

**BURGESS BEDTIME**

...or any other sign of one in his neighborhood lately, so I don't believe the thief is one," was the reply.

"How about Shadow the Weasel?" asked Farmer Brown's boy. "He isn't around here. If it was Weasel the chickens wouldn't be worried away, and if what I have heard about Shadow is true he probably would have killed the whole lot at one time," replied the farmer.

"Are there any Skunks here?" Tommy asked.

The other shook his head. "No," he said.

"Or Foxes?"

"No," said Tommy.

"I wonder," said his friend. "What do you wonder?" Tommy wanted to know.

"I wonder if it can be that Igy around here," was the reply.

"Who in the world is Igy?" cried Farmer Brown's boy.

**CRESCENT CARNIVAL**

FRANCES PARKISON KEYES  
(Continued)

"You say Anna went to Olivier's house yesterday afternoon. Are you trying to tell me that's where she still is?"

"Yes, Breck, Anna is still in Olivier's house because it has been quarantined for bubonic plague."

"Quarantined for bubonic plague?"

"Yes, Olivier had just summoned a physician when Anna made her inopportune call. The usual seven-day quarantine has been placed on the house, and a guard has been set in front of it to prevent anyone except the doctor from entering it, and anyone at all from leaving it. The housekeeper has been isolated, and Olivier and Anna have both been inoculated. I am not afraid of danger from disease for either Olivier or Anna. It is the other dangers that I am thinking more about. No matter how careful we all are, it may be impossible to keep her adventure in secret. Her car is still parked in front of the house."

"I didn't think of the car," Breck muttered.

"There are many matters you have not thought of, Breck — Have you thought of the effect of all this on your little son, for instance?"

"I've thought of the effect of having Anna take him away from me. Anna left Splendida in a fit of rage yesterday because she thought I'd deceived her about the levee. It's got to be moved. It was because she was angry about that, that she threatened to divorce me. And I told her I'd prevent her on account of Drew. But afterwards I changed my mind about that, too, as you know. I began to feel I didn't care how I got my freedom as long as I did get it. I didn't realize how easy Anna'd make it for me to divorce her. She's done that now, no matter what you say. I'm thinking about my own happiness now. Mine and Celeste's."

Celeste was still sitting at the piano when Breck pushed open the door of the music room. When she saw him, she rose, with a little cry of gladness and relief, and for the second time that day cast herself into his outstretched arms. He kissed her gently. Then, with his face still pressed against hers, he spoke in a soothing way.

"Darling, it was sweet of you to stay here all this time. I could hear you singing, while I was talking to your mother, and I can't tell you how much it meant to me. I'll admit that things are in an awful mess. But we'll find a way to straighten them out, somehow."

"Wasn't I right, though? Didn't you find that Mamma wanted to shield and save Olivier more than she wanted to do anything else, that she'd sacrifice anyone for him?"

"Yes, you were right about that. But I've got to leave you, darling. I'll come back as soon as I can, you know that. And I'll be thinking of you every moment while I'm gone."

"I'll be thinking of you, too, Breck. And praying for you. For — for us."

"That's right. Pray for us all."

**TAKES A CHANCE WINS BACK HEALTH**

Mrs. C. Wallacesko, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Shown above (left) is His Excellency, the Honourable Sean Murphy, Irish Ambassador to Canada exchanging cordial good wishes with Gerald P. Murlagh (right) honorary secretary of the Benevolent Irish Society in Charlottetown while both attended the annual Sons of Ireland banquet in the Chateau Laurier on Saturday evening, March 17th.

**IN MEMORIAM**

MRS. CHARLOTTE MOORE

Mrs. Charlotte Moore passed away February 19th, 1951, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gladys Wood, Brookfield. She was born in Greenvale, October 10th, 1886, a daughter of the late Thomas Darke and Jane Harris.

After her marriage to the late Benjamin S. Moore, they resided in Brookfield for a few years, later moving to West Royalty. Mr. Moore predeceased her about twenty years ago.

In her early life she accepted the invitation to serve her Master. A member of the United Church of Highfield, where she worshipped for many years while her health permitted. She took an active part in the activities of the community, where she endeared herself to all. It can be said of her that she "being dead yet speaketh."

She leaves to mourn her youngest sister, Mrs. Frank Grobb, of Regina; and seven children, Mrs. McSorley (Hanna), of Sask.; Mrs. Sadie Francis and Mrs. Charlotte Seymour of Calgary; Mrs. McKenny (Amy), of Regina; Thomas of Sask.; Gladys of Brookfield. There are several grand-children.

The funeral service was held at the home of her daughter at Brookfield conducted by Rev. J. R. Skinner. Favorite hymns of the deceased were sung, "The Lord's My Shepherd," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." The large number present spoke eloquently of the esteem in which Mrs. Moore was held. Interment took place in the family plot in Sherwood Cemetery.

"She hath not died who left us For the better land of day, She would not so bereave us She's only 'just away.' And right behind life's curtain, Beyond all grief and pain There'll be a happier dawning, When we shall meet again."

The pallbearers were Messrs. Henson Sentner, Ray Moore, Wilfred Wood, Thomas Moore, Jack Bell and William McKinnon.

**Death Of T.W. Inman In Manitoba**

Further particulars have been received by relatives on Prince Edward Island of the death of the late Thomas W. Inman who passed suddenly away at his home, 309 Rosedale Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Wednesday morning, February 28th, 1951, following a severe heart attack.

The late Mr. Inman who at the time of his passing was seventy-three years of age, was the eldest son of the late William C. Inman and his wife Isabelle Holm of Hampton, Prince Edward Island, had gone to Winnipeg when a young man and where he has since resided.

His death came as a great shock to his immediate family and other relatives and friends, as he had been enjoying good health up until a few days before his death.

He leaves to mourn his widow formerly Miss Adeline Jackson of Winnipeg, two daughters (Gladys, Mrs. Theodore Shove, Foxfield, Oregon; Isabel and one son Stanley) at home; besides the following brothers and sisters: Charles and Warren of Hampton; Becher of DeSable; Fred in Victoria; Jack in Bridgewater, Massachusetts; (Margaret) Mrs. Donald Gordon, Appin Road, now residing in Bridgewater, and Florence and Lily of Charlottetown; besides a large number of other relatives and friends who will ever cherish his memory.

His funeral was held on Monday, March 5th, with interment in Elmwood Cemetery, Winnipeg. Old friends of the Carpenters Local Union of which Mr. Inman was a member acted as pall-bearers. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

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**VIGILANT WATCH KEPT ON RIVER**

**POINTE COUPEE SECTION ENDANGERED**

**SAND BOIL PUTS HOLE IN LEVEE**

**IRVINE CALLS FOR HELP**

**TWO MEETINGS ON LEVEES CALLED**

Obviously, he could not get out of New Orleans that night but he could still telephone to the plantation. He went into the drugstore booth, and put in a call; after a delay he heard Drew at the other end of the wire.

"Drew? — Hello there, are you all right?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'm all right. When are you coming back?"

"Yes, Daddy. The river roars. It sounds like a dragon. Its exciting."

"Drew, if you'll promise me to stay in the house until I reach there I'll get you anything you'd like to have. Do you promise?"

"Yes, Daddy. I promise."

Breck climbed into his car again, and drove on. He had never been in Olivier's house, but he felt sure he

**At Sons Of Ireland Banquet**

...would recognize it when he saw it and he was not mistaken. The guard half roused himself but only to swear under his breath when he saw that the new arrival was not his relief.

"I've come in Dr. Breaux's place," he said tersely. "It seemed best for me to take over his evening call."

The guard muttered something almost inaudible and lapsed into semiconsciousness again. At the same moment the door was opened by Anna.

Breck had never before seen her when she was not meticulously turned out; now her hair was awry, and there was a smudge on her cheek. She stared at Breck incredulously for a moment and then she threw her arms around his neck and clung to him.

"Oh, Breck, how wonderful of you to come!"

"Look out, Anna. I'm supposed to be Dr. Breaux's assistant. Let's get the door closed, before we try to talk." He freed himself, not roughly, but impersonally, and shut the door. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself?" he managed to inquire.

"Oh, Breck, I've had to do all sorts of things! The doctor keeps saying that I must be glad to help out in any way I can."

"Why didn't you telephone the servants? You gave them a bad scare."

"Oh, Breck, I couldn't. The telephone's where everyone can hear it. But I did try to telephone you today. I'm sorry I spoke to you at Splendida as I did, Breck."

"You mean you've changed your mind about wanting to leave me?"

"I — yes, I have changed my mind."

"Well, that's unfortunate, under all the circumstances. Because I've changed mine, too. I can see that it's futile for us to try to go together."

"Breck, I can't think what's come over you. I keep telling you —"

"I hoped it wouldn't be necessary for me to call your attention to the fact that you've complicated the situation a little since we last saw each other."

"But, Breck, I haven't done anything wrong! You know I haven't! It was just that I was so bored!"

To be continued

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of my dear Father, Thomas H. Cole, who passed away March 26th, 1950.

Oh, what would I give to clasp his hands, His dear, kind voice, to see his smile, That meant so much to me. His spirit has fled, his sufferings o'er, At the fireside he will join us no more.

Ever Remembered and Sadly Missed by Daughter Ella.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of my Father, Thomas H. Cole, who passed away March 26th, 1950.

Farewell, dear father, thy work is o'er, Thy willing hands will toll no more. A loving father, kind and true; No one on earth we'll find like you.

Fondly Remembered by Mrs. Robert Carr.

**IN MEMORIAM**

MR. JOHN COLE

The funeral of the late John Cole of New London, who died in the Prince County Hospital on Saturday, March 10th, took place from his home at New London on the Monday following. After a short service at the house the remains were conveyed to St. Thomas Anglican Church where the deceased had attended worship all his life.

In spite of the condition of the roads there was a large gathering of friends and neighbors who came to pay their last respects. Service was conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Harrison of Summerside. Hymns sung were: "The Lord's My Shepherd", "Safe in the Arms of Jesus"; "Peace Perfect Peace". The pallbearers were, Earl Cole, Harry Somers, Arch. Bigden, Arthur Campbell, Roland Paynter, and Hillard Meek. Interment was in the church cemetery.

Mr. Cole was a son of the late William Cole and his wife, Mary Constable. His wife who died about five years ago was the former Sara Jane Somers of Clinton. Surviving are sons Walter on the old home-stead and Elmer in California, daughters, (Maud) Mrs. Leslie Haines in Boston and (Ethel) Mrs. Watson Jost, also several grand-children and great-grandchildren.

Mr. Cole, who was in his eighty-fifth year, belonged to an older generation that is all too fast passing away. He was one of a race of strong, hardy men and will be kindly remembered by any who had employed him for the faithful and efficient service he always gave.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of my dear Husband, Gorham Cooke, who died March 26th, 1950.

One year has passed, my heart is sore, As time goes on I miss you more; I little knew when I awoke The sorrow that the day would bring. The blow was hard, the shock severe, To part with one I loved so dear. Your faint last wish I would like to have heard And breathed in your ear one last parting word. Only those who have lost, alone can tell, The heartache of parting without farewell. I shall never lose sweet memories Of the one I loved so much.

Lovingly Remembered and Sadly Missed by His Wife Lena.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of my dear Mother, Mrs. J. Leo Praught, who passed away at the Charlottetown Hospital on March 24th, 1945.

She died in the wee hours of morning. Just what time, no one could tell. And the last time that anyone saw her, She seemed to be doing quite well. She was the dearest of mothers, The kind not every child had. And we all cherished and loved her, All brothers, sisters and dad. She left many a heart broken, And we cannot understand. Why "God" needed "Mom" for an angel. When she was so young and so grand.

We were young at the time "Mom" was taken, And things did not seem quite clear. Why she lay there so still and so quiet, And did not speak, although we were near.

But now that we've grown older, We'd like to show how we care, But since she was taken to heaven, We can prove that only by prayer.

We've all tried pretending and planning, For the day when "Mom" we will see. Whether on earth or in heaven, But it couldn't be too soon for me.

Sadly Missed by Bernadette, Pauline, Miriam, Elme and Joe.

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