

### ANNOUNCEMENT

#### PROTESTANT ORPHANAGE ANNUAL COLLECTION

Opens  
Monday, Sept. 30th.

#### ATTENTION VETERANS

##### Field Marshal Montgomery's Visit

All men and women veterans, also serving members of the Forces, are invited to assemble at the Cricket Grounds, Victoria Park, Charlottetown, August 26th at 11.15 hours daylight saving time (10.15 hours Standard Time) to meet Field Marshal, the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, G.C.B., D.S.O.  
Dress: Civvies, with ribbons or medals.

Report to:

J. S. WALKER, I-C Parade  
Vice President, P.E.I. Provincial Command,  
Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L.  
or  
J. R. SHELFORD,  
Parade S.M., at Grounds

### NEW BUS SCHEDULE

Commencing Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1946,  
our bus will only run 3 trips weekly

TUESDAYS — FRIDAYS — SATURDAYS  
for Charlottetown

and a late trip Saturday evening until further notice.

#### Central Bus Lines

### NEW BUS SCHEDULE

Commencing Monday, Aug. 26 and Thursday, Aug. 29 we will run a bus from Shamrock Corner to Summerside via Kinkora.

Leaving Shamrock at 8.30 a.m. S.T. and leaving Summerside 4 p.m. S.T. for Shamrock

This bus will run every Monday and Thursday until further notice.

#### Central Bus Lines

### Just Arrived

#### A Carload of New Furniture

Beautiful new Chesterfields, Devonports in silk velour,  
Bedroom Suites—3 and 4 piece,  
Dinette Sets  
Spring-filled mattresses  
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Occasional chairs in red and brown  
Beds—all sizes  
Ribbon and cable springs, etc.,  
SPECIAL — BED ROOM CHAIRS \$6.00

#### Downes Furniture Store

71 Queen Street, Charlottetown.

8-20-Tues-Thurs-Sat.

### Grey Roses

By  
PETER BENEDICT

Jim was abandoned in a dun-colored hall, and the silence of the house settled slowly back over the woman's receding footsteps. This for a moment only; then a door swung abruptly somewhere in the region out of sight, and a fit of soft and scented air came to him that he knew it came from the garden; and a man followed and swept it before him, a large, spare, burly, commanding man with black eyes which glittered in a lean face, and grizzled hair curling close upon a long bony nose. He entered the hall with long, light strides, and his brilliant eyes swept over Jim with a vague unrecognition which betrayed his short-sightedness. After the sunlight of the garden the hall was very dim, but Jim Foley was a man individual enough to be singled out from most men.

"Glad you came, Wayland," said the master of the house, advancing upon him with a hand extended. "I believe you'll find her a little better to-day. She's had a quiet day in the garden, and no disturbances, and I really think the air does her good."

He was near to Jim by this, near enough to see his mistake. He stopped abruptly, his eyes narrowing in a sudden violent, suspicious stare. "You're not Wayland," he said accusingly, and a rush of totally unexpected colour, angry rather than embarrassed, flooded his bare face, the bold bones standing white in it like lonesome islands in a copper sea. "I'm afraid not," said Jim quietly.

The stare continued, and the frown deepened. "How did you get in here?" "Your housekeeper let me in," said Jim, "and went to find you. I gather that she was not very successful. My name's Foley—Jim Foley—though probably that won't mean much to you. But I assure you I'm quite harmless, Mr. Hart—I take it you are Mr. Hart?"

"That's my name, yes—I'm Austin Hart." He continued to peer narrowly, but he had recovered from the first shock of surprise, and was doing his best to look pleasant. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foley. I was expecting Dr. Wayland, and my sight is not so good as it used to be. My wife—he is attending her regularly, and she's about his time. I'm afraid I took it for granted, seeing you by this dim light."

"Quite natural," said Jim, and smiled. "Your name is not unknown to me, Mr. Foley. I remember your success with Mary Froisher—it was last year or two years ago?" "Last year," said Jim. "I'm flattered you should remember that must seem strange to you, my turning up like this. Probably I should have let you know I was coming; but as a matter of fact my coming at all was an impulsive affair. I saw your note at the show yesterday, Mr. Hart. It seemed to me necessary that I should tell you how magnificent it is."

Hart perceptibly started at this statement, and his brows drew together again in that excitable and short-sighted frown. "I don't see—How did you know the rose was mine?" Jim smiled. "It isn't so difficult to identify a man's work once you've noticed it. If I encountered your name before, as you have mine, and in the same place."

Hart stood staring at him dubiously for a moment, and then turned on his heel and beckoned Jim after him into a morning-room unexpectedly light and tasteful in its primrose yellow. "Sit down, Mr. Foley, won't you? Forgive my reception of you, but I am so seldom visited. The lime-light of rose-growing has never appealed to me, and up to now I've managed to stay in the back-ground, and leave my roses, so to speak, unsupported. I don't suggest, of course, that it was ever impossible for people to find me if they had been sufficiently interested. But up to now, I'm glad to say, no one has taken the trouble."

He moved restlessly across the room, producing cigarettes and matches. "Smoke." "Thanks!" Jim lit up thoughtfully. "I'm glad that makes me the first to congratulate you on this Vonhomrigh."

Hart sat down opposite to Jim, leaning forward in his chair eagerly, and his voice when he spoke had grown perceptibly warmer. "What did you think of her?" The gardener, the vexed question of the discovery of his eye the unpardonable invasion of it, all were forgotten in that question. Jim could see it clearly behind the brilliant black eyes, a fanatic love, an arrogant, exulting love which seemed to deny nature any part in the grey rose.

"I think she is unique. No, I know she is. In form, in colouring, in habit, in every way, she exceeds every other rose I ever saw. I felt that someone ought to say 'now.' Later on everyone will be saying it, and you won't be able to guess which of us means it and which has heard it said. I give you my word there never was such another rose."

Hart smiled for the first time. "She is beautiful, isn't she? She's hardy, too. My garden's a southern aspect, and favourable ground, too, but she isn't dependent on that. I have one exposed corner, and she grows there as well as anywhere. I'll show you."

He was on his feet in a moment, all eagerness to display his paragon. An odd man, first hiding and then exhibiting with vainglory the work of his heart. He swept Jim with him out into the hall and through the glass door into the garden: his voice growing bolder and more arrogant at every word.

"I knew there could be such a rose. I always knew that a rose which could be imagined could be grown—by me, at least. I have never given up easily anything I wanted to do."  
(To be continued)

CALGARY, Aug. 22.—(CP)—The main line of the C.P.R. was opened today when the last trace of the mud and rock slide that blocked the track and the trans-Canada highway about 12 miles east of Field, B.C., was cleared. Normal traffic was resumed immediately on removal of the last trace of the mud slide, one of the largest in the railway's history.

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