DUNK YOUR RAZOR under hot faucet—shake it and leave it. No messy blade-wiping with new PAL HOLLOW GROUND BLADES. They're *rust-resistant*. Hollow-ground for *flexibility* in the razor—serve you smooth *feather-touch* shaves. And look at the price! 4 for 10c, 10 for 25c. Get a pack of Pals today.

Wood Islands—Caribou Service

With the *Prince Nova* and *Charles A. Dunning* now in operation the schedule is as follows:

Leave Wood Islands	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	1 p.m.	3 p.m.	5 p.m.
Leaves Caribou	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	1 p.m.	3 p.m.	5 p.m.

Operating Daily including Sundays.
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

RATES: Same as 1945.

The public will please note, that as much as we regret it, we will be unable to maintain this schedule with the *"Charles A. Dunning"* and that until further dredging and dock improvements have been made at Wood Islands, it will be necessary to cancel at least one round trip daily, as it is impossible to dock her there at low tide or in bad weather.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LTD.
R. E. MUTCH, President.

Housing Enterprises (Charlottetown) Ltd.
Notice To Contractors
Building Project No. 803

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Sealed tenders, marked as such and identified by project number, will be received by the undersigned until 5.00 p.m. August 8, 1946, for the following construction:

13 2-storey frame apartment buildings.

Plans, specifications, tender form, and information for bidders may be obtained on and after July 23, 1946, from the office of Housing Enterprises of Canada Ltd., 395 Fleet St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

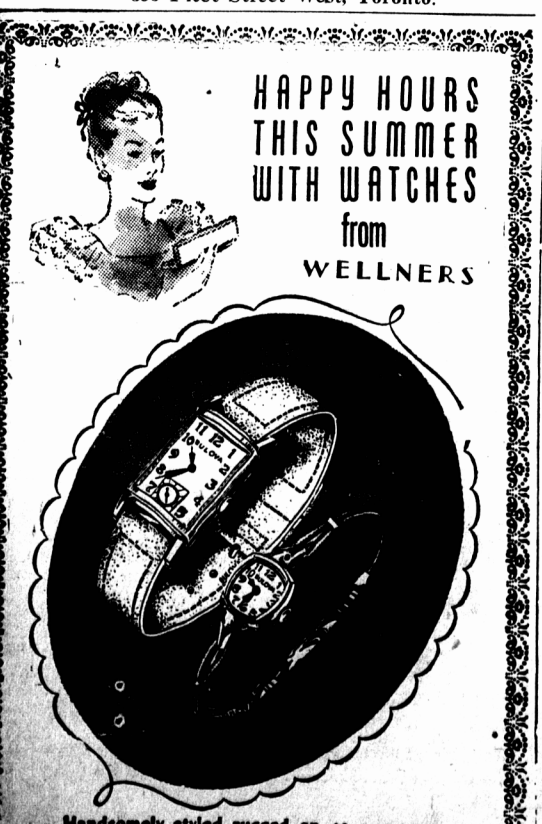
Plans and specifications may be inspected at: Constructive Mechanical Trades Exchange, Board of Trade Building, Halifax, N.S.

To obtain plans and specifications for tendering, deposit of a cheque for $15.00 will be required.

Each tender must be accompanied by a marked, certified cheque for 5 per cent of the tender price.

Lowest, or any tender not necessarily accepted.

D. H. STORMS, General Manager,
Housing Enterprises of Canada Ltd.
395 Fleet Street West, Toronto.



Smith - MacLeod Wedding

A wedding of unusual interest to a large number of people was solemnized on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, July 19th., at Montague, when Miss Blanche MacLeod, R.N., daughter of Mrs. MacLeod and the late James D. MacLeod was united in marriage with Mr. Harold Moorhouse Smith of St. John's, Newfoundland, who is manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Murray River.

The bride who is a graduate of the Ottawa Civic Hospital at Ottawa looked lovely as she entered the tastefully decorated living room with her brother-in-law, Dr. Preston M. MacIntyre who gave her away, and as the wedding music was played by Mrs. A.F. Campbell.

The bride's sister, Miss Beulah MacLeod R.N., of New York City who came home for the marriage was bridesmaid, while Mr. William Garrick, friend of the bride and of the groom acted as best man. During the signing of the register, Mrs. William Garrick sang "I'll Walk Beside You."

The service was performed by the Reverend Randolph D. MacLean, pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, of which the bride is a member. She is also a valued member of the choir.

The bride wore a street length dress of blue with matching accessories and an orchid corsage.

The bridesmaid chose gray with black accessories and a corsage of mixed sweet peas.

The mother of the bride was becoming in black and white and her flowers were white sweet peas and white carnations.

Immediately after the ceremony tea and cakes were served. Those assisting were; Mrs. R. G. MacDonald, Miss Florrie Beaton, Miss Mary MacKenzie, Mrs. Al. Gaswell and Mrs. Don Mills.

In the evening a reception was held at the Charlottetown Hotel where many friends and relatives were present. The toast to the bride was proposed by Major W. H. Poole of Charlottetown and was responded to by the groom. The many telegrams and other messages were read by Mr. L. H. Poole of Montague and the very best wishes of all followed the happy couple who left the next morning by plane for St. John's, Newfoundland, where they will spend their honeymoon and visit the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Smith.

Save The Children Fund Appreciated

Word has been received from the UNRRA Greece Mission in Athens thanking contributors to the Save the Children Fund (Canadian Committee) for shipmates of food financed by the Save the Children Fund.

Mrs. J. M. Small of UNRRA writes: "We divided the foods into two groups, those suitable for infants and pre-school children and those suitable for children of school age. The largest amount went to the Patriotic Foundation for Social Welfare, the sister organization of the Save the Children Fund and the main body responsible for maternity and child welfare in Greece."

Another allocation of food went to the Athens Infants' Asylum, and institution receiving abandoned orphans and illegitimate babies. Another supply of food went to children's canteens and summer camps last year.

Mrs. Small writes: "The summer camps received one prisoner-of-war parcel for every child (they were of Canadian origin). I am happy to think that thanks again to Canada these children will be able to recuperate during the summer holidays."

Greek school children are serving the camps on a voluntary basis, assisted by senior scouts and guides with the advice and assistance of UNRRA workers.

Fox Pens

A few Fox Pens left with inch and inch and one half wire. Also a quantity of 1½ and 2-inch fox wire. A few rolls slightly rusty, suitable for poultry fences, etc.

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208-212 Great George St.

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Y.M.C.A. Holland Cove Camp Activities

The first period of the Holland Cove Y.M.C.A. Camp closed Monday morning.

For the boys it was a very enjoyable and profitable camp under the able direction of James A. McConnell, General Secretary of the "Y" assisted by a staff of counsellors and counsellors in training. Mr. McConnell has had a wide experience in camping in the Rockies; in Ontario and in the States, and the boys received the benefits of this experience.

It was my privilege says the writer, to see a good deal of this camp, and to be present at some of their meetings and campfires. If anyone who, as I did attended the first and last campfires, the difference noted was amazing. The first night, a few singing, the rest strange; not knowing just what to do. The last night, everybody singing, clapping, cheering each other as they performed their part on the programme which included solos, duets, mouth organ playing and a puppet show. The difference was perhaps much more striking to an outsider than to the leaders who had seen the change come about gradually. This in itself is well worthwhile; but this is not all. The boys are well looked after. They are divided into tribes of six or eight, led by a counsellor and counsellor in training. They sleep in the new huts built this year, on double deck spring bunks with straw ticks. The cabins are well ventilated with all openings screened. In the Director's cabin there is a well equipped first aid room, a hospital room with four beds, and a room where sports equipment is kept. The boys eat in the large airy dining hall with large screened windows looking out over a glorious view of Hillsborough Bay, with Governor's Island and Point Prim in the background.

The Kitchen— presided over by Mrs. MacNeill, who has cooked for "Y" and Guide camps for a number of years, has an enlarged and improved kitchen, including a large walk-in ice box which enables the milk and food to be kept fresh. The milk is delivered from the Garden City Dairy each morning.

In the line of sports the boys have volleyball, horse shoes, archery, ping-pong, darts, softball and swimming. In crafts: leatherwork belt weaving, nature study, woodcraft, brush but construction and boating.

A special feature of the Camp is overnight boat trips up the Coast. A large life boat, equipped with copper tanks and unsinkable. This boat was a gift from the Ladies Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. The boys go out in the morning— stay overnight and return next day. The young campers were very enthusiastic over this feature of the programme. In addition there is a large dory, which is used for safety patrol while the boys are swimming, and to teach the boys to row. Penalties for misdemeanors and awards for abilities were handed out in what seemed to me and to some of the boys I talked with in a very fair and just manner. In all the camp, while not as large as could have been handled seemed to be a great success.

One feature which greatly impressed me was the making and sending of friendship sticks. These are sticks which are carved and the ends charred in the campfire, and then sent to other "Y" camps throughout the world. From this camp some were going to Norway, Finland, Czechoslovakia and other countries, thus showing to the boys the truly International and world wide scope of the Y.M.C.A. Anyone who has contributed money or time to this enterprise may well feel that they have contributed to a worthy cause, the effects of which will be felt in years to come in the lives of these young boys, helping to make them better citizens of this Canada or ours with a better sense of the brotherhood of boys in all parts of the world.

The second period of camping opened on Tuesday, July 23rd with an enrollment of 61 boys. The boys attending this camp were assisted by the Rotary Club and the Knotty Niners.

CANCEL REGISTRATIONS

TORONTO, July 23—(CP)—The Ontario Securities Commission said in a statement today it had cancelled the brokerage registrations of Caldough Securities and McGuire and Company, both of Toronto, and that R. Bowman Stuart of Bowman Stuart and Company of Toronto had "decided to surrender registration."

Address And Presentation

On Friday evening, July 19th, a large gathering of friends and neighbors met at the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis O'Connor, Crystal Hill Farm, Clinton, to express their good wishes and welcome to the community. Mrs. O'Connor, nee Della Callaghan, whose recent marriage has already been reported through this press.

Mr. G. C. Green capably acted as chairman, and, after a few complimentary remarks, called upon Mrs. Wilfred Pickering to read an address, while Messrs. Bert McKay and Edison Heaney, on behalf of those assembled, presented Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor with an easy chair and a purse of money. Louis, in his usual jovial manner, thanked the donors for kind words and gifts and assured everyone of a welcome in their home at all times. Humorous speeches by Mr. and Mrs. James Pendergast were much enjoyed. The singing of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" and a vigorous bouncing of the groom brought this part of the programme to a close. A delectable lunch was served by the ladies and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and convivial intercourse. Music for the evening was furnished by Messrs. Harry Marks, Joe Wigmore and Bill Durant. A pleasant addition to the evening's entertainment was a reading by Mrs. Leslie Ramsay, Hamilton.

Following is the Address:

To Mr. and Mrs. Louis O'Connor,
Clinton.

Dear Friends:—It is with a feeling of great pleasure that we, your friends and neighbours, have assembled here this evening to extend hearty felicitations because of your recent marriage.

We were indeed very happy when we learned of your union in the holy bonds of matrimony, and, as you begin a new era in your lives, sharing each others joys and sorrows, we offer congratulations and best wishes for an abundance of happiness.

Mrs. O'Connor, we welcome you to Clinton, and, as you go in and out among us in our various activities, we hope our associations together will be pleasant and profitable.

On this auspicious occasion, we take advantage of the opportunity to voice our appreciation of the services of one who has taken such an important and active part in the welfare of our district and the surrounding countryside. We regard you, Louis as a kind, generous and trust-worthy neighbor, ready to do your part in any worthwhile venture in the community, and, as you go about your various duties on its pleasant hillsides, we cannot help take note of your frugality and shrewdness, which are well worthy of our observation and reproduction.

As a reminder of this happy occasion, and as a token of our respect, please accept this gift, and with it our very sincere wishes for many years of marital bliss.

From Your Friends and Neighbors.

Hay Crop Below Average In Maritimes

OTAWA, July 23 — (CP) —Crop conditions have remained "generally good" throughout the Prairie provinces during the last week with Manitoba reporting further improvement, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics said today in the fifth of a series of eight telegraphic reports covering crop conditions across the Dominion.

Moisture is needed throughout the Maritimes but recent rain relieved conditions in Prince Edward Island to some extent. Haying is general but yields are below average. Cereals are short in the straw but corn is promising. The apple crop is developing satisfactorily.

The prolonged drought in Quebec has been relieved in some areas. However, reports continue to emphasize the immediate need for rainfall to check further deterioration. Generally speaking, pastures are poor and haying yields appear considerably below those of a year ago. Grain crop prospects range from poor to good.

Potato SPRAYERS

I have just received two 80-gal. Sprayers ready for immediate delivery.

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208-212 Great George St.

7-22-3i.

Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries

"Your hat!" Anne gasped. It was bobbing gayly on top, like a tiny sailboat. Otherwise there was no sight or sound of the young man. She had not dreamed the water was so deep at the end of the pier. Good heavens, suppose he never came up? He was positively mad, this young man. Oh, thank goodness, suppose he never came up? circle of ripples—his head, his thick dark hair, rumbled beyond all hope now, appearing above the surface, and next his eyes with their impudent gleam, then his mocking grin and broad shoulders.

"Can I help?" Anne leaned as far over as she dared, extending a hand. She was so relieved not to find herself a murderer that her anger and contempt for this creature, even her alarm for her property, had evaporated.

He pulled himself up without need of assistance—and yes, he had her purse clutched firmly beneath one elbow. He shook himself like a puppy after a bath, stopped, shed the slacks, letting them drop in a sopping sorry ring, stepped forth in neat navy swim trunks that apparently were almost waterproof.

"Why, didn't you take them off before?" Anne scolded. "Diving in all your clothes!" Scaring me out of my wits!" She would have liked to give him a good shake. She felt he needed it. She noticed that his physique looked even better in this costume. And he was handsome, even with his hair all wet and flopping down in his eyes and his chin dripping like a faucet.

Sorry I frightened you," he said contritely, but his grin denied it. "Wasn't time to think about clothes, with a lady in distress." He certainly did not talk like a native. "My favorite role is playing Don Quixote," he added—which clinched it.

He was not what he appeared on surface.

IX

Anne accepted her purse—the inside was merely damp ish—and started to hand him his possessions in exchange. Her glance fell on the scribbled slip of paper. Her own name in Marty's unmistakable flourishing bold scrawl leaped up at her.

"See here," she said, and again she felt the warm color creeping up into her face, "what's the meaning of this? Did Marty Phillips send you to meet me? Did you know who I was all along? Have you been having a good time at my expense?"

"Why, lady!" His grin was reproachful. "You do me wrong. Did I accept your money? It hasn't cost you a penny. And I wouldn't have missed this at any price. But now, if you'll allow me—I can't give you more than my finger tips since the rest is so drenched—but let me assist you. Jump. Watch you step. Atta baby!"

His fingers, even their tips, were strong and steady, handing Anne with dispatch and finesse into the center of the boat, untying the knot of rope that anchored it with one deft twist, tossing in her suitcase before he jumped in after her.

"Hot dog men don't address strangers as 'baby,' "Anne stated severely to his back. It was a nicely tanned back, broad like his shoulders, turned toward her because its owner was occupied with the sputtering of the motor. "Who are you? One of Marty's friends? Why didn't you introduce yourself?" she added scathingly.

He did not answer or turn around—he was the most deliberate person!—until the sputtering settled into a rhythmic put-put-put that seemed to suit him. Then he faced her, though his attention was given mostly to the art of clearing the pier successfully.

"You forget," he said, "that you did not give me that opportunity. You gave me a cold stare and refused by lovely hot dogs. You addressed me as 'boy', like Queen Mary in her best hat. You tried to bribe me."

The color in Anne's face was a deep crimson. "You didn't give me a chance," she flared. "You popped up from under a counter and you called me 'lady' and . . . ."

"Well, aren't you? A most fetching one, I'd like to add. Quite the most fetching lady I've had the pleasure of meeting in many a day. And it is a pleasure to meet you, Miss Ashton, really it is. Whether the introduction is strictly orthodox or not. An extreme pleasure. I can't understand why Marty didn't tell me how fetching you are," he finished.

"Never mind that," said. He could save that line for later—maybe when there was a moon. Good heavens, the heat was affecting her! She would never forgive him. Certainly she would never let him make love to her. "Couldn't Marty meet me? Did she get my wire? But of course she did or you wouldn't be here. She did send you to meet me then, didn't she?"

"She did." Her kidnaper, or escort, relieved her fears. 'She could have come herself, but I persuaded her I would do much better. I practically bribed her into it as a matter of fact. You see," he leaned forward and the gleam in his eye became confidential besides, it was necessary to lean forward now with the motor put-put-putting so merrily and noisily —"Marty told me enough about you to excite my curiosity. I'm a curious animal, some relation to the cat, no doubt. That was why, even though I only had a hot dog to offer you—and I felt something must be done since the brass band and flowers were missing—I kept myself incognito for a spell. I expect you're off me for life. And when I hoped to create such a staggering first impression!"

"I'm sure it doesn't matter," Anne said with a little toss of her pretty head. She would let him see that he was not worth being "off of," that he had not got under her skin in the least. "First impressions are important. The best guide. I always think. But you might tell me your name, if it's not asking too much."

"I'll never forget my first impression of you." He made it sound like a solemn promise. "In fact, I'll treasure it till the day I die. My name? Sorry, I did forget to mention it, didn't I? It's on the paper too." He picked it up from among the other things which he had tossed on the bottom of the boat along with the wet trousers. "It was supposed to serve as that proper introduction," he informed her. "Are you always so proper, Miss Ashton, and so haughty? Not that I'm objecting, understand. It's what makes you so fetching. That and the way your eyes flash and your cheeks flame. All my life," he told her earnestly, leaning even further forward, "I've wanted to meet a girl who could blush like my great-great-grandmother. All my life I've wanted to meet a real lady."

"And now that you've met one what good will that do you?" Anne inquired sweetly, and pointly. "I'm never haughty except to people who go out of their way to ask for it. One so seldom meets a real gentleman nowadays, you know."

"Ouch!" this gentleman said. "But at that I guess I deserved it. When you know me better you'll find I've really got very nice manners and . . . but aren't you going to read Marty's note now?"

"Forgive me for not coming to meet you," Anne read aloud from Marty's bold scrawl. "It's so much cooler on the island. Gil will take care of you. His full name is Giles Montgomery Tracy, III. He is nuts, darling, but perfectly harmless. You'll end up by loving him, I know . . ."Anne did not finish. She should not have read it aloud. She said quickly, "Oh, is that it?" For what looked like an island loomed on the horizon, gliding toward them.

"That's it, all right," Giles Montgomery Tracy, III, said. "You've got to do it."

"Got to do what?"

"I meant is that The Willows?" Anne ignored his remark.

The island was almost on them now. Its banks were edged with huge, ancient willows, their graceful branches weeping low to touch the lapping water. There was a long pier with an enormous boat house on one side and a rustic summer house on the other. The cottage itself was completely hidden by the timber and underbrush which had been left in tangled wild confusion and beauty.

"Yes, lady," her escort said. "You have before you your journey's end, though I hope you'll find it, instead, a beginning. I hope you'll let me help you begin. I told you I'd waited all my life to meet you. I intend to follow you, no matter where you go, offering you such delicacies as hot dogs, risking my life for you until you do end up by loving me."

"You'll end up by drowning both of us," Anne scolded. They had hit the dock with a smack, thumping against its sides, then sliding out again. "Please watch what you're doing. And if you'll lift out my bag, I can manage without a hand, thank you. And please save your line—for of course I know that's what it is—until another time."

"That's a bargain." He flashed her a grin. "I'll save it indefinitely, if one day you'll listen. But it isn't a line, again you do me wrong." He docked the boat easily and expertly now, jumped out, caught the rope, offered her a hand. "It's love, lady, love at first sight. Ever hear of it? And I'm going to make love to you until you end up as Marty predicted. Also, may I assure you I make love divinely!"

"You certainly love yourself don't you?" Anne said. But she was no longer angry. She had forgiven him for having played a trick on her. Something told her that he was a young man whom you simply would have to forgive, and who might get under your skin.

Let him make love divinely, if he wanted to. After all, wasn't that why she had come on this vacation which was not off to such a bad beginning, at that!

(To be continued)

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NOTICE

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SATURDAY

during July and August.

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