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Ladies' Half-and-Half Slip-on Gloves. Backs are soft, pliable Capeskin, palms are brushed Rayon. Colors, Black and Dark Green. All sizes. 79c

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Ladies' Jacquard Blanket Cloth (cotton) Kimonos. Rayon satin trimming and rayon covered waist girdle. Sizes s, m, l. Colors Copen, Rose and Green. 2.65



MOORE & McLEOD Limited DEPARTMENTAL STORE CHARLOTTETOWN - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Beauty After Forty

Get the habit of taking a daily walk. Pull in your middle section. Shoulders back. Step out briskly and firmly. Hum a little tune and notice the improvement after several weeks.

the radio. Walk around the room, keeping time to the music. See! You are afraid to step out firmly. That middle-aged "waddle" comes from little, unbalanced steps. Shift your weight forward, pull in your middle section. Lift the bosom by putting the shoulders back. Tuck in your buttocks. Now walk. One, two, three! Now relax! Take a look in the mirror. See that old, slumped look. Just think, you have actually been walking that way.

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

"I thought you wanted it that way. You've always ridiculed sentiment. I was glad that you wanted a church wedding. Not that I've enjoyed the clutter and fuss. But I wanted you to want all the old enchantment of romance and sentiment went out of style. I thought that after we were married—"

"How little I've known you," she marvelled. "And how little I've known you. You've never spoken of this place, of John. I had no idea that when he came to you during the party, you, he—Kate told me you didn't expect him to be here when you came—how long have you known him, Gay?"

"Since I was fifteen. Since the summer I spent here with Uncle John."

"Then that's the answer. I've known all along that you weren't as certain as I was."

"I tried, forgive me—Oh, what must you think of me?" He took her hands in his, looked at her steadily, very seriously. "I've always thought you were the loveliest person I've ever known. In the habit of a lifetime, I can't break it now."

Tears streamed down over her cheeks. She made no attempt to check them.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I feel toward you now, at this moment, just as I've always felt. This thing that has happened hasn't changed it. I love you as my best and my dearest—friend."

"But you love John more?"

"She nodded. "I'm so sorry," she cried pitifully. "I'm too fond of you to tell you less than the truth."

He said her name gently in her lap, rose, walked to the fire-place, stood with his back to her, lighting a cigarette. When he turned, his face was pale.

"I like him, you know," he smiled wearily through the smoke from the cigarette. "That put me at a disadvantage. I can't deny that I know his head off. I couldn't anyway. He's bigger than I am. It's all right, Gay."

"Is it?" Her voice was wistful. "I'm so fond of you. I think of riding our ponies together and Miss Kitty's dancing class and your first-sail-boat and tea-dances and football games and skating and house parties at Princeton."

His smile wavered. "And it doesn't do any good?"

"His eyes fell away from his face, less peaceful now, drawn with fatigue and pain."

"It only makes me more certain," she said scarcely audibly.

He drew a long shuddering breath. "Well, that's that. Glancing up she saw the corners of his lips lift in a difficult smile. "I should say, then, in a husky voice but with a smile, that I'll always love you, little girl, and if you ever need me or want me—"

"I've got a car, Todd. I wish—"

He flung the cigarette into the fire, went to the couch, dropped down beside her, drew her close in a strong embrace.

"Gay, darling, can't you? His lips whispered against her cheek. She put aside his eager arms. Her hands lifted to his face. Her eyes were bright now, with a sort of despairing hope that moved her to pity, gentleness, poignant regret. "Todd, darling," she said. "I wish I could."

Gay opened the kitchen door, stepped outside, closed the door cautiously. John's figure detached itself from shadows, at the edge of the clearing. She ran to meet him quickly, to meet him. His arms caught her, lifted her, set her feet on the ground.

"I hope you would come," he said, his lips against her cheek. "I shouldn't have. Kate heard me. I know though she pretended to be asleep. And Todd feels so badly. I can't think of them. I can't think of anything except being with you." Her eyes lifted above his shoulder. "The moon," she cried softly, breathlessly.

"It's so peaceful," she sighed. "I can't imagine being in the city."

"Will you be?"

"I don't know. Mother and Robert, my step-father, are still in Southampton. I suppose, they'll be moving into the city, though, now that there isn't to be a wedding. Dad and Aunt Flora are in the town house this winter. They're thinking of staying on at 'Dunedin.' I want to be where time will pass quickly. I don't know—"

"When you talk of your family—"

John paused.

"What?" she asked quickly. "You sound—"

"I love you," he said diffidently. "Here we are so close. When you go away—I can't even imagine what your life is there. If I could say every hour during the day, now Gay is waiting for the post-man, now she's playing tennis, now she's having lunch, now she's walking down"

walk. List the things you need and walk to the shops. Think of how you are balancing. Walk, don't shuffle. Keep time to a little tune. Soon it will become natural to walk with rhythm!

To improve your carriage takes a little effort and real determination. But you can do it. In a few years of your age, your clothes will look better, you will feel better!

When you sag mentally you sag physically. Get out of the slump! Think about how you can improve. You can get rid of that downy hump, that fatty accumulation at the back of the neck. Shoulders up, chin up, bosom high. These words must be in your consciousness every minute.

One very clear, mature woman whom I know, sits at her desk many hours of the day. She suddenly realized she was leaning herself go. Her shoulders were down, head drooping. She hung a mirror over her desk. When she seated herself she assumed correct posture. Every time she looked up, she could see how she looked. She has improved wonderfully, even her mental attitude.

The WEEK at S. D. U.

At the first meeting of the S. D. U. Unit of the C. C. S. M. C., the following officers were elected. President, Leo Poirier; Vice-President, Joseph McLeod; Secretary, Maurice Smith; Councillor, Linus Rossiter. Rev. R. V. MacKenzie is Moderator of the Society.

Public speaking classes. A very interesting lecture on Debating was delivered to the students by the Rt. Rev. Rector Msgr. Murphy. Four Public speaking classes have been formed. The following are the officers: Senior and Juniors: President, Eugene Gorman; Vice-President, Hubert O'Hanley; Secretary, Kenny Mooney; Councillor, Frank O'Connor; Moderator, George MacDonald. Sophomores and Freshmen: Moderator—Rev. J. P. E. O'Hanley, Ph.D.; Chairman—John Horgan; Secretary, P. P. Aylward; Councillor, F. A. Brennan; Owen Sharkey. Grade XII and XI (in part): Moderator—Rev. Gavin P. Monaghan, Ph.D.—Executive Committee, Fred Hoasian, Austin McKenna, Charles McIvor, Aeneas McEntee—Grades XI and X and Commercial: Moderator: Rev. A. O. Murphy, Chairman—Wm. McGulgan, Secretary—Gerard McQuaid, Councillors—Edward Caron and Robert Donahue. The student officers of the latter three groups will arrange programs, appoint speakers, etc. Members will take the turn as Chairman and Secretary of meetings.

The annual field sports were held on Tuesday. There was keen competition in all events, and though no records were broken, the results were very satisfactory. A report of the meet appeared in Wednesday's issue of this paper.

Rev. W. J. McGulgan M.A. is busy these days rounding a football squad into shape. With the assistance of Field Capt. Joe Chisholm and other staff, he expects to field a team equal in calibre to that of last year.

The whereabouts of last year's Graduating Class is as follows: Thomas V. Holland B. A. is on the teaching staff of St. Dunstan's; Harold Landry B. A. and Augustine Brand are studying theology at Grand Seminary, Quebec; Howard Wright B. A. and Edmund McInnis have entered Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax; James McGaughey B. A. has signed up with the Air Force but for the present is employed with L. M. Poole and Co., Charlottetown; Leonard Connolly B. A. holds a responsible position with the Morrell Credit Union, Roland, DesChamps B. A., is studying medicine at the University of Montreal; Jean Marcotte, B.A. is following a course in High Commercial studies and Albert Dupont B. A., a course in forestry; Joseph Mahar, B. A., has entered McGill university for an engineering course. John Coyle B. A. and Peter Pronko are at their homes; James McCarthy B. A. is working in the Travel Bureau at Amherst, N. S.

Rev. Father E. L. Murray P. P. and W. A. Keefe P. P. were visitors to the College this week.

CREAMERY OWNER FINED

Recently, W. Burgess, proprietor of Central Creamery, Ottawa, Ontario was fined \$10 and 60 cents in the police court at Lindsay, Ont., for having manufactured and sold butter containing more than 16 per cent fat and less than 89 per cent of milk fat.

Manufacturing butter of such composition is a violation of both the Dairy Industry Act administered by the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Regulations under the Ontario Farm Products, Grades and Sales Act. These Acts state in effect that no person shall manufacture, import into Canada, sell, offer or have in possession for sale any butter containing more than 16 per cent water or less than 80 per cent milk fat. Butter which does not conform to these standards of composition is deemed to be adulterated. The information was laid by a Dominion Inspector of Dairy Products.

town to get a soda at the drug-store, I would feel closer to you. But I can't imagine your life. It wouldn't be more difficult if you were a Chinese princess. It's just I've nothing to go by," he finished lamely.

"You still resent me, don't you?" she asked.

"Not you as you are here with me."

"My life, then. I saw it tonight, when Todd and I talked of mutual acquaintances, of things that were happening in New York."

"But I was afraid—Seeing him here with you—He's known you always. You're things in common. And he is attractive. I was jealous and I despised myself for being jealous." He gave a short, meaningless laugh. "I was—stuffy, wasn't I?"

"You were and it was silly of you."

"I know, I'm sorry and ashamed." "I can't discard the years before now all at once as a snake sheds its skin."

"Of course you can't. I'm unreasonable. But when I've nothing to go by—"

"I'll give you something. Every hour of every day we're apart you can say. Wherever Gay is she's loving me and thinking of me and wanting time to pass quickly."

"Sweet!" His voice trembled. "I love you so."

"And I love you. Remember that and nothing can spoil it. Nothing!" (To be Continued)

How Are Your Eyes?

If you are having symptoms of strain—headaches, sore eyes or dizziness—consult a specialist. At your service with years of experience and a thorough refracting service. Call in and discuss your difficulties.

G. F. Hutcheson G. F. HUTCHESON F. G. HUTCHESON.



"When I find a good thing I go back!"

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In Raglan & fitted models. Pleated back with belt. Sizes 28-32. Prices \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00

Students' Overcoats

In all new Models and Patterns. Raglan, Belted and Plain fitted coats. Prices \$12.00 to \$20.00



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