

Whim Road and Vicinity

*Miss Betty Shaw returned to her Airforce Base in Moncton, N. B., after spending her leave at Brudenell and Whim Road. While at Whim Road, she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Webb Nicholson.

Miss Elaine MacLure, Charlotte-

town, is spending part of her summer vacation with her grandmother, Mrs. D. P. Ross, Lower Montague and with her cousin, Miss Laurie MacDonald at Whim Road.

Mr. Barry Nicholson, of Charlottetown, spent the recent week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Webb Nicholson.

The haying season is in full swing, which is keeping the farmers busy these days.

Rite-Way Cleaners QUALITY CLEANING DIAL 7387

Are going on



Vacation AUGUST 10th to 15th

Office closed 10th to 14th inclusive. Open on 15th for accepting cleaning and pick up service.

We ask the co-operation of our many patrons in planning our holiday season in order that we may give our employees a well-earned rest. If you have clothes awaiting cleaning have us collect them immediately and thus avoid disappointment. Thursday, August 6th is latest date for which we can accept cleaning and promise delivery before vacation.

WE HOPE YOU HAVE A PLEASANT VACATION

CLOSED

The week of

August 10th to 15th

for Staff Holidays

NEW METHOD CLEANERS LIMITED Dial 7366

STERNS LIMITED Dial 6501

Send your Dry Cleaning and Laundry NOW

CLOSED FOR HOLIDAYS

AUG. 10th TO AUG. 15th INCLUSIVE

To give our staff a well deserved rest.

Dry Cleaning for delivery prior to holiday will be received up and until Thursday, August 6th.

Cudmore's Dry Cleaning

118 Kent St. Dial 4922

Advertisement for Master Cleaners, featuring a woman cleaning and text: 'We're Going On VACATION August 10th to 15th... We would appreciate the co-operation of our patrons in planning our annual vacation... Drycleaning will be accepted up until Thursday, August 6th for delivery before holidays... Thank you, and our good-wishes to you at vacation time. MASTER CLEANERS 122 Fitzroy St. Dial 5636'

Exit Tony Blount

By Sydney Parkman

CHAPTER XXV

"Well, if that's the way you look at it, it's easy!" he declared with sudden briskness. "Before I left Brisbane this last time, I was on the hunt for a mate — and all the water-front knew it. But there wasn't one to be got — not for the island trade. So I allowed I'd try and pick one up before I got back, because I'll be pullin' out again soon on my regular trip up north. Well, if you see it the same way that I do — I've got one. Nobody's goin' to be surprised about it, an' nobody is going to ask to see your papers. You're a pier-head jump from Suva, if anyone wants to know. Then, when you've done one or two trips, I'll be able to get you a regular discharge book from the Federation office, an' you can quit when you feel like it without runnin' no risk. Is that a bet?"

"Thurlow rose to his feet and thrust a hand across the table. "It is!" he declared fervently. "And thanks a lot, skipper!"

"That's all right," the captain responded, grasping the proffered hand somewhat sheepishly. "It just happens to suit me, that's all. I've had a bellyful of carryin' on by myself, an' I'd have had to get someone. But your next job, mister, is to think up a new name for yourself. An' if you'll take my tip, it won't be nothin' like Thurlow or Blount. There ain't no luck in dead men's names. How about George Dickson?"

Araful was already well down on the starboard quarter when they came on deck again. Under the fresh breeze was making a good seven knots as she headed due west, and with every minute the island was becoming hazier and less distant. On the starboard beam, the scattered cinder cones of the shoal patch still protruded their ugly heads here and there, but where Ofani had towered, gaunt and desolate, the sea stretched blue and unbroken to the horizon.

In the course of the previous night, the great mass of smokings, barren rock had vanished as completely as though it had never been. The captain nodded towards where it had stood. "There she is — there she ain't!" he remarked caustically. "The blamed thing's gone under now, but that ain't sayin' she won't be poppin' up again in another couple of years an' startin' all over again. I daresay we could sail right over it now if we'd a mind to. There ain't a smell of it showin'!"

"It's incredible!" his new mate agreed. "No wonder it mopped up Araful. Just think of the displacement! It's a darned good thing for you that you weren't nearer here when it happened, Skipper!"

"We was quite near enough!" the captain assured him with emphasis. "The suction pulled us quicker'n the old hooker's shifted since she was built. I tell you, the boys was scared stiff — an' I wasn't in no shape to crack jokes neither. It was just like the sea was runnin' downhill, an' us goin' with it. Luckily there wasn't no wind an' there wasn't nothin' in the way, but I never want to get in a racket like that again. But at that I'd sooner have been out here than where you was. I lay you thought your last day had come — or night, rather."

"It was the last night for all the rest," his companion said soberly, looking back at the receding island. "A couple of hundred of them — and wiped out in the space of minutes! We were the only two who stood a ghost of a chance — the girl and I. She told me once that when there was no M'fani, there'd be no Araful, and she wasn't far wrong as far as his people were concerned. She must have been killed almost at once, judging from the place where I found her body but the others couldn't have survived her by more than minutes. The first rush of water must have finished everyone."

"Yes, I guess so," the captain agreed slowly, after a brief silence. "But we've all got to cash in our chips some day, an' I don't know that one way's any worse than another when it comes to the point. It was a quick finish for 'em, anyway — an' that's something." He glanced aloft at the set of the schooner's canvas, and then yawned hugely. "Well, I've got something better to do than give myself the Willies thinkin' about what's over an' can't be helped," he continued in a different tone. "I dunno about you, Mister Mate, but I'm goin' below to try an' catch up on some of the sleep I missed last night. We've got a clear run to the westward now, an' it's all right to leave Joe in charge of the deck for the next couple of hours." And he turned and made for the companionway. George Dickson, late Matt Thurlow, late Tony Blount, gave one last look at the blur on the horizon that was Araful, and followed him below. (The End)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living persons or to any public or private company. (COPYRIGHT: N. F. L.)

IN MEMORIAM

MR. JAMES A. MACDONALD

The many friends and relatives were shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden passing in Cambridge, Mass., on March 28, of Mr. James Aeneas MacDonald in his 59th year.

Born at Little Pond on February 20, 1894, he was the son of the late Alexander MacDonald and Catherine McCormack.

At an early age he went to the United States where he engaged in the building trade, being foreman for J. J. Powers, a building contractor in Cambridge and a former Islander. The many fine homes and places of business in Massachusetts will long stand as symbols of his good workmanship.

As a loyal Canadian he returned to Canada at the outbreak of the First World War and enlisted with Canadian Engineers at Toronto. After completing basic training in Canada he proceeded overseas with his unit, where he served in various theatres. After a brief visit at his home he returned to the United States.

His quiet and unassuming manner and genial disposition made him a welcome visitor on his many trips to his old home during the years that followed. There are left to mourn, a sister (Loretta) Mrs. Ralph MacMillan of Berkeley, California, and two brothers, Reginald and Peter in Souris.

His remains were conveyed to the Watson Funeral Home in Central Cambridge, where on Saturday and Sunday all his many friends and relatives came to pay their last respects. His remains went to Souris, P. E. I., accompanied by his brother Reginald, from whose home the funeral was held on Wednesday morning.

Sorrowing friends and relatives came from far and near to show their respect to one they held in high esteem and to follow his remains to St. Mary's Church where Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. A. Murphy. Obsequies at the grave were conducted by Rev. Pius Murnaghan. Pallbearers were Messrs. Peter Walker, Alfred Walker, Percy MacDonald, Fred Mullally, John Joe McCormack, Neil McCormack.

Masses Peter MacDonald, Reg., Katherine and family, Souris; Kate MacDonald, Brookline, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mullally and Richard, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keays, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Adrien MacInnis, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paquet and Helen, Souris; Miss Hilda Keays, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence MacAulay, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacDonald, Souris Line Road; Mr. and Mrs. Roland MacDonald, Souris; James Andrew MacDonald, Monticello; Mr. and Mrs. John McGilvary, Souris River; Joseph MacDonald, Souris; Angus Jarvis, Souris; Alfred Walker, St. Georges; Peter Walker, St. Georges; Mr. and Mrs. Anselm MacDonald, Norris Pond; John William MacDonald, St. Peters; John Joe McCormack, Monticello; Neil J. McCormack, Monticello; Percy MacDonald, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. MacDonald and family, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McMillan, St. Peters; Mr. Alex. T. MacDonald, Souris; Mr. and Mrs. Russell St. John, Charlottetown; Mrs. Josephine MacDonald, 2 Massez, Boston; The Morrison Family, 2 Massez, Boston; Mary Walker, Boston; John Lawless, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. MacDonald, Roxbury; Miss Bertha MacDonald, Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher, Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McCabe, Roxbury; John and Betty McCabe, Roxbury; Sara MacDonald, Boston; John B. Keay, Roxbury; Mary Butters, Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacPhee, Roxbury; Mrs. Thomas Gracie, Roxbury; Mrs. Daniel Keenan, Roxbury; John and Mary Walker, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Butters, Roxbury; Stephen MacDonald, Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doherty, Boston; Mrs. John D. MacDonald, Dorchester; Frank MacDonald, Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. Reginald MacDonald, Dorchester.

Bristol and Vicinity

Mrs. Agnes Kelly, Roxbury, Jackie and Joan MacPhee, San Francisco, California. Mr. and Mrs. Jim McCabe, Boston.

Rita E. MacDonald, Boston. Howard McGarvey, Boston. Robert J. MacDonald, Boston. Pius Walker and family, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. MacDonald, Dorchester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood, Roxbury. Angus McKenzie, Dorchester. Peter Bradley, Dorchester. Colophon Charity Club of Boston, Masses. Jim MacDonald, Boston. Elizabeth MacDonald, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Urban Malone, Roxbury. Nellie MacDonald, Roxbury. Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormack, Dorchester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Gerard MacDonald, Dorchester, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Neil McInnis, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keough, Millis, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kelly, New York. Mrs. Florence J. Curley, 2 Massez, Dorchester, Mass. Miss Mary G. Curley, Dorchester, Mass. Mr. R. J. McCormack, Calgary, Alberta. Mr. Joseph R. MacDonald, Hamilton, Ontario. The McKinnon Family, Berkeley, California.

Enrollments Perpetual Franciscan Mass League — Frances and Victoria MacPhee and Irene Howland, Roxbury, Mass. Perpetual Franciscan Mass League — Judith and Mary MacAulay and Madeline McCormack, Boston, Mass. Perpetual Franciscan Mass League — Daniel Keenan, Bernard Gillan, John Keays, Joseph McPherson and John Gallant, Roxbury, Mass. Perpetual Holy Cross Seminary — Ethel Merit, Anna Callahan, Helen Anderson, Chicago. Perpetual Seraphic Mass Association — Mr. and Mrs. Steve Lovas, Connecticut. 2 years Jesuit Seminary Guild — John N. Chaisson, Manomet, Mass. 1 year Jesuit Seminary Guild — Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKenzie, Dorchester, Mass. 2 years Jesuit Seminary Guild — Mrs. Ellen MacDonald and family, Belmont, Mass. 1 year Jesuit Seminary Guild — Carrie Mullin, Boston, Mass. 1 year Jesuit Seminary Guild — Mr. and Mrs. William Friel, Dorchester, Mass. 1 year Jesuit Seminary Guild — Miss Clemmie Livingstone, Cambridge, Mass. 1 year Jesuit Seminary Guild — Mr. and Mrs. Francis Haley, Belmont, Mass. 6 months Cenacle Crusade of Prayer — Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pike, New York. 1 year Propagation of the Faith — Elva McMillan and Bessie MacDonald, Roxbury. 1 year Novena of Masses — Helen McCormack, Brighton, Mass. 2 years Jesuit Seminary Guild — Mary A. Hay, Winthrop, Mass. Perpetual Benedictine Fathers — Mrs. Walter L. Newman, Dedham, Mass.

Messages Of Sympathy Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McMillan, Berkeley, California. George E. MacDonald, Summerside. Mr. and Mrs. Mosie MacInnis, St. Peters. Marcus Mooney, Souris. Mr. and Mrs. Allen McKenzie and family, Little Pond. John Pope, Lawrence, Mass. Katherine Smith, Brookline, Mass. Joan Rogerson, Brookline, Mass. Mrs. Aeneas MacDonald and family, Chepsow. Mr. and Mrs. Elby Howlett, Annandale. Mr. and Mrs. Aeneas MacDonald, Cardigan. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Campbell, Poplar Point. Helen McCormack, Brighton, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCormack, Charlottetown, Mass. R. C. MacPhee, St. Margarets, Mass. Mr. N. Chaisson, Manomet, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Stewart, Ottawa, Ont. Mr. R. J. McCormack, Calgary, Alberta.

Card Of Thanks The family of the late James A. MacDonald wish to thank Msgr. J. A. Murphy, Rev. P. Murnaghan, and all who sent Mass cards and messages of sympathy, and all who helped in any way during their sad bereavement. Peter, Reg. MacDonald and family.

The Windward Islands in the British West Indies lie in the path of the cooling northeast trade winds.

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For many years now, summer home. They have not been here for several years. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Walsh have arrived from Boston to spend a few weeks' vacation around the shore and with Mr. Walsh's mother at the old home. Mr. Walsh served his time in the Blacksmith to the U.S.A. to reside.

MISS Lottie Hughes has arrived from Boston to spend a month's vacation at her summer residence. She has been coming with their young pals here. Their mother was the former Mabel Hughes and resided here. The young folks will stay with their aunt Miss Lottie Hughes at her

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