

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

CHAPTER V

Bing went on singing a saga of the sea in general, the Ellen J in particular. There was an alarm clock on a shelf behind him. It said eleven-thirty.

"Heavenly! Is that clock right?" Jonesey asked, as if she were setting it for the first time.

"Probably it's fast," said Bing, who knew it wasn't.

But she rose and so did he, went back on deck, back to the moon's influence—not that they had missed it much. The lighthouse winked at them. Bing drew in the tender.

"The Ellen J" he said.

"Isn't that funny—that's my name!" remarked Jonesey. "Ellen—"

she checked herself. She had all but told him her true name. "Ellen Jones," she substituted quickly.

"Now I know what the J stands for, I'd wondered," he commented.

She sat in the tender's stern, her fingers trailing in the water while the moon did things to her face. She looked at the moon, he looked at her.

"There's been a stray line running through my mind all evening," he said abruptly.

"To place it or finish it. It begins 'On such a night'—"

"In such a night," she corrected.

"The moon shines bright; in such a night as this, when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees."

And they did make no noise, in such a night.

Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls and sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents.

Where Cressid lay that night."

As she quoted, unbidden memories flooded her. She suddenly envisioned her grandfather in his library, and her voice trailed off as if dissolved in the moonlight.

Bing said nothing for a moment. He felt moved by some emotion he had without knowing what it could be.

Something to do with some memory, he felt sure. He was at least assured she was no ordinary waitress, and he was not at all surprised. He had felt from the first she was unusual. Besides he knew college girls sometimes waited on table during their summer vacations.

"You got more out of Shakespeare in college than I did," he remarked.

"College" echoed Jonesey. "But I never went to one. All I know—about books, anyway—I learned from my grandfather. He—"

"She could not go on and Bing thought he knew why. She had already said some thing back in the cabin that gave him the idea that both her parents were dead.

From the way she spoke about her grandfather he must have brought her up and from her expression he gathered that her grandfather was dead now.

So that was why she was a waitress. She had to support herself, do something, anything. He felt a sudden rush of tenderness for her that was akin to an ache. He felt a need to serve her, protect her. He—"

"There's the canoe" she announced suddenly.

He turned and saw it floating upside down shifted his course, picked it up and was so saved from what he realized would have been madness. Not because she was a waitress, but because she would have misunderstood. What? Well,

British Notables Came On The 'E'



Viscountess Mountbatten, wife of Viscount Mountbatten, colorful leader was one of the passengers aboard the luxury liner Queen Elizabeth when it docked in New York following first Atlantic crossing since being released from war service.

he hardly knew himself. But when he had dropped anchor six hours before, he had intended to turn off again. And he no longer intended any such thing.

And Jonesey had reason to suspect it. It was in his voice when he said good night. A note that went stealthily up the back stairs to her room. There she opened the door softly, gently shut it behind her and stood stock still—

breathless, but not from the stairs—

"Well, for the love of Pete where have you been?" demanded an irritated voice from the bed.

Jonesey jumped. "Nowhere in particular," she said hastily.

"It's certainly must be a long walk there and back," remarked Mae. "Don't for heaven's sake turn on the light—there's a million mosquitoes in here already."

Jonesey had no desire to turn on the light. She feared that Mae might surprise something in her face, hairy her with questions, if she did. She moved around in the dark, slipped out of her bathing suit, stood stock still again.

"What are you doing now, posing for Venus-what-you-call it, or what?" demanded Mae finally.

"Aren't you coming to bed tonight? What are you mooning about anyway?"

"Nothing" said Jonesey hastily.

But that was a lie. She was thinking about a lot of things she had completely forgotten while she had been aboard the Ellen J with Bing. A little shiver ran through her and not because the room was any cooler, for there was a heater in it.

They—she and Bing—had made a beginning, she knew. The sort of beginning that in stories she had read led to something much more. But it couldn't, not with her. Ever. It simply must stop just where it was. She couldn't be interested in him and she mustn't let him be interested in her.

So she decided, as poised on one foot, she miserably thrust the other into a pajama leg.

In less than forty-eight hours, William Bingham McAdams 3rd, of New York had, so far as the Pisquasset Inn was concerned, managed to make a name for himself. He had come, he had seen and, as was obvious to even the

(Continued on Page 14)

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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SMART TOPOCOATS. — Special \$24.50, Jack Cameron's, "The Store for Men."

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LEGION PROGRAM — A brief visit was made here this week by Col. Wilfred Bovey, O.B.E., Montreal, chairman of the Canadian Legion educational services, Dominion Command. He discussed plans for an educational program with a committee of the Provincial Command comprising Lt. Col. L. T. Lowther, Lt. Col. W. W. Reid and Maj. J. A. Macdonald.

UNDER UTILITIES BOARD — The granting of licenses for the sale of gasoline under provisions of the Gasoline Tax Act has been proclaimed a "public utility" and comes under control of the new Provincial Board of Commissioners of Public Utilities. The proclamation appears in the current issue of the Royal Gazette, and is effective as from October 17.

RETURN FROM HOLIDAY. — Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Stewart, of Boboogon, Ontario, left Friday morning for their home after spending a vacation at Mr. Stewart's former home at Blue Mountain and in town with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown, Fraser Street. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Brown on a motor tour of P. E. Island, enjoying the scenery, and were fortunate in having beautiful weather. — New Glasgow News.

IMPROVED FREIGHT TRANSPORTATION — Mr. J. H. Norton, C.N.R. traffic manager, Moncton, was in the city yesterday, interviewing business men. He reports great speeding up in the transportation of freight to the mainland; up to yesterday there was an increase of over 400 cars compared with last year. The addition of the Scotia to the Ferry Service will help considerably in still further increasing both exports and imports. Mr. Norton was accompanied by Mr. F. R. Sayers, Public Relations Officer.

FRIENDS HONOR COUPLE. — The New Glasgow News says:— On learning that Mr. and Mrs. Sam Acorn were moving back to their home in Murray Harbor, P. E. I., the friends among whom they lived during the war years and who had learned to appreciate their kindly good neighborly ways, with Mrs. John Gillen and Mrs. Alex McLeas, as hostesses, gathered at the home of the latter to enjoy a last social evening together. Games were played and after partaking of a delicious luncheon served by the hostesses, Mr. and Mrs. Acorn were dressed and told how large a place they filled in the neighborhood, how much they were going to be missed and how they would be missed in the chain of friendship would not be allowed to rust out. As a remembrance of their sojourn in Elizabeth Heights they were presented with a set of dishes. Mr. Acorn expressed his thanks of both Mrs. Acorn and himself, assuring the friends that the pleasant associations with them would never be forgotten and to keep the chain of friendship in good repair he extended a hearty welcome for one and all to visit them in the Island where they would always find the latch-string out.

Advertisement for Fostluns coats. Text: 'Selects a Fostluns coat for the November cover'. Image: A woman wearing a light-colored coat. Text: 'FURS BY Fostluns'. Bottom text: 'LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT CANADA FEATURE FURS BY Fostluns'.

Will Strengthen Tuber Market Generally Says N. B. Minister

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 29. — Agricultural Price Support Board announcement that it would purchase field run potatoes containing at least 70 per cent No. 1 quality at \$1.50 per barrel for resale to areas manufacturers, is expected to strengthen the market for potatoes generally. Hon. A. C. Taylor, New Brunswick minister of agriculture, stated over the week-end, with provision made whereby the Agricultural Price Support Board agrees to purchase, next spring, No. 1 table potatoes at \$1 per 75 pounds bagged, inspected and loaded on cars at shipping points in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, it is hoped that farmers will be able to locate the necessary storage. In this respect, Mr. Taylor suggested the possibility of storing the potato crop in farm pits when other provision cannot be made.

The minister said that the board was of the opinion that the current proposal to purchase field run potatoes as designated, for processing, would be more effective in relieving pressure of a surplus on the markets and would be much more practical administratively than the original proposal for purchase of several grades.

This Mr. Taylor pointed out provides for a considerable inclusion of small sized potatoes and comes within the reasonable accomplishment of the inspection services available and without unduly holding up the farmers delivery to the factory. The delivery, however, must be of sound stock or otherwise it will be refused.

Mr. Taylor also announced that a cargo of seed potatoes, of approximately 100,000 crates would be loaded early in November for export. This shipment, add to the large shipments made together with a purchase policy covering industrial potatoes and the promise of purchase next spring should strengthen the Canadian market, he said, and added that the policy outlined together with the continued efforts which are being made for further outlets and markets should be of practical assurance to potato growers and the trade.

(\$11.50 a week, plus their traveling expenses, and in any getting case of distress a housekeeper is supplied free or for a small payment; the government makes up the difference in money.

Conditions under which government housekeepers work are closely supervised. They are employed on either a full-time or part-time basis, whichever is suitable to the employee. A casual housekeeper receives two shillings an hour, but is not entitled to sick leave or annual holidays. A permanent housekeeper has two weeks' annual holiday, and is entitled to sick leave.

Next step in the scheme is to establish a hostel for the housekeepers and a training centre for young girls interested in taking up the work. The latter will be established as soon as facilities at the technical college are available.

WONDER FLOWER BLOOMING

NEW DELHI — (CP) — Ströbilanthus kuthianus, a remarkable plant which bursts into flower once in 12 years and covers the hillsides of South India with a carpet of blue, now is in full bloom. There are 46 species of Ströbilanthus in South India and all seem to have different flowering periods, ranging from one year to 30 years.

Slow And Fast Ways to Turn Leaves Into Compost

Regularly every fall bonfires of fallen leaves inspire sermons about the folly of destroying material which could be changed into precious humus, to maintain organic matter in garden soils.

Relatively few gardeners heed these suggestions, however, perhaps because the methods of making a compost pile tend to be elaborate, and may seem too much trouble for the quantity of compost they produce.

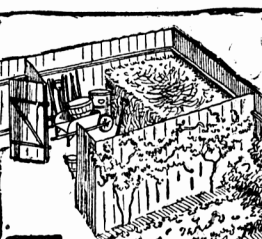
There is still no good reason for burning leaves. If a neat, orderly and well screened compost pile is too much trouble, the leaves will decay without it, and few home grounds lack a corner where they can be piled or spread and left without any attention whatever until transformed into precious leaf mould. This takes time, perhaps two years, but once the annual practice is established, then every year a crop of leaves, thoroughly decayed, is available for spreading on your garden.

Methods of management, which may seem elaborate, are justified on two points, first they can speed up the rate of decay, so that compost is available in one year instead of two; and second, where room is at a premium, they confine the compost pile in reduced space, and improve its appearance.

To speed decay, the growth of the bacteria which cause decay is stimulated. There are two methods of doing this. These bacteria are present in decaying manure, so that when a small quantity of manure is spread through the compost pile, their number is increased and their activity hastened. They consume nitrogen, so if they are fed, so to speak, with nitrogen they will increase in number and decay will be hastened. If manure is lacking, or there is objection to using it, commercial cultures of these bacteria are now available, and can be used instead. Nitrogen can be supplied by mixing chemical fertilizer with the compost material.

Any organic matter can be used in a compost heap; and this means table refuse from the house. But it is not practical to use it except in a managed pile, where it can be covered with earth to kill odor.

The simplest way of creating a managed compost pile is to set aside a suitable location, out of the way and preferably screened by planting, or a fence; 10 x 10 feet would be an average size. Clean off all vegetation and harden the surface soil by rolling. Pile evenly over this area all dead leaves and other waste plant and even animal material, from your garden, and from kitchen wastes. But carefully ex-

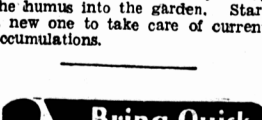


FENCE OFF A PIECE OF YOUR BACKYARD 10' X 10' OR SMALLER TO KEEP COMPOST HEAP, WHEEL BARROW, TOOLS, ASH CANS, ETC. OUT OF SIGHT.

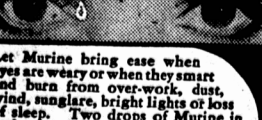
clude, if you would avoid trouble, all wood branches, twigs and metal objects. When the layer, well tramped down, is six inches thick, sprinkle it with a balanced fertilizer mixture, about one ounce to a square yard. Wood ashes and limestone are also beneficial, each in three or more times this quantity. Then wet it down.

Build up the heap, layer by layer, with similar applications between the layers; and keep it moist. Odors develop an inch of soil thrown on top of the pile will prevent them. When the pile is as high as you can conveniently manage, cover the top with soil and let it stand until you are ready to dig the humus into the garden. Start a new one to take care of current accumulations.

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HOUSEKEEPERS WORK BY PRIORITY SYSTEM

SYDNEY, Australia, Oct. 29 — (CP) — Elderly women, often the mothers of large families, are among volunteers offering their services to the new State Housekeeper Service which has just been launched in New South Wales. Labor Minister Hamilton Knight

said women taking positions under the scheme as housekeepers are not referred to or considered as "domestics." They have the status of a new type of welfare worker.

There are at present 50 housekeepers employed, and so great is the demand for their services that they are allotted by a priority system. Housekeepers receive £3.10.0

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