

IMPROVE GRAIN STANDS
and reduce waste with
CERESAN-TREATED SEED
You'll win three ways!

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.

GET BIGGER POTATO PROFITS WITH SEMESAN BEL!

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

SEED DISINFECTANTS

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. LEITH STEWART

There passed away in the Prince Edward Island Hospital on Friday, February 25, 1944, after a brief illness, Mrs. Leith Stewart, who for many years resided on Eard Street, Charlottetown. She was formerly Florence Anne Good, formerly of Charlottetown, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Good.

In November, 1921, she was married to Mr. Ambrose Leith Stewart, at which time she took up residence in Charlottetown. To them was born one son, Robert. Mrs. Stewart was a highly respected citizen and a loyal and devoted wife and mother. She was primarily a home-maker. In her maiden days she was organist at the Highfield United Church for a number of years. In later years, with her family she was a faithful worshipper at Zion Presbyterian Church. The funeral service was conducted at the MacLean Funeral Home on Sunday, February 27th, with the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster officiating. Those left to mourn her departure are her husband and son Robert, and two brothers, Harry in Detroit and Leigh of Cornwall, P. E. I. The pall bearers were Percy Carr, Harold Storey, Wendell Phillips, Stephen Holroyd, Chester Brahan and Ray Gudmund. Interment was in the family plot at Sherwood Cemetery.

Card Of Thanks

Mr. Leith Stewart and Robert wish to thank their many friends for expressions of sympathy in their time of sorrow. Also thanking all who sent flowers, cards and letters of sympathy. 3-16-44.

EAST WILTSHIRE SCHOOL

Grade IX—1, Joan Mutch.
Grade VIII—1, David Moreside.
Grade VII—1, Joan MacKinley;
2, Isobel Mutch; 3, Vera Youngken.
Grade IV—1, Hazel Waite; 2, Gerard Shreanan; 3, Freda Yeo.
Grade II Sr.—1, Buddy MacKinley; 2, Ebbie Waite.
Grade II Jr.—1, Phyllis Yeo.
Grade I Sr.—1, May Yeo.
Grade I Jr.—1, Eileen Waite.
Perfect Attendance—Joan Mutch, Hazel Waite, Gerard Shreanan.
Teacher—Miss D. H. Rose.

FEWER BRUISES

Parmone on acid spray. Is now used to keep fruit from dropping from trees prematurely.

DEFENSE WORKERS!



You need to build up your resistance. Long hours, nerve strain, working at top speed for the nation's war effort, often weakens our resistance to sickness and minor ills. It's the duty of all of us to maintain our health—to prevent sickness. To do this, take Scott's Emulsion regularly. This pleasant-tasting tonic food supplement contains vital elements which build up resistance to colds and infection, improve appetite and health in general. 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Buy today—all druggists.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

ASHES OF LIGHTING

By **VERMONT CORNELL**

(Continued from page 2)

The raid was over he contrived, by some det. method, to leave his wife to her own devices while he gallantly escorted the girl to her home, in the Cathedral Close. The thin smoke, from the moors burning, was not unpleasant, here. Indeed, it had an aromatic and heady essence in its smouldering. Those ghostly, golden vapours moved with a breath-taking beauty about the frettings and traceries of the great cathedral.

A lean cat crossed a lawn beneath a huge cedar. The five-fold west window of the safe reflected jewelled gleams, and a rain of most delicate white ash sifted from the gentle winds like the fall of mid-light moons—in roses and clematis, and cold yews.

"Young woman," sighed the General, "I wouldn't have missed this walk for worlds! This is peace."

Carol nudged into her coat and sipped at him. How very boyish were his eyes, just now.

The admirable Hannah had unscuttled her cat and had put aside her parasolist-cooper. As though it were the most usual thing for a distinguished and highly decorated General to arrive at the house at one in the morning, escorting its august, she promptly showed them into old Gilroy's study. Everything was just as Carol had said it would be—there was the coddled Irish setter, and the book on Horatian discourses, opened on the table.

Hardisty laughed, and explained. The men had met before, in their official capacities—for Gilroy, as senior city Alderman and deputy-Lord Mayor, had never missed any notable function concerning the troops under Hardisty's command. Now they approved one another, and settled down to the solid effort of making casual contact links of friendship.

Carol was somewhat alarmed. Her experiences with the General, up to this point, had taught her that he rarely wasted a word or an action. And what she knew of her father's legal gift for seeing as far through a brick wall as possible, made her wonder.

There was a distinct purpose in this midnight visit. It was also purpose relevant to her own intimate affairs, and those of the still mysterious Giles Moreton. . . . or Ponsoby-Moreton . . . or Karl Eidenhausen . . . or Karl Eidenhausen . . .

She comforted her mind with recollections of Giles' assurance that the General had known him since his childhood.

Yes, she had many reasons for her bewilderment. But being a sensible and diplomatic young woman, she soon took herself and her speculations to bed.

When she had retired, John Gilroy made certain adroit and significant moves. He placed a rotund sycamore log on the fire, settled the tobacco jar and the whisky within easy reach, then meditatively filled his big cherrywood pipe.

The General gazed at a portrait, in a Kit-Kat framing on the panel, of a wall, obviously a judge of the 18th century, named by Godfrey Kneller. These Gilroys ran true to breed—elimination of that big brown periwig would result in an astounding likeness to this prosperous solicitor sitting by the hearthside, waiting for the same humorous square face, sparkling brown eyes, the same investment of patient dignity.

Yes, Sir Albert decided, he could confide in this man.

"I like cutting cackle," the soldier abruptly stated, and warned to John Gilroy's approving smile as he carefully looked into his pipe-bowl. "So I'll have to risk your daughter's eventual displeasure by asking you—do you know your—ah—future son-in-law very well?"

The lawyer slowly expanded into a series of rich chucklings. He rubbed at his iron-grey thatch, then gusted a low, dry laughter.

"Tonight I met, for the first time, a fair-haired and singularly impressive young pirate called Moreton. My daughter wore her late mother's pearls for the first time. I noticed her face."

"Um! That's adequate! That's the fellow I mean. And it's about him and his work I want to talk."

"He's an inspector in Carol's department at the Lowood Tractors Corporation. I understand."

The General made a trifling correction: "He is the son of Ponsoby-Moreton, of the Foreign Office. . . . and one of our most brilliant Secret Service officers. Incidentally, he is my nephew. Germany knows him as 'Karl Eidenhausen.'"

The solicitor slowly removed his pipe. "The devil you say!" He paused and asked, "Is Carol aware of all this?"

"No, she isn't." Sir Albert Hardisty got to his feet and moved to the windows, motioning Gilroy to follow him. "Does this look out on to the Close?" he inquired.

"Yes," the puzzled solicitor replied, "it has a view across the Close to the Cathedral."

"I shall be careful of your black-out Mr. Gilroy," the General gingerly pulled the curtains aside.

"But I want you to peep out here." John Gilroy looked down into the moon-lit quadrangle. A grim shape in battle-order, a gleaming bayonet protruding from his sloped rifle, guarded the tall Georgian house.

"Not because I am here," the General solemnly stated, "but because your daughter lies asleep in this house." He took a long and searching look at John Gilroy as he let the curtains fall again. "I have come to talk to you about a not insignificant affair of State security, and to warn you that your daughter, as well as Giles Ponsoby-Moreton, will go in some considerable danger for some time in the near future."

"And, General, can you give me a reason?"

"They know too much. . . ."

(To Be Continued)



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Advance Spring Dresses!

SO . . . Suddenly comes Spring! And some of us say that it can't come too suddenly. It's Springtime today among the lovely new dresses at Moore & McLeod's. It's Springtime expressed in enchanting new models and designs . . . Springtime expressed in colourful prints, sunshine pastels, frocks to set your spirits soaring and snatch a leaf from your calendar. And so . . . with a joyous gesture to Springtime . . . you are invited to see the charming modern dresses awaiting you at

MOORE & McLEOD LIMITED



MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Charlottetown

P. E. I.

COINCIDENCE - WOULD YOU SAY

NEW YORK, March 14 (CP)—Victoria Cordova, pretty Latin-American singing star, of the Good Neighbor radio variety show "Saludos Amigos," received frequent requests from an Argentine diplomat to include the number "Only You"—on her program. He took a long and searching look at John Gilroy as he let the curtains fall again. "I have come to talk to you about a not insignificant affair of State security, and to warn you that your daughter, as well as Giles Ponsoby-Moreton, will go in some considerable danger for some time in the near future."

EARLY PHOTOGRAPH
The first photograph in color was printed in 1825.

TILLIE THE TOILER—AFLOAT IN A FOG

JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THE FERRY IN HALLOWEEN HOUR I'LL BE IN MY BUNK HURRY UP!

THIS FOG IS TOO THICK—WE'D BETTER ANCHOR TILL IT LIFTS. WHO'S THE MATTER? ARE WE FLOATING AROUND AND CANT FIND CAMP RIXEY? WHO'S THE MATTER? ARE WE FLOATING AROUND AND CANT FIND US?

CAMP RIXEY'S FLOATING AROUND AND CANT FIND US.

By WEBSTER