


**Sure PROTECTION at the Top**



**BP ASPHALT SHINGLES**

**A CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT**

Building Products Limited developed, in Canada, the first machine-made Thick But Shingle ever produced on the American continent. This type of Shingle is recognized both in this country and in the United States as the leading Asphalt Shingle now being produced.

It is at your service to give you top property protection.

Available in weights and types to meet various sloping roof requirements.

**BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED**

**BIRD DIVISION - RU-BER-OID DIVISION - VULCANITE DIVISION**

**Time Lost In Strikes Shows Increase**

By The Canadian Press

OTTAWA, Sept. 6.—Time lost through strikes in the first seven months of this year totaled 2,644,581 man-days, compared with 1,282,208 days in the corresponding period of 1945, Labor Minister Mitchell reported today.

The Minister said while time lost in July was exceptionally heavy both the number of workers involved and time lost showed some reduction from June.

Preliminary figures for the first seven months of 1946 showed 148 strikes involving 119,679 workers, with a time loss of 2,644,581 man-days. For the same period last year there were 120 strikes, involving 37,609 workers, with a resulting time loss of 1,282,208 days.

The number of workers involved in strikes in Canada during July was 49,752, compared with 70,688 in June, while the number of man-days of work lost in July due to industrial disputes was 918,245 against 985,188 in the preceding month.

The number of strikes and lockouts in effect at one time or another during July totaled 42. There were 23 strikes still in progress at the beginning of August.

The three largest strikes in effect during July were those involving rubber workers in Ontario, steel mill workers at Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Sydney, N. S., and textile workers at Montreal and Valleyfield.

These three strikes alone accounted for 540,000 days lost in July—almost 60 per cent of the Dominion total of man-working days lost through disputes during that month.

Twelve major strikes in effect during July—including steel, rubber and textile—accounted for 95 per cent of the total time lost.

**New Coats... and Dresses...**



**To Greet Fall With Fashion Brilliance!**

Starred in our excitingly new collection... the most flattering wardrobe fillers for Fall! Simply wonderful with their dramatic new lines and all priced for thrifty budgets. Glamorous dresses, clever suits and thrillingly smart coats.

**THE GLORIA**

"Where Smarter Women Shop"  
Corner Queen and Richmond Streets



**Bull Bucks, Crowd Cringes, Pants Pilfered**

By Ken Reynolds

(By Foster Barclay, Canadian Press Staff Writer)

OTTAWA, Sept. 3.—(CP)—As hundreds of onlookers and a half-dozen cowboys riding about a dispirited bull, feature attraction at a local rodeo, and seven frightened persons today shared a four-flute, slow-motion in an uptown store for almost three minutes.

When it was over, one of the seven was taken to hospital, five were shaken and bruised and the seventh—the writer—lost a pair of pants.

Big Sid started when the 1,400-pound Brahma Bull—Big Sid—with four cowboys riding herd, was paraded along the corner of Spades and a promotional stunt. Everything was fine until "Sid" reached Sparks Street, main business thoroughfare, and pulled a Ferdinand the Bull—he just wanted to sit and sit and sit.

Traffic was blocked, crowds gathered and all the tugging and tail pulling failed to budge the animal. It might have been easy on the wide-open ranges, but not in the corner of Spades and Sparks Streets with 1,000 clamoring duels about.

Big Sid had other ideas. He headed straight for the plate glass window of Byron Graham's department store. The crowd scattered in all directions and it seemed, so did the bull.

Swiftly changing direction and pace, he headed down the road, veered again to the sidewalk and in a swift trot made for the side entrance of the department store.

Those in the doorway started for the interior, but a hysterical woman tried to push instead of pull the inside door.

The bull cut through the street entrance, breaking the glass and coming abruptly to a halt at the inside barrier—seven persons were trapped in the bull's path.

Pawing and probing with his horns for a victim, the bull crushed a woman against the door and another against the wall. This reporter stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the bull, both trying to get somewhere, but in opposite directions.

But perhaps Big Sid realized there wasn't room for all his 1,400 pounds and seven people and he backed to the street. A woman slumped to the floor and was taken to hospital. Blood was seeping from a cut on her forehead.

Outside, the bull was cornered in a laneway, roped and later hauled away in a truck.

About those pants? They were an extra pair the writer was carrying to a tailor. They weren't to be found after the excitement.

**Grey Roses**

By PETER BENEDICT

"But what you don't know is that Thea said I found him dying maybe seven or eight minutes after you had—very loudly—breathed him. That doesn't give you much time to get off the scene. Where did you go?"

"Through the field and into the wood. I stayed there quite a time; but who's going to believe that?"

"You must have left the moment after you'd shouted at him."

"I did. I realized something bad would happen if I stayed there. I was scared. We were both pretty livid. I just ran for it. I had to. There wasn't much time."

"And you went to earth in the wood?"

"Well, I had to go somewhere to cool off. I didn't want to go breezing away up the village and run into half the respectable people in the place. I was looking like a devil himself. I just got out of sight by the quickest route. I went to earth. Surely you can see why?"

"Yes, of course," said Jane. "But it's so hopeless. Oh, Charles, don't see what a jam you're in? With a known quarrel on your feet, you and then this idiotic meeting this morning, and I expected several witnesses to testify to hearing you screaming threats at him, and no one but you to say at what time you left the garden—why, there's nothing in your favour! Oh, Charles, why did you have to put yourself in a position like that? It's so like you to get yourself in a mess, but this is different, this is important."

"Don't I know it!" said Charles. "It's murder!" It was something more to him; it was the loss of his hitherto unassailed self-assurance, and the memory of that destroying moment when Thea had looked at him and disarmed him by the conviction of his guilt. That was going to take some forgetting.

"Don't meet that trouble half way," said Jim sensibly. "And for heaven's sake don't let's try to plan a delicate reference when the case doesn't demand it. But, Charles, when the police get at you—as

they will, tell them everything. Every mortal thing! Even what you thought—if you can bring yourself to put that in. Because Dr. Wayland has already got it out of Thea that we overheard you in the garden, so if we were the best liars on earth we couldn't hope to keep it dark."

Charles turned round slowly and stared with his hurt, annoyed eyes. "Do you mean she—just jumped to it that I'd killed him? Just like that? And wanted to get back at me? Does she hate me as much as all that?"

"No," Jim said impatiently "of course not. He questioned her about it, that's all. Naturally, a doctor can hardly give a death certificate and ask no questions in a case like that. And she was too upset to be able to prevaricate for long. She simply admitted you'd been there and quarrelling with him. What else was she to do?"

"No, I suppose she couldn't be expected to do anything else. Hang it, he was her husband, after all."

"That didn't enter into it," said Jim firmly.

"You were there, I wasn't. You should know." And his grim face was a little cheered, and he smiled, but the effort was of short duration. For as he spoke they were aware of footsteps upon the stairs, mounting steadily and briskly. They looked at one another in speculation, all three visibly gathering their faculties to the inevitable crisis. These were not the footsteps of the publican or his wife, or of anyone who habitually frequented the room, nor was the knock which followed, leisurely and weighty and very deliberate, the knock of anyone belonging to the Swan.

"Come in," called Charles, rousing himself.

It was Sergeant Boyce who came in. He was a large man with a very quiet manner from which nothing could be guessed or concluded; middle-aged and his face practised in remaining blank over the keenest and most reasoned of thoughts.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Sievier," he said in the most matter-of-fact voice. "I hope I'm not come at an awkward time; but in the way of duty, I have to ask you a few questions about a certain matter, in which I believe you may be able to help us."

Charles visibly drew his wounded faculties together, and produced from somewhere within him the ghost of his lost assurance.

"Come in and sit down, sergeant," he said. "We've been expecting you."

**CHAPTER X WHO KILLED AUSTIN HART**

Charles at the inquest, narrated by a lawyer whose habitual manner was spiteful in the extreme, and who was being employed by Austin Hart's sister, cut an unimpressive figure. His temper under stress was never good, and the woman and the man, anxious both to deflect attention from the Hart family's substantial gain by the death, had a pouncing manner which frayed his harassed nerves beyond endurance.

The way they whispered together, the way the solicitor bobbed up triumphantly to suggest the indifferent coroner into putting various sidelong questions, annoyed Charles out of measure. His self-control began to slip and his voice to rise aggressively. Only when his eyes lit upon Thea Hart,

at one side of the narrow Church Hall, did he relax into that lost uncertainty of manner which was all she had left to him.

And that, thought Jane, was worst of all Charles, of all people in the world, to waver and lower his eyes, and search haltingly for words; it was horrible! And yet she could not help pitying Thea too. She looked so young in back, and so fragile, that it was impossible not to warm to her. If only she had not done that to Charles, Jane could have loved her simply for being so beautiful.

She had given her slender but important evidence early in the proceedings, given it in so few words as possible and in a clear monotone, stressing nothing, enlarging upon nothing. They had had to get all details from her by questions, for her own account had been only a couple of sentences long.

Yes, Mr. Sievier had a disagreement with her husband, but that was just about a picture.

Yes, the picture had been begun with Austin's consent, but he would not let Mr. Sievier finish it.

Asked why not, she shook her head and supposed it was because he misunderstood the relations between Mr. Sievier and herself.

She added that her husband was foolish in that way; and looked round the sympathetic faces about her, seemed to assume that they could scarcely choose but know what a life she had led with him and therefore said no more. Her candour was controlled and devastating.

Yes, she had heard Mr. Sievier's voice in the garden.

Yes, he sounded angry.

No, she had not seen him when she went out. Nor anyone else

either. She did not seem to see possibilities. She did not accuse by excusing.

Jane did not know if this was simplicity or subtlety, but it was soothing to her worried mind, and she was grateful for it.

Jim had followed her. He told the truth, with all the detail he could remember and his powers of observation were highly developed. He did not linger upon Charles's overheard words, but when asked to repeat them he did so without omission, in a tone which minimized the sense without distorting it. But Jane felt the breeze of suspicion, contagious from eye to eye and lip to lip, rise along the ranks of spectators at her back. It was impossible to listen and avoid the obvious suggestion that Charles Sievier had lost his temper and killed Austin Hart after a perfectly ordinary and sordid quarrel about a woman.

Nor did Charles do anything to eradicate that impression. His face when he rose to give his statement was dark with a sort of sullen defiance, and his voice grew from surly to menacing as he told how the difference between Hart and himself had arisen.

(To Be Continued)

**17TH CHILD**

BALLYSULLION TOWNE, Northern Ireland, Sept. 5.—(CP)—Mrs. Joseph McErlain, who has just given birth to her 17th child, is drawing family allowance for 13 children—largest number under the scheme in Northern Ireland.

RIPLEY, Surrey England.—(CP)—Regular patrons of the Half Moon Inn all were given a free drink under the will of the proprietor.

**QUICKIES**

"That punning bag you got with a Guardian Want Ad—is making a fool out of you!"

**Wellner's September Value Demonstration FEATURE**

for men and women Smart New Styled **BULOVAS**

From **\$24.75 up**

Dependable and attractive, these watches make an ideal gift at low cost.

**WELLNERS Jewelers Since 1868**

Lay-Aside Now For Christmas!

**HIDDEN TREASURE**

NEW PLYMOUTH, N.Z.—(CP)—A farmer who cut 14 chains of box-thorn hedge on what was formerly the Epsom Golf Club's links near here, found 1,500 golf balls which had been hidden there over years by their owners owing to the formidable thorns of the hedge. Golf balls are still unobtainable in New Zealand and the farmer reaped a rich harvest in selling the balls. He expects to get over 1,000 more from the rest of the hedge.

**SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY**

Full Course on Portrait Photography, Best paying profession for men and women. Teaching by Expert Photo Finisher.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

Students may look for part time work in the Montserrat area to help them defray expenses.

Write for particulars, MARTIN PHOTO FINISHERS, 282 Main St. Montserrat, N. E.

**NYAL SERVICE PHOS STORE**

Shop at your nearest **NYAL DRUG STORE**

The Nyal Drugget is the exclusive agent in your neighbourhood for Nyal Family Medicines and Drug Store supplies—made by the Nyal Company Limited, at Windsor, Ontario. You will enjoy dealing at a Nyal Drug Store—and when you buy Nyal Products, you benefit from Nyal quality and economy.

**NYAL VITA-VIM**

Ask about NYAL VITA-VIM the MULTIPLE CASUALTY... (text partially obscured)

**WORTHY'S DRUGSTORE**

R. E. GIGGEY Pharmacist

178 Queen St. Ch'town. Phone 271

**FURNACE FUEL OIL**

**METER MEASURED**

Meters will measure to the exact gallon the quantity of Oil put in your storage tanks.

**TWO TANK TRUCKS**

To give you the best of service—both trucks are equipped with meters for accurate measurement.

**We Are Now Proud to Offer You a Complete Heating Service**

**HIGH GRADE COAL AND FUEL OIL**

**WHICHEVER YOUR HEATING SYSTEM REQUIRES**

For High Grade **Furnace FUEL OIL—Meter Measured**

CALL **A. PICKARD & CO., LTD.**

PHONES 240, 241 and 242  
8-31-Sat.Tues.Thurs.S1.