

WHEN A Slip BECOMES A SOCIAL ERROR
.. SWITCH TO *Mary Barron*



When you wear a Mary Barron slip-consciousness does not exist, embarrassing episodes just cannot happen. The material is cut on the straight—the natural way—so that it does not ride up from the bottom or pull down on the straps—where action demands freedom, the cloth is biased for complete comfort. Gone are unseemly bulges over the hips, for here the ingenuity of the Mary Barron slip permits the dress to mould itself to the figure in repose or in action.

\$2.50

We illustrate Style B-102—the quality Crepe—daintily trimmed with Venice type lace. Sizes 30 to 44 for the regular figure, 29 1/2 to 43 1/2 for the shorter than average figure and *46 to 52 for the larger woman.

*Sizes 46 to 52 — \$2.95



MOORE & McLEOD limited

The German Invasion of American Business

By NORMAN M. LITTELL

Assistant United States Attorney General

(Excerpts from an address delivered before the Indiana State Bar Association.)

BERYLLIUM

There are not more than one or two people in every 10,000 who know what beryllium is, and in many industrial communities, no one has heard of it! And yet beryllium is one of the magic metals of this decade, two per cent of which mixed with copper makes an alloy harder and stronger than the toughest structural steel. I don't pretend to be a scientist but I understand that everything in the universe is made up of 92 different elements, the four lightest being—first, hydrogen, the second helium the third being lithium, and the fourth beryllium. Copper, nickel, silver, nitrogen, oxygen, are other familiar examples. Beryllium, the source of beryllium, is found in many places in the world including 22 states in this country, but the exploration of its uses has yet barely commenced—as usual, years behind the German developments! On a fatigue testing machine, the best steel spring broke after three million vibrations. Phosphor bronze vibrated as many as four hundred thousand times, but beryllium-copper alloy and beryllium-nickel alloy vibrated fifteen to twenty billion times before breaking.

The endurance of such metals is almost beyond belief and its significance is perfectly apparent for use in altimeter, cowling hinges, feed lines for aeroplanes, magnet parts and other points where continuous wear and functioning is vital. We know that up to 1938, 15,000 beryllium bushings were used in Germany on aeroplane propellers with a known service of over 12,000 hours without any apparent signs of wear, whereas the average bushing formerly used on aeroplane propellers (and now, I believe abandoned by reason of change of design) lasted some 300 hours. Beryllium-nickel is as strong as a temperature of 400 or 500 deg. centigrade as at room temperature and hence is a perfect metal for valve springs for high speed aeroplanes which will soon be traveling from four to six hundred miles per hour and for distances which challenge our imaginations, weary as we are with new mechanical revelations in this startling age.

Now, as usual, the basic patents are in Germany, under the control of the gigantic Siemens & Halske Company near Berlin. Mr. Andrew Cahnagen, President of the American Beryllium Corporation, experimenting and groping in the early stages of exploration of beryllium uses in 1930, noticed an article about the Siemens & Halske Company in Berlin producing beryllium alloys and went there to investigate. He found an enormous plant, highly developed, represented in New York by the Metal and Thermit Corporation. Mr. Cahnagen negotiated vainly with the Metal and Thermit Corporation which was holding the Siemens & Halske patents in this country, seeking to get an agreement for an exchange of patent processes. Correspondence between the Siemens & Halske Company and its New York representative, the Metal and Thermit Company, in regard to having the American Company hold patent rights in the United States is illuminating. I quote from a letter from Siemens & Halske to the Metal and Thermit Corporation in New York, which shows how clearly the German Company understood, and utilized to the full, the legal controls available through the American patent office to block American development and why Mr. Cahnagen was

given what is known in the vernacular as the "run around". In regard to a basic patent application the writer of this letter said: "I would at once agree to have the application assigned to your firm, if thereby the matter could be better pursued, when it appears under American auspices before the Patent Office, in a new shape of form. Since you, as I was happy to learn from Dr. Frank, had decided to take up the Beryllium matter in America, I assume that you too are interested in the fight for these patent rights, so that outsiders, like the Beryllium Corporation and the General Electric Co., etc., cannot secure any ground in the realm of the Beryllium-Heavy-Metal industry."

Mr. Gahagan, President of the Beryllium Corporation of America, finally succeeded in entering into a cross-licensed agreement with the Siemens & Halske Company in 1934 only by indicating in a conference in Berlin that he was proceeding to Paris immediately to reach an agreement with the Allos Forges et Camarques—the French McAl Trust. He did go to Paris but promptly received a telegram to return to Berlin. He returned and an agreement was then reached for an exchange of patents and for use in this country of the German patents.

Soon after, one Dr. F. A. Kertess, representing the Deutsche Gold-und-Silber-Scheideanstalt, tried to cartelize the American beryllium industry by proposing that any companies interested in beryllium manufacture get together for the control of the market and prices. Your own P. R. Mallory Company of Indianapolis, wishing to do certain beryllium business in England through a subsidiary, ran squarely into the threats of Siemens & Halske to sue the Mallory Company for patent infringement unless the P. R. Mallory Co. agreed to purchase all of its beryllium from the Beryllium Corporation of America. The Mallory Company had to yield to this pressure.

At the outbreak of the War, the German company ordered the Beryllium Company of America to stop shipments to England. But this was not done and shipments are going forward, the English having belatedly discovered the importance of this amazing metal.

(To Be Continued)

Use Minard's for sprains.

CONTINUATION ENTERTAINMENT MORELL Thursday Evening AUGUST 7th. In aid of the Bombed victims of Bristol, England. Games and prizes, Bingo a feature. Come and win one of the beautiful prizes so generously donated by the Merchants of Charlottetown. MORRELL THURSDAY EVENING

P.E.I. Constable Relates Capture of Sly Poacher

The following entertaining story by Special Constable J. S. Jenkins appears in the current issue of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly:

In Prince Edward Island all poachers are not named Joe; nor are all Joes poachers. It is merely coincidence that 'Joe the Fox' bears the same monicker as 'Joe the Poacher'.

Both men had one thing in common; each was on my books for a considerable time before being liquidated. True enough, Joe the Poacher presented quite a problem; but this was nothing compared to my difficulties in apprehending Joe the Fox.

The Fox lived with his father and an aged uncle on a lonely third grade road at the head of St. Peter's Lake. The lake's outlet is in the north of the province. From here it runs approximately two miles inland to a shallow cove within seventy-five yards of Joe's barn. I named the cove after Joe.

The lake was a favourite breeding-ground for black ducks. After the birds learned to fly, they seemed, for some unknown reason, unwilling to leave Joe's cove. Like Murphy's pool-room, the place was a regular hang-out. Choice flocks of black ducks frequented the shallows in the dawn or dusk of late-summer days. The heavy blueberry barrens that lined the east side of the lake provided an ideal feeding-ground for the birds; often hundreds of ducks could be seen working diligently to fill their crops.

Although Joe had been poaching for some time he was brought to my attention first in 1935. He shot a quacker belonging to a resident of the district. That was a mistake named the cove after Joe. "This Joe," the quacker-owner complained, "is bad for the ducks. He don't raise any on his farm. When he wants one, he shoots it; but he shouldn't have shot my quacker." (English 'call ducks' are generally known as quackers and were employed as live decoys before the practice became illegal.)

I examined Joe's cove closely; it was a natural poaching site. A thick growth of fir and spruce lined the banks; and a path from Joe's barn ended in a natural blind. It was a simple matter for Joe to stroll down to the cove at dawn or dusk, make himself comfortable, and pick his shot—simple as falling off a log.

"No Joe"

I thought it would be just as simple to bag Joe. But I was mistaken. August dawns broke sublimely on St. Peter Lake. Ducks tipped up and gabbled in Joe's cove. And I grew more and more impatient as I waited for the "fall" of an easy capture. The setting sun cast a sameness down on ducks, smoke from Joe's chimney curling lazily above the tree top; into the clear air, sounds of activity in the farm-yard; but no gunfire, no unusual disturbance. No Joe.

After each failure the bitter thought crossed my mind that another negative patrol must be written off. I never showed myself near the cove. Later I learned that Joe was totally unaware of my interest in him. During my many forays I discovered much about my poaching friend. He never indulged in his marketing of game; he simply cut it down to once. Apparently he was not a union man; for he worked either in early morning or late evening. No consistency in the man, except in his ability to evade capture. Another thing, he never fired into a large flock. No pig in the poke for Joe. He preferred to pick his bird with the same deliberation that Mrs. McGinty chooses her Sunday roast at the butcher's. He usually selected a pair or trio.

In a sense Joe didn't cause as much harm as some hunters who enjoy the protection of the law. But a poacher is a poacher. And the law is law. Besides, Joe's disease was catching. Shooting out of season was becoming too common in the St. Peter's Lake district. I in my line of duty, was the only effective serum capable of checking the spreading malady.

Another dawn, Sept. 10, 1940, came. While making my early morning rounds I visited my friend who had lost the quackers.

"Joe is still at it," he told me. "I hear shots coming from the direction of his place, and then ducks fly." "Guess I'd better look him over," my informant offered. "Joe is too darn cute to leave any signs around. He's like a fox, Joe is."

"True," I admitted, "but even an old fox often falls for a very simple trick. Joe cooks the ducks before he eats them, doesn't he?" "Sudden interest flickered in his eyes. "I see," he said thoughtfully. "I took no risk in tipping my hand so early. For Joe had no phone; my quacker friend had no car. There was no way my intentions could be communicated to the crafty Joe."

I drove off reflecting that Section II of the Migratory Birds Convention Act grants wide powers in the right to search. A game or peace officer may enter a suspect's premises to examine the pantry shelves or the cook-stove oven. During my eleven years as game officer I have rarely exercised my full powers, and then only as a last resort when the trail was hot.

Trump Card

As I sped down the highway I decided to play my trump card. I turned in at Joe's gateway, slowed down to avoid running over some

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?



I DID—and I love it!

Why? Because Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste cleans my teeth thoroughly... polishes them to a natural white brilliance—and, since it contains no harsh abrasives, it does this without doing injury to delicate enamel! And another reason is this: Macleans contains valuable ingredients which neutralize mouth acids; disinfect gums and tissues; purify and sweeten the breath!

Yes, my smile is attractive—I Maclean my teeth!

LARGEST SELLING TOOTH PASTE IN GREAT BRITAIN

BUY BRITISH!



hens that cluttered the road. My consuming interest at the moment involved the evasive poacher's bill-of-fare for dinner. Lady Luck was to favour me.

I stopped the car close to the house. Three horses had just been unhitched from a binder and were standing by the pump near the barn. The same number of men narrowly eyed my approach. I had never met any of them before, but recognized them from descriptions I had acquired.

The short, oldish, hump-backed man would be Joe's uncle. The father, a tall, elderly man with a shrewd face, flashed a glance towards his son, then looked at me again. Joe, himself, was also tall. He had a hatchet face, shifty light blue eyes and a sandy-coloured mop of hair. A typical poacher. "Hello, Joe," I greeted easily. "Mind if I look around?" I showed my authority to search the premises for migratory game birds, or parts thereof.

"Go ahead," he answered. "Search your head off. You'll find nothin' here."

A slight breathlessness in his speech belied his bold words. I grinned. Even at this early stage he was obviously worried. I walked toward the chip pile and chopping-block, a favourite starting-place of mine. Joe and his father trailed along behind, while the uncle took charge of the horses. Out of the corner of my eye I saw that Joe's hands were twitching; several times he wet his lips with his tongue.

The buzzing of blow-files drew me to the corner of the chip pile. Blow-files are great friends of mine... at times. Helpful little friends blow-files—at a time like this. I approached them slowly; and my nose told me that somewhere near was something substantial—substantially putrid. A ground object lay on the chips with a long, black, cord-like appendage trailing from it. It was a gizzard, ripe and juicy with the odour of a baker's dozen of rotten eggs; but I pounced on it like a trout rising to an angler's cast. A yard or so away were two more, one quite fresh.

"Chicken gizzards," Joe's father explained. "I slit the fresh gizzard with my pocket knife. Blueberries tumbled out."

"Maybe," I said shortly, "but you know and I know that only one species of fowl here feeds on blueberries. Black ducks, I'll have to..."

Joe's father had sidled away during the 'post mortem' waited a minute or two, still clutching the odorous gizzards, then entering the kitchen just as the old man emerged from a hall-way that led to the bedroom. He had worked fast, and at the moment looked very innocent. His unconcerned vanished, however, when I raised my nostrils and I sniffed deeply. For the appetizing smell of roast duck was strong.

I found a duck, roasted to a golden brown, in the oven. It nestled temptingly in the frying pan, a delicious bit. "The old man's expression changed. "Huh," he commented, "Duck, ain't it?" "Yes," I answered slowly. "It's a duck. What did you hide in the bedroom? What did you do in the wrong pan, dang it. I hid the vegetables by mistake."

The duck and gizzards were placed in storage, but were not needed; for Joe pleaded guilty. He was fined \$10 and costs or thirty days. When his gun was confiscated he didn't feel so good.

He thought he had been used pretty badly and said so. "Listen, Joe," I told him. "You've had a long run. You're lucky. You could have been fined \$300. Remember that."

He scratched his jaw. "Guess maybe you're right." "What puzzles me," I continued, "is why you took so much trouble to burn the feathers and other parts, and left the gizzards lying around. How come?"

"I didn't throw them on the chip pile," he returned. "I buried them. Those damn hens scratched them up."

Which goes to prove that merely scratching the surface sometimes bags a criminal.

Cross Roads Junior Red Cross Activities

The following is the report of the activities of The Smiling Helpers Junior Red Cross Branch of Cross Roads School during the past year. An enjoyable Halloween party was held on Oct. 28th. At our Christmas concert \$6.60 was raised at the door and \$5.15 by selling candy which money was divided equal between crippled children's fund and soldier's fund.

The Valentine Party was held on Feb. 14th. At this party there was a Grab Bag where 60 cents was realized money donated to Soldier's Fund. At the Red Cross meetings held every two weeks the following, which were donated from the pupils homes, were sold to the Juniors at 5c each, money donated to Soldier's Fund.

Apples amount realized 80c Home-made Candy realized \$1.00 Lunches realized 85c Second Sale of lunches 90c

The Juniors saved and collected coupons, tubes and trifol for Red Cross Office. Valentines were sent to Red Cross office for St. Valentine's Day. Easter cards at Easter, Easter gifts at Easter, gifts for crippled children also cards at Christmas.

Cards were sent to each of the soldiers of the district on service at Easter, also to Juniors of the school who were ill at Easter. The Juniors made a commission of \$1.05 by selling Easter cards. Thirty Red Cross Calendars were sold realizing \$3.00. A commission of \$1.80 was made by selling seeds this spring. An amount of \$36 was taken from school bank. Gifts were sent to two of the Juniors of our school who were ill this spring. An amount of \$2.32 was made at the school Birthday Party.

The above mentioned amounts of money realized were all donated to Soldier's Fund.

The amount of \$7.00 donated to the pupils by MacDonald's W-mens for prizes was given very willingly by the pupils to the Junior Red Cross for war work. Hooks, books, material for cleaning school etc. were purchased for the school.

The above mentioned activities were accomplished by an enrollment of only fifteen Juniors who feel they have done a small part in the great work of the Red Cross for helping others.

MASS DIPLOMACY STOCKHOLM (CP) - Representing diplomatic interests of 10 countries Sweden has become a clearing house of international relations. In this city alone more than 10,000 cases have so far been handled.

Maritime Grade XI will open in Montague on the 2nd of September. All Students intending to take this course should register with the Secretary as early as possible.

For information as to course and books write JOHN FRASER, Sec'y Trustees.

L-106-8-7-21

SUMMER SPECIALS Complete Line Innoxia Toiletries At Special Discounts Candy Specials Moirs, Ganong's Hunt's, English Toffee. Complete Line Of Tobacco And Pipes For The Smokers REDDIN BROS. PHONE 86 L. M. Doucette—R. M. Smallman

SUMMER DRESSES Only a Limited Quantity Left DON'T DELAY Choose Yours Now Dresses that Regularly Sold at \$2.95 Clearing \$1.97 \$3.95 " \$2.75 \$5.95 " \$3.97 \$7.95 " \$5.30 CLEARANCE OF SUMMER DRESSES

MILLINERY SPECIAL Clearance of all Summer Hats in Straws and Pastel Felts, Clearing Prices \$1.00 & \$1.79 PROWSE BROS., LTD.

In Memoriam MRS. W. C. GODDWIN News of the sudden passing of Mrs. W. C. Goodwin on Thursday afternoon came as a great shock to her many friends in Amherst and vicinity. Mrs. Goodwin who has been in indifferent health for several weeks, was out for a car drive Thursday afternoon when she took a weak spell and passed away in Advocate. The deceased was well known in this vicinity and had a host of friends who will deeply regret to learn of her passing. She was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Perry of Cady's, N. B., and a member of Trinity - St. Stephen's United Church. Mrs. Goodwin was twice married and is survived by her second husband, W. C. Goodwin of Amherst, two daughters, Mrs. Frank Bonar of Upper Gagetown, N. B., three sons, Arthur A. Fielding of Saint John, Percy R. Fielding of Bridgewater and George M. Fielding of Kentville, and an adopted son, Joseph Goodwin at home. Also surviving her are two sisters, Mrs. Mary Grant and Mrs. George McEachern; Program, Mrs. J. Murphy and Mrs. C. McKenzie, Mrs. Herman Ings and Mrs. Harold Robertson. It was decided to make a quiet funeral service. It was also decided to hold a dance July 17th and sell ice cream and cake. A contest was put on by Miss Evelyn Drake, prizes won by Miss Gerle Villet and Mrs. John Murphy. Mrs. George MacEachern kindly invited next meeting. After a dainty lunch was served by the hostess everyone joined in singing, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows".

OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT Our aim is to offer you the unexcelled service amid pleasant surroundings, such as we have always extended during our many years of experience and we trust that you will evidence your pleasure by your continued patronage. CHAN'S RESTAURANT SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. interesting report from the Annual Convention, and also read a letter of thanks from a nurse in England. The quilt committee found the material collected to be very satisfactory, and decided to start work on the first quilt at once. Mrs. Everett Moore, Elsie Mellish and Mrs. Lloyd Mellish were appointed as a committee to decide about an ice-cream social. Mrs. Everett Moore and Elsie Mellish were appointed on the stock committee for next month. Mrs. Vernon Ross invited the members to her home for the next meeting; roll-call to be answered by a penny collection. After some further discussion the meeting closed with the National Anthem.

DUD-PROOF BOMB LONDON (CP) - Described as a "significant development," a new type of "dud-proof" bomb is reported to be in production in Britain on an ever-increasing scale. RAISED BUTTER PRICE IPSWICH, England (CP) - For charging a farthing a pound too much for two pounds of butter, George Woodhouse, an Ipswich tradesman, was fined £4 (\$17.80).

UNITED STATES CANADA UNITED STATES William H. Wills, governor of Vermont (LEFT), and Hon. C. D. Howe, Canadian minister of munitions and supply, use international teamwork in officially welding an oil pipeline as the Canadian and United States sections are brought together in a ceremony at the border. The pipeline, not yet completed, will stretch 235 miles from Portland, Me., to Montreal. It is expected to allow both governments to release a number of tankers for service between the Americas and Great Britain. Immediately behind Mr. Wills stands Hon. J. P. Moffat, U.S. minister to Canada, and behind Mr. Howe is Hon. T. D. Bouchard, Quebec minister of works.