden to me. I could not control them. How is Edward?"

"He is well, according to his letters. Really in fine fettle, he says. We expect him home when he can get a little straighter."

"I am glad to hear that. He is able to weep together while she was home on leave. Edward had not go back to England when she was there."

"Let's hope they will all be home again before too long." Sir Charles said.

That day lay in the distant future. Destiny still had a full hand of cards to play. And among the many things that were to happen, a tragic happening a sad ending was yet to darken that little group of people.

**SOIL ORGANIC MATTER IN EASTERN CANADA**

Soil organic matter plays a very important role in the soil, and its maintenance in many cases the building up of organic matter is one of the major soil fertility problems which faces many farmers in Eastern Canada. States, P.O. in the Stobbe, Field Husbandry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Many soils in Eastern Canada are inherently low in soil organic matter; in others a large percentage has been destroyed during clearing operations, while in still others the organic matter has been gradually depleted over a period of years by unsound farming practices.

Organic matter may be added to the soil in different forms by various means. Barn yard manure is the most active form of organic matter. By the application of manure, not only organic matter but also micro-organisms and certain amount of plant nutrients are added to the soil. The use of proper rotations including legumes and the plowing down of a certain amount of organic matter to the soil. Special green manure crops may be planted for the purpose of incorporating organic matter into the soil. Bulky legume crops are preferred for this purpose, but if the soil is too depleted or too acid that such crops will not grow satisfactorily, buckwheat of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, may also be used for this purpose. In Eastern Canada are numerous manure and the better decomposed peat can be utilized locally to great advantage by hauling it on to the adjacent land in order to increase the organic matter in the soil. Raw sphagnum peat moss, however, is of very little value for this purpose.

The role of organic matter in the soil is manifold. It greatly improves the physical condition of the soil, i.e. makes the heavy clay soils more mellow and more easy to work, and make the sandy soils

**SOIL ORGANIC MATTER IN EASTERN CANADA**

more cohesive and more retentive (gives them more body); it increases the absorptive capacity of the soil, and thus helps the soil to hold more moisture and decreases the amount of run-off and erosion, and helps to retain plant nutrients. The organic matter also adds nitrogen and, to lesser extent, other soil micro-organisms whose activity is of vital importance in connection with soil fertility.

**Fortune's Apprentice**  
BY  
Leonard Leslie

"I have to wait and see if there's any answer, my dear," Mrs. Morris agreed, "Give me the telegram."

"There won't be."

She walked slowly back into the main hall, into the happy gathering of helpfully arguing friends. It seemed that all the women of the district had congregated in that room. They seemed to be watching her as she advanced, the slight of her grim face and the ominous oracular envelope bringing all talk to an end.

"For me?" asked Mrs. Sandley. "Mrs. Morris halted at her side. "Come into the kitchen, will you?"

"Phillipa?" she gasped as she caught the stricken mother. She awaited slight, the slight of colour drained from her face for her to sit on.

"I regret to inform... as result of enemy action... behaviour during the raid... was an inspiration. Only once occurred. Phrases were audible as she read it in a hoarse whisper, intending to share the news with them all. In pity and understanding the women kept quiet, knowing that ordinary expressions of sympathy would sound hollow in so public a setting.

"If you will excuse me, ladies, I will go home," Mrs. Sandley said, carefully folding the telegram. She turned to Mrs. Morris. "Would you mind coming with me, my dear?"

Together they went from the room, the work hardened hand of the garage keeper's wife gently placed for support under the elbow of the Admiral's lady.

**CHAPTER XII**  
**DAUGHTER OF THE NAVY**

Poignant in its utter simplicity was the last homecoming of Phillipa Sandley, the vicar's short dress made a deep impression on all who heard him. There was something so very typical and significant in that scene—the grey stone Norman church with its squat tower hardly rising above the eaves, the sober dresses of the villagers, chip-chip of many girls in the churchyard, darkened by ancient yews and orderly with the mellowed huskiness of generations of past parishioners.

No bell tolled for the order had given, the sober dresses of the villagers, chip-chip of many girls in the churchyard, darkened by ancient yews and orderly with the mellowed huskiness of generations of past parishioners.

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**R. C. A. F. FIGHTER PILOTS HAVE BIG DAY**



Sublimed after their accomplishment during a long flying day, pilots of Wing, Commander Dal Russell's Canadian Spitfire wing in France pose for a snapshot in the mobile interrogation room of their Canadian airfield, shortly after the last of the day's 139 sorties had been completed. Their score for the day: four enemy aircraft destroyed and two damaged, plus 80 Hun motor transport vehicles disabled, is chalked on a section of the tail plane of a Junkers 88, shot down June 7th over Normandy. Included in the group are: Flight Lieutenant G. N. Johnson of Hamilton, Ontario; P.O. E. G. Lapp of Medicine Hat, Alta.; P-1. Bob Hyndman of Belleville, Ontario; F-1. Art Tooley, Winnipeg; P-O. H. A. Crawford, of Hamilton; P.O. R. M. Cooke, Millton, D.F.C., Charlottetown, P.E.I.; P.O. G. E. Merritt, St. Mary's, Ontario; F-1. A. F. Halcrow, Penticton, B. C.—(R.C.A.F. Photo).

**A Name to Remember!**  
**RED ROSE**  
**TEA "is good tea"**  
RED ROSE Orange Pekoe Tea  
is extra good!

F. G. Ward,  
Dominion Poultry Services  
Charlottetown, P. E. I.,  
September 27, 1944.