



The man you've been waiting to meet is coming to...

THE FASHION SHOPPE

141 Great George St. Charlottetown

THURSDAY, JUNE 12th

SEE TOMORROW'S PAPER

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION SUMMER SCHOOL NOTICE

Persons who have completed First Year or higher in Prince of Wales College or Grade XI or higher in other institutions, and who are interested in teaching next year should write or call the Department of Education without delay for information concerning Summer School Courses for prospective teachers.

L. W. SHAW,
Director of Education.

WELL! WHAT D'Y KNOW!
AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THEY LOOKED AFTER TREES!



Yes, some people DO have that idea! That's why we want to make clear just what the Independent Order of Foresters means to people . . . to thousands and thousands of protected families!

The I.O.F. is one of the strongest, most dependable protective organizations on the continent, offering not only planned insurance security and health protection to its members, both men and women, but also many valuable extras*.

And . . . as well as providing for protection and security, the I.O.F. offers another plus . . . a warm, human bond of brotherhood in its fraternal organization, an organization founded on friendship and co-operation between members and their families.

- I.O.F. EXTRAS***
- Individual bungalows for care of the aged.
 - Hospitalization for treatment of tuberculosis.
 - Protection and care of orphans.
 - Cash total and permanent disability benefits in all adult policies.

In this way, the I.O.F. brings practical, down-to-earth help, plus a firm bond of fraternity which makes it a family organization in every sense of the word.

Since 1874
A Sound Insurance Organization and
A Neighbourly Fraternal Society

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

WRITE OR TELEPHONE FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY!

ALLISTER A. AYER, District Manager

805 Grafton Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Phone 2686

Seven Sailed For Pleasure

By
Graham Yorks

"I'm so sorry, Captain Ventris," apologized Moyra, "I was quite forgetting the power of the captain when the ship is at sea."

"That's all right, young lady," went on Ventris winking slyly at the girl. "But I've come to examine him alone. You see his groans when I handle him ought not to be for your pretty ears. Perhaps you will be good enough to leave us, Nurse; I'll call out when I want you."

Moyra Winstanley cast one glance at her patient and another at the Captain's twinkling eyes as she left the cabin and closed the door behind her.

Captain Ventris settled himself into the chair.

"No objection to my smoking, Hylton?" he inquired. "Anyway, it doesn't matter, 'tinkers' curse whether you do or not. I can't talk so well without my pipe."

"I'd like a cigarette myself, if I may."

"The Captain fixed the man in the bunk with a critical stare. Then, without comment, he drew his cigarette case from the side pocket of his rezer jacket and flung it on to the bed followed unceremoniously by a box of matches.

Stephen took a cigarette and lighted it carefully. It tasted good indeed. At last the Captain had lighted his pipe and from behind a cloud of fragrant blue tobacco smoke a spoke of light.

"I suppose you realize what's happened, Hylton," he began. "We're aground; but where we're aground I don't know. If I hadn't been listening last night to that nonsense of yours, I might have been content to believe that someone's missed this island when they were charting the Pacific; but since that doesn't seem possible I'm beginning to think that you've been guilty of practising necromancy and that this is your island from the bottom of the deep blue sea. What have you got to say about it, my lad?"

Stephen did not know what to say. In his own mind he was as puzzled as the Captain. He was however, glad to observe that Captain Ventris did not appear to be in the smallest degree affected by the incident—affected, that is characteristically.

"I don't know what to say," Stephen confessed. "It's all so beautifully impossible."

"You mean to lie there and tell me that you don't believe a word of what you told those people last night?" asked the Captain on a note of incredulity. "Hylton, I'm ashamed of you. You're a first-class liar."

"Scarcely that, sir. You see, I certainly do believe that under certain conditions all of us encounter flashes of our real selves. As for the Hindu legend, I've tried to preserve a tolerably open mind on that matter. After all, you have to remember it is only a legend."

Captain Ventris grunted. "Yet for all that, I suppose there are some who believe in its validity?"

"I suppose there are, just as there children and some adults who persist in believing in fairies."

"Well, here we are," said Ventris, fatalistically with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "and what's more, Hylton, I don't like the look of it."

"Why, is there something wrong?" Stephen could not help feeling concerned.

"That's just what I'd like to know," grumbled the Captain. "Let's deal with first things first. Take the island. What would you say if I told you that there are no tides?"

"No tides, sir! But surely . . ."

"Don't argue," interrupted the Captain. "When I say there are no tides I mean just that. And that's what's worrying me. As you know, Hylton, I don't hold with the supernatural. I like to take a firm grip on physical reality and anchor myself and my beliefs there. Now can you imagine an island of this size—and it's about half a mile broad and a mile or so long—with no tides? It just doesn't seem possible."

"It certainly worth investigating," admitted Stephen, without admitting to the Captain the curious fear he felt.

"I've got something more important to investigate than the oddities of no-tidal islands," intimated Ventris, seriously. "Our communications have been cut off. We're helpless . . . unable to signal for assistance, and without assistance we'll never get her off those sands."

Stephen's mouth was agape. If what Ventris said was true, then there was a prospect of their remaining marooned perhaps for ever.

"But how . . . and why?" demanded Stephen, incredulously.

Captain Ventris spread out his broad hands in a gesture of impotence.

(To be continued)

Seaman Dies From Injuries

ARGENTINA, Nfld. June 9 —R. Nordenstrom of Plain County, Minn., brought here yesterday from the disabled American freighter Edward E. Spafford, died in hospital today.

Injured when a heavy sea broke over the ship, Nordenstrom was taken off the Spafford by the coast guard cutter Duane.

The Spafford lost her rudder 1,600 miles east of Halifax and now is being towed to England by the Halifax salvage tug Foundation Josephine. The Duane had attempted to take the freighter in tow but the line she put aboard parted.



H. H. Blakeman, F.A.S., F.A.I.A., whose appointment as General Manager and Actuary of The Empire Life Insurance Company is announced. Mr. Blakeman, who is a gold medalist of the University of Toronto, has occupied important positions in Life Insurance in both Canada and the United States since 1927, and for the past two years has been Assistant General Manager and Actuary at the Company's Head Office in Kingston.

This Company's business in Prince Edward Island is directed from the company's office at Charlottetown.

75,000 MILES BY FERRY

LONDON — (CP) — In 51 years George Bryant, 65, travelled 75,000 miles by boat—all within 300 yards of the shore. He crossed the Thames on Woolwich Free Ferry more than 300,000 times.

London Housewives Stage Demonstration

(By James McCook, Canadian Press Staff Writer)

LONDON, June 9 —(CP)—Members of the British Housewives' League, claiming to represent more than 100,000 women who think the present British standard of living is unnecessarily austere, staged a tumultuous demonstration in London's Royal Albert Hall tonight.

More than 5,000 attended and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, yelling down noisy dissenters.

Middle-aged housewives screamed at groups in the galleries which tried to unfurl banners, promptly tearing them down and ripping them to pieces.

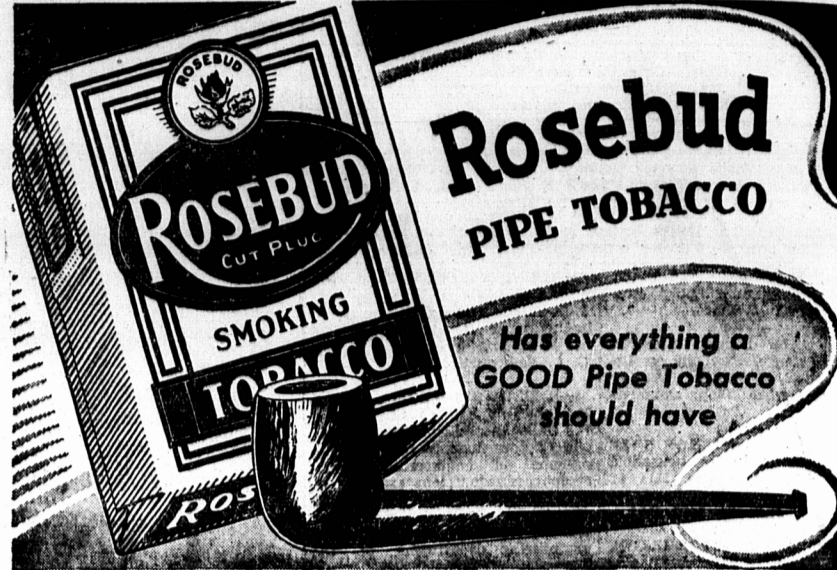
League chairman Dorothy Crisp could not make herself heard even with the help of loudspeakers and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Conservative front benchman billed as the meeting's principal speaker, was drowned out during most of his speech. He was principal British prosecutor at the first Nuernberg trials.

Angry women in orchestra seats so forgot their dignity as to yell at gallery interrupters to "come down and fight."

Earlier today the housewives had clogged the corridors of the House of Commons, seeking an audience with Prime Minister Attlee, saying they were from all parts of the United Kingdom and entitled to be heard.

Tomorrow they plan to stage a protest march through London's main streets.

The women at the Albert Hall meeting were out of hand even before their demonstration started. First they declined to obey the ushers' instructions against smoking.



Has everything a GOOD Pipe Tobacco should have

assailed the league in the Commons, claiming it to be Conservative-dominated and not representative of British women generally.

But Miss Crisp said: "The Government has done much for trade unionists. What is the difference between workers in the trades and workers in the home—except that workers in the home are more essential?"

Try giving that fibre rug on your porch a Spring facial by applying a coat of self-polishing wax. It will freshen the appearance of the rug and add protection.

Labor members have frequently

FRESH FISH

Be certain that the fish you buy is strictly fresh. Your nose is probably the best barometer in this, for the fish store having an unsavory odor is bound to contain something creating that atmosphere and just on general principles should be avoided. The modern fish store is spotless and odorless.

To prevent garden tools from rusting, wipe them with an oiled cloth after using them.

THE COAL MINER THE NICKEL WORKER depend on each other

36 RAILWAY CARS of coal and coke are consumed daily by the mighty nickel smelting furnaces near Sudbury, Ontario.

sand pumps and other equipment subject to grinding wear.

Large quantities of Canadian Nickel from these same plants find their way into the rugged equipment used to mine and transport coal. Nickel steel makes coal cutters, drills, mine cars, crushers and shafting lighter and stronger. Nickel cast iron prolongs the life of crusher rolls,

So the coal used by the Nickel industry creates employment for coal miners; the Nickel used in the coal mines creates employment for nickel workers. Each and every industry in this country creates employment in other industries. No matter how we earn a living, we are all one family, each depending on the others.

CANADIAN NICKEL



Pressing on with the development of Canada's Nickel Resources

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET W., TORONTO