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WANT to save time, money and labour? Then treat seed with CERESAN! Reduces seed waste by killing stinking smut of wheat and certain other seed-borne diseases of oats, barley and flax. Generally improves stands and yields. Treat now—costs little. Get free pamphlet.

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Don't let seed piece decay, seed-borne scab and Rhizoctonia waste your seed, labour and fertilizer—treat with SEMESAN BEL. Generally cuts these disease losses, increases yields and profits. Easy to use—just dip, drain, dry and plant. Costs little. CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED FERTILIZER DIVISION

SEED DISINFECTANTS

Bristol and Vicinity

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dupuis, and son **James**, arrived from Montreal, P. Q., last week to spend a vacation with the Dupuis family. Mr. Dupuis has been in the city for some time and is quite impressed with this part of Canada even in this winter season. They will spend some time with Mrs. Dupuis' sister, Mrs. Ernest Carr, in Charlottetown, before returning.

At the annual meeting of the Lot 40 United Church here on January 28th it was decided by a unanimous vote to change the name of the church to the Bristol United Church as the name would be the same as the vicinity it serves. The Minister, the Rev. Mr. Mercer, thanked the congregation for faithful attendance at Sunday services during the past year and the meeting closed with the Benediction.

Mrs. **Margaret Ferguson**, was a business visitor to the city last week.

The road has been cleared of snow again by the government plough and the I. M. bus was running again on Wednesday after being held in stores for two days. Car drivers in general report the road very good.

The routine of hamsters and the hauling of twine reminds us again of spring as fishermen have already started the big job of setting traps for Lobster fishing. Backings for traps are being made by the thousands day and night mostly by women and children, while the men build the traps and rig them up.

In speaking about prices the writer paid 35 cents per lb. for dry cod fish in the city last week. This is a handsome price but the price has the bone in it. Anyone who doubts this price can call at the city markets any day and see for themselves cod fish and steak the same price.

The second in a series of card parties and dances sponsored by the Bristol, W. I., was put on at the home of Mrs. James Kennedy, on Thursday night and well attended.

Mr. **James Creelman**, butcher maker at the Morrell Co-operative Creamery, spent the week-end at his home in Orwell.

Miss **Danice MacDonald**, who has been home for two months following her serious operation with the P. E. Island Hospital has returned to her position in the city this week.

Mr. **Frank Connolly** was in the city on Friday on business.

Mrs. **Tranor**, who is housekeeper for Father McKenna, spent a few days in the city last week on business.

Frank **Dunn**, manager of McNeill Co-operative store and Credit Union was in the city last week.

Inquiring from one of the oldest residents about fine winters such as this one, he said that once in his memory of seventy-five winters there was one winter a long, long time ago when blanching was done here on February 2nd. At that time there was considerable snow on the ground in January when one fine night a large moon dog was observed in the sky and this was followed by a monster thaw and spring weather. This same old time informed your writer that one winter many years ago the C. N. R. train was struck in this vicinity for thirty-one days, one of the crew being the late Conductor William Dewey, who was born here and his father was a section man at that time. Farmers hauled wood for

The Suprieng Sanctuary
By Leslie Cargill

CHAPTER IV
THE MAN WHO LEBARD

To prevent his nerves from letting him down, it was imperative to keep his thoughts under better control. A walk round the island brought fuller reassurance. Only birds and the vast waters cutting him off from intruders.

Then he included in a mild "Tut! tut!" gazing at what looked like becoming an habitual speck on the horizon. "Ambrose Martin!" he muttered.

Ambrose Martin, it was, arriving at about the same hour as his last call.

"Back again, I'm afraid," he called out on coming within earshot. "Like a bad penny, eh? Are you on your way to Ireland?" Hugh returned.

"Jolly funny, Mr. Eversard. No, I've had a spot of bother. Can I come aboard?"

"Nobody is sleeping you." "Just as usual," he said, "I couldn't sleep because of the tide, I'm not so young as I used to be."

"Don't tell me you've been going round the coast all night?" "Hardly! I came upon a tiny isle and anchored on the lee side. When I set off again for the shore I felt sure my strength would not last. So I came back to you."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders. "Make yourself at home," he invited. "What do you propose doing?"

"With your permission I'll settle down until the supply boat comes."

"As you wish! Did I happen to mention a supply boat, by the way?"

Ambrose Martin started slightly. "Must have done or I shouldn't have known about it. Every fortnight, isn't it?"

Hugh was absolutely sure he had given no such information. "About that," he admitted cautiously.

"Let me see—today is the 17th! That means I'm marooned until..."

Again the pumping. Always to the same end. Odd that he should be so interested in the length of time Hugh had been on the island or the probable appearance of mainlanders.

"Any day, Mr. Martin, I hope you won't be detained long."

The reply was unfavourably received. "Sooner the better," he said. "I've business to attend to. My shoes will be in a bad way."

"Afraid I can't expedite your departure. Unless, of course, you care to make a further attempt to row back."

"Not for a thousand quid."

"Well, I don't possess anything like that sum of money."

"I get it," Ambrose Martin observed. "I'm not welcome."

The accusation was too direct to be ignored. "Excuse me, but I like to be alone." It sounded so "I get it," a catch phrase popularized by a screen star that he had to laugh.

"I want to be alone," Martin mimicked, good humour was restored all round and Hugh apologizing for ungraciousness. Still he could not take to the prospect of night his dislike moderated. Company was best such a thing until he grew accustomed to the surroundings and learned how to distinguish the various noises of the island.

During semi-confidential exchanges he came near to mentioning the incidents of the footstep, but something held him back. He held a half-formed theory that Martin might know about them.

It was during a desultory discussion on politics that Hugh let slip a remark which showed that he must have been in contact with the outside world during the past few days.

Martin drew in a deep breath. "I've been wondering how long you'd poked yourself away in this wilderness," he said. "Own up. It has been less than a week."

"This happens to be my third day."

As he admitted the fact a subtle change came over his companion's face. The smile had not faded, but it was more like a leer. In that instant Eversard felt an icy trickle creeping down his spine.

"So the heat won't come until the end of the month?" His voice held a note of calculating cunning.

"I'm not sure."

"Come, come, Mr. Eversard, that need not distress you."

Hugh thought otherwise. He feared unpleasantness in the near future, though of what kind he had no notion. Ambrose Martin was dipping a hand slowly into his pocket.

"That need not distress you, Mr. Eversard," he murmured, varying the phrasing in a way his companion did not like.

"Your important business—?" "It will be attended to, never fear."

A sense of impending evil came over Hugh. All his nerves were taut stretched and he found he was gripping the arm of his chair so tightly that the knuckles showed white.

CHAPTER V
NEW ENTERPRISES

There was a nightmare atmosphere in having to sit still, unimpeded, Ambrose Martin to reveal himself as an avowed enemy, yet unable to precipitate the crisis. It was obviously ridiculous to contemplate making an initial move to open hostilities. Nothing had transpired to suggest he was bent on mischief save those icy sentences and the faintly menacing outline of an object the man was gripping in his pocket. After all, it might be nothing more than a pipe, or a tool he would look if he leapt on the fellow for preparing to smoke.

They were both tense and distrustful.

They started simultaneously when the air was rent by the penetrating wail of electric hoover, as unanticipated a diversion as either could have imagined.

"What on earth—" Martin interjected, starting to his feet.

Hugh Eversard was relieved to find that his hand had been extricated while many shovellers worked for small pay. No doubt there are many still around who recall this event.—B.



SKIRTS BLOUSES DRESSES

Slightly mussed and Soiled,
Selling for
\$1. each

Open Thursday February Third . . .

Moore & McLeod Limited have been closed for the first half of this week in order to get Stock-Taking finished up, tidied up, and definitely out of the way. You are then, cordially invited to visit your store on Thursday for your requirements so far as we are able to secure them for you. Here's a really interesting

Sale of Pretty Dresses Awaiting You on The Second Floor

A group pretty dresses 1943 models formerly marked \$14.95, \$12.95 and \$10.95, to clear
At \$6.95

A group of daintily attractive dresses that belonged in the \$16.95, \$17.95 and \$19.50 groups . . . yours for
\$8.95 and \$9.95

These are, quite frankly and plainly, dresses of last year's models, but any dating in the style is more than compensated for in the attractive prices of the day.



MOORE & McLEOD Limited

point—empty "A boat," he exclaimed.

"Expecting anyone?" "Not to-night. We'd better go and see what's happening."

The life sun was low on the western rim, the mellow rays turning to the semblance of burnished silver the clean white paintwork of a trim cabin-cruiser nosing into the cove.

"Ahooy there!" a voice shouted. "Any objection to my coming in?"

"None! Look out for shallows."

The cruiser drew gingerly ashore. A rope was thrown out and Hugh had it to the mooring ring. Presently the man on deck was joined by a slim girl in ship-shape yachting costume. Together they completed the task of making the craft snug. A comminative pane-plant was shoved out and the owner came ashore.

(To Be Continued)

- GREEN BAY SCHOOL**
- Report for January:
- Grade X—1, Noreen Costello; 2, Ralph Carragher; 3, Leo Carragher.
- Grade VIII—1, Rena Currie; 2, Louis Carragher; 3, Francis Flood.
- Grade VI—1, Dorothy Costello; 2, Rita Costello.
- Grade V—1, Louis Costello; 2, Lorna Cudmore; 3, Colin Currie.
- Grade V—1, Gerald Carragher; 2, Bernice Flood.
- Grade III—1, Doris Costello; 2, Noreen Flood; 3, Helen Cudmore.
- Grade II—1, Evelyn Cudmore; 2, Austin Costello; 3, Bernice Cudmore.
- Grade I—1, Brenden Costello; 2, Stella Flood; 3, Marion Costello.
- Perfect attendance: Louis Carragher, Dorothy Costello, Rita Costello, Helen Cudmore, Fyrlis Cudmore, Bernice Cudmore, Marion Costello.

BRINGING UP FATHER By GEORGE McMANUS



TILLIE THE TOILER— A PAINFUL DUTY. By WEBSTER

