

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM MORRISON STEWART

William Morrison Stewart was born in Scotland on June 10th, 1886. When quite young, he came with his parents to the United States and lived in Philadelphia. In 1908 he came to Canada and home-stayed in Sask. He enlisted in 1915 and went overseas in 1916. He was badly wounded the following year and spent many months in hospital. In 1919 he returned to Sask. and took up farming once more. On December 28th, 1921, he married Miss Irma Gladys MacEachern in Regina. Because of drought and dust storms, they came to P. E. I. in July 1931 and settled at Cape Wolfe. Mr. Stewart enjoyed good health until three years ago, the doctors then warned him of his serious heart condition. On December 24th he was taken suddenly ill and entered the P. E. I. Hospital in Charlottetown on the 26th. His condition did not improve and he passed away on January 8th, 1952. In his youth he joined the East Trenton New Jersey Presbyterian Church, afterwards becoming a member of the United Church at Bateman, Sask. He was a member of the Sons of Temperance and also the L. O. L. The funeral service was held on January 10th in the Cape Wolfe United Church which was filled to overflowing by sorrowing friends and neighbours, who had come to pay their last respects to one who was so well known and so beloved. The service was conducted by Rev. W. G. Dickson of O'Leary who brought a comforting message. To a Christian, death is not an ending, but a new beginning; not a terminus but a thoroughfare. The Minister paid a sincere tribute to him as a faithful husband, a good friend, a fine citizen who served his King and Country, and as one who loved God. He was assisted by Mr. Heber H. Hardy, the Lay Minister and by Rev. J. R. MacMahon of Alberton, Padre of the O'Leary branch of the Canadian Legion. Besides his sorrowing wife, Mr. Stewart leaves to mourn his loss three sisters—(Jean), Mrs. R. W. Lapp; (Margaret), Mrs. John Elib; and (Elizabeth), Mrs. Frank Sanders, all of New Jersey. Pallbearers were:—Allie MacNeill, George Shaw, Redmond Reilly, Raeford Locke, Peter Bulger, and Everett Collicutt. Interment was in Cape Wolfe. —A. Z.

Military Commission To Investigate Fires

OTTAWA, Feb. 20—(CP)—A military commission is expected to begin an investigation soon into recent fires in military establishments, a defence spokesman said yesterday. Meanwhile, a new fire destroyed an unoccupied building at the Petawawa, Ont., army camp and a soldier had preliminary hearing here on a charge of setting a \$25,000 fire at No. 26 Ordnance Depot here New Year's Eve. The investigating committee was decided upon recently after a series of fires in the last few months. It is to inquire into their causes and the adequacy of fire-protection methods. Yesterday's outbreak at Petawawa, 125 miles west of here, destroyed a wartime H-hut. Cause of the fire was not known. Charged with the New Year's Eve fire, Pte. Hector Davis, 17, of nearby Aylmer, Ont., was remanded a week for formal commitment on an arson charge. Court tennis was played in the parks surrounding French and Italian castles in the middle ages.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur To make voting a simplified matter for India's illiterate millions, the ballot boxes will each be marked by a symbol. For instance, if Lala Lajpat Rai wished to cast his ballot for the Socialist party he would place it in the box on which was drawn the picture of a tree. A box showing two yoked bulls represents the Congress party, and so on, until the fourteen boxes each representing a party, are taken care. Canada's oldest woman, Mrs. Isabella Sharrow, died recently in St. Joseph's General Hospital, North Bay, Ontario, at the remarkable age of 112. She used to speak of people in their 90's as mere youths; which reminds us that Gladstone was Premier of England, the last time, when he was ninety! Half a century ago, the farmers of Prince Edward Island used to do much of the heavy work supposed to be done by horses. But an Austrian farmer wishing to save the health of his horse worked his wife to death, by having her tote heavy loads. This ill-treatment lasted ten years, and now he is serving a like number of years for causing her early death. In the U.S.A. there are now more than 110,000 cattle with Brahman blood in their veins. They can withstand the heat and insects of the south. Crossed with our common breeds, they produce fine offspring. They make up the world's largest breed with their clan totalling 300 million, of which 200 million are in India. H. Barty of West Calgary bought himself a garden which turned out to be a buffalo graveyard, yielding 3,000 pounds of bones to the acre. The bones are sold at a fair profit to a fertilizer concern. The first bone crop on the three-quarter acre garden amounted to 2,600 pounds. These ranged all the way from large skulls to small ribs and legs. The bones are estimated to be 75 years old, and the buffalo graveyard turned out to be a pound, where ruthless hunters wrote a black chapter in the Western plains of Canada. Of Indian babies born alive about 2,000,000 die each year. "Available statistics show," says a late census of India, that over forty per cent of the deaths of babies occur in the first week after birth, and over 60 per cent in the first month. If a baby dies the mother mourns for a night or two. If the parents live near the river, the little baby is often tossed into the stream without much ado. Kites and turtles finish its brief history. Fussing too much over babies is pure nonsense. They are the toughest fabric ever made. If this were not a fact not a single baby would survive in India or China, where ignorance and prejudice has built so many taboos against doctors and sanitary laws that modern methods just cannot be brought into the picture. Students of England's Eton College play a unique form of football. It's called the wall game. The field has four goals, a tree at one end and a door at the other. A team must hit the goal in the enemy's cup with the ball. It sounds easy but it takes real playing to do it. Only one goal has been made, on the average, in every 21 games played in the past 110 years. The deepest sunken mine shaft in the world is in South Africa, in the Johannesburg gold fields.

Fredericton and Vicinity

Master Eddy Outcliffe, Charlottetown, was a recent visitor to Fredericton. Miss Dulcie Morrison, Fredericton, was a visitor to Charlottetown on Saturday, Feb. 16th. Miss Phyllis Gillis, teacher of Fredericton School, spent a recent weekend at her home in Norboro. Mr. Lloyd Outcliffe, student at Mt. Allison University, spent the weekend of February 17th at his home in Fredericton. Miss Catherine Buchanan, teacher of Breadalbane Rural School, spent the weekend of February 17th visiting her parents in Hazel Grove. Miss Ada Ahearn, Borden, spent the weekend of February 17th visiting her sister, Mrs. Herbert Ross, and Mr. Ross. Miss May Belle MacLennan, Charlottetown, recently spent several days in Pleasant Valley, visiting her mother, Mrs. Malcolm MacLennan, and her brother, Mr. Bruce MacLennan.

Whirlwind

by Norma Newcomb CHAPTER THREE Part Two Sally scurried up the aisle to the lobby, laughing as a loud gasping sounded behind her. But she stopped laughing when she reached the street and turned the corner and hurried to the stage door. Jimmy was just going inside. Running out on her as though she were dirt. Her temper, held in check by a great exertion of will power all evening, finally got the better of her. Eyes snapping, she darted to the door, swung it open and dashed inside, almost bowling over the attendant. "Just a minute, lady," he roared, catching her arm. She did wait that minute, long enough to see Jimmy hurry over to a smiling Drona, to see him catch her up in his arms and kiss her, to see the girl shove him away and hit him with the vase of flowers she had been carrying when she'd made her exit in the final act. The blow caught Jimmy on the head and he staggered and landed with a thud on the seat of his gray sports trousers just as a photographer's bulb flashed. "Is the guy nuts?" demanded Drona of one and all, not nearly so sweet now that the curtain separated her from the dearly beloved public. "I'll kick his damn teeth out!" "You can't go in!" roared the attendant, turning back to Sally. "Go in?" She tilted her chin haughtily. "My dear man, I have no desire to go inside. I am simply waiting for a street-car." Sally was wrenched from her peak of joy the following morning by a concerned Mike White. He rang the bell, he pounded on the door, he shouted. Sally, startled when she realized that it was phlegmatic Mike who was raising all the rumpus, hurried into her bathrobe and raced for the front door. Thus it was she who received the brunt of Mike's indignation. "Of all the dirty tricks!" he shouted. "Anything for publicity. To hell with anything but proving to the world that she really has allure enough to drive a man crazy!" Sally, scared to death that he would have apoplexy, at least, took a deep breath and cut in: "Mike, control yourself!" Some of the craze left his eyes. But he was still irate, still too full of words to subside. "If I don't give her a kick where she deserves one I'm a monkey's uncle." "Who are you talking about, Mike? For goodness sake, you're

not making sense." "The Romantic Blitzkrieg," that's the girl—Drona Moore, in person. Have you seen the morning paper?" "Before she could say no he shoved one into her hand. She opened it, and gave a startled squeak as she saw a dazed Jimmy Kennedy staring up at her. "Blitzkrieg!" the caption read. "Drona Moore triumphs again!" She laughed. "How wonderful, Mike!" "Wonderful!" he gurgled. "Do you know that this could mean his job?" "It was then that she returned to earth—with a thud. "Mike!" "Sure. You know how Mr. Perkin is. We have to be as well behaved as the personnel of the other airlines. Do other airlines' first officers get their pictures splashed onto front pages like that? They don't. And so out Jimmy will go on his ear." "But..." "Oggone it, why didn't you stop him from making a fool of himself? I knew you didn't like him, but I didn't think you would let him ruin himself." Sally swung around to Helen. "Does it give her address?" "The red-head looked and nodded. "She has an apartment at the Star of the Wind hotel. Hey, what's cooking?" "Maybe Drona Moore, darling..." "The great star was having breakfast in bed when Sally arrived. "I came here to..." "Save it," interrupted the star gusted. "Darling, have breakfast with me. I see you had a hard time getting past my manager. A regular spitfire! Now I've seen everything." Chuckling, the star hauled her to a chaise longue done in white and gold and pressed her to it. "But you took a little pushing around too. Here, let me fix your dress. Oh, oh, its got a nice tear in it. "I want you to kill that story, Miss Moore." "Story?" "That man you hit last night—this publicity could mean his job, Miss Moore." "The answer is no. Sorry." "And though she pleaded and raved, the answer remained. At the door, Drona was apologetic. "Sorry, Sally. But look, don't hold it against me. I'm just a gal from the East Side who's ridden a couple of lucky breaks to stardom. I don't even talk as good. Bill runs the show. I don't, and what Bill says goes." To be continued.

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