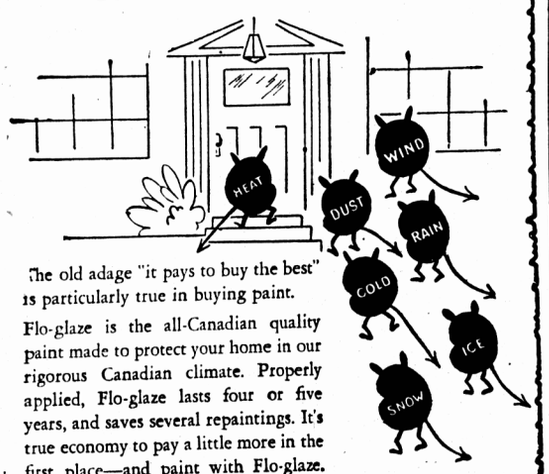
7 Little Devils

THAT SOON WRECK THE SURFACE OF A "BARGAIN" PAINT



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Islanders I Have Met

By 'Islander Abroad'

"I See Niagara Falls."

On Monday last I left via C.P.R. for the Falls in company with other folk who are enroute to Rhodesia, Africa for the mission field of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

At Welland, we left the train for the bus which took us through a picturesque part of the Niagara peninsula direct to the Falls on the Canadian side. From the Canadian side, we viewed the Falls.

The gardens and park sites were beautiful. Tulips in all hues bloomed en masse everywhere in well arranged flower beds. Visitors were numerous, the shops were well stocked with souvenirs and every one seemed anxious to assist in making our visit pleasant and entertaining.

After lunch at the "Honey Dew", we walked along the pathway by the Bus Depot, and saw an arched monument to the memory of the pioneers who won their way into the heart of the country among trials and difficulties, receiving little or no thanks for their great work, opening up a country for the benefit of future generations. These were heroes whose praises were unsung We many wonder how many today appreciate the work, toil and sufferings of these early settlers, who endured untold heartbreaks and who underwent privations great and many, leaving behind in their own country their folk and the then known comforts to forge a way hitherto unknown in a land from which they did not return. Many of these were like Abraham of old, they went out knowing not whither. All they had was their faith in God. These lovers of true freedom have left the torch for others to carry it on, generation after generation. It is for us, then, lest we forget them and others since, who laid down their lives to our deliverance from the foe, to carry on and hold high, letting not Fascism as well as Communism, all isms, and modern theology uproot and destroy the principles of true freedom and liberty purchased dearly on Calvary's Cross, and the faith contended for by saints and martyrs.

The only hope of the nations is in God for righteousness alone exalteth a nation. Sin is the reproach of any people.

We had a boat trip on the "Lady of the Mist" around towards the falls, and had a closer view of the tremendous amount of water flowing over the heights above. We reached the pier by a trolley affair elevator.

A year ago I visited the Falls enroute to Boston via Buffalo, N.Y. That time, I saw the Falls from the American side. On the American side there is an elevator shaft to take visitors to the "Cave of the Winds". Visitors, like on the "Lady of the Mist" wear oilskins on a visit to the "Cave of the Winds" which leads one directly to the foot of the Falls. We were viewing from the Canadian side, these visitors to the foot of the Falls. They were discernible only by the yellow coloring of the oilskins, and sometimes, because of the spray they were completely hidden from view.

On the Canadian side, there is "Place at the Horseshoe", part of the Falls where one is able to get in behind the Falls. This I did not see.

There is a beautiful park on either side in connection with the Falls, but without prejudice, one many say the Canadian view, and grounds are superior.

One thing that is noticed by visitors from across the seas, who love to leave nature to nature is the region about the Falls is highly commercialized. But what isn't today? The advertisements, billboards, etc. show us the conditions of the age in which we live. Everything is commercialized by a public, made to and in itself, even that which should be held sacred and in reverence by man.

On return to Toronto though, I had a two hour wait in Welland, owing to a rain storm was unable to visit around the town. However I did see the Welland canal, two large steamers sailing through, and the fruit trees just in blossom. Another week or so will cause the peninsula to show forth her blossom beauty in "full bloom".

INSTANT NEW BEAUTY FOR SKIN

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

A complete beauty treatment with just this one cream—every time you use it. Cleanses, softens, smooths, beautifies.

34¢ • 65¢ • 93¢ • $1.50

At All Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Knevels

Ten followed her to the basement floor where the Milk Kitchen was installed. In the middle of the room stood a circular booth with a shining white counter where Gwenn Harding—in becoming white uniform and Red Cross headdress — was handing out bottled milk to a line of clients. Ten waited for a break in the procession, then stepped to the counter to greet Gwenn. "Hullo! Say, is this the service they're talking of giving up?"

"Soonest-bestest for me," Gwenn yawned. "This is the worst job in the place. Here you are, Noel, Take over." She put her arm through Ten's and drew him across the floor.

"But look here — what will these people do? If this place is closed where will they get milk?"

"Oh, Lord! Don't ask me. I'm sure I don't know," Gwenn answered irritably. "They'll manage somehow. Poor people always do."

In these busy days April was far from feeling slighted by Ten's neglect. She did wonder occasionally how Bill was getting on with wat she called "his tramp hobnobbing." These roadside hikes and lodging house conferences did not absorb all Bill's time, she knew. Hadn't Gwenn boasted at the Bureau more than once of having to hurry home early because she had "a date with Bill?"

Once in a while now, when Bill met Gwenn at the Bureau, she spoke casually of Southampton and Lenox, of yachts and adventure. Once, when she made a break about a racing record before Miss Sally, Bill had to shut her up so sharply that afterwards he apologized. "Look here, Gwenn, I'm sorry I was rude. Would you mind —if you know anything about my affairs — not speaking of them here? As long as I've made this agreement with Jay King and your father, I've got to stick to it."

"Father didn't tell on you," Gwenn hastened to explain. "I'm a great little deducer, that's all. Smart of me, isn't it?"

As the time for the "Bad-Taste Party" drew near, April pondered the question of costume. She puzzled over the matter of her gown till Noel gave her a hint. "Why not try the Opp Shop, April dear? I've never been there but I hear they have wonderful bargains." So to the "Opportunity Shoppe" April betook herself.

By good luck the dress that fitted best was the most alluring An evening frock, yet so gay and gypsyish with its bright sequined jacket and wide striped skirt in green and silver, that it was perfect for a costume party.

Originally the mistress of the "Hill" had not intended to let her "old girls" take on the preparations for the party, but since she couldn't get married in a hurry to please them, she might at least let them enjoy themselves.

"When we got a swell home like this," Mrs. Bundy declared, "why not entertain in it?"

"Why not?" Miss Zora echoed. "Don't you and Ten worry about your party, April. Poll and me will put it over, if it takes a leg.'

As she opened her front door on the afternoon of the party, April asked herself if any other enthusiasts could have wreaked equal havoc in her dignified home. The cairs must have given out as April had feared, or else surely there would have been no excuse for the tentlike monstrosity blocking the angle of the hall. A large umbrella covered in red and gold paper protected a narrow couch piled with weirdly assorted cushions. The umbrella roof was further decorated by paper banners splashed with red hearts and gilded hands.

"I think its simply—remarkable," the girl assured Polly. "Where did you get the couch, Polly dear?"

"We made it—made it outer trunks", Bundy was triumphant. "Next thing is — what you going to wear to the party, April?"

"I've got it here." April hugged her package. "Come upstairs and let me show you by 'Opp Shop' gown."

CHAPTER XVII

The green and silver was certainly becoming. When dressing time came, April tied a gay little gypsy handkerchief of green and silver and blue over her bright hair, took her ribboned tambourine, and waved a salute to the girl in the old-fashioned mirror. "There, you've got something as pretty as Gwenn Harding for once." she told herself, "even if you don't look so grand in it."

In the kitchen Polly Bundy was calling for help. She handed April her white smock and begged her to get to work at once. In the throes of supper preparations, Polly had been obliged to go to the door and take a silver box the size of her sturdy self. "That Brown feller," she sputtered. "His folks must be in the florist line."

"Nice for us." April sighed. She had sworn never to accept another flower from Bill Brown, but well—what could one do when tempted by faery lambs of lemon-gold, great ivory globes in crimson oak leaves? Wincing at Polly's comment, "Dollar a piece if a cent." April set the gorgeous thing in her brown jar and carried them to the library.

No one, April reflected, could wish anybody toothache, and Lucious Adams was benefactor, not enemy. Nevertheless, when he had telephoned regretting that an abscessed molar made it impossible for him to attend the party his hostess heaved a sigh of relief. This was the chance she had been hoping for — getting Jay and Alixe together on an unofficial occasion. If they didn't take advantage of it, that wasn't hre fault.

Back in the kitchen April found Polly almost in tears. Again she had been interupted, this time by the arrival of a basket laden with clinking bottles. "Look there, Stuff for cocktails. I don't know how to mix 'em, and anyhow they ain't goin' to be mixed in my kitchen. If I'd known it was goin' to be this kind of party April, you wouldn't a' got me workin' my fingers to the bone for it—no, nor Zory either. We don't approve of young folks drinking, and what's more we ain't ashamed to come plunk out an' say so!" Polly sank in a chair, fanned her hot cheeks with her apron.

"Polly, darling, I didn't order this liquor." April was quick to explain.

"You didn't? Then it must 'a' been Ten."

"I suppose so." April frowned. "Ten did say something about 'celebrating under the chaperones' noses', and I suppose this is what he meant. He should not drink at all because he is so easily affected He takes a drink or two and then starts talking foolishly and doing things that get him into trouble. We're all watching him these days and trying to keep him straight."

"You are," Bundy broke in, "and Mr. Brown maybe, but the rest don't care a hang."

"Well, what can we do about this?" April sighed.

"Don't you worry. I know what to do." Polly declared. "You go see if the dining room table is set right."

Returning from prolonged examination of the table April found that the liquor basket had disappeared.

Ten, the first arrival, had stuck to his inspiration and his costume combined all possible atrocities in men's attire. It began with a topper that had a Tyrolean feather, and ended with bright yellow boots. While he was still being admired, the Andrews and the Chelmsfords came along, and later young Doctor Bishop who made a hit with his surgeon's gown over his Tux. Natalie Andrews looked particularly charming, if most incorrect, as "Cinderella at the Ball."

"We tossed up for it." Noel explained to Ten. "Nat drew "Cinderella after'—she would—and I'm just poor little 'Cindy before".

"Tough luck." Ten laughed He added carelessly. "You know you look rather nice-like a little gray mouse." and never knew the light remark would be indelibly engraved on a girl's memory.

"Where's Gwenn?" Ten demanded of April. "She and the Brown guy, are late."

"Bill Brown's the late one." Natalie put in. "He phoned Gwnn from somewhere way out in the country—said he was 'detained', but Gwenn thinks he's dishing her. She's wild—phoned me she wouldn't come alone, but I guess she'll be here all right."

Gwenn arrived while April was in the kitchen pouring fruit juice into little frosty glasses. Noel, who had seen a couple of cars stopping rushed in to ward her of new arrivals. She stopped short as April drew off her smock.

"What's the matter?" Noel's hostess inquired blithely. "Like my Opp Shop frock?"

"It's awfully becoming."

Poor little Noel, she was no good at concealing things and April had the truth out of her in no time. The green and silver was sweet but, yes — it was Gwenn Harding's last winter's evennig dress. She'd got too fat for it. April knew what Gwenn would do she'd give a whoop and blither about how glad she was poor dear little April should have her castoff gown.

Never you mind, Noel." April was laughing, conquering her annoyance. "Gwenn shan't spoil my party. I'll whoop first — tell how much I had to take in the dress. Come on."

(To Be Continued)

"NERVES" She Called It

Losing interest—losing friends—she never went out any more—always too tired. "Nerves", she thought—but it was her kidneys—the filters of her blood—that needed attention. She used Dodd's Kidney Pills at once. The improved action of her kidneys helped to clear away blood impurities and excess acids. Fatigue, backache, headache, lack of energy disappeared. Dodd's Kidney Pills contain essential oils and medicinal ingredients that act directly upon the kidneys—and help restore their normal action. 144

Dodd's Kidney Pills

Insurance Sales Congress Opens This Morning

The third Annual Life Insurance Sales Congress which is being held under the auspices of the Life Underwriters Association of Prince Edward Island, opens this morning at the City Council Chambers (City Hall) with registration at 9 a.m. Mr. A. R. McInnis, C.L.U., Provincial President, will preside at the morning session, and Mr. R. J. Rupert, C.L.U., Regional Vice-President, will be chairman of the afternoon proceedings.

Mr. Edwin Johnstone, C.L.U., will extend the greetings of the City on behalf of the Mayor and City Council.

The speakers this morning will be: G. Stanton Hale of New York, W. J. Henry Chittick, C. L. U., of Winnipeg, A. Gordon Nairn of Toronto and C. A. Potter of New Glasgow, N.S.

The speakers this afternoon will be John A. MacKinnon, C.L.U., of Saint John, N.B., G. Stanton Hale and A. Gordon Nairn.

A highlight of the Congress will be the noon luncheon at the Charlottetown Hotel when A. Gordon Nairn will be the speaker.

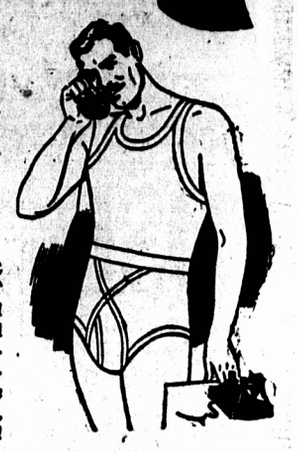
It is expected that Life Insurance salesmen representing eleven different Companies doing business in the Province will attend the Congress.

2 BIG EXCLUSIVES

"COMFORT TWINS"

Lennard's MacDEE BRIEF

With the EXCLUSIVE CANTILEVER SUPPORT . . . No other brief has this! As the full elastic waistband hugs your middle, the built-in Cantilever Action automatically, gently lifts. Holds without side bind or pull. No buttons to break or lose!



Lennard's Kut-Ups SHIRT

The KUT-UPS exclusive feature gives unbelievably smooth fit . . . follows every move of your body—yet never makes a move of its own! Stays tucked in without creep, bunch or bind!

● Note how the inverted V-vent is *tailored-in* at the crotch line.

Soft, close-knit combed cotton yarns wear and wear. Wash in a wink. Choice of Brief or Half-Way.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

York And Vicinity

Miss Dorothy Robinson, teacher of Crapaud School, spent Saturday in York, the guest of her brothers, Verdon and Gerald Robinson.

Miss Helen Lewis, City, spent the week-end in York, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crockett, York, had as their visitor last week, Mrs. Crockett's mother, Mrs. MacPherson of Orwell Cove.

The Marshfield Y. P. U. presented their play "Hillbilly Hospitality" in York Hall on Friday evening to a large attendance and everyone enjoyed it very much.

Friends of Mr. Leonard Andrews, York, are sorry to hear of his illness.

Miss Doris Underhay, Bay Fortune, was a visitor to York last week the guest of her sister, Miss Evelyn Underhay, primary teacher of York School.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jenkins of Mt. Albion were visitors to York Sunday, the guests of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Vessey.

Mrs. Gordon Crockett, York, was a visitor to Covehead on Sunday, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ramsay Auld.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Auld and family, City, paid a flying visit to York and Covehead on Sunday.—C.

Sullivan-Proctor Wedding

St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, was the scene of a very pretty spring wedding Monday, May 24, when Rev. Fr. Richard Murphy united in marriage Catherine Rita Proctor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs James Proctor, Hunter River, Prince Edward Island, to Percy William Sullivan, son of Mrs. Catherine Sullivan and the late Thomas Sullivan, Roseneath, Prince Edward Island.

The bride looked charming in a smartly designed street length dress of honeymoon blue sheer with a blue mist floral hat having a shoulder length veil. She carried a white prayer book trimmed with white streamers and her corsage was of pink roses.

The groom's gift to the bride was a lovely crystal Rosary.

The bride's sister, Mrs. James Cullen, was matron of honor and wore a street length dress of petal pink crepe with matching accessories and a corsage of pink carnations.

The groom's brother, James Sullivan, was best man.

Following the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Cullen, Fairview, a wedding breakfast was served to immediate relatives and friends. The bride's table was centred with a beautifully decorated wedding cake. The toast to the bride was proposed by James Sullivan and responded to by the groom.

For a wedding trip by motor through the Maritime Provinces, the bride chose a fushia suit of rayon faille and she wore a beige topcoat with brown accessories.

On their return they will reside in Halifax.

FOREST-FIRE TOLL

Forest fires in the United States destroy enough timber annually to build 100,000 homes.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

(Continued from Page 10)

diamonds before drawing trumps was an outright confession that he had something to fear in the trump suit itself. It was absurd for East to feel that declarer wanted to discard losers on the diamond suit, because dummy had no losers, aside from trumps. Thus, the last thing that East should have considered was to ruff the diamond that was offered to him as "bait."

CENTENARIAN "BUGLER"

WAKEFIELD, England — (CP) —Mrs. Ellen Walker, 101, blows a miniature bugle to summon her bachelor son, George, 73, from his nearby vegetable garden. She used to use a regulation army bugle but hasn't "enough puff" now.

PEP UP YOUR LIVER

Feel "Rarin" To Go!

If your liver pumps two pints of bile into your bowels every day it is more than likely you will be quite "regular." This is easy to do with DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS. You should feel better next morning — headache gets relief — bowels move more smoothly — stomach disorders get real help. You won't feel so blue or discouraged. A well-regulated system will assist in putting you on your feet again. Get your bile flowing fast enough — wake up your liver — feel good all over — A remedy to help you is DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS. 25c at all dealers.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS ARE GOOD FOR LIVER-ILLS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — Major Hoople