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SURE THING - TASTES GOOD AS MY MOTHER'S BREAD. Good bread brings food value plus to meals today. It supplies Vitamin B, and is a quick energy replacer...

MADE IN CANADA. SUPPLEMENT YOUR DIET by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day.



Pure Wholesome Dependable Magic Baking Powder. Costs Less than 1c per average Baking.

ALABASTINE advertisement. Make your rooms beautiful with the soft, colourful tints of ALABASTINE. Easy to use... just mix with water and apply with a large brush.

NEW FISH MARKET advertisement. TO OPEN THURSDAY AFTERNOON MAY 17th ALSO ALL DAY FRIDAY - MONDAY AFTERNOON AND ALL DAY TUESDAY. Cod 8c per lb. Fresh Filets 15c per lb. Fresh Lobsters New Proprietor SAMUEL PINEAU

E. R. Brow & Son advertisement. Fire, Auto, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance at Lowest Rate. Agent at Summerside, D. O. Stewart 144 Richmond St. Charlottetown

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs. CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

P. E. I. HOSPITAL AID.—For St. Peter's Cathedral the Vice-Presidents are: Mrs. Stanley Bryant, Mrs. George Binning and Mrs. Gerritz, whose name was inadvertently put in the wrong group of officers.

GOING TO ENGLAND.—Miss Lillian Coles, daughter of Ambrose and Isabel Coles of Strassburg, Sask., is visiting friends in Charlottetown and Milton. Miss Coles is an R. C. A. F. Flying Officer and is on her way to England with several young dieticians to take up special relief work.

FLOWERS FROM OVERSEAS.—Mrs. Gordon Douglas, Head Hillsborough, has received a lovely bouquet of Red and Pink Roses for Mother's Day from her son, Wallace who is serving with the Canadian Provost Corps, Overseas.

ISLAND SOLDIER LIBERATED.—Mrs. John Howard, Margate, has received a telegram from the Director of Records, advising her that her son George C. Howard, Prisoner of War in Germany has been liberated and is now safe in Allied hands.

PRISONER OF WAR RELEASED.—Mrs. John Doyle, Summerside, has received a telegram stating that her son Sgt. Francis Doyle who has been a Prisoner of War in Germany has been released and now in England. Mrs. Doyle's second son Pte. Walter Doyle is serving in Belgium.

In Memoriam

MR. HORACE LOWTHER

Relatives and friends in this Province were shocked to learn of the sudden death of Horace Lowther in Peoria, Ill. on Monday, April 23rd.

The late Mr. Lowther was Chief Inspector for the U. S. Navy in the Peoria district. Under him were the youngest and oldest inspectors who covered the products of thirty factories.

The funeral services were held on Thursday, April 26th and were conducted by Dr. Laughton of Keweenaw, a personal friend. Interment was at Marquette.

The late Mr. Lowther was a son of Mr. Leigh Lowther, Charlottetown, and had four brothers: Hudson, North Carleton; Wilfred, Minneapolis; Fred, Toronto; and Lloyd in the U. S. Army. It is about twenty years since he had visited the Island.

He married Miss Ino Burton of Marquette, and they had two lovely children, Judith, aged seven, and Burton, six.

To these and the many other relatives and friends who mourn his early passing, sincere sympathy is extended.—D.

Killed in Action

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawless of Grand Tracade, P. E. I., have received the sad news that their youngest son Pte. Francis Lawless was killed in action in Germany on April 4th, 1945.

Mr. Lawless joined the North Nova Scotia Highlanders and after training in New Glasgow and Aldershot, proceeded overseas in Dec. 1944. He was just nineteen in February.

In addition to his parents, there survive five brothers: William, Amherst; James, Trenton; Jesse, Vancouver; Sgt. Cecil, just returned from overseas and George with the Army Service Corps in Halifax. Five sisters also survive: Mrs. Alfred Morrison, Pleasant Grove, P. E. I.; Mrs. Edwin Beal, Margate, P. E. I.; and Mrs. Carl Lockhart, Mrs. Carl MacKenzie and Mrs. Percy Folland, all of Truro, N. S.

Card of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawless and family wish to thank their neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness in their recent bereavement. Also those who sent Cards and Letters of Sympathy. 15-16-11.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of Mrs. Norman H. Johnson, who passed away May 15th, 1945. "Ever in Loving Remembrance." Inserted by Her Husband and Daughter Helen. 15-16-11.

Don't You Know?

A High School is Needed. In the future a speaking knowledge of French will be the requisite of every educated citizen. Our High School pupils will have the expert guidance of a teacher specialist.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—Services Sabbath May 20th, Cape Travers 11 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Rev. J. H. Bishop. 516-11.

Personals

Mrs. Everett Toombs, 50 Upper Queen Street, has received a beautiful bouquet of roses for Mother's Day from her husband, Staff Sgt. Everett Toombs now serving in Holland.

Telegraphist J. Garfield Chappelle, 140 Chappelle St., left Charlottetown on Monday morning on return to Rockingham, Nova Scotia, after a most pleasant visit with the former's parents and Mrs. George Chappelle, Escher Street, Charlottetown.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. D. MONTGOMERY WAUGH

The death occurred at the home of her sister, Mrs. John A. Collings, on Thursday, May 10, of Mrs. D. Montgomery Waugh in her 81st year.

Mrs. Waugh was a life long resident of Summerside with the exception of the last five years spent in Charlottetown. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hamilton, and in her youth resided in Davis School in Summerside.

Her husband, D. Montgomery Waugh and son Henry predeceased her some years ago.

Surviving are three sisters, Miss Flora Hamilton, R. N., of Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Grace Ashburrow of Winnipeg and Mrs. John A. Collings of Charlottetown.

The funeral services were held on Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Carnegie officiated at the church and sang.

The pallbearers were: Mr. Thomas Johnson, Mr. Thomas Hunt, Mr. Donald Hunt, Mayor Frank Arnett, Mr. Lucan Allen, Mr. William Strong.

Summer Hostess

—by— Lucy Poate Stebbins

"Where shall we go? I don't know a thing about this island," said Hunt.

"Then go around it," suggested one old lady. "It can't be very far. If it is we've time." Time is the only thing we have.

That was the way Hunt had talked; as if they wanted to fill in the time. He had said it an odd idea. She would have said that these old ladies had everything else; that time was the one thing they didn't get.

When one was so old, things in the present no longer mattered very much and time was a wide meadow to cross before one rejoined one's friends. She caught Hunt's eye and she said nothing; the aunts though old were evidently not deaf. Only Hunt's face had almost spoken; it was so kind, so tolerant.

"Why do you go to the Y?" she asked involuntarily. Why did she want to know? Because she had to be sure before she decided what kind of a man he was. What business was it of hers what kind of a man Hunt was?

The question remained unanswered for a minute. Then he said briefly, "I teach international law two nights a week. And why do you ask?"

"Because I wonder if you do that sort of thing to atone for having so much more than other young men."

"No, that's not my reason. If I explained, you'd be disappointed because it's so simple. Now let's be away. The aunts won't be happy unless they hear loud and frequent laughter."

"Come in," she said. Hunt pulled back the screen door and one by one the women mounted the granite step and passed before him over the worn threshold. Inside, it was dark because the two small-paned windows were full of rufous and geraniums, but it was very clean, with a new coal stove which shone with polish, a table scrubbed quite white and a floor to match the table.

"Can you give us tea?" asked Hunt civilly.

"I'll have to go in," said Hunt's wife with decision. "She's seen us. We can't go on, leaving her in such feelings."

Leslie jumped out and assisted Hunt in dislodging his elderly relatives from the car and they looked inquiringly at the house which was close to the sea, with the back door open on the road. It had never been painted and there were no curtains at the shutterless windows. "Tea, Erika Sanderson?"

Erika Sanderson was standing in the kitchen doorway looking out at them. "Come in," she said.

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Simpson's advertisement. Will Announce in this Newspaper Tomorrow, their "OPENING PRESENTATION" in their attractively improved Showrooms at 129 Kent Street in Charlottetown. This event will take place on Friday and Saturday, May 18th and 19th. We hope you will drop in on either one or both of these days. F. A. STEWART JONES Special Representative THE SIMPSON EASTERN LIMITED 129 Kent Street

side the sea, blue that afternoon and bright with sails, for there was a race scheduled along the southern shore. "Where shall we go? I don't know a thing about this island," said Hunt. "Then go around it," suggested one old lady. "It can't be very far. If it is we've time." Time is the only thing we have. That was the way Hunt had talked; as if they wanted to fill in the time. He had said it an odd idea. She would have said that these old ladies had everything else; that time was the one thing they didn't get. When one was so old, things in the present no longer mattered very much and time was a wide meadow to cross before one rejoined one's friends. She caught Hunt's eye and she said nothing; the aunts though old were evidently not deaf. Only Hunt's face had almost spoken; it was so kind, so tolerant. "Why do you go to the Y?" she asked involuntarily. Why did she want to know? Because she had to be sure before she decided what kind of a man he was. What business was it of hers what kind of a man Hunt was? The question remained unanswered for a minute. Then he said briefly, "I teach international law two nights a week. And why do you ask?" "Because I wonder if you do that sort of thing to atone for having so much more than other young men."

ingly or not at all. "The grace of a way-side blossom" is not nearly so lovely when taken from its natural surroundings. The cowslip I plucked, in its freshness this morning, instead of being left at the stream's edge, a thing of beauty in its buttercup yellow is dead and useless tonight marring the beauty of the vase it was to adorn. Judy read the story: "Keep your hat on your head, this afternoon, suddenly and sadly bereft. There was talk of this or that one in the confines of the kitchen. I joined her services, but now so hopefully, as if when she said: "Why it's all about their home coming was very near. "The Island" I found it doubly interesting, now that Mary Ann is experiencing the healing balm of quiet Island life after her disappointing romance. I believe her heart is going to heal—in time without leaving one tiny scar to show that it had ever been. Time and new interests work a charm in every sorrow. Tonight at the social gathering in the next community, where we night.

ELLENS' DIARY (Continued from Page 2) was completed yesterday. Jamie was with the other men there on V-E Day, and before they ate their bits of lunch, James was obliged to fetch a drink of water to him from the spring. I could almost taste the changes of it as he told me and from the very spigot of it gush from its source. They hauled the spade to the winter heap in the back of the creek today and presently the spade will be in operation at this among the first of the spring-work. They were busy when for the day I took over Judy's not unpleasant chore of bringing the mail from the box. I picked the first of the cowslips, down there beside the stream, this morning. I gathered it when it would have been as well if I had let it live and die in its native haunt. Wild flowers, I'm beginning to learn, should be gathered spar-



The Best Coffee for You, Ma'am!

Are you a newly-wed looking for the BEST coffee for your hubby? Then ask your grocer to give you Schwartz, and make it carefully according to directions. And you'll surely win an ovation at your next meal. Your grocer will tell you that this fine coffee is put up by the Schwartz family of Halifax, Canada's oldest coffee blenders and roasters—a family with one tradition for 104 years. So you can buy Schwartz with every assurance of satisfaction. Try a tin of this famous brew today and enjoy "the cup you can't forget." But say Schwartz and be sure! W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS LIMITED FOUNDED 1841 AT HALIFAX, N.S.