

PROCLAMATION

BRIGHTEN UP WEEK

In an effort to make our Island Province more attractive and as a welcome to our Summer visitors I do hereby proclaim and set aside the week of July 8 to 13th

BRIGHTEN UP WEEK IN THE PROVINCE

Attention to Homes and Schools with Paint and Whitening, a General Cleaning up Process, and THE FLYING OF FLAGS will brighten the appearance and add beauty and value to Prince Edward Island in addition to making our Island Province more attractive to all islanders as well as to those who come among us as guests.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Government House, Charlottetown this Twenty-Sixth Day of June, 1946.

J. A. BERNARD,
Lieutenant Governor
of Prince Edward Island.

SPECIALIZING IN PERMANENTS

ALL
NEW EQUIPMENT
FINGER-WAVING, etc.

HUNTER RIVER BEAUTY SALON

LILIAN WALKER
Beautician
PHONE 13

RACING DRIVER

By Alexander Campbell

THEN TRAGEDY

Dorothy and Reddy found themselves dancing wildly together on top of their grassy knoll. Then, over his shoulder, Reddy saw something. He released the girl and stepped back. His eyes glared. As if it could have been heard in time, or at that distance, above the roaring engines of the car, he screamed: "Guv'nor! Look out!" Dorothy looked. As Carter shot towards the finishing line, a child who had somehow escaped his parents wandered to the very edge of the track. A policeman saw him, shouted, and leaped—and missed. The tot wandered on to the road. For an instant the blue racing car was roaring down on the child, standing there frozen with sudden terror and bewilderment. There was no time to brake, to slow down. The big blue car swung at right angles, skidded violently, and shot off the road on to the rough ground at the side of the track. It leaped like a live thing, with a shrill scream of tortured metal. It bounded, rebounded and somersaulted. A figure shot through the air, and thick pungent smoke was pouring up against the hot blue sky.

Dorothy found herself running. She raced across grassy, uneven ground, fought desperately with people who got in her way. They were all running in the same direction, hundreds of them. The blue car was a blazing mass of wreckage. What had been one of the proudest creations of man, an intricate piece of gleaming machinery, was tortured and twisted metal. A cordon of police had been formed, and they were trying to keep the crowds back. One of them barred Dorothy's way. "Sorry Miss," he began. She ducked under his arm and ran on. The heat of the car came out in a wave and almost blinded her. She skirted it and put one hand across her eyes and made for the spot where she had seen that flying figure fall. Frank lay on the ground. His arms were outstretched. Blood from a cut in his forehead had trickled down past his goggles. His eyes seemed to be closed. Dorothy threw herself on her knees beside him. She seized his shoulders. "Frank!" she shouted. "Frank!" A sob was torn from her throat. "Oh, darling, you mustn't die. I love you!"

LOVE ACTS STRANGELY

Six weeks before, Frank Carter had wakened up after a crash, to find a lovely girl bending over him. He had reflected that, if this were heaven, he liked it. But the lovely girl had spoken coldly. She had been aloof and detached. The only interest she had seemed to take in him was a scientific one. She had observed him as cold-bloodedly as a student observes a frog. Now he woke up again, to find the same girl bending over him. But she was the same only in her loveliness. Tears streamed down her cheeks. And a cry lingered divinely in his ears. "I love you!" "Darling!" murmured Frank. He found he had just sufficient strength to raise himself and kiss her on the mouth. Then he sank back and the mists of unconsciousness closed over him once again. A man carrying a black bag, broke through the crowd. "Doctor!" Dorothy turned swiftly to him. Through her tears, she was smiling happily over that cress. "Is he all right? Is he badly hurt?" Will he ever wake up again? The medical man shot her a keen glance. "Fiance?" he murmured. "Ah, yes of course!" Dorothy did not contradict him. She looked at him with mute appeal. The doctor was running his hands over Carter's recumbent body. "Hm!" he murmured. "Don't seem to be any bones broken. Unconsciously he echoed Professor Ellington's remark of six weeks ago: "Lucky young devil!" "He straightened up. "I don't think you have anything to worry about. May be slight concussion. I'll swear there's no more. Ah! here's the ambulance." "Doctor!" Dorothy rose swiftly. "May I go with him?" "Certainly," he nodded heartily. "That will probably be the very best thing." The doctor proved a shrewd diagnostician. Frank had had a lucky escape. No bones were broken and there was no concussion. Professor Ellington, visiting him in hospital, suggested that he give up the idea of accompanying the expedition to the Drakensberg. Two days later, Carter would probably have agreed. He would have been glad of the excuse to get out of a situation that had become intolerable. Now he shook his head emphatically. "Not at all sir. I'll be as right as rain. I wouldn't miss it for anything. When does the ship leave for Durban?" "The Enfield," the professor told him, "sails on Saturday of this week." "Then I'll be aboard—if your offer still holds?" "Certainly, my boy," said Ellington. "Only too glad to have you." That moment when he had recovered consciousness to find Dorothy bending over him had given Frank fresh hope. Things were far from clear in his mind. But he was sure now that she loved him. The were down, and the warm, familiar hid behind the armour was there for him to make his own, if he dared. And Frank felt in the mood for daring anything. Only one thing worried him. Dorothy, since she had assured herself that he was not seriously hurt, had not been to see him. That also he was determined to put right. Dorothy, also, was a happier girl than she had been before the race and its sensational climax. She could have no doubt now that she loved him. Her defences were in all, the barriers she had erected against her true love. The last thing she had done was to take the mirror, and she would never again have laughed at and scorned romance. They had had their revenge. She acknowledged her defeat—and was glad of it. (To be continued)

Winning Strategy must be Planned!

Let's do it Together!

FIRST, in any business, comes good generalship at the head of the management table. But, sitting in on the major planning, calling the financial signals, backing up the executive pitching and extending timely helpfulness, the right bank has helped many a business win success.

Like the catcher who sees them all at close range, The Bank of Nova Scotia is a veteran at analyzing relative strengths and weaknesses... at helping team-mates over rough spots... and at recognizing the little things that lead to the big opportunities.

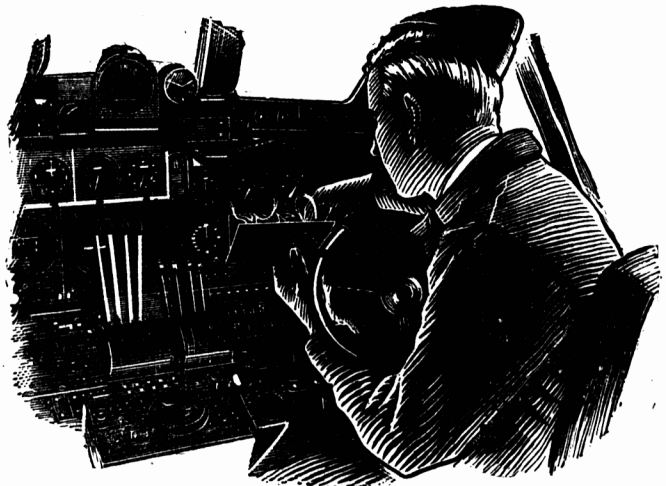
We could be doing as much for your business. Let's do it together!

W. R. Adams, Manager, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

W. R. Adams, Manager, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

THE RCAF HAS OPENINGS FOR



ELECTRICIANS and INSTRUMENT MECHANICS

THE JOB: Maintenance of the miles of wire and the delicate instruments which are a vital part of every modern aircraft. Allied trades include aero-engine electricians and office-machine mechanics. Valuable training courses are established for most trades; service or civil experience can mean immediate advancement in "grouping" and hence in pay. Applicants should normally possess junior matriculation or its technical-school equivalent. Previous trade experience is not essential.

There are openings also in many other ground trades.

THE PAY: Basic pay plus living allowances for non-commissioned ranks runs from \$95 monthly for Aircraftman Class 2 to \$188 for Warrant Officer Class 1; extra pay for trade proficiency and increased pay after three years in any rank; marriage allowance of \$20 a month; free uniform clothing and medical and dental service.

THE PENSION: A lifetime income on discharge after 20 years' or more service; pensions or gratuities

in the event of prior discharge on medical grounds, and pensions or gratuities to widows or children in the event of death while on service.

VETERANS' PREFERENCE: As among applicants, war veterans applying for reappointment will receive preference, and if accepted will be reappointed to the ranks they held at the time of their discharge, or to the nearest ranks which establishment permits; and their prior service will be a factor in promotion and pension.

TERMS OF SERVICE: Applicants without previous service must be over 18 and under 26. Good conduct, satisfactory medical category and educational qualifications will enable applicants to enlist in Regular Air Force for five years and re-engage thereafter for further five-year terms.

WHERE TO APPLY: Applications should be made to Eastern Air Command, RCAF, 17 South St., Halifax, N.S.

SERVICE SPELLS SECURITY

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE FOR AIR

Hon. Colin Gibson, Minister H. F. Gordon, Deputy Minister

Dunsford-Greanan Wedding

A pretty June wedding was solemnized at St. Dunstan's Basilica at 8:30 a.m. on Wednesday, June 19th, when Dorothy Agnes, R.N. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Peter Greenan, Kelly's Cross and Mr. Lyman F. Dunsford, Charlottetown, late Mrs. Dunsford, Cornwall, were united in marriage. Rev. Louis Dougan performed the ceremony and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a floor-length gown of pink sheer over satin made on similar lines to the full skirt opening in a medium train. Her dainty flower hat of matching shade with shoulder length veil was very smart. She carried a bouquet of pink and white roses.

Her bridesmaid, Mrs. Fred Doyle, R.N. wore a becoming floor-length gown of aqua blue tulle with matching flower hat. She carried an old fashioned bouquet of Talisman roses. Mr. Elmer Dunsford brother of the groom was groomsman. Mrs. Greenan, mother of the bride, chose for her costume a dress of black crepe with matching hat. Her corsage was of deep red roses.

During the ceremony appropriate hymns were sung by Miss Phyllis Blanchard, R.N. and Mr. James Fowler. Mrs. J. P. Dougan presided at the organ.

The groom's gift to the bride was a chest of silver, to the bridesmaid a set of silver earrings and to the groomsman a fountain pen.

Following the wedding ceremony breakfast was served at "The Charlottetown" to the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. Elmer Dunsford proposed the toast to the bride to which the groom responded.

The happy couple left by motor on a honeymoon trip to points in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the bride travelling in a suit of robin egg blue with black accessories.

The bride is a graduate of the Charlottetown Hospital School of Nursing.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford will reside in Charlottetown.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoop



OH, HE'S A COWBOY, ALL RIGHT! OLD BEN SEZ HE WORKED WITH HIM ON THE OLD DOUBLE-O!



EGAD BUSTER! IT WOULD BE LUDICROUS TO HITCH A SHINY NEW TRAILER TO THAT BEGRIMED ASSEMBLAGE OF CORRODED METAL!

