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LAUSANNE, Switzerland, Aug. 14 (AP) - Bathers tested the waters of Lake Geneva unworriedly today - the danger that an alligator might nibble their toes was over.

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Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN Continued

"Well, Lucy insists on our looking her up. Probably we'll do it today. The places are all near. Then she'll go home with us and try it out. Then if she doesn't like us, or we don't like her, we'll call the whole thing off."

"It'll be whether she likes us," said Valerie positively. "You'll see. I know if she always love her. Something tells you about people. It's funny. Of course it would be silly not to like you."

"Is my face red?" said Mark. He jumped up and pulled her to her feet. "Do you want me to be a fat conceited old man with a squint in my eye from looking down on people?"

Lucy met them later in the hotel lobby. She made no explanation as to why she hadn't joined them for breakfast. As a matter of fact, she had got up early on purpose, preferring to conduct her business transactions alone.

She packed the primrose taffets, the slippers, the nightgown and the drug store soap in a little bag Valerie had loaned her, came down to the office and paid her bill. After that she had just twenty-five cents, twenty of which she exchanged for coffee and rolls at a drug store counter on a side street.

She made some inquiries about the sale of her books, and finally to earth a timid little man in a second hand book shop. He listened warily while she told him about the library. He seemed, Lucy decided, to be afflicted with chronic suspicion. He could never, he said, commit himself without seeing the books. And even then, with times what they were—

Lucy thanked him and went back to the hotel. Even with five cents in her pocket and no sale for her books there was an extraordinary lift to her spirits. It was not to be accounted for by the sunny morning after last night's storm. The world was changed in more ways than the weather.

She met Valerie's eager hand and turned a cheerful grin on Mark. "How do you like my clothes?" she asked. "Do they look like Allington?"

"No," said Valerie. She would try to make Lucy keep the sports suit forever, she thought. She looked like a gay child in it. "Women and clothes!" said Mark. Lucy explained about the books and the wary little man. She had

also, she said, made inquiries about bowing in the Ark and scrapping it. "But I want to salvage the Ark," explained Mark. "You never know when we might need it. And then you may not like us and may want to escape in the night. How would you make your getaway?"

"So what?" asked Lucy. But an unforeseen hope was stirring. "So leave the Ark to me. I'll have it put in shape and sent home. It's a sort of institution. I couldn't abandon it, I mean it."

"But I can't let you," protested Lucy. "And I can't afford any more repairs. So I really don't see—"

"Look at it this way, I'm buying the Ark for the repairs. And cheap enough. I want the books too. You can buy them back later if you want to. But I'd feel a whole lot better about it that way. All right?"

"It's marvelous," said Lucy. She would work twice as hard with Valerie to make up for it. It was a great load off her mind. She hadn't quite realized what the Ark meant until she abandoned it by the roadside in the rain. And selling her father's books had seemed awful. Now that she was going to be a wage earner she could, as he suggested, buy the things back.

Mark haunted up the best garage in town and made arrangements about the Ark and about sending the books to Wild Acres. Their luggage was stowed away in the car and they started out to hunt Lucy's references. Mark tried to laugh her out of the idea, but when he saw what it meant to her he decided to go through with it. The fact that she so wanted to identify herself would have been reference enough for him.

The called first on the judge who meted out justice at the Allington courthouse. Allington was the county seat, and the court was in session, which was a break for Lucy.

Valerie was much impressed by the building which was of Civil War vintage, with a round and rather tarnished dome. The proclivities of the law terrified her slightly until she met Judge Brown who was round also, and a little like the dome except for the tarnish.

He greeted Lucy with wheezy enthusiasm. He had gone to college with her father and was quite definite in his opinion of the family. "Surely that's enough," said Mark as they came out of the musty corridors into the sunshine.

"Just one more—Mr. Barrows, over at the bank at Melton. It's only ten miles. You promised." They dragged Valerie away from the pigeons strutting over the grass in the courthouse square, and went back to the car. "You never told me he was a president," said Mark an hour later. He was, he said, tremendously awed by bank presidents. "And he's known you since you were five. Don't you feel completely vindicated now?" "I suppose so," said Lucy doubtfully. "I did so want you to see

Possible Sabotage On Korea-Bound Carrier

New Pulp Mill Opens In B. C.

NANAIMO, B. C., Aug. 16 (OP)—A new \$19,000,000 sulphate pulp mill, first post-war addition to British Columbia's giant pulp and paper industry, was officially opened yesterday six miles south of this Vancouver Island city.

The plant's 70,000 tons a year of bleached and unbleached kraft pulp will add a value of \$3,325,000 to an industry now producing pulp, paper and newsprint worth \$68,000,000 annually.

It brings 250 jobs to the Nanaimo area, with an annual payroll of \$1,000,000 and \$17,500,000 to the present total investment of \$140,000,000 in pulp and paper in B. C.

Bruce Armstrong, president of the Nanaimo Chamber of Commerce, said start of operations came at an opportune time. Some 135 coal miners in this area have been thrown out of work by closure of one pit and closure of another mine is imminent due to high costs and decreased demand.

the dean, but if you haven't time—" "We haven't," said Mark. "I'm a hard working president myself. Nothing swanky, like a bank. Just one chemical company. But if I don't show up once in a while, they may throw me out on my ear."

Valerie looked at him seriously. She had great respect for the factory, though she couldn't quite believe that Mark would lose his job. "Besides," he said, "you must have a flock of diplomas and degrees. What would we want of a mere dean?"

So Lucy had to be satisfied. They drove back to Allington, to find the van towed in and work already begun. Lucy let down the back steps and climbed aboard to pack her things.

Valerie got in after her, beginning at once to plan for future trips. The small bed that folded up against the side when not in use fascinated her. The half dozen shining pans hanging from their hooks and the tiny oil stove suggested incredible adventure.

They almost had to drag her away when they were ready to leave. Valerie could hear Mark talking to the head mechanic while Lucy was packing. She heard the man say something about a new engine, and saw the quiet nod of Mark's head and his quick glance at the old van. Evidently Lucy was not to know she would never tell. If the Ark needed a new engine it was no more than it deserved.

To be continued

Urge Schools For People Getting Old

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14 (AP)—Two experts today urged establishment of a system of public schools for people who are getting old.

Dr. Henry S. Curtis, Ann Arbor, Mich., educationist, told a conference on aging that such schools are needed because of increasing numbers of persons living beyond the age of retirement.

Dr. Martin L. Gumpert of New York, said education should be a lifetime job. "We will have to undertake the boldest educational program in history if we are to maintain the social functions of the aging," Dr. Gumpert said.

Curtis said retirement at a set age is a mistake "both for capital and labor." "However, sooner or later the men are going to retire, and at present they retire to an unplanned future of doubtful value to themselves and the community," Curtis said.

"As the first step in the training for these years, the boards of education in our great industrial cities... should set aside or build special schools for them.

The program offered should not be for retiring workers alone, but for men and women who have the time and desire to learn." Gumpert said the life expectancy of man in the predictable future may range between 110 and 125 years, all but the last few of which could be comfortable and without disabilities now associated with age.

Smallwood Opens Nfld. Exhibition

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Aug. 15 (CP)—Premier Smallwood last night opened Newfoundland's second provincial exhibition, boasting everything from cookies to cigarettes and furnaces to engines.

The fair is sponsored by the Government as part of a buy Newfoundland campaign and includes exhibits of fishery, farming and industrial products.

ENGLISH INVASIONS At least 25 attempts have been made to invade England since the Norman invasion in 1066 A.D.

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WINNIPEG, Aug. 13 (CP)—Defending champion Mike Pidlaski of St. Boniface retained his Manitoba amateur golf crown Saturday by defeating brother Bill 2 and 1 in a 36-hole final. Mike, six up at the end of 18 holes, staved off a late comeback by Bill to take the title.

FOREFATHERS Scientists have estimated that antropoloid apes existed on earth from 30,000,000 to 15,000,000 years ago.

NEWTOWN W. I. The July meeting of Newtown Cross Women's Institute was held in the school. After the reading of the minutes and correspondence, plans were made for a dance to be held the following week.

Secretary was asked to pay a bill, also to write school inspector for information on the work to be done to the school windows. Meeting then adjourned.

Large advertisement for Esso gasoline featuring a man in an Esso uniform, the slogan 'He has MORE Anti-knock Quality for you....', and details about Esso's anti-knock quality and car accessories.