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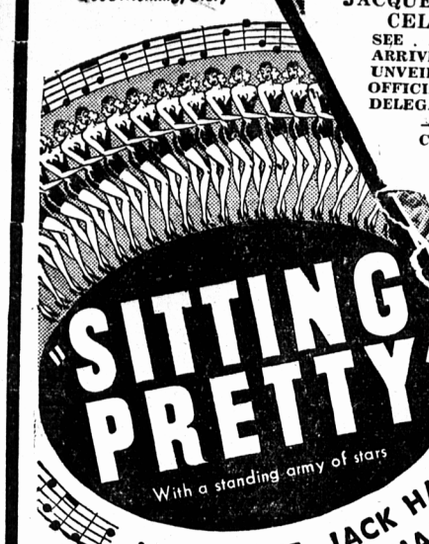

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with MAE CLARKE

Canada At Crossroads Of The Skies Yet It Lags In Air Traffic

Nova Scotian Writer Points to Rapid Strides Great Britain Has Made in Air Transport Within Few Years

By EVELYN S. TUFTS

Who recently has completed one of the longest and most hazardous journeys by air ever undertaken by a woman in Canada. Mrs. Tufts flew north of the Arctic Circle and has written of the great development in air transport and mining that is taking place with its aid in that little known part of the Dominion.

FROM London recently has come the news of an important extension to the airmail services in the British Isles, by which twelve additional cities and towns in Great Britain and Northern Ireland have been linked by a new inland service. Begun last May with an experimental run from the Orkneys to Inverness, it now includes direct Glasgow-to-London, Liverpool-to-Plymouth, and Birmingham-to-Isle-of-Wight routes. The swiftest four-engined bi-plane air liners obtainable, averaging 150 miles an hour, have been secured for these runs.

Giant Strides

IN spite of world wide depression, commercial aviation is being fostered and encouraged among the nations as never before, in recognition of the important part this means of transportation will play in future world trade, the service it renders already in the immediate facilitation of urgent business communication.

The Paris Sunday papers are being delivered in Buenos Aires, on Wednesday, and a few weeks from now the German Graf Zeppelin will finish her fourth successful season on the South Atlantic route. She has made seventy trips between Frederichshaven and Pernambuco, Brazil, without a single mishap.

Another huge Zeppelin, built at Frederichshaven this summer, half as big again as the Graf, accommodates fifty passengers in roomy staterooms with hot and cold running water, and has a big smoking room and sun deck. She will cross the Atlantic in forty-two hours, and in addition to her passengers, will carry at least ten tons of mail and express.

Ready As Rivals

TWO well-known American aviation concerns, meantime, are ready to start a rival line out of Pernambuco, as soon as government approval, in the form of mail subsidies and special loans, comes through from Washington.

Bankrupt for years after the war, it cost the frugal Italians five hundred thousand dollars last year to send Balbo and his air fleet to the Chicago fair. But the success of that expedition showed the world the possibility of carefully planned, properly conducted mass flying over long distances, gave Italian aviation a billion dollars worth of publicity. The Italian tax-payers paid the bill to the last lira, without a murmur.

Kipling's symbol of Russia, The-Bear-That-Walks-Like-a-Man, is passe today. One of the royal eagles from the old Romanoff ensigns would represent that country more fittingly now. Even across the white blanketed wastes of Siberia the giant Soviet airways stretch east to the borders of Asia, adding over six thousand miles, this year, to the already established Southern routes. Over the bleak tundras ply great five-motor-air-liners, carrying thirty-six passengers each, crammed to capacity on every trip.

The map of Germany is a perfect cobweb of air lines, reaching out in all directions. France, in spite of Communist and Royalist uprisings demanding a balanced budget at the penalty of civil war, is calmly proceeding to spend ten millions this year on her commercial aviation.

One Huge Company

WITH every commercial route subsidized, she has now amalgamated them into one big company, "Air France" to which, for the next fourteen years, she will pay an annual direct subsidy of six million dollars. Even little Switzerland hemmed in by the towering snow-capped Alps, is dipping into her modest treasury to provide $150,000 in subsidies for her mail routes this year.

Post Master General Farley, of the Roosevelt Administration, has recently asked for additional tenders covering eight new airmail routes, totalling some 4000 miles. Airmail from New York and Miami is being carried on schedules which link up with the South American and trans-Atlantic services.

American air lines into South America are producing a very decided effect there in the diminution of British trade. Internally, three-trans-continental air lines are in operation, in the United States, covering nearly 20,000 miles of fully lighted airways.

While the heavens all about us fill with commerce, of which all other nations of the world are eagerly seeking a share, and letters posted in New York are being read in San Francisco before midnight the day after, what is Canada doing to keep up with the other national Joneses in these respects?

Over Wide Areas

FOUR years ago, Canada inaugurated a series of inter-city air mail routes, with which was linked up several existing units, including the Eastern Aviation Corporation and Prairie Air Mails, giving us a service from the Magdalens to Edmonton, with international links to Albany and Buffalo. The Canadian Airways, which started out in life as the Western Canada Airways, with headquarters in Winnipeg, and which was carrying out extensive operations from Sioux Lookout in Ontario, into Red Lake, Narrow Lake in Manitoba, and down north to Great Bear mining areas, were awarded these inter-city contracts for a term of four years. They also did business up and down the Pacific Coast, in British Columbia and the Yukon, and flew the air mail to Aklavik, at the mouth of the Mackenzie, seventeen hundred miles north of Edmonton, the most northerly air mail post office in the world. They had regular schedules from Winnipeg to Regina and Calgary, to Moose Jaw and North Battleford to Edmonton. The solid foundations were laid for what promised speedily to become a coast-to-coast air service second to none.

Night fliers were specially trained for the prairie service, fast, costly planes acquired for the inter-city runs, expensive offices leased for a period of years to handle the mails. Bush and mining area operations, originated by this company, mail, express, and hospital "mercy flights" and similar unique services on which the isolated communities far beyond the rim of civilization have come absolutely to depend, were carried on concurrently with these major contracts. This was the situation in 1930.

Two years later the thunderbolt fell. The present Federal Government, bent on retrenchment, cancelled all the big airmail contracts. The new machines, the special pilots, the elaborate office equipment all went into the discard. Nothing was left except the minor air mail services to the mining camps, down to Aklavik, and along the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

The Only Country

THE unhappy result is that Canada is today the only civilized country in the world, with cities the size of Montreal and Toronto, separated by a comparable distance, without air mail and passenger service connecting them. A resident of London, England, can take off any morning from Croydon for Capetow or India. Any Dutchman who wishes to fly to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies, over the longest airway in the world, can do so. But a Canadian cannot fly from Hamilton to Toronto, or from Halifax to Saint John, though all these cities have airports, and other flying facilities. On the commercial air maps of the world today, Canada is only a patch of darkness.

But worse is to follow. A glance at the globe will show that the geographical position of the Dominion places us directly on the main northern highway of the skies, that greatest of all international routes which will presently lead west from industrial Europe straight across the Atlantic, over Canada and through to the Orient. Any day we may hear that the trans-Atlantic schedule from Great Britain to this country, is about to be inaugurated, with our own coast to coast service completely shot to pieces, are we to have the humiliating experience of seeing the European mails and express, as they approach our shores, whisked away by our alert American competitors and diverted through New New York and Boston, instead of passing through Halifax and Montreal? Once gone, our chance to insinuate ourselves into the All-Red Empire air mail route, to make Canada an important link in the eventual round-the-world commercial airways chain, is gone forever. That is the external aspect of our situation.

The internal is no less challenging. Is Canada to remain in control of her own air mail and commercial flying routes, American interests are busily at work, penetrating the Dominion at strategic points, endeavoring to secure landing privileges, vested rights in Canadian landing fields. The shortest feasible route from Chicago to Tokyo is through Winnipeg, down the Mackenzie, across the Yukon and over Alaska.

THE CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 4 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-6798-7-12-312i.

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR is guaranteed to please you better—all grocers. L-310-6i.

DESABLE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND will be reopened for public worship Sabbath 16th. Rev. L. P. Archibald of Bedeque will preach at 3 P. M. and Rev. Ewen MacDougall at 7.30 P. M. Special collections. L-308-1i.

WELSH HARD COAL.—We are supplying many homes with our high grade Welsh Coal for furnace. Your orders will receive our best attention. A. Pickard & Co. Phone 240. L-290-9-12-3i.

PRE-NUPTIAL SHOWER — A miscellaneous shower was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Meek on Wednesday evening, Aug. 29th, in honor of their daughter Mary, who is to be one of the season's brides. The bride-to-be was ushered to the dining room by Miss Etta Meek and placed under a beautifully trimmed arch. The gifts were opened by the Misses Hattie and Thelma Paynter and the humorous and interesting verses read by Miss Edna Champion, while Miss Elda Bernard presented the gifts to the bride and Miss Margaret Houston arranged them on the table. The gifts were numerous and costly, including silver, glass, chinaware and money. A dainty luncheon was served to all and they departed to their homes, all knowing they had spent a very pleasant evening together.

INDUCTION SERVICES — The services of Ordination and Induction of Mr. Edwin Jenkins White, B. A., took place Tuesday, Sept. 4th, at 7.30 in the Tyne Valley Presbyterian Church. Rev. G. C. Webster, Moderator presided. Rev. Dr. Fraser of Alberton preached a very able sermon from Mathew 5-6. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled." Rev. St. Clair Jeans then read a paper, the steps leading up to the call which was an unanimous call. The Rev. G. C. Webster ordained and inducted the new minister and also addressed the newly inducted minister. Rev. Mr. Prichard of Marshfield addressed the congregation in his usual pleasing manner. Rev. Jeans then gowned the new minister with a gown the gift of the Maisonneuve Church Montreal, it being the gown of the late Rev. G. C. Taylor a dear and personal friend of Mr. White. Mr. White is an Islander being born in Charlottetown, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White and grandson of the late Edwin White of the Customs Department, City and was educated at W. K. School and Prince of Wales College and then studied at McGill University, graduating with the degree of B. A., in 1932. His Theological course was completed at the Presbyterian College, Montreal from which he graduated in April with first class honors in all subjects. Their many friends wish Rev. and Mrs. White much success in their new field of labor.—(Patriot Please Copy).

BASEBURNER COAL. — Our D. L. & W. "Blue Coal" is the finest Hard Coal you can buy. Gives an even heat and is more economical than any other coal. A. Pickard & Co. Phone 240. L-290-9-12-3i.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. Sabbath 16th. Rev. Ewen MacDougall, Summerside 10.30; Borden at 3 and DeSable at 7.30; Mr. Archibald Desable at 3. J. Harvey Bishop, Murray River 10.30; Brooklyn 1.30; Iris 4; and Belle River at 7.30. L-307-1i.

CHURCH SERVICE. — Kingston Baptist Church, Sunday, September 16th at 7 o'clock. A Biblical Drama "For He Had Great Possessions" presented by the Clyde River B. Y. P. S. L-319.

NEW LONDON Presbyterian Services on Sunday, September 16th will be as follows: 11.00 A. M. Geddie Memorial. 2.00 P. M. Long River. 7.30 P. M. Clifton. The annual Missionary Thank Offering will be taken up at the evening service in Clifton Church. L-318.

ISLAND LADY DEAD—Sad news has been received by Mr. Ray A. MacLeod, Grahams Road, P.E.I., of the sudden death of his sister, Kate, Mrs. Alexander MacKay at her home Olympia, Washington, on Thursday morning, Aug. 30th.—(Patriot Please Copy.)

Use Minard's for Pimples

Hired Mourners At Chinese Funeral

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 12—As incongruous as the progress her family pioneered in San Francisco's famous Chinatown was the funeral of Mrs. Leo Kin Shu.

Her body lay bes de the remains of her husband in the Chinese Cemetery, temporarily at rest until that day when, in accordance with Chinese custom, it will be exhumed and sent to China for final burial.

Loo Kin Shu, her husband, was the first manager of the Chinese telephone exchange in San Francisco. It s here that almond-eyed daughters of the Orient powder their noses and manipulate switchboard plugs and cords just as do their Occidental sisters at other company offices.

There was great wailing and weeping by white-clad professional mourners, their heads cloaked in capes. Papers, an armcha r and an umbrella were burned by the graveside, and a roast pig, money and other articles were lowered with the body of Mrs. Loo into the grave, so that she would not want.

Blue-coated policemen, whose headquarters had been one of the younger Loo's playgrounds in childhood, and fashionably dressed San Franciscans mingled with Orientals as the Chinese r.tuals were performed to pacify the spirits and speed Mrs. Loo on her journey.

Hoover Attacks Roosevelt Policies

(A. P. by Guardian's Special Wire)

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12—Continuing his broad attack on the United States Government's pol'c'es, Herbert Hoover in the current issue of the Saturday Evening Post declares some Roosevelt measures are "emulating parts" of Fascist, Socialist and Communist systems of Government.

"It is obvious that many of these measures," the former President writes, "represent not reform or relief within the boundaries of liberty but that they are emulating parts of these other systems with the hope of speeding recovery from the depression."

As in Mr. Hoover's first copyright article, the portions of "consequences to liberty of regimentation" released for publ cation by the magazine, do not mention by name President Roosevelt or his administration.

PERSONALS

Mr. Austin Gallant, South Devon, N. B., returned home after visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gallant, Edward Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel J. Gallant, Edward Street, left this morning on a motor trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Annie Murphy has returned to Alberton after spending the past three week visiting her sisters, Mrs. Jerry Doucette and Mrs. Mac Tierney, of this City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Coles and children have returned to their home in Stoneham, Mass., after a very pleasant month visiting relatives and friends on the Island.

Strict Precautions At Glamis Castle Where Little Princesses Reside

GLAMIS, Scotland, Sept. 12—Four precious lives are being guarded by armed men up here on the fringe of the Highlands as though every casual visitor to the district were a potential gangster.

In Glamis Castle, behind its screen of dark pines and towering beeches, the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margart Rose are spending their summer holiday behind bolted and double locked gates.

For the first time since Princess Elizabeth paid her first visit to Glamis, every gateway to the grounds is guarded. The wooded avenues that approach the castle are patrolled both day and night by members of the Angus police force and gamekeepers on the Strathmore estate.

At Gannochy, 25 miles away, where the Duke and Duchess of York are members of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's shooting party even stricter precautions are in operation.

The guards there include two detectives, Mr. Morgan's personal bodyguard (who are always armed), and gamekeepers and beaters attached to the Gannochy grouse moors.

I drove to Glamis Castle from Forfar.

The great gates with their gold-and-enamel coat of arms were bolted and padlocked. The wicket gates were bolted, too.

The lodgekeeper came out and said, "You cannot come inside."

"Nobody is allowed to approach the castle. No permits are issued, and even people working at the castle must produce credentials before they enter or leave."

I tried to enter the castle grounds by one of the wooden gates on the Forfar Road.

A plain-clothes policeman stepped from behind a bush and warned me that I should get into serious trouble if I tried to reach the castle by that road.

The inhabitants of Glamis are astounded at these precautions.

There are whispering that anonymous letters have been received by the Duchess of York, suggsting a plot to kidnap the Princess.

From Glamis I went to Edzell.

At Gannochy Lodge, Mr. J. P. Morgan's home, I learned what determined privacy really means.

Gannochy Lodge is like a fortress.

Cars approaching Edzell from any direction are scrutinzed miles away from Gannochy, and reports regarding them are telephoned from the road boxes of the Scottish Automobile Association.

All gates, even those leading into woods and fields at Gannochy Lodge and Dalbog, are locked and guarded.

Store's "Electric Eye" Mystifies City Buyers

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 12—Mystery and medieval magic of Sinbad's day came to Detroit recently to befuddle the already much befuddled "man in the street.

A tall, well dressed man in a silk suit joined a crowd gathered in front of a drug store and watched the doors of the store swing wide without visible assistance as customers approached.

In the entrance were two sets of doors and as customers were walking up to them, ready to push their way through into the store, the doors would fly open of their own accord. They would walk in shame-facedly with hands outstretched before them.

The tall man seemed to know the answer to the "open sesame" and explained to the others:

"It's an electric switch. You step on the ground in front of the door and that pushes a buttoin which starts a motor. The motor turns a pulley and the door is swung open for you. Very simple."

"Tush, and another tush," said the man behind him. Glares were interchanged.

Those glares were cut off however, by a women, arms loaded with bundles, who lunged through the crowd to the door, balancing bundles and getting all set to butt her way through when the door again swung wide. She paused in the empty doorway to utter an uncertain "Thank you."

"No, you're wrong," a young telephone operator firmly announced. "Somebody pushes a button and the doors open."

"Yep, that's right," said the man in the street. Somebody pushes a button."

"Tush," again came from behind him and—"I know," said the tusher, whose real name is Sheldon Roby. "I know, because I built those doors.

"Its all very simple," he explained. "Its the electric eye. See that little light in the post that separates the exit door from the entrance door? That's really a beam and it hits a mirror opposite. When you walk between the posts you cut off the beam, breaking a circuit and causing a photo-cell to set compressed air pumps in action.

"The upkeep," he explained, "is less than the cost of burning one large lamp. The "electric eye" is nothing more than a headlight bulb," he revealed.

for RHEUMATISM
Pour Minard's into a warm dish. Rub liniment gently in; then apply it according to directions . . and soon you'll get relief!
MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

REDUCING MADE HER LOOK YOUNGER

A Burden of Fat Gone

Here is another case where the trim, slim figure of youth has displaced the coarse, fat outline of middle age. It is a housekeeper writing. She says:—

"I cannot say what weight I was, but I was very fat—a burden to myself. I have taken three bottles of Kruschen Salts, and now I am quite slender. I am over 56, and people take me for 40. I am more than proud of myself. You can take it from me that every word of this is true. I took a teaspoonful in hot water every morning till I used three bottles. Now I only take half a teaspoonful each morning. I cannot recommend the Kruschen Salts enough for they are worth their weight in gold."—(Mrs.) A. H.

Kruschen Salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

The Oyster Replaces The Frog in France

PARIS, Sept. 12—In France, the oyster has replaced the frog.

After one of the most bitter gastronomic struggles of the ages, the delicious bivalves from the French and Portuguese coasts have been attached to the French menu. Millions of Frenchmen now eagerly await the coming of each September when the restaurants announce the "glad arrival" of shell food.

In the years preceding the war, oysters, including the cheaper Portuguese variety and the expensive Marenne, were consumed largely by the gourmets. They ate them like children eat peanuts at a circus, mostly by the hundreds, it not being exceptional for a gentleman of capacity to eat 300 at a sitting.

The oyster of France is not a bulby, dead gray animal. It is a succulent jade green and pearl colored morsel, sweet and tasty. Here in France they are eaten raw, always raw. The French chef will never cook an oyster.

In France, the oyster must be drowned in white wine. No French chef has sunk so low as to fry an oyster, because one could then not eat them by the dozen. Oysters are sold on street corners and delivered to the home on big plates just in time for dinner.

It seems probable that with the triumph of the oyster, some smart chef will start cooking them, and the oyster may take the place of frogs and snails, which, after all, were best known during the siege of Paris, when there was no food, but lots of imagination on the part of hungry cooks.

Rooster is Hero In Czechoslovakia

PRAGUE, Sept. 12—There is a rooster in Czechoslovakia which is going to die an unnatural death—for a rooster—namely, old age.

It crowed so loudly during the night recently that its owner awoke, seized a gun and went looking for thieves in the fowlhouse. Instead he found that the roof of his farmhouse was on fire.

He managed to save his wife and four children just before the roof fell in.

In gratitutde the farmer has announced that the rooster will be allowed to live until it dies—instead of being killed and eaten.

JUNE OUTPUT OF CRUDE PETROLEUM IN CANADA

The output of crude petroleum in Canada in June was 109,021 barrels compared with 117,693 in May and 114,380 in June 1933. Production during the first six months of 1934 at 716,62. barrels was 34 per cent above last year. Alberta produced 95,820 barrels in June.

Sought By Americans

AMERICAN companies have been trying to secure landing rights on Canadian soil all along this route. So far it is true, they have not succeeded. Canadian Airways headed them off in British Columbia, in 1928, kept the Montreal-Toronto contract from falling into their hands when the International Airways of Hamilton went on the rocks, blocked the scheme of General O'Ryan of American Airways, who tried to get hold of a French-Canadian unit, the Transcontinental Airways, in order to get an outlet on the North Atlantic when that route opened. Such vigilance, so far, has been the price of our temporary safety. But it needs now to be backed up by some definite official action, a red blooded official Canadian policy.

The fact is, that while the armadas of our commercial rivals, world over, are filling the skies, Canada has gone into a tailspin. Landing fields, built as unemployment projects, or constructed by cities and municipalities at their own expense, lie unused and vacant. We are practically out of the picture, our air mails cancelled, our equipment gathering rust, the grass growing in our deserted runways.

Shall we sleep on, until awakened, too late, by the roar of American planes passing over our heads, carrying our share of that mail and express which will presently be borne on swift wings around the globe?

Can we bear to see it all passing to the south of us, because we had not the wit to restore our depleted air services in time to catch up with the rest of the world? Our very sovereignty over the air routes which lie through and across Canada is in peril. How much longer shall we be able to maintain it?

Woman's Act Of Heroism Trying To Rescue Friend

The tragic fate of Miss Emily MacDougall, who was swept by a wave fom the ledges south of Bar Harbor Thursday afternoon, inspired several heroic attempts to rescue her. The most notable of these attempts was made by one of her companions, Miss Christine Stuart of Brookline. As the details were not included in the dispatch published in your issue of Friday, Aug. 3, and as none of the other newspapers seen here give an adequate account of what Miss Stuart did your readers may be interested to learn of this.

As soon as Miss MacDougall was swept away, Miss Stuart and another companion, Miss Nellie Geaney of Cambridge plunged into the ocean fully dressed. About three minutes later, Miss Geaney was swept back upon the ledges by a wave before she could reach Miss MacDougall, and was at once seized by her friends on the shore who had to restrain her forcibly from re-entering the sea. Meanwhile Miss Stuart had reached Miss MacDougall, who could not swim, and caught hold of her.

Your account is mistaken in saying that the water was not over the heads of the young women, for it is very deep off these ledges. Miss Stuart, though a magnificent swimmer, was unable to swim toward shore with Miss MacDougall to support, because of the terrific undertow and the ebbing tidal current, which carried the two women steadily away from the ledges. The conditions were so bad that Hugh Tweer, the chauffer who left his passing car and bravely tried to rescue the young women, found when he had jumped into the ocean that he had all he could do to keep himself from being drowned and was unable to reach them.

Nevertheless Miss Stuart held up her struggling friend in the sea for 40 minutes, and was still grasping Miss MacDougall, now dead, when they were pulled from the water by a fireman lashed around the waist by a rope to other firemen on the rocks.

Only these persons who have been in the frigid Maine water and have also seen the surf on the rocks of Mt. Desert can realize what it meant for Miss Stuart to stay 40 minutes in that surf, holding up a woman who could not swim. It was the most courageous display of heroism I ever knew, writes Zechariah Chaffee, Jr., Sorrento, Me., Aug. 5, in the Herald.

Miss Stewart is a former resident of Culloden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stewart of Culloden.

Miss Emily McDougall, aged 25, of 10 High Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, died Thursday as the result of an accident on the ocean front near Thunder Hole.

It was nearly high tide and there was a heavy sea running when Miss McDougall, who did not know how to swim arrived at the ocean front with eight others for a picnic. She took off her shoes and stockings and accompanied by Miss Christine Stewart also of Brookline, and Miss Nellie Geaney of Cambridge, Massachusetts, walked along the rocks near the water's edge. Suddenly an unusually high wave broke over the rocks and washed Miss MacDougall into the ocean.

Miss Stewart plunged into the surf to help Miss MacDougall while Miss Geaney waded out into the surf to assist. Hugh Tweer, a chauffer, who was passing, heard the girls' cries, ran to the water's edge and jumped in, and tried to reach the girls.

Miss Stewart reached Miss MacDougall's side and for forty minutes held her in her arms. Alfred Reed, who patrols Sand Beach, ruhed to the scene, helped Miss Geaney out from the rocks in the surf, and took her to J. Franklin Anthony's home where she was treated for cuts and bruises. Mr Anthony immediately called the Bar Harbor Police and Fire Departments.

Police Officers Thomas, McGregor and Hayes made a fast run from Bar Harbor and when they reached the ocean front, Tweer was some distance from the girls, who were together, he being unable to swim to them through the strong current.

Officer Thomas immediately took off his clothes, and with a line tied about his waist jumped into the surf and through the undertow. He was forced to return to the shore where the line was lengthened and on the second attempt he reached the girls and brought thm to shore.

Dr. C. C. Morrison, Jr., could find no indication of life in Miss MacDougall, however, he and several others worked upon her in an effort to resuscitate her.

In the meantime the fire department had brought the police boat to Sand Beach and Chief Abbott had arrived at the scene in the police car. Sam Jacobs, Randolph Clark and John Lewey went out to Mr. Tweer's assistance in the police boat while Chief Abbott and Reed went out in a flat bottomed punt.

Both boats reached Mr. Tweer at the same time but, due to the heavy sea which was running, it was impossible to land the man and he was transferred to a speed-boat, in which Captain Hayes and his son Ralph, had made a fast run from Bar Harbor. Mr. Tweer was taken immediately to Hayes Landing where an ambulance took him to the Mt. Desert Island Hospital.

Miss Stewart, Officer Thomas and Mr. Tweer showed great courage as they dived into the heavy sea to help those in distress and everyone involved deserves much credit, the police and fire departments for the manner in which they co-operated, Captain Hayes for his speedy run to the scene and those who did all in their power in an effort to save Miss MacDougall's life.

Use Minard's for Pimples