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Pictured above is a scene at the Knights of Columbus Memorial Camp at North Rustico. (Photo courtesy Wedge).

Doings At K. Of C. Camp

Guess we should say "at the Kinsmen Camp." For this group, the third and last, are here through the kindness of the Charlottetown Kinsmen. The "Doings" stays as is.

Well, as we promised ourselves in the last set of jottings, we had a day off. Wednesday was one of the happiest days of our lives. We just laid around, went swimming, played catch, and ate. So that the holiday would include the "Chef" and his wife, the staff cooked for themselves. (Did we say "cooked"? If you call opening a bottle of jam, mixing juices and slicing bread, cooking, then we cooked.)

Thursday morning we heard one of the leaders sobbing "Shut the doors, they're coming through the window; shut the window, they're coming through the door." By dinner time forty-four had found their way in despite locked doors and windows, and we are happy to report that they are very nice people. At dinner they were introduced to camp regulations. "Keep your elbows out of the butter dish. Your plate's the one in front of you. Call the leaders 'sir.' Bow when you meet the chef," and so on. Thursday afternoon "A" group played ball while "B" group took to water, and then, about mid-afternoon, the groups reversed. After supper—a little bit of everything—softball, volleyball, ping pong, basketball, etc., and, of course, the piano—and if someone doesn't stop fingering out "Sentimental Journey"—well, nothing.

Thursday night—sing song in the "Rec. Hall," or "Wreck Hall"—and treat of oranges. Solos by David Vessey, song and dance by Gerald and Melvin Gallant, and a song by Eugene Gallant.

Friday was washed in about midnight. But we guess all the kids shared the opinion of one who said, "Well, I guess the farmers need rain pretty bad. The rain brought in its wake the warmest water of camp to date. Friday was a routine camp day. And faith, an' it done me old heart good to see them kids taylor to the fish lake they done."

Friday night we had another sing song. The three Gallant boys all sang for us, as did Warren Hennessey, David Vessey, and Donald King—the latter giving with a novel rendition of God Save the King. Treat for Friday was chocolate bars, donated by Mr. Peter McPhee of Souris.

Saturday morning we caught a crab—and nice catch cats, and flies catch fly paper.

Saturday—we did as most everyone else everywhere did—played games, went swimming, ate till we were fit to bust, went out to the woods and picked our fill of blueberries, and things like that. What! You didn't do that. Oh yes, business. How is it now—you get money for business—then you try to get for money what we get for near nothing. That does sound grown-up, come to think of it.

Saturday night we had confessions, and everybody went. After confessions we had a campfire and a treat of apples—and had lots of fun. When we grow up we'll have to go to a dance or a night club and drink liquor. Seems a pity we have to grow up.

Sunday was visitors' day again. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan and his son, Jos MacMillan, who was recently admitted to the Bar of the Province, dropped in. Dr. W. J. P. was very pleased with the camp, especially when he saw red crosses on the oars on the life saving equipment, and on the first aid box. The Doctor left a very kind donation. Mr. Eugene Kelly and family of Charlottetown, dropped in with a treat of chocolate bars. Other visitors included James Morris (Flash) and "Cactus Pete" Rossiter. These two, of infamous repute, entered your scribes' room in his

Br'er Rabbit Proves Boon

Written for The Canadian Press by LEONE KIRKWOOD

SYDNEY, Aug. 4 — (CP) — The rabbit, though a menace to this country's farms, is proving a gold mine for some Australians.

Rabbits, slaughtered for the last 30 years as pests, now are killed for their skins. Last year, Australia exported \$13,000,000 worth of rabbit skins and the prospects are even better this year. Canada alone has asked for 50,000 pounds of rabbit skins a month.

All this is a boon to the trapper who can make about \$95 a week. Rabbit-skins here don't have to go hunting the animal as is done in Canada, nor do they have to set traps for individual rabbits. Australian hunters are so numerous that sometimes a field is a living mass of them. Trappers claim they often walk into a field at dawn or dusk, when rabbits appear, and kill them by the dozen with sticks. Schoolboys make pocket money killing 100 a night. A farmer using wholesale methods has killed 6,000 a night.

Officials can't estimate the number of rabbits, but they are numerous, and some mean things, and absconded with some of the boys' correspondence, leaving a warning that same would be returned only if and when they would receive mention in this column. Doesn't that sound juvenile to you? O. K. boys, my letters, please.

Visitors from Albany were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Crun and two young daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Miles.

Saved a special paragraph to tell you Dr. and Mrs. Frank MacMillan and the Doctor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacMillan, visited us Sunday. Dr. Frank, following the example of brother Dr. Joe, is steering this section of camp through the spots, and is taking a real interest in the young lads. Wish we could have taken a picture of him showing the kids how to hunt a fast ball. He used to be quite a star, I hear.

On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week we had Mr. Peter McPhee and Mr. Art Peters of Souris as guests. Very nice people. On Saturday night Rev. J. P. O'Hanley, Rev. J. A. Sullivan, and Mr. A. P. Campbell, all of St. Dunstan's University, dropped in for a visit. On Sunday night, at the end of our sing-song, Father Pat MacMahon and James Kelly visited us. They were accompanied by Robert Kelly, Charlie Cheverie and Ted Creighton. Ted was a camper last season.

We've saved the best till the last. Last week the Camp Staff challenged the North Rustico softball team to a game at the camp diamond on Friday evening. Challenge accepted. Game got underway at 6:45 p. m. We surprised them, ourselves, our fans, their fans, and everyone else by beating them 8-6 in an eight-inning game. "Mel" McPhee pitched a marvellous game and was backed up by almost errorless fielding. John Mullalley's backhand stab of a hot grounder, and then his left-handed throw to first was something to watch. Our lineup: Catcher—Frank O'Keefe, pitcher—Mel McPhee, first base—J. Edon Green, second—John Mullalley, third, Billie Gaudet, short—"Stu" Grady, left field—Father Ted Butler, centre—Philip Murphy, right field—Ken MacDonald. Ken made a nice catch in the first inning—by the way.

Our hats are off to a good bunch of sports. Bert Blaquiere, their catcher, is the finest we've met up with yet—advising the umpire against himself on two different decisions. We would have waited—then argued.

Seems like we are leaving something out—but can't think what it is. Did we mention that we had a couple of hours of tumbling last Thursday night—under the supervision of "Stu" Grady. No? Well, that's it. Goom-bye now.

ber of rabbits killed annually but a member of the Australian Rabbit Skin Board sets the number at 100,000,000.

Shooting rabbits is not considered "sport." They are killed by fumigation, poisoned water and by setting traps which hold large numbers.

Carcasses are rarely saved for although frozen rabbit is popular. The cost of meat-processing is high. Trappers are compelled by law to burn all waste carcasses.

Not a Native

The rabbit is not a native of Australia. The first five were brought here in 1789 by Australia's first governor, Capt. Arthur Phillip. They were tame and caused no trouble to early settlers.

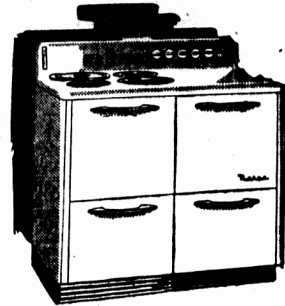
In 1850, 24 wild rabbits arrived in Sydney from England and from these sprung Australia's huge rabbit population. Within six years, they had multiplied to 30,000. Gangs were put to work poisoning waterholes and erecting fences as Acts of Parliament were passed for rabbit eradication. But they continued to increase and spread.

Seriousness of the situation has been illustrated by a cartoon showing an Australian farmer with a large bunny sitting on his chest. Officials say it is impossible to estimate how much the rabbit has cost this country. Thousands of pounds have been spent on rabbit-proof wire fences, which have been erected around farms and along state borders. The longest fence, in Western Australia, stretches 1,139 miles.

They eat all the best fodder, thus reducing value of pasturage; encouraging spread of weeds; damaging crops and leaving little food for sheep, Australia's most important domestic animal.

Farmers have always paid trappers to destroy rabbits but it was only 10 years ago the prospect of turning the animal to commercial use was realized. Rabbit skins are used by furriers as well as by felt hatmakers. Though still a menace, the rabbit no longer is a total loss.

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STEVEDORE DROWNED

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Aug. 4 — (CP)—Walter Thorne, 51, Saint John stevedore was drowned in the harbor this afternoon after a swinging deal knocked him off a lumber scow. His body was recovered by a diver. Another stevedore, who fell overboard at the same time and was rescued a few minutes later, said he never saw Thorne after they hit the water.

IMMIGRANTS FROM MALTA?

LONDON, Aug. 4 — (Reuters) — The British Government is discussing with the Government of Canada the possible admission into the Dominion of immigrants from Malta, hitherto admitted only in very special circumstances. Arthur Henderson, Under Secretary for India and Burma, said in the House of Commons today.

MALE DOMESTIC

The male of Wilson's phalarope, an American bird, assumes the burden of nest-making and house-keeping.

DECORATED FINGERS

Chinese women centuries ago rouged and painted their fingernails with names, designs of constellations or animals.

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new trend seems to be taking the once all too prevalent creaking-door, crime-doesn't-pay-but-it's-exciting juvenile leasers by their bogey man-broches and tossing them to an aerial loop.

Broadest bigwig now seem to know something most of you could have talked reams about — if they had bothered to ask you.

You could have told them you preferred punchy yarns of your Dominion's sports greats to the teary tribulations of all the Orphan Annie's put together.

How the men of Yarmouth go down to the sea, fight wind and rolling swells to bring in the swordfish haul would have been accepted high stuff — that's real adventure.

It's silly we suppose, but did Canadian radio forget we once had frontier days — with men, women and children rearing a rascalion out of wilderness?

And these pioneers had songs — Western songs, cowboy and campfire songs, portage songs, lumberjack songs, kiddies tunes and musical games. You'd like to hear them, wouldn't you?

Masterpieces of Fun

They had folk stories, some of them masterpieces of fun. And what of the yarns spun by Indian tribesmen as they sat outside their tepees watching the white man's iron horse plunge across prairie and mountain?

Well, there's no need for you to get bashful now that radio is trying to make up to you. Listen to those programs broadcast to you, think about them. If they fail to please tell the men and women behind Canadian radio. We've an idea things have changed here — they'll appreciate "cerfs" or plaidita.

For Children Only: Producer-actor Rupert Caplan's "Great Tales of Imagination" is a splendid example of the new trend. Guess you really enjoyed "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," a recent offering. Ichabod Crane — the

Junior Audience Now Being Wooded By New Program

By E.M. CHANTLER (Canadian Press Staff Writer)

We are pleased as punch, kiddies, to report that Canadian radio brass today recognize your age group as a go-ahead, important audience. And across the land both public and privately-owned studios are really using imagination and common-sense to give you microphone entertainment with a minimum of caddy commercialism and gush.

To, you may have noticed, the

New Ch'town Hospital Wing Well Under Way

In the past few weeks, much progress has been made in the construction of a new wing at the Charlottetown Hospital.

The 32 by 12 inch footing has been laid, and the 30 inch square cement piers have been completed, with the exception of a few in the centre, and of these, only the pouring of the cement remains to be done.

The exterior will be of buff brick similar in material and design of the present building, and the interior will be done in the most modern hospital style.

HOLLYWOOD IN INDIA

NEW DELHI — (CP) — United States film producers will shortly establish an office in India, according to an announcement by the Motion Picture Association, Hollywood.

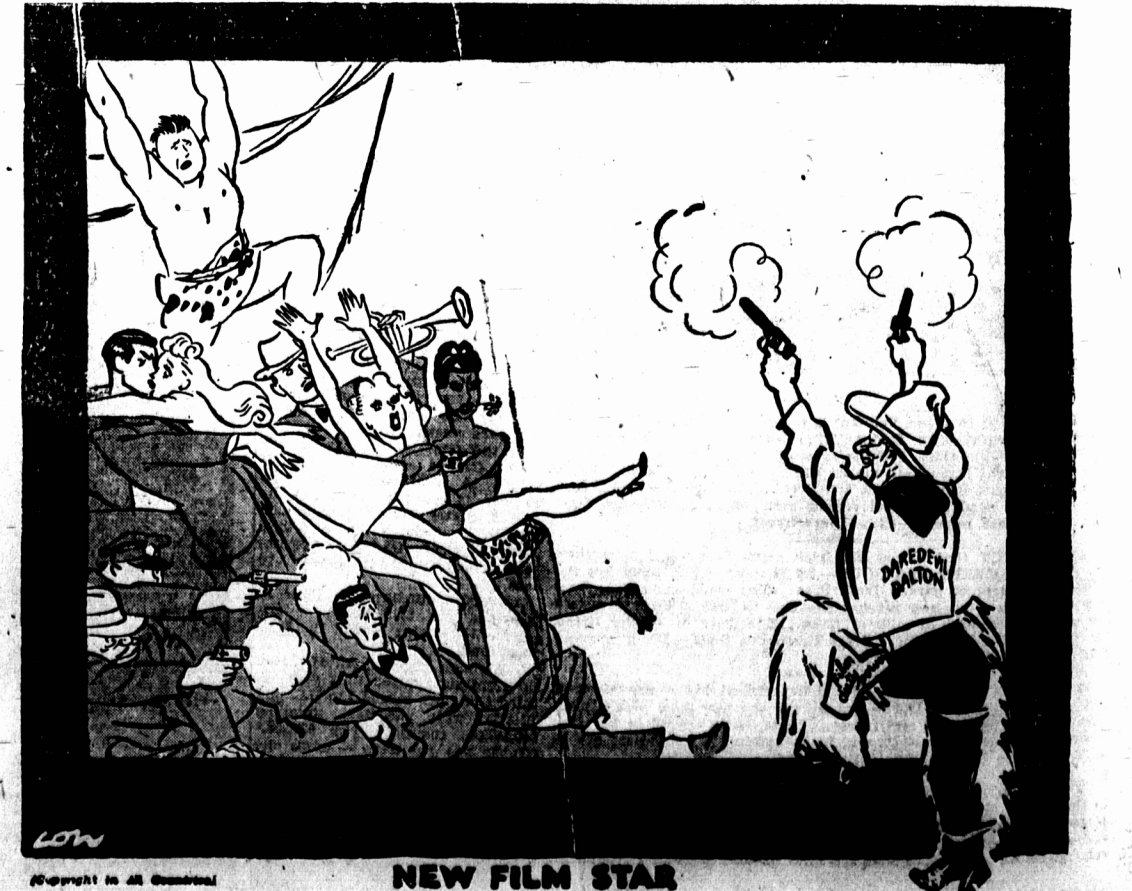
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