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WHAT IS A POT SHOT?

A pot shot is a shot taken at a stationary object and usually at close range. Originally the term referred to a shot taken at an animal or bird to "fill the pot," when food and not sport was the chief purpose. In sports a person who holds a position as justice of the peace is known as a "pot-hunter."

on the sport for its own sake is known as a "pot-hunter."

FIRST WOMAN JUSTICE

Mrs. Esther Morris of the mining town of South Pass, Wyo., was the first woman in the world to hold a position as justice of the peace.

VETERANS

Field Marshal Montgomery will be in Charlottetown to meet you.

All Veterans interested in going to Charlottetown are requested to meet at the Souris Legion Hall on Thursday 15th August, 1946, at 8 o'clock.

Carferry Service
P. E. I. Old Home Week

Arrangements have been made by the Canadian National Railways to increase the automobile carrying capacity of the carferry "Prince Edward Island" by the use of flat cars on the rail deck during Old Home Week celebration, which this year will take place August 13-14-15-16, to take care of the increased traffic during that period.

In addition to regular scheduled trips of carferry leaving Cape Tormentine pier 10.30 AM, 3 PM and 7.30 P.M. extra trips will be made by the carferry from Borden and Cape Tormentine.

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Capital Closeups

(By Jack Brayley)

Canadian Press Staff Writer

Canada's problems are a hobby for John R. MacNicol, perennially-youthful veteran Progressive Conservative member of the Commons for Toronto Deavenport, and his latest program embraces vital factors in the economic life of the Maritimes.

Mr. MacNicol, who can take part in any debate in the Commons and recite chapter and verse with a greater personal knowledge than most ministers of the Crown, is going on a motor tour of the Maritimes and Maine.

Seated in his office the other day his blue eyes sparkling and a happy grin on his face, he traced the route he will follow as soon as Parliament prorogues possibly Aug. 24.

He wants to investigate the headwaters of the St. John River with a view to estimating conservation possibilities as related to power development. And he also wants to mark the shortest route from the Maritimes through Maine to Montreal with a view to supporting an express highway project which would facilitate the handling of freight between the seaside provinces and the big central Canadian market.

"I think the Maritimes need cheaper power and an express highway if they are to improve their economic position," Mr. MacNicol said, "and so I'm going to find out about it."

Mr. MacNicol has been finding out about everything from the northern Alberta tar sands and prairie brick to the Arvida aluminum project and northern Ontario mining development ever since he first came to the Commons in 1936.

And his reply to his constituents who have questioned his expeditions is that what improves one part of Canada contributes to the general weal.

In connection with St. John River conservation he feels that much of the big stream's watershed is being wasted and a powerful program would call for close co-operation with Maine, New Brunswick and possibly Quebec.

As for the express highway, he feels an international agreement on such a program could be easily reached with United States through the offer of similar facilities to that country on the highway to Alaska.

Senate Snickers: A Senate committee was seriously engaged in arguing the Canada Day Bill the other day. Speakers who thought July 1 should be called something else spoke with some passion and those who wanted the status quo spoke in similar vein.

Then Senator W. D. Euler (Ontario) rose and said he thought the country was "indifferent to the whole thing. He thought if Quebec members were so urgently desirous of a change in the name of the rest of the country should make the concession for the benefit of unity.

After all, the whole thing reminded him of a story of a Welsh coal miner. One day the miner was found crouched in a corner being belabored with a broom by his dimwit supervisor. Asked why he allowed himself to be subjected to this, the miner replied: "Oh please, here we don't hunt for Senate members. I thought the Senate could take a leaf from this philosophy."

Ellen's Diary
By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 2)

der the golden tan of her skin. That was the kind of love she had had for David. Or was she wrong again? It was the kind she had felt for David years ago, that first feverish flush of young love. But that had diminished, died down, tempered to a steadier soberer flame. Yet it still had held the power to wound her, as now Gil was wounded, knowing love for her that was a torment as well as a delight. No, Anne was content with a love less devastating. It would be enough for her, she hoped.

Gil shook his head again. "That's what you think, my child," he said. "You don't know anything about love. I don't believe you ever really experienced it, Anne. When you do, you'll understand."

They had left the marsh now, the thick lily pads, so that Gil sent the canoe swiftly and silently with strong sure strokes through the calm deep water. Anne leaned back and closed her eyes. The sun was a round red ball low in the west, and breeze was gentle in her hair. This was the time of day she loved best, peace and quiet, heartease. That should be enough, her own heart said. That is the best kind of love, no matter what Gil thinks. She wished that this hour, this feeling of serene contentment might last forever.

But neither quiet nor bliss can last forever. It was broken now by an approaching hum peculiar to airplanes and motorboats.

Anne opened her eyes as the other boat dashed by, perilously close, so that its waves sent the smaller craft tossing in its wake like the proverbial cork. She uttered a sharp exclamation—though not from fear—and clutched the sides of the canoe.

Gil uttered an exclamation too, a much more forceful one. "The fools!" he said. "Coming so near. They might have spilled us!"

Anne wondered if he had heard her exclamation, and if he could hear her heart thumping now. She wondered if Gil had noticed the occupants of the other boat, and if he knew that one of them was David Sherman.

If she had not looked straight into David's eyes in that startled split second, and seen the answering flicker of recognition in his, Anne would not have believed it herself. David... here—why? A dozen questions started jangling in her brain. But emotion overrode any attempt at coherent reasoning. All of the old trepidation that she had thought stilled sprang into an agitated tumult, leaving her weak and defenseless, almost ill.

She wondered if she ought to tell Gil that David had been in that boat. But why should she, since it was evident Gil did not know? What did it matter anyway? Ships that pass in the night... or motorboats that nearly upset canoes... they need not know from her.



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pass again. Why not try to forget what had happened, pretend it had not?

That same evening Anne found that he must have known it was David in the motorboat. At the dinner table, amid much talk and laughter, Marty informed her guests that she had planned an impromptu party. "The Wilsons have some guests, just arrived today," Marty said. "The Wilsons, Dot and Don, were some of Marty's closest and 'craziest' friends. I told them to bring them along tonight and we'd throw some kind of welcoming binge. I thought we might hitch the barbecue on the speedboat—it's the fastest on the lake, you know—and we could stir up some excitement. We could tote a victrola; it's a perfectly swell night to stay out on the lake."

Anne knew instantly that the Wilsons' guests were David and Camilla. She knew that Gil must have known it was the Wilsons' speedboat. She knew too as her glance met Gil's as he came back at their hostess with a reply so prompt it forestalled any other, that he had recognized David and still was endeavoring to keep his upset canoes . . . they need not know from her.

"But I'd planned to take Anne to the amusement park," Gil said. "I thought we'd find our excitement on land, and that we'd have enough water for one day. That is of course, if you can spare us from the party, Marty." He knew the rule of The Whilows that guests were to follow their own inclinations and whims, so that his added by-your-leave was only a gesture.

"I believe I'm more in a party

than a park mood, after all," Anne said. She was surprised at the casual tone in which she managed to do so. But what was the use saying it; astonished at herself for of running away again, of pretending things that were so, were not? Suddenly she was determined to face this now. She would have to face meeting David—and Camilla—one day. It might as well be now, tonight, as any other time.

(To be continued.)

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