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Valleyfield And Vicinity

Mr. Zenas Golding was in Montague Saturday on business.
 Mr. Harry VanBuskirk went to Nova Scotia recently on business.

Mr. Jack MacKenzie has returned from a visit with her relatives in Cape Breton.

Rev. and Mrs. A.C. Fraser and son Lloyd are visiting for two weeks at St. Ann's and vicinity, Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jardine and family, Freetown, were recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Martin.

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

With angry protective gesture, Burl caught the hand of his future father-in-law as Sierra mashed him down into his chair. "Father, you're not yourself," said Sierra, or you wouldn't have done that." His gray face whipped by the gale of what had taken sudden possession of him, the stocky body threw hold of him with a wrench. Like a bull charging, he rushed across the room toward the bookshelves, his head low, his breathing audible, his usually quiet eyes focusing crazily. "What's left of my life, such as it is, is mine. You're going to listen, now that you've got your pick of happiness out of life, to what I've had out of mine."

Pumbling frenziedly along the bookshelves that lined the south wall of the room, the moth-colored figure of John Baldwin shot completely outside his control. His knees knocked and the trembling of his body ripped his suit. "Father," cried Sierra, rushing after him, her hand out to restrain him, "don't fly apart this way. Florence didn't mean—"

"I did. I did. I did," shrieked Florence, beating with her clenched fists against the upholstery of the divan. "I did. Mother's not cold yet. What will people say!"

Hurling books from the shelves as if they were bricks, John Baldwin, his wet lips moving, threw off Sierra's repeatedly restraining hand. "You're going to listen. It's just as well to get it out! All of you now, here, tonight, are going to listen."

"But, Father, why are you tearing books off the shelves in that fashion? Stop it, Father, stop it!"

"Here they are! I snapped them the week before she did. I wanted her to die. Day and night I wanted her to die. I prayed not to want it, because even after fifteen years, there were a couple of the specialists said there was hope. I took these pictures and had them enlarged so that when I looked at them it would not seem too devilish to wish her dead. Now you look! Look at them as I have looked at the living really for fifteen years. Look, do you hear me, look! Don't turn your head! You'll look as I've looked. Look, and then dare to deny me the right to what is left. Look!"

There she was, Mamie Trehane, toast of Silvertown, caught in

RETIREMENT MaritimeLife

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dreadful action, photographed skulking in her den. There she was again and again, she who had been Mamie Trehane, the lusty beauty of boom towns, in all of her dreadful defeat.

"Look, and reproach me if you dare! Look or I'll rub your eyes in it. Look, I tell you. Look!"

Suddenly, as the door swung open to reveal Carrie with a loaded champagne tray, the cacophonous greetings to the new century began to spill from chimes and bells, horns, catcalls, shouts, sirens, elongated steamboat whistles from the harbor, spraying and braying sound as they mounted to heaven in rocket after rocket of dissonance.

"1901! The twentieth century!"

Quietly in the midst of it, Sierra walked over to her father, wrenched the fan of portraits from his fingers, laid them face down on the piano and, cupping his head against her breast, held him as one would a child.

CHAPTER III

On the New Year's day of the turn of the century, a blustery one with a wind that ran up under her yellow mink dolman cape, Sierra Baldwin, her hands rather primly within her small barrel of yellow mink tuft and her hair drawn austere beneath her yellow mink turban, hurried up the stoop of a large brown dwelling in East Seventeenth Street that had obviously undergone tortuous architecture and facade changes in its transition from an erstwhile handsome family dwelling to an apartment house.

East Seventeenth Street at the close of the century was a residential street that was destined, sooner than it realized, to suffer violent neighborhood changes. Rows of conservative families, about to be forced to migrate by the deterioration going on toward Third Avenue, still lived conservatively behind heavy lace curtains and dined in heavy walnut basement dining rooms.

The middle floor in one of the first to be renovated of these rows of somber mansions was occupied, so stated the name plate above the doorbell, by Miss Ames and Miss Mullane. To Sierra, any approach whatsoever to the apartment of this pair would have amounted to a ladder to a heaven because nowhere in her experience, at her various schools and certainly not since her year in a girls' seminary in Switzerland, had she experienced the kind of compatibility she now enjoyed in the combined personalities of Charlotte Praag Ames and Katherine Mullane.

Of beginnings less adventurous than that of the Mullanes of Kerry Patch, St. Louis, the Praag family of pedigreed Dutch origin that stemmed back to Manhattan's early settlers, had once been financially and socially representative in New York, a background from which the Charlottentowners could sometimes seem to want to shake herself free, in proportion to the degree Kitty tried to accent it.

It was in the manner in which Charlotte Praag Ames, overweigh, forthright and foursquare, had fallen out of stride with the goosetep of her class, which had first caused her to charge into Sierra's experience. It was literally upon a charging mare that the Charlottentowners had first ridden into Sierra's life.

(To be continued)

LIVING IS CHEAPER

NEW DELHI — (CP)—A spokesman for the ministry of labor said recently that present living costs in India are not higher than those in the United States, Britain and Canada. He explained that it was erroneous to compare cost of living in the different countries on the basis of cost of living index numbers, as there were many variations.



Rt. Rev. Walter E. Bagnall was consecrated as seventh Bishop of Niagara at a special service held in Christ's church cathedral. The church, built in 1875, was recently renovated for important event. Clergymen, who came from all over country, are shown lining the sidewalk, as visiting high churchmen march into the church for ceremony.

Former Islander Dies In Halifax

The following obituary is from a Halifax Exchange:

Maxfield Lea Boswell, 154 Coburg Road, well known in Halifax business and professional circles, passed away early Thursday, September 22nd in hospital at Cheticamp. He failed to recover from a heart attack suffered about two weeks ago during a visit he had paid to the Cape Breton community in the interests of his firm.

In his passing death has claimed on two successive days men who had occupied the post of Chairman of the Halifax Board of School Commissioners, for Mr. Boswell headed the board for 1939-41 after two years service as a commissioner. Yesterday Frank M. O'Neill who has also been Board Chairman, passed away.

Mr. Boswell had another link with the educational system of Halifax for he later was appointed Superintendent of Buildings, being in the post from August 1934 to May 1942.

A native of Victoria, Prince Edward Island, Mr. Boswell studied at Prince of Wales College and later secured his degree in civil engineering from McGill University. At the time of the Ocean Terminal development he was an assistant to the chief engineer on that big undertaking.

During the First World War he served with the Engineers in both France and Italy as a commissioned officer. Later on his return to Halifax and discharge from the services he became connected with the firm of A. N. Whitman Ltd., which was later dissolved.

During the Second World War Mr. Boswell's services were accepted by the National Research Board and he was appointed to the Angus shops in Montreal, where he specialized in research connected with the production of tanks.

More recently he was connected with the firm of Robin Jones and Whitman, and it was during a trip to Cheticamp to visit the branch there that Mr. Boswell suffered the illness that claimed his life. About two weeks ago he had felt ill and returned to his hotel to rest. Shortly after, he suffered a heart attack. Since that time he has put up a valiant fight for life in the hospital, to which he was admitted.

In yachting circles his absence will be keenly regretted, for he was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and was secretary for some years. His friendly manner made him a popular companion aboard the craft of the Squadron, as it did in the ranks of the various organizations with which he was identified.

A member of Fort Massey Church, he served several years on the Board of Management. He was also

a member of Virgin Lodge of the Masonic Order. The North British Society was one of the organizations which held an especially warm place in his heart. Mr. Boswell was also identified with the United Service Institute and Cornwallis Branch, Canadian Legion.

Surviving are his wife, the former Miss Dorothy Whitman; and a daughter, Mary (Mrs. G. N. Sellers), now residing in England. A brother, Keith and sister, Elsie, reside at Victoria.

The funeral was held Saturday from his late residence, Rev. D. M. Sinclair, Fort Massey, officiating, with interment in Camp Hill cemetery.

Editorial Tribute

The following editorial tribute to Mr. Boswell appeared in the Halifax press:

"But life was more than work to Max Boswell. He was a man with a great many friends in all walks of life, especially among War Veterans of whom he was one and in the services. He was particularly active in yachting and for years

was a member of the executive of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, and there his knowledge and his friendship will be greatly missed.

"Max Boswell made a contribution to the life of this community, to its growth and improvement. His interest in its welfare never flagged and the news of his death after a brief illness, the seriousness of which many were unaware, came as a deep shock to the whole of Halifax."

PLUMBING EXPERT

PORT ELIZABETH, South Africa — (CP) — A native was sentenced here recently to six months imprisonment and six strokes for removing a complete laboratory system from a hotel.



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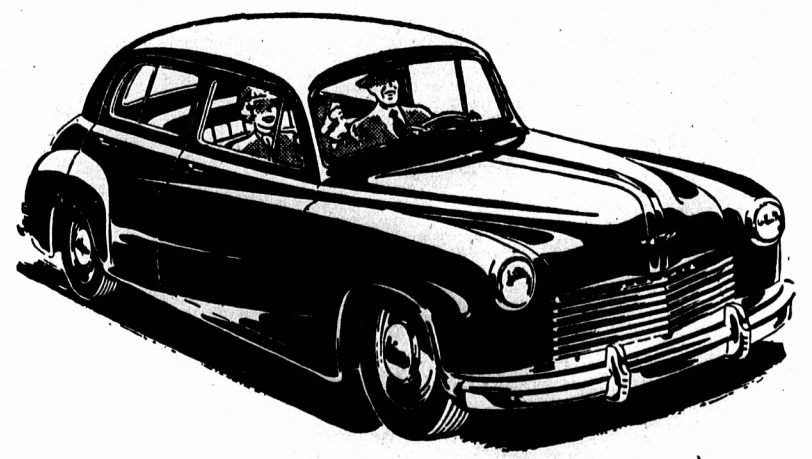
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NEW SIGHT FROM A PIG'S EYE—Dr. Mahmoud Loutfi, well-known Egyptian oculist, examines a section of a pig's eye which he removed before grafting it to the eye of his patient. The delicate operation was performed at a Cairo hospital, and results were not announced immediately.

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