

ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce the opening of our Fruit, Vegetable and Produce establishment in the Portland Packing Building, Corner Dorchester and Pownall Streets Charlottetown on or about August 8th.

We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.
R. D. QUIGLEY and CO., Tel. 186



Comprising part of the Canadian Army Occupation Force, the Canadian Berlin Battalion aids British forces occupying a portion of Berlin, while American and Russian troops control the rest of the city. Here, Pte. Lloyd Roth, of Vegreville, Alta., guards the entrance to the Canadian Headquarters. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).

'The Unfinished Portrait' on Display



This is the unfinished water color painting of the late President Roosevelt which the artist, Elizabeth Shoumatoff, above, was working on when the President died. Mrs. Shoumatoff, declaring the portrait the "property of the people," has authorized its display at a New York department store, but its permanent disposition has not been decided. She's shown at public unveiling with Frank Kingston, radio commentator and friend of Mr. Roosevelt.

These Simple Methods Will Improve Garden Soil

Garden soil should never be worked when too wet, but as soon as a handful, patted between your palms, crumbles instead of forming a mud pie, it is time to begin spending or plowing, to make ready for sowing the first seed.

If your garden plot has six hours' sun a day, and is free from tree roots of trees and shrubs, its soil can probably be put into good condition to grow vegetables.

The most frequent condition which needs correction is a predominance of clay, which makes a heavy soil, difficult to work, which holds water well but shrinks and cracks when dry.

The problem of dealing with clay is simply to make it coarser. It can be coarsened by mixing with it coarse materials, such as old ashes, cinders, fine gravel, or best of all, well decayed organic matter from a compost heap or garden manure pile. Sand is often recommended, but a little sand often seems to make clay harder; very large quantities should be used, if any. Instead of sand, fine limestone screenings which are just as cheap, will do a fine job.

Lime has a special effect upon clay. It makes the fine particles collect into coarser grains. It also has a chemical effect on soils. While lime is not a fertilizer, it makes plant foods which are present in the soil available to the plants.

When soil is too acid, or too alkaline, chemical reactions which are extremely complex make it difficult or impossible for plants to get the nutritive elements required for growth.



When Soil Crumbles in the Hand, It Is Dry Enough to Work.

represents a tenfold difference in acidity, so that compared with pH7, pH6 is ten times and pH5 one hundred times as acid.

Soils that are too sandy let water through too quickly, and with the water goes much of the plant food which you had intended to be stored for the use of your plants all season. Clay can be mixed with sand to good effect, and any form of decayed organic matter, or humus, will help make sandy soil retain water and fertility. Lime also improves sandy soil.

The Islander And The Tourist

By F. H. MacArthur

Tourist: "Whom did you say discovered this island?"
Islander: "The place was discovered by a fellow they called Jacques Cartier. That was away back in 1534, and our histories tell us that old Jacques was the pink when he and his little band of adventurers landed on its shores."

Tourist: "Well, Islander, it sure looks good around Borden, but if you don't mind I should like to have a brief outline of its early history."
Islander: "Certainly, my friend. I shall be pleased to tell you something about the place from the days of Capt. Inland down to the present time."

"Holland's report of the Island he was the guy who made the first survey—was so favorable that speculators over in England wanted to obtain grants of land here. Thus it came about that in 1767 the Lords of Lands and Plantations lotteried sixty-four of the 67 lots to officials of the Army and Navy. In this manner 64 of the fellows got large holdings by merely putting a hand in the hat and drawing out a lucky ticket."

Tourist: "That's quite a yarn, Islander, but of course it's only a legend or perhaps a fairy tale."
Islander: "Legend? My eye! I tell you it's a fact, a hard, cold fact."

"You see, the winners were supposed to increase the fisheries and also pay small yearly quitrents. And they were to bring in new settlers from Europe and do other things which I have now forgotten. Get the idea?"

"But they held fast to their estates like maces guarding gold. Yes—each of them—how it was, Tourist; and in the end everything got sort of mixed up like it. It was not until after Confederation that the Island passed into the hands of the men who farmed its fertile acres."

Tourist: "I've heard folks speak about Confederation. Isn't this Island as you call it, supposed to be the Cradle of Confederation?"
Islander: "It's not supposed to be it. But come, let me take you over to the old Colonial building, and then you can see for yourself."

"This is the Council Chamber where the Fathers of Confederation discussed plans which later, completed at Quebec, ended in the birth of our glorious Dominion. Thus it came about that in 1767 the Lords of Lands and Plantations lotteried sixty-four of the 67 lots to officials of the Army and Navy. In this manner 64 of the fellows got large holdings by merely putting a hand in the hat and drawing out a lucky ticket."

Tourist: "Hum! I see the Plaque commemorating the event. (July 1st, 1873.)"
Islander: "Right! July 1st 1873, Canada celebrated the sixth anniversary of her Ninety-day well-coming old Abegweit into the family circle."

Tourist: "It's all quite interesting and I'm sure you'll tell after all. How about showing me some of your beaut spots, or other interesting places you have?"
Islander: "I'll be glad to take you over to the old Colonial building, and then you can see for yourself."

Tourist: "What a grand view one gets from this spot! DeRoma's heart must have broken that day raiders captured and burned the settlement. A four-most picture the pillage and plunder from your description of the event."
Islander: "It was a bad affair, to say the least, but come, I shall now take you to Brudenell Island."

Tourist: "See! There's the 'Hill of Fairies,' and that tree-grown path to your left leads to a monument erected to the memory of the first Brudenell settlers."
Islander: "There are words written in the stone. I can read the English, but can't make out the other."

Tourist: "It's the same thing only, written in the Gaelic tongue."
Islander: "Why don't your government get busy and clean the place up? If the brush was cut away and a few improvements added here and there, the place would be fascinating. It's one of the prettiest spots I've ever seen."

Tourist: "Our people are very slow about improving what one might call out natural shrines."
Islander: "Yes, that is rather a quaint little village you see in the distance. We can see the fishing boats, the fishing fleet, and they bring in some mighty fine catches too. Once commercial center, and even today is quite a little fishing town, as you can see for yourself."

Tourist: "That's a very scenic here very much. Did you say our next stop would be Rustico? Why Rustico?"
Islander: "There's a couple of ancient graveyards I'd like you to see."

Tourist: "Graveyards you say who's buried in 'em? Anything spooky about the place?"
Islander: "Maybe there is and maybe there isn't, but I'd just as leave to be away from the spot after dark sets in for if one can believe all one hears 'Pirates' bones are mingled together with the bones of honest men. Anyway, Rustico is just another fishing village as you can see for yourself."

Tourist: "Most interesting, but where do we go from here? How about showing me your North Shore with its sandy beaches, people talk about so much?"
Islander: "I've read about Brackley, Cavendish, St. Anne's and a place by the name of Dalry. It was it Dalry? I'm not very strong on names, however."

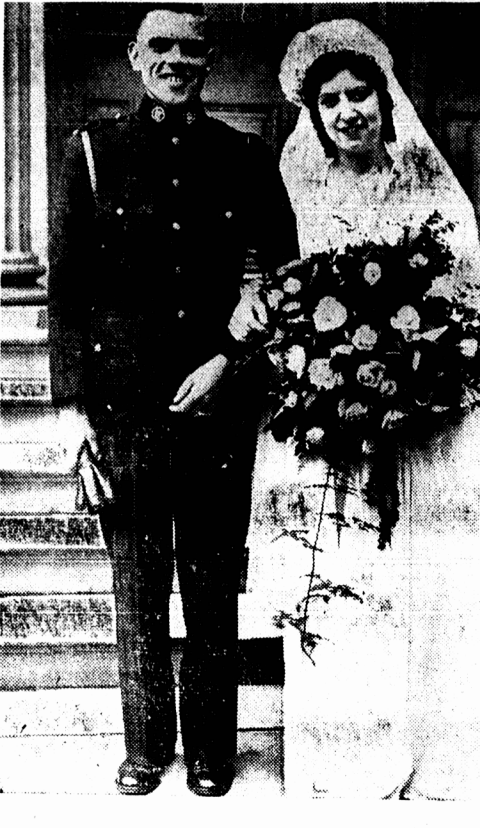
Tourist: "Tourist literature, otherwise you wouldn't be familiar with those names."
Islander: "Boy! What a wonderful beach! And such fine hotels. Why, Islander, I had no idea you people had so many good things to boast about."

Tourist: "The trouble is, Tourist, we don't do enough boasting. If we did we'd have more folk coming here to spend their summer holidays, than we'd know what to do with."

Tourist: "Quite true, quite true. But you say this next place ahead is Fortune."
Islander: "Yes."

Tourist: "This is truly the most perfect spot I have ever seen. It reminds me of a poem that ran in the paper about a fellow named Glosecap, hero god of the

English Wedding Group



L. Cpl. D. V. Chappell with his bride, Vera Mahone, of Liverpool, England. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chappell, Brad-Aubane, P. E. I. David joined the P. E. I. Highlanders in 1940, served in Newfoundland and Canada, and was transferred to Nova Scotia Highlanders, and went to France on D-Day, and had the luck of going through to Germany. He is now home on furlough and is being warmly welcomed. He expects his bride to join him here soon.

something like this: "There were the lofty fir trees grow, where the clean winds blow so free. Can't seem to remember the rest, but it ended, 'Lay me down to rest.'"

Islander: "We might as well take a look at Montague while we're on this sight-seeing tour. You may like Fortune, but give me Montague the beautiful. This picturesque town looks down at one from its hilly crest, but as I said before seeing is believing, Tourist, and I do want you to see Montague."

Tourist: "And you say this is O'Keefe's Lake. Let's pull up over on the North Side. Farther Islander, I'll admit it's a pretty bit of water, but I am still seeing Montague with the river flowing right through its heart. Any fish in this lake?"
Islander: "The best rainbow trout you ever saw, and, too, they taste just about right."

Tourist: "Some day I'll take you on a fishing trip. We'll make a whole lot of clean across the Strait, and Dunk rivers as well as some of the less famous streams. How'd you like that?"
Islander: "Fishing is one of my greatest hobbies. Some years ago Bob Davis, author and newspaper correspondent, invited me to accompany him on a fishing trip to the Garden of the Gulf. Know Bob?"

Tourist: "Sure did, Tourist. 'Bob Davis was a frequent visitor to our province and a great fisherman too.'"
Islander: "Why almost everybody knew the famous writer. Like thousands of other tourists Bob knew 'through his heart' when he wanted some good fishing."

Tourist: "We'll tackle the fish next week Islander—that is, if you can see for yourself."
Islander: "You say this is the South Shore, eh? Well, this is a fine fishing district—and see! You can look clean across the Strait, even pick out some of the mainland homes along the banks."

Tourist: "Indeed, the South Shore is one of our nicest places, or so I fancy. Anyway, the water is much warmer here than over on the North Side. Farther up the shore road we'll pass Victoria and Crapaud and then I'll take you to Lennox Island, are you not?"

Tourist: "So this is it, eh?"
Islander: "No. This is Port Hill, and that little boat you see there is the wharf I take you over to the island."

Tourist: "So they have a church and all?"
Islander: "Indeed, they have St. Anne's Church, and while we are on the subject, I may as well inform you that St. Anne is the Micmac's Patron Saint. Every year a big celebration in her honor takes place here. Lots of white folk and the service of the chapel and stay for the day I can tell you it's all very colorful and worth seeing."

Tourist: "How very interesting. And what splendid people those Micmac Indians appear to be. But didn't you tell me the wharf was married to a white woman?"
Islander: "That's right, Tourist, he met her in England while serving with the Canadian Army during the First World War. He's a clever chap, well educated, and is able to speak French and English as well as his native tongue."

Tourist: "You know, Tourist, it does seem strange but the Micmacs are our only linguists, hardly one of them that does not speak at least two or more languages."
Islander: "There must be some pretty legends, connected with those people. Do you know any of them?"

Tourist: "Well, I am not very well acquainted with their legends, but I do know a couple of interesting ones. I could only string them together so as not to spoil the beauty and simplicity of their meaning."

Tourist: "I simply love hearing about legends. Won't you please try to narrate them for me?"
Islander: "The legend of which I am most fond concerns one called Glosecap, hero god of the

Faith Healers Tangle With State Patrol

ST. CHARLES, Va., July 30 — (AP) — A cult of snake-handling, poison-swallowing and flesh-burning faith healers fought a battle of wits for hours today with state patrolmen over a 50-foot square roped off area in Stone Creek Valley.

The result was a melee which cut short the snake-handling part of the ceremony, resulted in the death of at least four rattlesnakes and an exciting episode for 5,000 spectators.

However, the preachers of the cult told the patrolmen from the "snake arena" that no man-made laws, no jail sentences nor anything else will stop the practice.

about the place—good yams they were too. You see, stranger, I'm from the States and I like your Island so well that I want to see and hear everything I can."

Tourist: "I don't believe I've heard that one. How about giving us the low down on the yarn?"
Islander: "Well, began the stranger, 'it's a pretty odd tale it is, but then there must be truth behind it, for I've seen the ghost ship with these very eyes of mine.'"

Tourist: "Here, stranger, have a cigar, and then let's have that story. I am curious as a child with a new toy. Let's sit here on the grass."
Lights were applied to the smokers. The three stretched themselves on the grass and the old man unfolded the following weird tale:

"Every so often this phantom ship sails down the Strait. I've watched her nosing her way through the waves, her white sails filled out by the breeze. And once I saw her in the dead of night, her decks all lit up bright as day. It sure was a spooky sight, Tourist. But where she comes from and where she heads for nobody seems to know."

"Captain Kidd buried treasure along this coast, or so they say. My own opinion may not be worth a hoot, but I fancy she's one of his ships still keeping watch over that treasure."

"One guess is about as good as another, and I don't pretend to know any more about the mystery than anyone else. But I'm ready to swear the story is true. Others have seen her beside me, just ploughing her way to nowhere. I don't care whether you believe the yarn or not, you asked for the story and I've spun it. Well, gent, I'll be wishing you good evening."

Tourist: "Thank you, stranger. I believe your story, and some day I am coming back here to watch for that mysterious ship."
Islander: "Well, Mr. Tourist, that about ends up a sight seeing tour, and now, I shall have to leave you for I see there are other tourists waiting to be guided about. Bye, bye, Tourist! Will be seeing you next week on that fishing trip."

"Dry your tears my dear people, Glosecap will return to you some day when the Red Man's wrongs have been revenged. Then all will be as it was before the advent of the White man."

Islander: "And the second legend, Tourist."
Islander: "Well, the other legend I had in mind runs like this: 'The Micmacs have another god named Thunder, a romantic creature that spent a lot of his time fishing at West Point.'"

"One day he chanced to see a beautiful Indian maiden tripping along the shore. By the light of her hair she had been revenged. Then this very charming young lady, so forthwith he kidnapped her and bore her away on his shoulders to his home in the clouds."

"And they were happy—that is, until one called 'Morning Star' came along. He seized the maiden and threw her down to earth."
"The greedy earth soon drank up her blood; and to this day the soil remains rich red. And there ends our legends, Mr. Tourist."

Tourist: "Thank you, Islander, for telling me two of the prettiest little legends I've ever heard. The yarns intrigue me, and I'd like to see you something else about the place."
Islander: "What! More legends, Tourist?"

Islander: "No. I just wanted to mention that General Wolfe once stopped at West Point to rest his troops while on his way to fight the historic battle of Quebec."

"But here we are. This is the place I've been telling you about."
Tourist: "It's not so very attractive, Islander, but the delightful story you've just told me lends a sort of enchantment to the place."

"By the way, I'm going to have a word with the old timer over there. Come along; we might get a good yarn from the old fellow."
Hi, there, stranger!"

"Evening's gente, anything wrong with yer car?"
"No. The car's okay. My friend here was just showing me round a bit and telling me some stories."

For that man who loves soup

The hours-long ceremony began at noon with the leaders of the faith healing cult who-shun doctors and drugs gathered in a 50-foot square roped off area in Stone Creek Valley.

They sang hymns to the accompaniment of a guitar and cymbals and a tom-tom beating of hands, while a few of the block worked themselves into spasmodic convulsions.

Then a preacher of the cult—usually a gaunt, pale fellow from the coal mines—would preach briefly, reading parts of the Bible dealing with serpents.

Their view was that ability to handle poisonous reptiles or fire or take poisoning without injury was a test of faith.

Then another hymn, and another sermon, over and over, while the believers worked themselves into a high pitch of excitement and burst into gibberish.

In the midst of the bizarre ceremony a carload of State patrolmen rolled up.

The patrolmen called the preachers out on the roadside and read them an interpretation by Attorney-General A. P. Staples of a Virginia law which permits the destruction of mad dogs or rather animals or reptiles considered a menace to the public.

The preachers tried to argue. The patrolmen merely explained they had their orders. Why, the cult leaders wanted to know, didn't they try to close up the circus which exhibit snakes in public?

Hours later, while the patrolmen stood watching, the snakes began to appear from a cage concealed in the rear of a preacher's car in the roped-off arena.

One of the cultists reached into the cage, pulled out two handfuls of the ugly, writhing rattlers and copperheads. In a moment they were being waved and fended by a score or more of the men and women.

The patrolmen closed in with clubs. Four snakes were there when at least six or eight to begin with — is anybody's guess.

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Advertisement for Heinz 57 Vegetable Soup. The text says "For that man who loves soup" and features an image of a soup can. The can is labeled "HEINZ 57 VEGETABLE SOUP".

and Sydney Craswell, Internment was in the Peoples Cemetery, Charlottetown.
Left to mourn the loss of a loving mother and wife are her husband, Mr. George E. Buxton, two daughters, Mrs. Harry Craswell and Mrs. Lloyd Ward; and one son, Archibald Ramsay, all of Charlottetown.
Heartfelt sympathy is also extended to four sisters, Mrs. Charles Crossman, Cape Traverse, P. E. I.; Mrs. Louis Jackson, Peterborough, Ontario; Mrs. Paul Genuer, East Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Angus MacDonnell, Chelton, P. E. I.; and one brother, Mr. Arthur Rose, Windsor, Nova Scotia.
Many floral tributes and messages of sympathy were received. (Patriot please copy)

Former Construction Men Must Register

OTTAWA, July 30 — (CP) — Workers experienced in the construction industry, but not now engaged at building construction work, are to be required to register with National Employment Office between Aug. 6 and Aug. 11, Labor Minister Mitchell announced Saturday.
Men required to register are those from 18 to 65, either skilled or unskilled at various occupations in building construction. They must have had a total of at least two years' experience, continuing or otherwise, in the construction industry since Dec. 31, 1936.
Men at present employed in building construction are not required to register. Where a person has more than five miles from an employment office he may register at the nearest post office.

Two Canadian Family Allowances cheques. The top one is for \$16.00 and the bottom one is for \$16.00. Both are dated July 1945. The cheques are from the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa, Canada. The names of the recipients are Mrs. Marie LeBlanc and Mrs. Helen Ditzgen.

Specimens of Family Allowances cheques now being received across Canada by approximately one million officials point out that the cheque and one-quarter million mothers are shown above, should not be folded and that they should be cashed Top, cheque issued in Quebec. Bottom, ed within 30 days.



An informer, completely masked as a protector, troops at Oslo, Norway, above, during search against Nazi remnants, aids Allied intelligence/Gestapo agents hidden among German soldiers.

Advertisement for Murine eye drops. The text says "Blessed relief from TIRED EYES" and "MURINE FOR YOUR EYES". It features an image of a person's eyes and a bottle of Murine eye drops.