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FIRS AND SPRUCE BOON TO BRITAIN

LONDON, Aug. 12 (CP) — Douglas fir and Sitka spruce, native to British Columbia, have become stalwarts of British forest resources in the last 50 years and now predominate in some plantations established under government supervision.

One forestry official said the spruce has been "invaluable" in both peace and war — it can be used in airplane construction — and tests have shown it will prosper where the heavier native British spruce fails. Timber-starved Britain can thus extend her wooded areas.

ENCOURAGE INTEREST IN EMPIRE HISTORY

LONDON, Aug. 12 (CP) — The desirability of encouraging the teaching of the history and evolution of the British education authorities in a recent department of education circular.

Sir Patrick Hannon, Conservative member of parliament for Moseley, asked in the House of Commons whether the teaching of colonial history and economics would be encouraged as policy and appropriate textbooks made available.

Education Minister Tomlinson said the textbooks would be chosen by the local authorities but he would increase the supply of suitable material for such books.

LONDON (CP) — Temple Church, built by Knights Templars in 1185 and destroyed during the 1940 blitz, is to be restored.

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THE ROAD ACT OF, 1936

The following sections of The Road Act are for public information:—

NO BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED WITHIN 20 FEET OF INTERSECTION

Section 75 provides that:—"Except in cities and incorporated towns, no person shall, without the permission of the Minister, erect buildings where highways intersect at a distance less than TWENTY FEET from the nearest point on any such highway and any person violating the provisions of this Section shall be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars to be recovered in the manner provided by Section 52 of the said Act. And if such person fails to remove such building on the written request of the Minister, the Minister may cause the said building to be removed or demolished at the expense of the owner."

NO BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED WITHIN 25 FEET OF BOUNDARY OF ROAD

Sections 75A and 75B, added to The Road Act in 1947, provide that:—

75A. "Beyond the limits of cities and incorporated towns and within a radius of TWO MILES from such corporate limits, no person shall, without the permission of the Minister, erect buildings at a distance less than TWENTY-FIVE FEET from the boundary of any highway or road, nor shall any such buildings be erected at a distance of less than FIFTY FEET from those of the next adjoining owner."

75B. "Any person violating the provisions of Section 75A shall be subject to the same penalties and right of removal or demolition as provided by Section 75 of this Act."

(G. H. BARBOUR, Minister of Public Works and Highways)

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, August 12th, 1947.

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Deadline Lady

By Georgia Craig

Julie's hand came out of the cushions where it had rested, and she came to her feet almost in a single third, strangely feeble movement and wide-eyed and incredulous. Ann saw the soft light leap away, as though frightened, from the thing Julie held in her hand. The squat, ugly, blue-nosed automatic that was pointing directly at Ann's heart, from a distance of three feet away. Ann knew that death looked straight at her from the small round mouth of that ugly little gun, and to her, in a tone of wonder, she thought, "Why—she's going to kill me!"

"I mean it, Ann," said Julie after a moment, her voice low, from madness in her eyes. "I couldn't live without Lyn. If he married you—I'd want to die. But—I'd want you to die, too. He's mine. Ann—you have no right to him."

"Julie, you're being a simple-minded little fool," Ann told her sharply and started to rise. But Julie's menacing gesture pushed her back and Julie's soft, pain-wracked voice said sharply, "Sit still. Ann—the guard's off this gun—but fire if you put my finger the least little bit—and I couldn't miss hitting your heart—from here."

And when the front door opened and closed and there was a gay treble of laughter and the patter of childish feet in the hall.

Julie's rigid body jerked as though she had been a wooden doll in the hands of an awkward puppeteer; the hand that held the gun dropped so that the ugly blue-nosed thing was hidden in the folds of the peacock-green-blue brocade housecoat; and through the door came a scampering child, laughing and crying with delight, as she evaded the middle-aged whitehead nurse who followed her. The child flung herself on Julie with a little whoop of delight and burrowed his flushed face in the folds of Julie's housecoat.

The nurse paused in the doorway and Julie looked out at her furiously. "I told you to keep her in the park until six."

The nurse stiffened into hostility, her pale eyes flashing with resentment as she said curtly, "It was beginning to rain, Ma'am."

The nurse's eyes flickered to Ann's white face and back to Julie's, that was stiff and mask-like, because of its careful make-up.

The child, sensitive as children invariably are to the queer behavior that sometimes makes terrifying strangers out of the most beloved adults, looked up at her eyes and strank a little as the nurse came in to pick her up.

"Come along, Baby," said the nurse tenderly, her voice gentle and soothing though her eyes were angry. "Supper time—the dollies will be wanting their nice baked apples."

She carried the child out of the room, her very back rigid with her sense of outrage, her stiffly starched skirts with indignation.

Ann was on her feet now, breathing again, moving again, realizing that the child had undoubtedly saved her life; because there had been no mistaking the madness that had leered from Julie's eyes in that split-second when her finger had contracted a little on the trigger of the gun—and the child's voice had been heard.

Julie looked at Ann with a dazed bewildered expression, as though wondering who she was. As though she came slowly and reluctantly from the grip of some hideous nightmare. The revolver slipped from her hand to the beige-colored carpet, and Julie collapsed like a doll out of which the awdust is slowly pouring. She went on until she sat huddled on the floor, her face hidden against the sage-green cushions, her thin shoulders shaking convulsively.

Ann stood for a moment, looking at her helplessly. But it was not as though she could do nothing; she could say that would ease the grip Julie's private devil had upon her; and so Ann did and went out of the room and into the warm summer rain and walked a block before she realized that it was raining.

Her knees were jelly, and she paused and clung to the friendly trunk of a slim young tree, s'aking so that but for the tree's support, she could not have stood.

She shivered in the warm, misty summer rain and felt as though an icy wind hand swept over her. And she knew a feeling of sharp pity for Julie, as well as a quite natural distaste for her.

She huddled there beneath the scant shelter of the little tree and when her bus finally came, she stumbled a little getting on it and was grateful that it was packed with tired people who paid her no heed at all, as she availed herself of a strap, and tried to adjust her tired body to the swinging and jerking of the big bus as it lumbered on its way.

Ann was still white and strained when she got home from the afternoon's episode with Julie. And there was still Lyn to cope with. When he arrived to take her to dinner, she met him in the hall. As he reached for her, she evaded him, and the shadowy old hall let him see her taut, drawn face. He said sharply, "Why, darling, what is wrong? You're ill."

He watched Ann, puzzled and frowning, and demanded, "Here what is all this? You're terribly mysterious all of a sudden."

Ann faced him, erect, her head up, her eyes cold.

"I—had tea with Julie Barton this afternoon, Lyn," she said levelly.

Lyn looked over so faintly startled. If she had had for one moment the slightest doubt of his guilt in the Barton matter, though of course she hadn't since her escape

REPELS MOSQUITOES TANTOO INSECT REPELLENT CREAM

Former Islanders Celebrate Anniversary

The following is from a Woburn, Mass., exchange of recent date: The event at the Woburn County Club was planned as a 30th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Connick but as festivities developed, the gala event also embraced the observance of the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. McCormack of Winchester. Mrs. McCormack was Miss Eileen Connick, daughter of the jubilarian before her marriage.

William H. Connick and Tina McLean, formerly of Kensington, P.E.I. were married at Maddeck, N.E., June 28, 1917. Twenty five years ago, they moved to Woburn where Mr. Connick went to work at his trade, a barber. For many years he was employed by the late Bartholomew Mahoney and then established his own business which he now maintains on Campbell street.

On June 26th, 1947, Henry J. McCormack, Winchester druggist and Eileen Connick of Woburn were united in marriage at St. Charles Church.

The neighbors of the Connicks knew of the approaching anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. William Connick and soon there was a surprise movement well under way. When all arrangements were complete, the Connicks became aware of the fact as they too had been busy planning a celebration of the 30th anniversary and the daughter's tenth anniversary. They were all invited to the Woburn Country Club where an evening of repel celebration was in store.

The Connicks and the McCormacks received the guests under a decorative archway and the reception group was also the only son of the Connicks, Capt. Charles Connick, T.W.A. pilot. Mrs. McCormack made the event very realistic by appearing in her wedding gown worn at the original ceremony ten years ago.

During the evening the couple or couples received many gifts and expressions and congratulations poured in by message and in person. The receiving line disbursement was followed by a program of music, entertainment and dancing. A buffet supper was served to over 100 guests who assembled and who left at a late hour extending every wish for many more years of happily married life to both the Connicks and the McCormacks.

I—don't suppose you will believe this either, but it's God's own truth. I do love you, Ann, and, he persisted doggedly, "you are the only woman I ever wanted to marry."

"Thanks," said Ann dryly. "I'm afraid the competition would be more than I can stand!"

(To Be Continued)

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Apple Talks At Ottawa Suspended

OTTAWA, Aug. 11 (CP)—A Nova Scotia committee, here to discuss the future of the Annapolis Valley apple crop in the light of suspended British imports, have halted their discussions for a week and will leave tomorrow to attend a meeting of the International Apple Committee in Detroit.

R. D. Sutton, spokesman for the Nova Scotia group, said "the whole Canadian apple crop" had been considered in talks so far with members of the Cabinet and Agriculture Department committee concerned with the future of the apple crop.

Dorothy Dix Says—

(Continued from Page 2) make, so you will have nobody but yourself to blame for unhappiness if you marry him. Can't you realize how much better off you are with your job, your own money and personal liberty than you would be with such a domestic tyrant? Don't think you will love him enough to overlook his faults. No love survives the treatment that such a husband gives his wife. Listen, Susie, it is your Guardian Angel speaking, warning you not to marry this boy. Lend an ear to it.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 33 years old and am becoming prematurely gray. My husband and adolescent daughters think I should dye my hair. I have been using a lotion to restore my hair to its natural color, but it has made my scalp sore. What do you think I had better do?

ANSWER: I should say let Nature take its course. Prematurely gray hair doesn't make you look older. On the contrary, it makes you look younger because the contrast is so unexpected. Also gray hair is very beautiful and is almost universally becoming. However, if you are going to dye your hair, for Heaven's sake don't try to do it yourself. Go to an expert because it is a work of art that no amateur can turn out properly.

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