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SPRING COATS CLEAR AT Half Price

TODAY THEN, while you still have weeks to wear your purchase with pleasure, comes this opportunity!

- \$10.95 Spring Coats selling for ... \$ 5.48
- \$12.95 Spring Coats selling for ... \$ 6.48
- \$14.95 Spring Coats selling for ... \$ 7.48
- \$16.95 Spring Coats selling for ... \$ 8.48
- \$19.50 Spring Coats selling for ... \$ 9.75
- \$22.50 Spring Coats selling for ... \$11.25
- \$25.00 Sp. Coats selling for \$12.50
- \$29.50 Sp. Coats selling for \$14.75



White Flannel and Jigger COATS ONE THIRD OFF

- \$ 5.95 Jigger Coats, selling for ... \$ 3.97
- \$12.95 Flannel Coats selling for ... \$ 8.64
- \$14.95 Flannel Coats selling for ... \$ 9.97
- \$16.95 Flannel Coats selling for ... \$11.30



- \$19.50 Flannel Coats selling for ... \$13.00
- \$19.50 White Flannel Suits selling for ... \$13.00
- \$22.50 White Flannel Suits selling for ... \$15.00

Two Piece Suits HALF PRICE

- \$19.50 two-piece Suit, selling for ... \$ 9.75
- \$25.00 two-piece Suit, selling for ... \$12.50
- \$25.00 three-piece Suit, selling for ... \$12.50
- \$29.50 three-piece Suit, selling for ... \$14.75
- \$35.00 three-piece Suit, selling for ... \$17.50
- \$39.00 three-piece Suit, selling for ... \$19.50

All Summer Dresses

All Summer Dresses selling at One-Third Off. These include Sheers, Laces, Nets, Linens and Crepes.

- \$ 2.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$1.97
- \$ 3.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$2.64
- \$ 5.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$3.97
- \$ 7.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$5.30
- \$10.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$7.30
- \$12.95 Printed Dresses, selling for ... \$8.64
- \$ 7.95 Crepe Suits, selling for ... \$5.30

**TERMS CASH
NO APPROBATION
NO CHARGES**

NO APPROBATION... because although there is good choosing... still the assortment is more or less limited and we want you to see them ALL when you come.

NO CHARGES... because the prices are so absurdly low that we cannot afford the charge service.

Thank you!

MOORE & McLEOD Limited



Hobbies Do Things For You

(Maritime Farmer)
A hobby does things for you! A hobby will make you charming. For you have it in you to be charming. That "something you admire so much in other women" is latent in you. It can be awakened and developed by some deep interest. Your life may become as exciting as the life of the women you envy. You have only to put into action this simple formula: Interest is the basis of all charm.

If you are interested you will be charming. It does not matter whether the interest is pagentry or photography, patchwork or pottery, just so it wholly absorbs you. For charm lies in self-forgetfulness. Your hobby, if it is a true hobby, something that you play for you—will take you out of yourself and figuratively, if not literally, out of doors, and bring you back with sparkling eye and restless step and something to talk about. The more you have to talk about, the more people you can listen to, and the more charming you will be. If your mind is pleasantly occupied going interesting places, meeting interesting people, doing interesting things, you will be free from gossip and pettiness, full of good talk and good humor—a truly charming person.

Hobbies will make you popular. Check up on the most sought-after woman in your club, neighborhood or town, and you will be sure to find some deep interest as the source of the enthusiasm which makes her a favorite. Whether she is enrolled in a course in Bible study or is despatching trails, the effect is the same. She is constantly cultivating new patterns of thought and action and regularly renewing her interest in it. She is having such a good time, she attracts all who yearn to enjoy life. And she is sure to have at least one self-starting amusement which makes her independent of companionship. That very independence which keeps her from being a duty to her friends makes them covet her company all the more.

Hobbies, in moderation, will contribute to your success as a business or professional woman. Women whose names are in the news know the rest and renewal that come from a hobby which not only keeps them fit, but somehow they permeates whatever they are doing. A novelist's love of antiques pretties up a stark, realistic tale. A school teacher's penchant for poetry enlivens the subject of geography. A coffee shop proprietor's mild mania for maps spurs lagging table talk.

Remember that all work and no play will make you a very tiresome person. Your husband cannot be blamed for turning you from his arms and legs when he comes at night but how the furnace smoked, how the kitchen sink got stopped up, and how Junior and Joan should wear socks or stockings.

Hobbies, if ridden wisely, will wear the years, and your youthfulness and good looks is invariably an enthusiastic hobby rider. She holds her head high and walks with her head on wings, and she hums. For her life is a daily adventure, a glorious exploration. The look of tiptoe expectancy on her face as she enters an antique shop may be even more becoming than the new frock she cannot afford because she covets a Windsor chair for her early American bedroom. Not her physician, her psychiatrist, nor even her beau could have done for her what her hobby has done. You, too, can learn how to use leisure beautifully. Dispel the looming bogey of high blood pressure with mild games, marionettes or mythologies. It does not matter what, just so it is play—participation in something that is fun for you, a rest and a change for you. Women can get tied up in knots over a hobby just as they do a daily task. Working at a hobby will not discover the things which are ever-present antidote to loneliness.

Hobbies are a solace when all your world revolves around you. Women who have mastered the art of living, who have not been content merely to simply fit into the social and social scheme of things, will have less trouble in making adjustments when trouble comes. Valiant is indeed the word for the woman who realizes what has happened to them is of infinitely less importance than is what they do about it. When death took the invalid husband of a childless professional woman, she continued to carry on her mutual hobby of collecting postage stamps. Her husband's terrible permanence things have when people die, she found solace in them. When she returned from the office at night it was not to an empty house, but to the hobby she and her husband shared so happily, prowling about in remote villages, writing letters to other pottery lovers over the world, reading every sentence of information they could find, cataloging their treasures, displaying them and showing them to interested friends.

The unassuming home-loving wife of a nationally known writer has in recent years become almost as famed for her charm as her husband is for his editorials. No doubt she always was charming, but it was not until after the tragic death of her only daughter that she developed interests outside her home and this widened the circle of her personality. Hunting antiques to furnish the living room of the nurse's home, seeing to it there was a hostess for the town dance hall; providing comforts for the women at the country farm; demanding the room for the room girls at the high school; planting flowers in the park, she and her husband presented to the town in memory of their daughter, keeping touch with the boys and girls who were in her daughter's high-school class; bringing national and even world-famous men and women to speak to the woman's club, an organization, at her insistence, open to every woman in town. These are more than some of the major interests of this courageous woman who, when tragedy and sorrow came to her, did something about it.

A single hobby, the study and collection of America has made the personality of a once indifferent, self-conscious woman blossom as the rose. She had an inferiority complex because she was the only one in her set who did not have a college education. Because she lacked confidence, she was ill at ease at a party and positively panicky when it was her turn to appear on her club program. Her closest friends knew she was their equal socially and intellectually, and



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without the benefit of sheepskin, but it took a hobby to make her appreciate herself.

Now a recognized authority on her subject, she has lost all trace of self-consciousness. Fortified with self-confidence, she has learned to make a better address than most of her college-trained friends. Not only is she a forceful and interesting speaker, but with her timidity gone she displays a rare sense of humor few knew she possessed. Frequently she appears before strange audiences without a tremor because she knows her subject. And because she knows, she feels her equality. There is something tremendously reassuring in being well-informed on some subject, even though it is not one of utmost importance.

It is enthusiasm for something which makes a life worth looking at. And when that life is a cultivated interest which color the personality of a charming woman denied normal social contacts.

"I find that the hobbies I have developed and maintained through the years have unconsciously become those I can, to a large extent, pursue alone or by correspondence—games I can play by myself. They are glass, genealogy, and gardening. Neither have I been conscious of what they were doing for me except to give me a lot of fun. When I stop to think of it, I realize they have made me more interesting, at any rate to my own family. In my class-hunting there has been a great deal of 'Well, see what mother's dragged in now!' And as I see the roots of my family tree, my husband is fond of reminding me that:

"Kind hearts are more than crowns
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"However, for all their banter, I am convinced that it is these same hobbies that have kept me from becoming in their eyes 'just mother' and have kept me, or made me, a personality."

"And naturally these interests have made me friends. My glass attracts other glass-lovers. My genealogy and genealogy other gardeners. I have formed friendships over the exchange of chrysanthemum or artemisia plants, or a common warfare on some insect pest, with persons with whom I am sure I should have no other bond of interest.

"Especially have my hobbies brought me long-distance friendships! Glass fans in other towns and states who have read of my interest in commemorative paintings.

Winnipeg, Cousins, distant in miles and relationships, who share my interest in the family's beginnings. These studies have aroused a dormant interest in my family's growing which threatens to eclipse the parent hobbies. My knowledge of geography has broadened. A map has come to have a new meaning to me. I confess to a satisfaction that amounts almost to smugness in recognizing and using the botanical names of plants.

"All these hobbies of man were undertaken purely for their present pleasure, but as the years have passed and my family is growing up and away, I realize that the principal benefit to me eventually will be one of which I had not thought or knowledge when I started them—that of insurance against a bored and lonely old age."

—American Cookery.

TELL OF CONDITIONS IN WAR-TORN CHINA

WINNIPEG, Aug. 4.—(CP)—Different views on business conditions in war-torn China were expressed by three commercial travellers who passed through Winnipeg.

J. Arthur Duff, representative in China for an automobile manufacturing company, said conditions were steadily becoming worse.

"Although the sale of motors, especially trucks, touched a new high a few months ago, at the present time it is almost nil."

Enroute to New York, Hans Vogel said commercial industry in China is at a standstill. The puppet government of Japan has taken over all of Shanghai except the International Settlement, and the resulting uncertainty makes it difficult to build up new business.

H. B. Beaumont, steamship passenger agent, said:

"The conflict in China has not greatly affected tourist traffic to the Orient."

"Our steamship lines have carried a steady traffic of educational tours from Canada and United States to both China and Japan despite the Sino-Jap struggle."

DEVICE TO CUT COST OF X-RAY

(By The Canadian Press)
WINNIPEG, Aug. 4.—Drastic reduction in the cost of operating modern X-ray machines required for development of high direct current voltages in treatment of cancer and other diseases was demonstrated here by Prof. John W. Dorsay of the University of Manitoba.

Prof. Dorsay exhibited two inexpensive machines, one of which turned out 100,000 volts and the other 40,000.

The machines, which look to be nothing more than a collection of radio tubes and small transformers immersed in an oil bath, make use of vacuum tube rectifiers costing only about \$1.50 each. These tubes can be replaced at any radio supply company whereas expensive tubes now must come direct from the manufacturer.

A drop of your favorite bath oil on a heated electric light bulb in the living room will scent the room faintly and delightfully.

PICNIC HAMPER REMINDERS

On the door of many hotel rooms is a sign which picnic-packers ought to have near by. The sign reads: "Look around, have you forgotten anything?"

Such a sign pasted on the cover of the picnic hamper, would remind you of the trifles that make for picnic success. Is there salt and pepper for the hard-boiled eggs? Is there a small pot of prepared mustard for the sandwiches and the frankfurters? Have we remembered sugar for the coffee, and is there a jar of mayonnaise to moisten the potato salad?

We can do without a good many of the implements of civilization at an out-door meal, but the seasons are vital. Fingers were used before forks, and so were spoons. Picnic food needs to be savory, and it is important to include "the makings" of fine flavor in the basket.

These are the new hose shades that you see other women wearing—maybe—and wish you knew what to ask for when you go to buy: Radiance—a beige with a rose cast, harmonizes with muted colors and evening shades; am-

berose—bright amber, good with blues, white and bright prints; cedar—lively sun tan, for white, pastels, sports as well as town navy and black; bisquette—a pale, neutral beige, for mustards, blues, neutrals and black.

COOKED CUCUMBER IS UNUSUAL VEGETABLE

Cucumber cooked is one of the very best vegetables, and any tricks it may play when raw on delicate digestions are quite circumvented by cooking.

Peel a moderate-sized cucumber, quarter and remove the seeds. Fry lightly in butter. Add to the pan two good tablespoons of stock (or milk can be used instead, if the every-vatchful care against curdling is shown). Stew the cucumber gently for 20 minutes, then remove the pieces and keep hot. Thicken the liquid with flour, taste and season if required, and boil up. Serve the cucumber in it.

Cubes of cucumber may also be breaded and fried, like egg-plant, or boiled in water and served with butter, like summer squash.

Use Minard's for bites.

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BEING AN ANGEL HOT SUMMER JOB

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—It's tough to be an angel on Broadway. Ask Vera Zorina. Every night in the week, bar Sunday—and twice on matinee days—she sits down to the stage of the Shubert Theatre to grab off an earthly husband and suffer the gummy heat of summer in New York.

Being an angel wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the wings. Zorina says. Wings are hot stuff. Hot and heavy.

other houses nurturing Broadway's summer survivors, is air-cooled. But air-cooling as "I Married an Angel," as elsewhere, ends at the foot-lights. Back of them, from stage apron to walk-up dressing-rooms of lowliest walk-ons, the theatre are humid blast furnaces these days.

A hundred or so actors are drawing pay cheques in the eight plays which apparently will see the summer through. Undoubtedly they'll be telling their grandchildren how they earned their living by the sweat of their brows.

And well they may—any of them but none more truthfully than Zorina and her six celestial maidens in "I Married an Angel."

Ask Zorina. Being an angel on Broadway these days makes you feel like the devil.

UNIQUE RECEPTION

(By The Canadian Press)
CALGARY.—George D. Y. Leacock of Toronto, brother of author Stephen Leacock, enjoyed an original reception on arrival here to attend the Stampede. Stampede Director J.M. Dillon and an Indian chief in native costume led him through the station, tied him on the back of a mule and paraded through thronged streets.

Keep Minard's in the back.