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**Georgetown And Vicinity**

Miss Alice Compton who has spent the summer here at her home "Linden Lodge" left Friday on return to Boston for the winter.

Friends of Mrs. Mabel Lavers will regret to hear that she has been ill at her home for the past few days and all hope for a speedy recovery.

Some potatoes are beginning to move into the Government potato warehouse here, by truck. Reports current now are that there will be only one boat in port this fall, which will load tablestock.

Mrs. Helen Condon, has installed a nickelodeum in her restaurant, which will provide her patrons with music and amusement.

Mr. James Hayer of Launehing has rented rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel King on Grafton Street, and will soon take up residence there.

**Resume Tasks On Monday**

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—(CP)—A 37th-floor tower suite in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel will be scene of the resumed meetings of the Foreign Ministers' Council which will continue its peace treaty-writing task here next Monday.

Far below, on the sixth and seventh floors, the four-power delegations will have their working and living quarters and the hotel areas involved are carefully sealed away from the public by armed guards. The security clamps down at midnight tonight.

Hotel and state department officials today gave a preview of the arrangements which have taken out of circulation 70 bedrooms and suites for the duration of the council sessions.

Main centre of interest was the 40-by-25-foot council chamber, normally the sitting room of the apartment occupied by Lucius Messinger, chairman of the board of the Waldorf Astoria.

An oval table, specially constructed of plywood and maple, with 21 beige-covered chairs, will accommodate the Foreign Ministers of France, Russia, the United Kingdom and the United States, and their advisers.

Another point of particular interest is the special telephone switchboard operated by women speaking French, English and Russian.

At each telephone, and there are some 200 special extensions installed in the rooms, a gadget permits the caller to press a button indicating to the switchboard in which language he wishes to speak.

It is green for the Russians, amber for the French and white for English.

A special express elevator will shuttle between the sixth and seventh floors and the tower council chamber.

Foreign Minister Molotov of Russia is already here attending the general assembly of the United Nations and State Secretary Byrnes of the United States has been shuttling between Washington and New York.

Foreign Ministers Bevin of Britain and Bidault of France will arrive tomorrow on the liner Aquitania.

TORONTO, Nov. 3.—(CP)—Hazen W. Crossbie, 48, chief of recreational areas under the provincial department of lands and forests, died in hospital Saturday two days after he suffered a heart attack.

Born in Chatham, N.B., he held the position of recreational areas chief since 1941. He was also prominent in the Canadian Society of Forest Engineers.

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**Men Who Get Up Nights Often Lose Their Pep**

If you have to get up 3 or more times a night, your rest is broken and it's no wonder you feel tired and worn when you get up. So if you get up nights or suffer from "Weakness, Painful Back, Headache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, due to Kidney and Bladder Troubles," you should try Cystex. Usually, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work. It cleans the kidneys, flushes out excess acids and wastes which may have caused your trouble. To prove what Cystex may do to bring you relief from the pains and distress of kidney and bladder troubles, get Cystex from your druggist and give it a trial. With the positive understanding that if you are not satisfied for any reason, you get your money back on return of empty package.

**ESCAPE**

By Royal Brown

VIII

Bing went, his arms still laden, swiftly to the shed door and looked out to see the car in motion, its headlights swinging an arc.

"Jonesey!" he shouted.

There was no answer. The car's tail light seemed to mock him for a second, then it disappeared altogether. He let his armful drop, ran to the cabin.

Jonesey was gone. Her suitcase, her hand bag, her hat and coat were all gone. The car was empty. Yet just a moment before she had stood by the stove, kissed him. Was it some kind of a joke? He tried to believe so, yet he knew better. Jonesey wouldn't play that sort of joke on him.

For a wild moment he visioned kidnapers. But he realized that was preposterous. But so was the fact that she was gone. Was it because she was suddenly afraid of him? He did not, could not believe that. Only a moment before—

He went to the door, actually started running down the road over which the car had disappeared. But presently he realized that was foolish. He could not catch her if he tried. He turned and went numbly back to the lodge to take up the mystery there. A minute before she must have intended to stay. There was the stove with the covers off disclosing the newspapers she had stuffed into the grate. There were the groceries on the table. And there on the milk bottle was something else. A note? He grabbed at it.

It was only the beginning of a note, a hurried scrawl in pencil.

Dear Bing,

I'm so sorry. It's not your fault. It's just—oh, I can't explain. Forgive me.

There the note ended. He stared at it, turned back to the stove. He felt there must be some clue there, if only because it was there he had seen her last. He went all over it again. She had been glad. She had said she was. She had been building the fire. The paper was there.

Yet between that moment and the time the car had gone—scarcely two minutes—something had happened. What? He was like a man in a quicksand trying to catch hold of anything solid.

But nothing was solid. Jonesey had said it was like a dream, that it couldn't be real. This was like a nightmare; it simply couldn't be real.

He read her note again, let his eyes drop to the stove. It told him nothing and yet at least a part of the mystery lay before his eyes.

The rest of it was with Jonesey tucked into her hand bag, but even if he could have seen that, too, he would have missed the truth, probably, for the only explanation that would have occurred to him would have been part of the truth.

When Bing had left the camp to get the wood for the stove, Jonesey was preparing her ears—and her heart—had followed him into the night. She was still breathless, and for a moment she had stood as he had left her, holding the rotogravure section of a Sunday newspaper in her hands.

Then as if something on the half crumpled page had been signalling, for her attention, her vision cleared. She glanced at the picture her thumb almost touched.

"Why, that looks a lot like Bing," she thought. She quickly tore it out, intending to show it to him when he returned. "I always wanted a picture of you," she had planned to say.

It had not occurred to her that it could be a picture of Bing; she just thought it was one of those astonishing resemblances that now and then one finds in a newspaper or a magazine picture. Usually a close inspection reveals essential differences. But as she studied the picture she held, the resemblance grew.

Bing's hair, a bit tousled as she had so often seen it, the same straight open glance, the infectious grin. Her interest grew swiftly. Why, this might be Bing's twin. Then she discovered the truth. It was a picture of Bing.

Her eyes remained incredulous. It couldn't be. He had told her he was nobody and that they might have to get along on very little. But the caption under the picture told something quite different.

She did nothing for a moment; it seemed to her that she could not even think. Yet she knew, if only as a matter of instinct, that she must make a decision before Bing returned.

What happened thereafter in a series of hectic movements—snatching at her hat and coat and suitcase, pausing for a second to begin a note and then abandoning it—was all impulsive, yet it was not all unconscious. She knew definitely that if she were in the camp when Bing returned, she would have to tell him what she should have told him before she married him.

What he would have said had she stayed and told him everything, she could not guess, and as she drove into the night she preferred

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**FUR TRIMMED SUITS—**

FUR TRIMMED three quarter length Suits with Mutton and Wolf Trim, fitted or box styles in sizes 21 to 40 — \$29.50 — \$59.50.

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**NEW YORK PLANS SHOPPING SITE**

NEW YORK — A shopper's world of tomorrow to rival the wonders of the original "World of Tomorrow" is planned near the old World's Fair site in Flushing, N. Y.

In this 20-acre buyers' utopia, planned to serve as a model for similar centres around the country, the customers will be whisked along underground on moving sidewalks. They'll be cooled in summer, warmed in winter. There will be no crowded streets, no parking problem, no traffic jams.


These comforts—plus just about all the others a foot-sore housewife could dream up—will cost about \$50,000,000, and will be incorporated into what architect Lester C. Thyne and real estate developers Webb and Knapp call the largest retail shopping centre in the world. Its 1,500,000 square feet of retail selling space is planned to serve a potential 1,000,000 customers, and yield some \$800,000,000 annual sales. The project is expected to pay for itself in 26 years.

An average day at this modernistic centre, planned for middle income group salaries, might go something like this:

The shopper drives up a ramp, swings past the glass-enclosed second story of a futuristic department store, and parks her car on a covered roof parking area that will accommodate 5000 automobiles. Then she parks junior at an adjoining nursery, where he will be fed, amused and put to bed at the pro-

per hours.

Her first stop probably would be somewhere in the 1000-foot long unit comprising the department store and a variety of specialty shops and service stores. She might window-shop on the street level or covered sidewalks cooled with exhaust blown from the air-conditioned buildings. She could take in a movie and stage show in a 4,000-seat super de luxe theatre or mosey around in the "drive and ten." When she's finished, she picks up her car, drives across the roofs to a supermarket and a ers' market for her groceries, collects junior and goes on home.



One firm in the United States solved the meat shortage for its employees, as this photograph shows. Thomas Keafas, an executive of the General Steel Corp., Flushing, N. Y., is looking over 30 head of cattle imported by the company from the western U. S. as they arrived in Flushing. The firm was to slaughter the cattle and distribute 10 lbs. of meat each week to its employees.