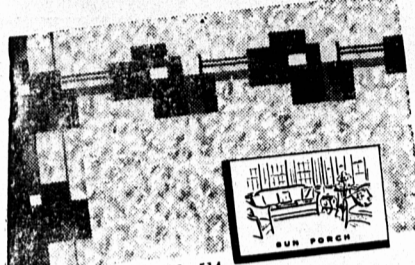




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LIDA L. BRIMORE

The circle of flame in the lamp steamed and brightened. Gay raised her head. Through the mellow light she saw Kate walking toward her, an aim used expression in her eyes under the brim of a dark felt hat which on Kate looked both disreputable and debonaire. She turned away, puzzling over Kate's comment, not quite understanding the sceptical expression deepening the lines around Kate's twinkling eyes. Did Kate think—?

"There's a fire laid ready for lighting," she knelt on the hearth, generously ignoring both the comment and the ready explanation. "We won't need more wood tonight. Will you hand me the matches, please?" "Sweet magic," Kate said dryly. "Alice - in - Wonderland and the Arabian Nights. Oh in the amps a fire laid - or maybe the element did it. Anyway, I'm not kicking. Gay took the box of matches without meeting Kate's glance. The implication was perfectly clear. Kate thought - Astonishment sharpened into indignation. She resented having her motives questioned. A back the words. Never deny or explain, people go at you if you let your defenses down, she reminded herself. In affronted silence she ignited the shavings beneath the pyramid of wood.

Our guardian angel has slipped up, though, Kate said still in a tone of sceptical amusement. "Those boots certainly won't fit either you or me." Her voice altered. "Who is it, Gay?" she asked with a directness which could no longer be evaded. "I don't know." "Someone is living here." "Obviously." "Who is it?" Kate repeated. "I told you I didn't know." Gay watched small active flames licking up against the logs.

Was she telling the truth? Kate watched Gay rise, swiftly, gracefully, from her kneeling position on the hearth. She had no reason to doubt her, kneeling, packing up to the warmth of the fire. In the roster of Gay's short-comings, a disregard for the truth was not listed. Still - "What are you going to do about it?" she asked more casually than she felt.

Gay paused in her progress across the room. "Laid about it," she asked. "I just wondered," Kate receded back and forth from her heels to her toes on the field-stone hearth. She was observing intently, the unconscious air of assurance with which Gay carried herself, thinking how trim she looked, in spite of two days and a night in the dark, in the dark tailored suit which emphasized the grace of her long slender legs, the breadth of her shoulders, the rounded slenderness of her body. Ah, youth! she herself, probably looked like a scare-crow, a particularly attenuated and angular one. Not that it mattered. The inward sigh which followed the thought was philosophical rather than envious. "I don't necessarily insist that we get out of here pretty quick," she continued, still carefully casual. "It's an idea, though. To quote your Aunt Flora, it might be advisable, perhaps."

Gay's glance scorned so craven a suggestion. "We will not," she said with spirited emphasis. "This cabin belongs to me." She pulled off her hat, tossed it on the couch, ran her fingers through the flattened red-brown waves of her hair. "I've no intention of being dispossessed, if that's the phrase. You might as well take off your bonnet and shawl. We're going to stay."

"There'd be no accommodations in the village, I suppose," she said tentatively. "An inn or a tourist camp - just for tonight?" "In Northfield?" Gay laughed. "Heavens, no!" "And it's a long way back to Machias."

"Twenty miles," Gay was lighting a second lamp on the table behind the couch. "Have you forgotten," she asked, "the condition of the road?" Kate was a little abashed to feel a not unpleasant thrill of excitement tingling shamelessly up her spine. After a summer at "Dunedin," the Graham estate on the Hudson, anything in the nature of an "escape" was enticing. "I shall never forget," Kate removed her hat. "When I'm eighty, I'll tell my grand-nieces and nephews, the reason your old auntie is an invalid, my dears, is because one upon a time she drove twenty miles along a road in the state of Maine. No, I couldn't," she concluded. "I'd

happy in the torrent rain as they rushed to the big party going on at the reserve. A car crashed into the gas tanks at McEwen's garage on Sunday night, the breaking near handle in several places and the globe at the top and leaving quite a dinge in the tank. The accident occurred some time after 2 A. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Read, New York, left on return home this week after spending a few days at Mrs. Read's old home here. Mr. Read, who has visited the Island every summer for several years always looks forward to his next trip with pleasure.

A strange accident occurred near the Little Flower Church on Saturday evening while Frank Keefe, was on his way home. The wagon he was riding in broke apart, the horse going on with the shafts and front wheels while the back end dropped to the ground. Mr. Keefe was unhurt.

Mrs. Catherine Aylward, arrived home from New York last week by motor. Mrs. Aylward had been in the U. S. A. several months. On her trip she had both joy and sorrow. Leaving her she rushed to the bedside of her dying daughter and after this sad part of her mission she went on to New York and spent several months with her other daughter, Mrs. Frank Read.

Mr. Joseph Sinnott, has started threshing and already has visited several barns. Many others are waiting as owing to the wet weather the stacks are very wet.

rather face unknown terrors that jounce over those twenty miles again tonight. "Idiot!" Gay was placing the fluted china shade on the lamp. She was lovely-looking, Kate thought, feeling as she frequently felt when she consciously considered Gay's features and coloring, a slight shock of surprise and wonder. The light from the lamp striking up into her face accentuated the high cheek-bones, the faint depressions beneath them, the line of her jaw and rounded chin, the curve of her brows above her long very deep blue eyes. Certain endearing flaws redeemed her face from the still perfection of authentic beauty, the straight thick lashes, the dusting of freckles across her nose, her wide, sweetly curved mouth, the way her eyes narrowed and crinkled when she smiled.

"Do you know what I think?" Kate said darkly. "I'm breathless," Gay said through a mouthful of apple. "Those jars and the smell in the room over there." Kate gestured, almost angrily, toward the cupboard which she had just inventoried a poison gas to annihilate the world.

"Can I depend on that?" Gay moved away from the table. "It would be a let-down to discover that the smell was moonshine brewing." She bit again into the apple. "Our cabin-mate reads," she observed. "That's encouraging," Kate said as Gay picked up a book which lay face-down upon the couch. "Your home is known by the books you own. What is it?"

"Something about - hormones." Gay stood looking quizzically down at the book in her hand. "Hormones?" Kate repeated, then lowering her voice dramatically. "Gay! He's planning the perfect murder. He's one of those educated criminals you read about with a keen analytical mind. A doctor, perhaps, who -"

"A doctor?" Gay's altered voice arrested Kate's attention. She glanced quickly toward the couch at the far side of the hearth. Gay's eyes were lowered over the book. She was turning pages with a quick fluttering motion of her fingers through the leaves. Kate heard a sound like a quickly drawn breath, faint but authentic.

"No name?" she asked, as Gay lifted her eyes. "Nothing." The sound had been authentic, Kate thought. Gay had made a discovery. Gay's eyes were presently aware of Kate. They dropped self-consciously before Kate's questioning glance. She placed the book on the couch, tossed the remains of the apple into the fire.

"Let's investigate further," she said, after a moment. Her voice was only a little shaken but the peach-colored flush deepened and her eyes were very bright. "That's a sensible idea," Kate said serenely. "Leave no stone unturned, Kate, I'll carry that." She added as Gay turned to take the lamp from the table.

Gay did not demur. She walked to one of the doors leading on to the porch, opened it, stepped out into darkness. Kate followed with the lamp. The screened porch which extended across the front of the cabin disclosed nothing of importance. There were built-in bunks at either end covered with blankets and tarpaulins. There were four rugs in the room, the windows above the bunks were lowered but the front of the porch stood open to the night. Kate followed Gay's heels, clucking with a muted sound on the rugs, more sharply on the floor between, stopped when she stopped at the long table in the center of the porch.

"The moon is over," Gay said. "Nice weather tomorrow." Kate looked out through the screening. The yellow glow of lamplight and the white light of the moon on the table and returned to stand beside Gay. Moonlight lay on the clearing in front of the cabin, marked the path leading down to a gentle grade to the edge of the lake. Beyond, the water stretched silver-gray, moonless, barely distinguishable from the land.

"I shall never forget," Kate removed her hat. "When I'm eighty, I'll tell my grand-nieces and nephews, the reason your old auntie is an invalid, my dears, is because one upon a time she drove twenty miles along a road in the state of Maine. No, I couldn't," she concluded. "I'd

DEADLY WELCOME FOR AN INVADER LONDON, Sept. 18 - (CP) - Men of Britain's Home Guard know for themselves the effectiveness of the "Molotov cocktail" now being issued to them by the million.

Exact composition of these simple but useful weapons against tanks and armored divisions cannot be disclosed. But they are simple in construction and can be made easily and quickly. They are more deadly than hand grenades.

A detachment of Home Guards in the eastern counties proved what can be done with the "Molotov cocktail" in a realistic war exercise in their area. From a concealed post they attacked an advancing "enemy tank." The tank actually was an old car, with bits of corrugated iron draped around it and a black swastika marked on it.

As the "tank" rattled toward an obstruction the Home Guard got busy. In a few seconds it was enveloped in a sheet of flame. Several "well-aimed" Molotovs caused it to break up in a flaming pile. Observers were satisfied the crew of a real tank would have had to surrender or be burned to death.

BUY A WARPLANE? HERE ARE PRICES LONDON, Sept. 18 - (CP) - Just in case you are looking for a place to put your spare cash, a favorite pastime in Britain at present, newspapers are publishing costs of warplanes. The fighter planes, which have taken such a heavy toll of German invaders, Spitfire and Hurricane, cost \$6,000 (\$28,700) and \$4,500 (\$20,025) respectively; a Blenheim bomber \$17,000 (\$75,650); a Wellington \$25,000 (\$111,250) and a Sunderland flying boat \$50,000 (\$222,500).

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Advertisement for Nabisco Shredded Wheat cereal. Includes image of a woman and a box of cereal. Text: "THIS HAS THE VITAL FOOD VALUES THAT MY FAMILY NEEDS". "Over two Nabisco Shredded Wheat slice a banana, pour a cupful or more of milk, sugar to taste - and you have a breakfast made to order for a lazy morning-appetite! But that's only half the story. In this one delicious dish, you actually get eight vital food values: Three Vitamins (A, B, and C), Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Carbohydrates and Proteins." "THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., Niagara Falls, Canada". "LOOK FOR THIS FAMILIAR PACKAGE AT YOUR FOOD STORE". "MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT".

PROCLAMATION CANADA [L.S.] GEORGE THE SIXTH, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas KING, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. TO ALL TO WHOM these Presents shall come or whom the same may - in anywise concern, PROCLAMATION GREETING: E. MIALI, Acting Deputy Minister of Justice, Canada } WHEREAS it is provided by The National Resources Mobilization Act, 1940, that the Governor in Council may make from time to time such orders and regulations requiring persons to place themselves, their services and their property at the disposal of His Majesty in the right of Canada for the use within Canada or the territorial waters thereof, as may be deemed necessary or expedient for securing the public safety, the defence of Canada, the maintenance of public order, or the efficient prosecution of the war, or for maintaining supplies or services essential to the life of the community; AND WHEREAS pursuant to the powers therein contained, and the provisions of The War Measures Act, our Governor in Council did on the 27th day of August, 1940, make regulations to provide a system for calling out men for military training within Canada and the territorial waters thereof, such regulations being known as the National War Services Regulations, 1940; AND WHEREAS pursuant to and in accordance with the said Regulations, it has been decided to call out for military training, as aforesaid, every male British Subject who is or has been at any time subsequent to the first day of September, 1939, ordinarily resident in Canada and who, on the first day of July, 1940, had reached the age of twenty-one years but had not yet reached the age on that date of twenty-two years or had reached the age of twenty-two years but had not yet reached the age on that date of twenty-three years, or who had reached the age of twenty-three years but had not yet reached the age on that date of twenty-four years, or who had reached the age of twenty-four years but had not yet reached the age on that date of twenty-five years and who was on the fifteenth day of July, 1940, unmarried or a widower without child or children; NOW THEREFORE KNOW YE that pursuant to The National Resources Mobilization Act, 1940, and the War Measures Act, and pursuant to and in accordance with the National War Services Regulations, 1940, promulgated under the provisions of the said Acts, we do hereby call out the aforesaid classes of men to submit themselves for medical examination and to undergo military training for a period of thirty days within Canada or the territorial waters thereof, and to report at such places and times and in such manner and to such authorities or persons as may be notified to them respectively by a Divisional Registrar of an Administrative Division appointed by the Governor in Council pursuant to the above mentioned regulations. OF ALL OF WHICH Our Loving Subjects and all others whom these Presents may concern, are hereby required to take notice. IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed. WITNESS: Our Dear Uncle, Our Right Trusty and Right Well Beloved Cousin and Counsellor, ALEXANDER AUGUSTUS FREDERICK GEORGE, Earl of Athlone, Knight of Our Most Noble Order of the Garter, Member of Our Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Grand Master of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Knight Grand Cross of Our Royal Victorian Order, Companion of Our Distinguished Service Order, Colonel in Our Army (retired), holding the honorary rank of Major-General, One of Our Personal Aides-de-Camp, Governor General and Commander in Chief of Our Dominion of Canada. At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, this eleventh day of September, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty, and in the fourth year of Our Reign. By Command, E. H. COLEMAN, Under-Secretary of State. The above is verbatim copy of Proclamation appearing in The Canada Gazette, No. 25, Extra, Vol. LXXIV, September 13th, 1940. Published for the information of those concerned by the authority and courtesy of HONOURABLE JAMES G. GARDINER Minister of National War Services.

Bristol And Vicinity Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carr, City, spent the weekend with Mrs. Carr's parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Baker. Mr. Ernest McEwen, has completed shingling the entire roof of his dwelling house. Mr. Cyril Sinnott, teacher at South Hampton School, spent the weekend at his home here. Miss Mary Sinnott, P. W. C. Supt. spent the week-end at her home here. Mrs. Arthur Blaxland, Morell, was a visitor to the City on Saturday. Mrs. George Deveaux, is spending some time in the City with...