Province Of Prince Edward Island

PROCLAMATION

HOMECOMING OF

2nd Medium Battery
8th Heavy A. A. Battery
2nd Cdn. Corps Def. Plat.
(P. E I.L.H.)

These two Island Batteries and the detachment from the P. E. Island Light Horse are returning home after long years of strenuous service overseas. The gallant officers and men of these units who have so worthily represented our Province in the Canadian Army are now entitled to the warmest welcome we can give them. I therefore call upon all citizens of our towns and city to decorate their homes and places of business with flags, bunting, streamers, etc., and I request that all public buildings, banks, etc., be suitably decorated. I particularly desire that flags be flown on all homes on the dates of arrival of these units.

Public Notice will be given as to such dates. At the present time it is expected the units will arrive separately and plans are being made for a welcome for each.

I therefore call upon all citizens to co-operate with the Reception Committee to participate in welcoming home these gallant and famous units.

Dated this 25th day of September, A.D., 1945.

(Signed) J. A. BERNARD,
Lieutenant-Governor.

9-27-3i.

INAPT INCUBATION

Through mistakenly making plans for incubation instead of insulation in his house, a householder came to grief. He used cereal chaff as the insulating material. There was a certain amount of insect infected grain in the chaff when it was placed in the walls and between the joists. All went well for about two years. Then insects began to appear in large numbers and the house was swarming with common stored-product insects. They were everywhere, and much time and expense were required to rid the premises of these food pests.

Materials of inorganic origin, states the Dominion Division of Entomology, are much to be preferred as insulating materials because they cannot serve as food for insects.

Auction Sale

FOR SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th AT 12.30 P.M.

Residential property Number 233 Grafton Street, with a frontage on Grafton Street of 41 feet, extending back 120 ft with a width of 70 ft. at rear. Ten-roomed dwelling in good repair, new interior decorating, modern conveniences, hot water heating.

Immediate possession.

W. H. BEATON, Auctioneer.

Auction Sale

AT THE SPORTING CLUB

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29th, AT 2 P.M.

The personal effects belonging to Miss Betty Duff, including Mahogany chairs, hall seat, 16th century Grandmother's clock, cane bottom chair, dressing table, bed and spring, small table, large bathroom mirror, two sets of dishes, 75 pieces each, (Crown Darby and Canton Medallion), odd cups and saucers, linens, sheets, blankets, towels, table linens, antique pictures, trunks, glassware, goblets, wine glasses (modern, formal and informal, etc.), oriental scatter rugs, books, kitchen utensils and other articles.

W. H. BEATON,
Auctioneer.

9-21-27-29-3i.

Auction Sale

OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 3rd, AT 2 P. M. ON THE MOUNT EDWARD ROAD

I am instructed by Mr. Roy Wood to sell by public auction his household furniture, including Rogers electric radio, electric washing machine, electric vacuum cleaner, one sewing machine (Singer), one kitchen range (Record), one Quebec heater, one dining-room suite, one bedroom suite, two beds, one bureau, one chest of drawers, studio couch and chairs, two small tables, one davenport table, one floor lamp, one congoleum square, floor rugs, kitchen table and chairs, ice box, lawn mower, garden tools, one girl's bicycle, one boy's bicycle, dishes, pots and pans, etc.

W. H. BEATON,
Auctioneer.

9-2-5-3i.

Auction Sale

AT WESTMORELLAND

I am instructed by William McVittie to sell on his premises at Westmoreland on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5th At 1 P.M. SHARP

the following:—

4 mares, 7 to 16 years old; 1 milch cow; 1 heifer, 2 years old; 1 calf; truck wagon, 2 carts, driving wagon, driving sleigh, wood sleigh, binder, disc drill, broadcast seeder, hay mower, hay rake, gang plow, 2 single plows, disc harrows, lever harrows, spring tooth harrows, spike harrows, roller, hand turnip drill, scuffler, hay fork, rope and blocks, fencing machine, blocks and rope, gasoline engine 6 H.P., cream separator (DeLaval), grain crusher, beam scale, pump head (new), scythe, harness, forks, shovels, etc. Quantity carpenter's tools, barrel churn, base-burner, household furniture including spool bed, occasional chairs, rocking chairs, tables, dishes, 1 organ, battery radio, Franklin stove, 1 hand cider press.

If not fine sale will be held first fine day following.

Terms: CASH.

WILLIAM McVITTIE.

JOHN H. MYERS,
Auctioneer.

9-27, 29, 2, 4-4i.

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER XXVI

When Duke had ushered Valerie into the photographic studio, he became all business. He introduced the man who came forward to greet them as Nick Stone, an ace in the color-photography game.

"Here's your model, Nick," he said, "and you'd better make a good job of her, for she's on her way to large places."

Nick Stone led her into the room where the pictures were to be taken. When she had touched up her make-up and tidied her hair, he and his assistant wheeled the camera into position, adjusted the lights, and began posing her at various angles.

Duke displayed a keen interest in the proceedings. Valerie was aware that his eyes never left her as she was moved about, told to sit or to stand, told to hold her head at this angle and at that.

Did she detect a spark of triumph in his eyes? Was he secretly gloating over the fact that he had kissed her? She had a momentary desire to run away where she would never see him again.

Lights glared down on her. Nick Stone admired the color of her hair and eyes, said she made an excellent subject. He was extravagant in his compliments, assured her she would be a great success as an advertising model.

"Hair—eyes—figure," he said, "and you have something else, Miss Wentworth—you have personality."

She could not help being pleased by his praise, and could not help feeling a glow of pride. If her beauty had commercial value, why should she be squeamish about letting Duke help her, she asked herself. Why let a casual kiss stop her from accepting the chance to see her picture displayed in every popular magazine?

Still, she did not like the proprietary way in which Duke smiled upon her as Nick paid tribute to her beauty.

When they finally left the studio, he had that same proprietary air. He took her arm, helped her into a taxi and climbed in beside her.

"Well, you put it over," he said with satisfaction.

Had she? Or was it Duke who had put something over? Had Nick Stone praised her simply because he had been prompted to do so—simply to please Duke?

Tomorrow the school style show would be a true test of her qualifications. There, she would be in competition with many other lovely girls—on an equal basis with them— with no one to champion her. There, success would not be so easy. If she attracted attention there, it would really mean something. Wasn't it far better to win a job that way than through Duke's influence?

Then, she felt a quick remorse for her attitude toward him. After all, he had gone to a lot of trouble for her. She mustn't be ungrateful.

"It was kind of you, Duke to arrange for those photos," she said. "Thank you so much."

"Oh, you needn't thank me," he replied lightly.

He started talking about the shots that had been taken explaining a great deal about the technique and lighting in color photography. He was now quite matter of fact and impersonal.

Evidently, he sensed her mood, thought Valerie, and was adapting his own to it. He realized that she would repel any further attempt to make love to her now. Hence, his casual manner. Love-making, she decided, was an art with Duke. He had a gift for perfect timing.

"How soon will I know how the photos turn out?" she asked.

"Oh, Nick probabably won't do anything with them until after New Year's. There's very little doing during the holidays. But don't worry about them. Let me do the worrying, won't you?"

He reached over to cover her hand with his, but she pulled it away.

"I like to do my own worrying, she said quietly.

"What's there to worry about? Didn't you hear what Nick said—that you were a sure-fire hit?"

"Nick Stone is not the one to decide," Valerie pointed out. "He's only the photographer. He's not running or paying for the Nomad campaign. It's your father who will decide on the model to be used."

"Oh, I can swing that," said Duke confidently.

Valerie bit her lip. Regardless of what his father might think of her pictures, Duke intended to bring pressure on him — to persuade him, perhaps against his better judgment, to hire her as the model. Did she want that? And what would he expect of her in return?

She said suddenly, "Duke, will you take me home, now?"

"Home? But I thought you were going to have dinner with me."

"I've changed my mind. I'm dreadfully tired, and I must be in good shape for the show tomorrow."

"Blast the show! Where will that get you?"

"Where will those photos get me?" she countered.

He glanced at her. "Going to throw back Nick's shots like you did that coat?"

"I don't know—but please take me home right now."

Duke shrugged. "Oh, all right."

He gave the direction to the driver, then lit a cigarette. He smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"You don't belong in this town, Valerie," he said suddenly. "What made you decide to come here and be a model?"

"Doesn't every girl have ambitions?"

"I suppose you want to show the home-town folks?"

"Something like that."

"Well, you're going to be a success," he said slowly. "A big one—whether you accept my help or not. But I'm going to persuade you yet that my intentions are honorable."

As the taxi suddenly swerved around another car, Valerie was thrown against him. His arm went round her and, for an instant she thought he was going to kiss her again. Then, he withdrew his arms and moved away.

When he left her in front of her apartment building, he had resumed his casual manner.

"Good luck," he said, at parting, "I'll call you soon."

She knew he stood looking after her as she entered the building.

(To Be Continued)

AUCTION SALE

AT BUNBURY

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd

AT 1.30 P. M.

One general purpose horse 11 years; 1 brood horse 16 years; 4 pure bred registered Ayrshire cows, young and good type; 1 just freshened, 2 to freshen in December; 1 in milk; 1 young Guernsey to freshen soon; 1 Ayrshire bull registered, 2 years old; 9 Ayrshire grade cows in milk; 4 young cattle; 1 Delaval milking machine, used 15 months. All machinery used on a farm, Harness, milk cans, fifty tons of hay, 640 stooks of grain, 3 acres of turnips, 1 box sleigh, 1 wood sleigh, 1 truck wagon, 1 cart.

If not fine sale will be October 4th.

Terms Cash.

EDSON DOUGLAS.

9-28-3i.

for All SKIN ailments
SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES

With demobilization making headlines in the U. S., France turns to intensified military training. Soldier making first parachute jump, above, is qualifying for Parachute Air Corps. Tower is in Paris, for training inaugurated by Charles Tillon, air minister.

Auto Delegate

Charles E. Wilson, above, president of General Motors Corp., has been agreed upon by the auto industry as its representative at the national labor-management conference in Washington Nov. 5.

THE SEASONS

Does the fleeting Fall appeal to you?
When air is crisp and skies are blue,
And leaves are painted by elfin skill,
That deck with beauty dale and hill;
And a lingering spirit seems brooding near
To bid farewell to a passing year—
When hearts unfold to drink anew—
And life seems good and real and true!

Then we turn from the scene, refreshed, to hear
The icy blasts of the wintry air—
When beauty lies 'neath a blanket white
And verdant life is hid from sight;
But a hope remains and a memory clings,
And we look beyond to another Spring,
When air is soft and skies are blue
And birds return to bill and coo!

Then our hearts expand with hope and love
To the One who made the stars above,
And placed each season of the year,
To help, inspire, teach and cheer
Poor mortals, as we walk the way
Below on earth, from day to day.
Let us pause, as we go, to enjoy awhile
The beauty of each season's smile!

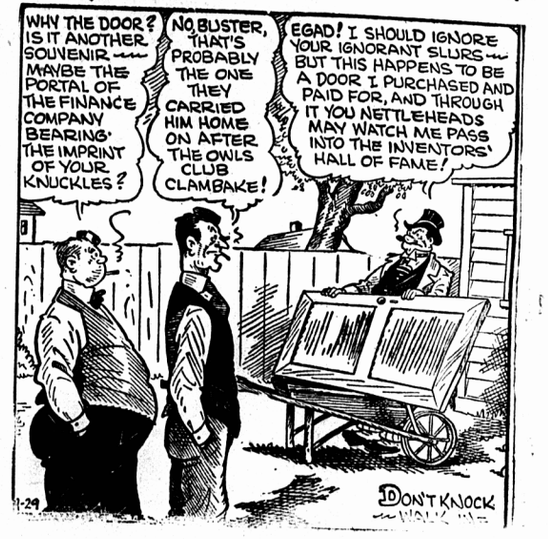
—F. Hazel Fraser.

(Sept. 29, 1939.)

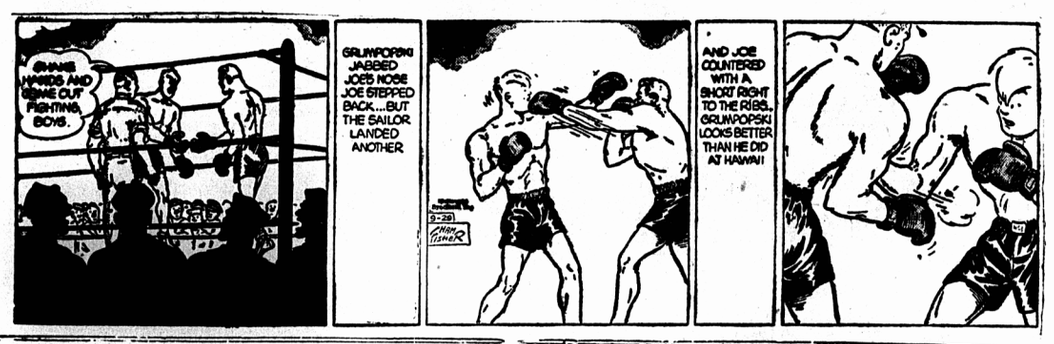
Road back to new life in Nagasaki. Families, like one above with loaded cart, trek in to find homes. Stanley Troutman, NEA Service-Acme Newspictures correspondent for war picture pool was first American to take ground views of Nagasaki after atom-bomb struck.

OUT OUR WAY . By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople



JOE PALOOKA ROUND ONE By Ham Fisher



BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS By Edwin.

TILLIE THE TOILER ENTIRELY TOO LUCKY! By Webster