A Naturalist's Calendar FOR Prince Edward Island

A carefully prepared series of notes of Meteorological and Botanical observations made in the period 1910-1937; and including a short list of common insects.

By BLYTHE HURST ("Agricola")
Brackley Beach

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YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Saturday, July 20th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —Less restricting than yesterday but still needs careful watching in business and work matters. Be especially alert and prudent in all dealings with strangers, in purchases and sales.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Be mindful of details particularly in legal and financial transactions; be wise spending and saving. Reconstruction, renovating, making improvements more favored than starting untried, venturesome undertakings.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)— Dig deep in your fertile brain for ways and means to further any worthy cause, to improve and help your own advancement and to aid your government however you can.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)— Best to retrench, carefully plan and study your duties and activities for today. With shrewd management and extra effort you should be able to accomplish in considerable measure. Be discreet in heart affairs.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)— An improvement over yesterday but we advise you to avoid being reckless with your energy, money or time. Best work can be done under calm reasoning, cheerfulness and tactful management.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Extremes should be shunned in business, sports, travel, study, amusements. Keep to a middle course and you'll avoid errors and overstrain. P. M. fine for spiritual attainment, music, art and outdoor activities.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Rather slow for quick monetary returns from business projects, sales, and the like, but headway can be made in a substantial way. Foundation work, plans, outdoor activities sponsored.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Your unusual ability to pinch hit in emergencies may be called upon today in down-to-earth matters, social affairs or sports activities. Meet the challenge graciously, whole-heartedly. You'll be happy in the doing, too.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — If haste and rashness are controlled there is no reason why you shouldn't enjoy and make this a profitable day. Meet others halfway. Application to duty necessary.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Amusements and affairs of family and home come first in line of approval. Financial associations may cause anxiety; be sensibly watchful of your interests. Romance and marriages receive favorable influences.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Difficulties will arise if you are stubborn regarding cooperation in matetrs essential to important issues. Today can and should be a source of better harmony and understanding with your gracious assistance.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Overwork or unnecessary apprehension will thwart your purpose and impede your progress in whatever your essential MUSTS. If work is your program, try also to make some time for relaxatoin and enjoyment with loved ones.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be reliable, sympathetic and meditative in disposition. An energetic individual who can be successful if it will learn self-mastery and overcome a too sensitive nature. Will need encouragement and affection to bring it to its fullest possibilities. Spiritual training essential.

How Are Your Eyes?

If you are having symptoms of strain—headaches, sore eyes or dizziness — consult a specialist.

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G. F. Hutcheson

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War Purchases From Motor Companies

OTTAWA, July 19—(CP)—Since the beginning of the war various branches of the Government purchased from three automobile companies 9,294 units to the value of $10,373,539, George Cruickshank (Lib. Fraser Valley) was told in the Commons yesterday in reply to a question.

From the Ford Company of Canada the Government purchased 5,124 vehicles valued at $5,447,170, from General Motors of Canada 4,017 units valued at $4,772,665 and from Chrysler Motor Company of Canada 153 units with a value of $153,695.

Keep Minard's in the home.

BLACK HORIZON

By JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

So far as Rand could judge Maya Jack intended making for Tavaqua, or some other isolated isle unfrequented by shipping other than itinerant trading vessels. In that case, there was little chance of any ship sighting them. Rand saw now that Maya Jack was right; with his superior knowledge of the tropics he could play hide-and-seek for years without ever being sighted.

Rand did not speak to Sonya after their conversation early in the morning. She, however, was on deck, and he saw that she was looking wan and rather worn. Her lovely eyes were deeply shadowed and s he looked almost haggard. He wondered if she had eaten that day.

At midafternoon Balu approached him.

"Bad storm coming, Jefe Kirby," said the native.

Rand looked from the man's dusky face toward the sea and the bright azure sky. He wondered how these islanders could tell so accurately the coming of a storm and whether it would be bad or not. It was another secret of the tropics white men seemed incapable of knowing.

"Bad storm," said Balu again his voice low, suggestive. "Good time to take Maya Jack."

Rand looked again at the native's face. It was inscrutable except for a narrowing of the black eyes. Inscrutable, yet there was some quality in that face that frightened him. It was a look like the one he had glimpsed in Maya Jack's ruddy face in the chartroom when he had told the big blond man that he had sold out to Duraud.

It was a strange restrained ferocity, a primitive cruelty that had only to be released by a word or a gesture. It was in the bared fangs of a wolf, in the snarl of a jungle cat. It must have been ages old, of a barbaric age, and given to these natives and to men who had lived among them as had Maya Jack.

Rand was frightened in spite of himself. He wondered what terror was going to break loose on the schooner—when he gave the word.

"When will the storm break?" he asked.

"When the sun sinks, perhaps," muttered Balu, gutturally. "Surely before another day."

"Good. Go back to your post and wait for orders," Rand instructed. "We'll take Maya Jack tonight."

"And Jefe Barker? And the red-faced man, Kelly Burk?"

"Yes," said Rand tersely. "They too. And the crew—if they try to aid Maya Jack. Now go."

The afternoon was passing, and the sun was already sinking low, a great red ball, toward unseen Mindana.

It was Rand's turn on the bridge, and he relieved Maya Jack. He saw Maya Jack was looking confident again and mighty well pleased with himself.

"Well, Kirby," Maya Jack said with heavy sarcasm "the day passed and no airplane spotted us. We won't be sighted during the night, and tomorrow we'll be safe."

"Safe?" queried Rand.

Maya Jack laughed bolsterously. "Still gripped by old maid's fears?"

"I was just thinking I have a lot to lose and nothing to gain in this affair."

"I'll sell you back your warehouse and wharf at Maglaya when I own the island."

"Yes? Well, when are you going to bargain with Duraud?"

Maya Jack's grin faded. "You seem to be in a devilish hurry, Kirby."

"Why shouldn't I be? I want you and that woman off she ship."

"Well get off—in time."

"Where? At Maglaya?" Rand shot back.

Maya Jack scowled at him. "That," he said, "is my business!"

In spite of Balu's forecast a stormless night sky lay conopied over the sea. A full moon came up, silvery white and beautiful. Pete Barker hadn't the courage of one of those tiny Japanese deer found in the Philippines, yet like a cornered rat, he might fight when forced.

"Double-crossing is a bad thing, Pete," Rand said pointedly. "A very bad thing."

He turned away, leaving Pete shuddering.

As Rand ate his evening meal he formulated his plan, and a growing excitement took hold of him. He hurriedly finished his meal, lit his pipe and went to his cabin. There he took out his revolver, broke it, and found it loaded.

He filled a pocket with spare cartridges. He went to the chart room, found it unoccupied. Apparently Maya Jack was in his cabin.

Rand went to the chest where the medical supplies were stored. He sought a bromide potent enough to put the taker to sleep. He found one, in powder form. With the medicine he went out on deck.

Balu, as if anticipating Rand's quest, appeared from a shadow.

"Balu, has the man Kelly Burk more liquor in his bunk in the forecastle?"

"He drinks all the time."

"Good. Here is a medicine. You take it and pour it into the bottle he drinks from tonight. Do not let him see . . .

"He is a dangerous man when drinking, this man Kelly Burk," whispered Balu. "I shall do as you wish."

"Right. And then when he sleeps we shall strike. W shall take Pete Barker first. He will be at the wheel. After Pete Barker is harmless, we go to Maya Jack. Got it?"

Balu nodded, Rand saw his hand close on the hilt of the knife in his sarong.

Leaving Balu, Rand went to Sonya's cabin. She admitted him without a word. Her eyes, wide and questioning, were communicative enough. She knew the time had come.

"Come to the helm when I send Balu to you," he said. "I shall want you to stand guard over Pete Barker after we disarm him."

"I shall come, Rand," Sonya whispered.

For a moment they faced each other. Rand had a mad impulse to sweep this girl he loved into his arms, to crush her against his chest. Then sanity followed, and he fought down the desire. She belonged to another.

He turned to the door. He heard her soft whisper:

"Be careful, Rand! For—for my sake."

He came out onto deck calm now by inward pressure. He glanced at the sky. It was clouding now. The storm Balu had promised was coming.

And then, while he was yet congratulating himself that he had his arrangements in time, the worst possible thing happened.

From the bridge Pete Barker was calling:

"Boat off port side! Boat off port!"

CHAPTER VI

Pete Barker's shouted call on sight of a vessel off the schooner's port side had the paralyzing effect of fear upon Rand Kirby.

His first thought was of the consequences if this vessel were a police boat. He well knew that he would have a difficult time making the island constabulary believe that he had no willing hand in Sonya's kidnaping. Perhaps if Sonya backed his story it might bear weight with the officials.

On the other hand, had he any right to expect that Sonya would back him? For the first time he was not sure of Sonya. She might be using his love as means of turning him against Maya Jack Cannaghan—so long as there was danger in that direction.

But once Maya Jack could not harm Sonya, might not she let Rand himself adrift, to explain to a disbelieving and angry constabulary that he was as much kidnaped as Sonya Duraud? Sonya might, and very possibly would. With all her friendliness, her expressed trust in him, could he count on her?

With such mingled feelings Rand went to the rail and peered out across the water. The swells were higher now, and rushing. He could not see from there the boat.

Pete's call had brought Maya Jack onto deck. Sonya came, too, her face in the waning moonlight hopeful. Balu, with a meaning glance at Rand, appeared.

Rand climbed to the bridge. He found Pete pointing into the thickening blackness.

"A small boat," said Pete. "One sail. I thought I heard a hail—— Listen! There it is again."

The wind was rising, and whistling in the radio wires overhead. Borne on the wind came a cry:

"Ahoy schooner!"

Then Rand saw the boat. It was a small open craft, with a single mast upon which the sail was furled. A man stood in the stern, wildly waving his arms.

Rand cupped his hands to shout: "Ahoy! What do you want?"

"Pick me up!" came the answer from the water.

Rand signaled to cut down the schooner's speed. Maya Jack came to the bridge as the schooner's power was cut off.

"What's he doing in the middle of the Pacific in an open boat?"

"He wants to be picked up," Rand said.

Maya Jack made no comment. The small boat was heading for the Ventura, its mast pitching and bobbing with the rushing sea. It was lost once as a mountainous wave rose, raced toward the schooner and broke over it. Rand switched on the bridge searchlight and played its beam over the murky water. It picked out the boat and the man.

Rand felt Pete Barker grip his arm and heard him say:

"Did you see what I saw?"

Rand nodded. And Maya Jack muttered under his breath.

Rand kept the light focused on the boat. The man in the spot of light was striking in appearance, a great muscular man with flaming red hair and a beard equally as red. He was naked to his waist, and his body was burned red by exposure. He stood manning the tiller, ungainly on his feet. He looked near collapse.

"Jacques LaBlanc!" Pete Barker cried.

"Who is Jacques LaBlanc?" Rand asked.

It was Maya Jack who answered. "Murderer," he said tonelessly. "He killed a man six months ago in Zamboagna. The constabulary has been hunting him all the while. Rotten luck we had to stumble onto him."

Rand went to deck to supervise the bringing of Jacques LaBlanc aboard. The man collapsed as he came over the side, and Balu, who had helped him from the small boat, lifted him to a sitting position.

"Water gone," LaBlanc panted wild-eyed. "Lost my bearings. . . . I couldn't go on . . ."

Maya Jack came and helped Balu get the man to his feet.

"Take him to the forecastle and bring him around," Rand said. "Put him in irons in the hold. We'll hand him over to the constabulary when we can."

Maya Jack looked at Rand glaringly, his blue eyes steely. Rand expected an outburst, but none came. Maya Jack started off, half dragging, half carrying LaBlanc.

Sonya stood by Rand, looking after the big red-bearded man.

"What will this mean?" she asked. "Is it—it another against us, Rand?"

"No. I'll have this one in irons before Maya Jack wins him over."

"Is is going to be tonight Rand?"

Rand nodded, deliberately. "Just as soon as the storm breaks."

The clouds pushed down and a blinding rain came, and after the rain the wind sprang up again, from the southwest this time, a stiff twenty-knot breeze. Rand was on deck in oilskins; he was not yet ready to send Pete Barker to the wheel.

The schooner trailed a boiling phosphorescent wake. Its bow nosed the murky water into a high white comb that hissed viciously and shrilly. The swells ran high and long, outracing the ship and breaking over the deck in a cascade of salt spray. Footing was precarious on the pitching deck. But the Ventura rode the swells easily.

Sonya appeared again. She was wrapped in oilskins that seemed to swallow her slim person. She clung to the railing, breathlessly.

"It's breath-taking," she gasped.

"This is just a squall," Rand said. "But look at the sea. Those waves ——" Sonya braced herself as a swell struck the schooner.

"This is just the beginning, according to Balu," Rand shouted, above the screaming of the wind. "You are likely to see waves running thirty feet high."

"They are high enough now," Sonya said. Her face was wet, and the salt spray was biting the skin and stinging her eyes.

Rand thought so, too. He looked at a rising crest, tumbling into a trough, rising again, a mountain of green water. Then it broke, and they could see the clouds again, the blackness of them. It was like sailing through a dungeon. The horizon was dark, utter blackness complete and seeming to narrow in on them. The deck was awash as the schooner struck a crest and foam swirled at their ankles.

Then jagged lightning began to pierce the murk. Sonya flinched as a clap of thunder seemed to shake the very timbers of the ship. In the fleet blossoming of light her face was blanched. The lightning bolts came oftener, jolting and brilliant. And then the storm really struck.

The seas were titanic, nightmarish. The wind was a gale, ripping and shrieking. The deck rolled side to side, nosed down with stern high. It leveled to pitch the bow out of the sea and come down hard. Then the sea was over all the deck, and Sonya and Rand seemed standing in the raging ocean. The radio wires came down with a frightful explosion as the rigging struck the chartroom roof. The wind whipped it about, slamming it into a skylight, and there was another explosion of shattering glass.

"You'd better go to your cabin!" Rand shouted into Sonya's ear. His arm was about her, holding her to him. Under the oilskins her body was trembling.

He saw Sonya down the companionway, then went to the bridge. Pete Barker was there still, his arms wrapped against the railing. His thin face was ashen, his eyes wide and glaring. He was chattering, first cursing then praying, then cursing again.

"We'll not get through this!" he whimpered. "This—is the — end!"

Rand looked at him pityingly. "You go take the helm," he ordered.

Pete went, scared and trembling, his legs putty, limp.

The gale went on unabated, terrible. The ocean had gone mad.

(To be Continued)

Duchemin - Kinley Wedding

The home of Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Kinley, Wolfville, N.B., was the scene of a pretty wedding Thursday, July 11, when their daughter, Marian Carmalita, was united in marriage to Lloyd Allison Duchemin, son of H. P. Duchemin, K.C., and Mrs. Duchemin, of Sydney. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. H. Eaton, D.D., assisted by the bride's father. Candle lighted for the ceremony, the house was artistically decorated with ferns, roses and lupins.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was dressed in a graceful gown of watermellon pink chiffon. The basque bodice featured rows of soft shirring, which was also carried out on the short cap sleeves, and the softly draped skirt, falling from a slim fitting midriff, swept into a slight train. Her finger-tip veil of pink melaine was arranged with a matching headdress and her bouquet was of butterfly roses and bouvardia.

Both bride and groom were unattended. The wedding marches were played by Miss Gwen Duchemin, of Toronto. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Harry Chaplain, of Sydney, sang. The bride's mother was dressed in orchid lace with pink corsage, while the groom's mother wore a gown of mauve and pink flowered chiffon, with corsage of mauve sweet peas.

Following the ceremony a reception was held. Mrs. M. K. Ingraham and Mrs. W. S. Rice poured, while assisting in serving were the Misses Jean Anderson, Mary Patriquin, Shirley Elliott, June Duchemin, Dorothy Kinley, Eileen Kinley and Grace Perry. Mrs. G. H. Ruffee replenished.

The happy couple left immediately on a motor trip through the Eastern provinces and on their return they will reside in Sydney, where the groom is on the teaching staff of Sydney Academy.

(The Duchemin family have numerous relatives and friends in this Province, Mr. H. P. Duchemin being a former Charlottetown boy).

Another Story by WENNER.... From Another Caribbean News Spot--NASSAU

* * * * * * * *

Bahamas Glad About Windsor; Not Glad About Other News

The harbor of Nassau. Some of the many cays of the Bahamas are seen in the upper left corner.

Islanders See Boom In Tourist Business With Duke On Hand

BY THOMAS J. B. WENNER
NEA Service Specinal Correspondent

NASSAU, The Bahamas, July 16. — The normally placid and courteous Bahaman is not so placid these days. He is trying hard to remain courteous.

Most exciting — and welcome—news in years for the islands was appointment of the Duke of Windsor as governor and commander-in-chief. Nearly everyone here predicts a big lift for the archipelago's social life and an even bigger boost for tourist trade from the U. S.

But the annexation talk is another matter.

If Britain meets the fate of France, these closest of all British possessions off United States shores may go on the colonial "block." Reports circulate here that plans before the U. S. Congress envisage a "deal" for cession of the Bahamas in consideration of outstanding war debt payments.

This riles Bahamans.

Persons long resident in New Providence Island, center of economic and political activity, consider the Bahamas "most pro-British and anti-American of all British outposts in this hemisphere." The general attitude is pretty well summed up by this statement made to me by a gentleman of long and reputable standing in the archipelago:

"In the first place we don't recognize the justness of the war debt claims. The United States got into the last war very late. She was lucky not to lose more soldiers in France, trying to help stop 'Jerry' from over-running Europe.

"Second, the Washington government is expected to live up to its New Deal principles. So far President Roosevelt has maintained an anti-imperialist policy in the West Indies and the Caribbean.

"Third, our large colored population would not stand for it. You couldn't get a baker's dozen to vote for any such proposal today, the war situation notwithstanding.

"In the final analysis, our islands are not for sale. Britain does not turn over the inhabitants of her colonies to the highest foreign bidder. If Britain loses out in Europe the story may be different. But she hasn't lost the war yet."

GUARANTEE WELCOME

BRITISH officaldom here appears to take an even more haughty and untouchable attitude —suggesting that the most delicate diplomatic maneuvering will have to be employed if the United States is to bring the Bahamas within the scope of western hemisphere "protective custody."

If Britain meets serious reversals in the final phase of the war, most Behamans apparently would like to see some sort of guarantee by the U. S. and Latin American countries of archipelago neutrality in the western Atlantic —with full independence in domestic affairs.

For the rest, the islands are not "for sale."

But the inhabitants of the Bahamas know on which side their bread is buttered. The economic well-spring of the islands has always been the United States. Bahaman imports from the United States far outdistance those of Great Britain and Canada combined; reciprocally, Americans are the islands' largest customers.

The islands buy a great deal from the U. S., but they require a lucrative American tourist trade to pay for their imports.

This may seem like a one-sided deal, but it is the sort of thing the U. S. will have to think more about if the Monroe Doctrine is to become more than a mouth-warming expression of American hopes.

Strategically, the islands are important. Nassau, the capital, is two hours flying time from Florida. Pimini, nearest island of the group, is less than 40 minutes by air from Miami. The islands stretch for more than 600 miles from Haiti to Florida. Even the passage to the Caribbean between Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic might be jeopardized from easternmost points in the Bahamas.

Congress has taken steps to bolster present defenses in the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico an Cuba. Americans could feel safe if the Bahaman group were also brought inside the defense line.

FIFTH COLUMN MINOR FACTOR

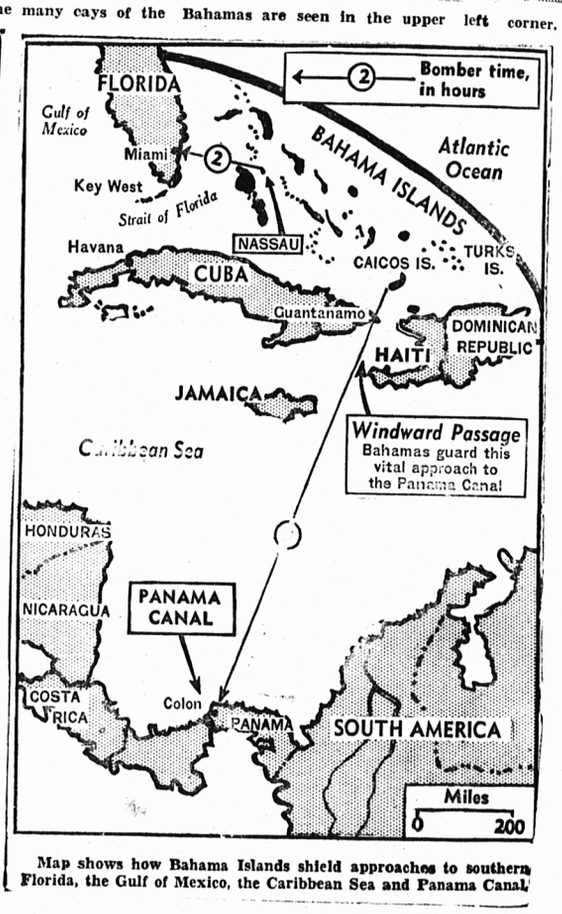
HOW has the war affected the Bahamas? On the surface, very little. Life goes on in just about the same leisurely manner it has for centuries. But underneath the gloss of affluent tourist gaiety and native lethargy is a deep (if somewhat masked) official British gloom.

Tourist trade has fallen off considerably. Ship schedules have been sharply curtailed. The hope here is that virtual stoppage of European travel—plus the attraction of Edward and Wally — will bring increasing numbers of American tourists.

Patriotic fervor runs high. The islands have contributed 20,000 pounds to imperial defense, and a wartime insular "defense army" has been formed.

There is talk of fifth column activity, but there appears to be little menace in the islands. The population is approximately nine-tenths colored, and the natives have fared well under British rule.

Almost no German or Italian elements reside in the islands.



Map shows how Bahama Islands shield approaches to southern Florida, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and Panama Canal.

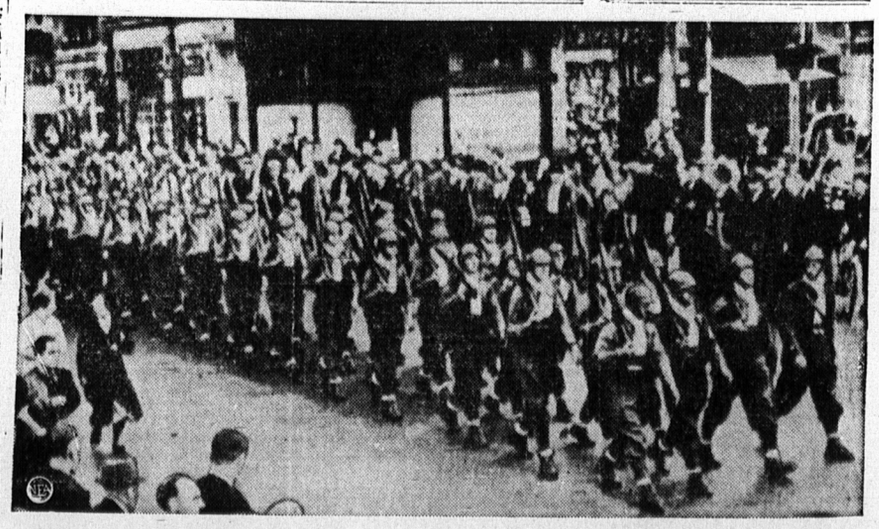
Women Leaders Carry on for China

Constant air raids by Japanese bombers are turning Chungking, Chinese provincial capital, into a city of ruins. Above, picking their way through the rubble of a bomb-wrecked home, are China's famed women leaders—the Soong sisters. Left to right: Mme. H. H. Kung, wife of the Finance Minister, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the Chinese Republic's founder and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese generalissimo.

LONDON, July 19—Mm. Schiaparelli, Paris dress designer, who fled to Portugal when the Germans occupied France, is likely to make her home in New York, the Daily Sketch said.

(Mme. Schiaparelli, already enroute to New York, was stranded in the Azores when the Atlantic Clipper developed motor trouble Monday).

The Daily Sketch said that Capt. Edward Henry Molyneux, British-born Paris dress designer, had escaped through Biarritz, boarding a collier for London.



Although for the first time in 151 years there was no celebration of Bastille Day in France, the French Independence Day did not go completely unobserved. These French troops in England, still fighting Germany under leadership of General Charles de Gaulle, proudly marched in London.