

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

Seventy-year old James N. Gernhart, retired farmer of Burlington, Colorado, set his pint sized town agog when he attended his own funeral recently.

First, Jim bought himself a headstone and a plot in the cemetery, then a casket which set him back \$2,500. Next he hired a clergyman and a group of hymn singers and the funeral was all set for rehearsal.

It turned out to be a real nice funeral and the biggest thing Burlington had ever seen, and when it was all over and Jim read his own obituary in the local paper, he was well pleased.

Next to last rites set Jim back about \$4,000, but when the time comes for him to shuffle off this mortal coil, the cost of dying will be low because he owns a casket, a tombstone, a plot in the cemetery and the services right down to the sermon was recorded, so it may be played back when he dies.

Eleanor and Pat Grady, of Croakhaven, Ireland, were born in the same house on the same day — were married on the same day and died on the same day — both aged 96.

Although insects have neither gills nor lungs, they possess breathing holes that lie between the rings of which their bodies are built. The air carries the oxygen through the holes.

The Japanese Royal family is the oldest family in the world with a history dating back over 2,500 years.

In Viking days, approaching a strange coast, Norsemen tossed overboard wooden seat pillars, rune-carved with images of Odin and Thor and it was left to pagan gods to point out a landing place. The soldiers waded to the attack, where the house-beams drifted ashore.

The first cross on the mainland of the Western Hemisphere, destined to be continuous, was planted by explorer John Cabot at the portals of the western world.

A world religious census records 17 million Christian and 30 million non-Christians in North and South America in 4 1-2 centuries. Asia and Africa combined have 42 million Christians in one billion people in 1900 years. The discrepancy is enormous.

The comparatively mild winters experienced in the Garden of the Gulf are largely due to the warmth brought to us by the Gulf Stream. If suddenly, for some reason, the Gulf Stream dried up, the maritime climate would become as cold as the western plains, where the winters are very severe, the thermometer falling to rise above freezing for weeks on end.

Each female date tree bears approximately 250 pounds of dates. Male trees carry no fruit.

A fly can walk on the ceiling because on the last joint of its foot are two claws having a sticky substance which holds it safely in its upside-down position.

What a strange creature is the placid! Before he is half an inch long nature changes this shapeless mass into a flat fish. As it lies flat on the sand, on its left side, often half buried in it, the left eye would soon become injured and sightless but Mother Nature comes to its aid again and causes the left eye to travel round to the right side. The left side now gets no sunlight and turns silvery white, another trick of Mother Nature to protect this defenceless fish from its enemies.

Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold? A pound is a pound you answer.

Crowd Of 200,000 Saw "Red" Hill Plunge To Death



Encased in "The Thing", Hill with four good-luck charms, seen before fatal plunge.

A deathbed promise to his father, the first Red Hill, to shoot 165-foot Horseshoe rapids at Niagara Falls proved fatal as Hill's body was recovered 16 hours after the 38-year-old riverman tumbled over the "big drop" in "The Thing", a flimsy barrel made of inner tire tubes, canvas and fish netting. Hill, who had twice shot rapids of lower Niagara river in barrels, died like two other stunt performers in last 50 years who tried to beat turbulent Horseshoe Falls. Two hundred thousand spectators watched while barrel shot 15 feet in air as it moved down upper reaches of river. After 165-foot drop below falls it floated goggly until recovered by rescuers. Barrel had broken open along one side as it crashed against jagged rocks at base of cataracts.

You're wrong in this instance because feathers are weighed by "avoirdupois" weight which has 16 ounces to the pound while gold is weighed by "troy" weight, which contains 12 ounces to a pound.

In Germany during the 19th century all Royal Princes had their "proxy"—that is, a boy who was raised with the young Prince and who was crowned every time the Prince got into mischief. That sort of thing should appeal to a lot of modern parents who believe their own children are without sin while neighbor John's Willie is an ugly duckling.

Sometimes we see double rainbows, one fainter than the other. The fainter bow is called a secondary rainbow. In the primary bow, the color red is on the outside and violet on the inside. With the secondary bow it is vice versa. A true rainbow is never more than half a circle.

Dress Designer Gains Fame For Royal Garb

LONDON, Aug. 12—(CP)—Hardy Amies, London couturier chosen by Princess Elizabeth to design some of the clothes she will wear on the Canadian tour with Prince Philip, is drawing much comment from London fashion writers.

One of the youngest of London's "big ten" of fashion, he has long been a favorite with Canadian buyers and the sudden royal patronage gives added interest to his background.

Just turned 40, clean-shaven and dark-haired, this six-foot



Noran Hill, brother of "Red" and friend.

bachelor started his designing career by a turn of fate experienced by few.

Early familiar with the inside of a fashion salon through the employment of his mother by a court dressmaker, Amies met the wife of a director of Lachasse—another of the big ten—and gave such a graphic description of her dress that it was later relayed to the lady concerned.

As a result Hardy Amies succeeded Digby Morton as designer to Lachasse when Morton retired to start his own salon.

With no training to guide his early career, Amies became part of the world of silks and satins—and still laughs at his own sketches. His cutters complain they

are "more like blueprints". They have, however, one advantage. The designer fears nothing from dress pirates.

"If anyone can copy from my sketches," he said, "I'd like to employ them myself to help me."

NO IDLE TONGUE

MONTREAL—(CP)—Dr. Milos Mladenovic, a European refugee who can speak 16 different languages, has been appointed assistant professor of Slavonic history at McGill University. Before the Second World War he worked in the office of the Prime Minister of Yugoslavia.

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With All My Love

(By Virginia Boves)

(Continued)

Stephen Carlidge's hands tightened on his newspaper, and for a moment he kept on reading, saying nothing. Then he lowered the paper and looked hard at Clare, his face rigid and white. "Don't ever see him again or mention the name in my presence," he said in a hoarse whisper. And then, as if he feared giving way any further, he got up quickly and left the room.

Clare did see him again, of course; she saw him as often as they could arrange it. She flew with him in his plane, worked with him in his amazing little workshop at the edge of the tiny airport he'd laid out on one corner of the big Caswell estate. But she never mentioned Roger's name in her father's presence, and if he knew that they did see each other he gave no sign.

It was a few minutes late getting to the airport, she'd driven so slowly, and Clay Hanley was waiting for her. He stood beside his silver, low-winged racer as she crossed the runway. The motor was idling with a deep, full-throated roar, and the hatch cover was pushed back. "You're late," he said. "I've been waiting for you."

Clare glanced over the plane as if passing judgment on it. Nodding then, satisfied, she raised her brows at Hanley. His remark appeared to have just registered. "Unavoidably detained," she replied.

The one-sided grin tugged coldly at Hanley's mouth again, and he said: "Top in. I want to show you why this wouldn't make a good training plane, even for you." Clare stepped up on the footplate on the trailing edge of the wing, and then quickly, holding her skirt close around her, got into the cockpit. Hanley got in next, taking the seat behind her. He slid the hatch in place over them and gunned the motor.

"What's your mechanic's name?" Clare called as Eddie Franklin appeared from nowhere to pull the blocks from in front of the wheels. Hanley told her, shouting back above the motor's roar, and Clare waved to the mechanic as she stepped back to one side, framing his first name with her lips. He waved back, and she thought that he winked. Then there was a tremendous roar from the plane motor, and a gentle rocking sensation as its cushioned rubber tires began to creep across the ground.

She realized before they left the ground why the plane would not be the best for training. Just before the takeoff Hanley, using the speaking tube, said, "We're going 90 now; at 95 she leaves the ground." And it seemed to Clare that, with all Hanley's ability, he was hard put to it to get the plane up in time to clear the trees that

bounded the far border of the field. When he put it into a steep climb almost immediately Clare had a flashing memory of Roger. That was the way he always took off, putting limitless confidence in his motor because he knew every part of it as if it were the palm of his hand. And then there was the stall, the sickish dip off to the left, the full rush of power as the throttle came back, and the feeling of the seat hard under you for the first time since leaving the ground. She didn't realize the direction they were taking until a few moments later when she saw almost ahead the familiar outline of Roger's small landing field; the white bordered runway and the corrugated roof of his shop. Clare looked back at Hanley questioning as he dipped the plane, and she saw him touch three fingers to his forehead in a solemn salute. (To be continued)

Blueshirts Defy Reds And Visit West Berlin

(By Thomas A. Reedy) BERLIN, Aug. 10—(AP)—Tens of thousands of Communist blueshirts strayed from East Berlin's World Youth Festival into West Berlin as sight-seers today and boosted the total of such visitors during the week to 250,000. Red leaders didn't like it. The youths defied Communist orders in surrendering to the temptation to see how the West goes things. A crackdown against a few selected boys and girls backfired. A young girl, bitterly attacked in East Berlin for her trip, fled back to the West and tried to commit suicide by slashing her wrists. She was removed to a West Berlin Hospital and promised haven as a political refugee.

Other youths were reprimanded, German sources said, and some sent home. The incidents became common knowledge among the 500,000 or more roaming the hodgepodge of programs in East Berlin and stirred up discontent. Communist chieftains concentrated on keeping delegates from foreign countries occupied. The propaganda machinery rolled out all sorts of statements from Communists from foreign lands on the same theme—the Soviets are for peace and the Americans are against it. Such figures as William Gallacher, chairman of the Communist Party of Britain, and two anonymous Americans were represented

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