

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at a special word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE

DR. J. A. McMILLAN'S Office will be closed August 15th till September 1st.

ON HOLIDAY—Miss Mary Bradley, Crescent Apartments, is visiting in Charlottetown, P. E. I., the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Bradley, Hawthorne Ave.—(Sydney Post Record).

MISS EDNA GRANT, Field Secretary, Canadian Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will speak in the Montague Baptist Church on Thursday, August 13th, at 8 P. M. and in the Murray River Baptist Church on Friday, August 14th at 8 P. M.

TO CHARLOTTETOWN—Howard Hastings, Sydney horseman, who has been located in North Sydney for the past several months and Baxter MacNeill, well known resident of Bras d'Or, left this week for Charlottetown, P. E. I., where they are to attend the horse races.—(Sydney Post Record).

VISITED FORMER HOME—Mrs. Howard Finley has her niece, Miss Doris MacKinnon, of Murray Harbor, P. E. I., visiting her. Mrs. Finley, accompanied by Mr. Finley, Chester Buel, their daughter and a friend, spent last week-end at Murray Harbor South, her former home, and they also visited in Montague and had a most enjoyable time. Miss MacKinnon accompanied them back.—New Glasgow News.

Personals

Mr. Ernest J. Ready of the Federal Stamp Office, Lowell, Mass. is vacationing in South Melville, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Jas. D. Flood. He is accompanied by Clarence J. Nickles of Lowell and Miss Mae Grenda of Lawrence.

Misses Marion and Patricia Flood of Montreal are spending their vacations at their home in South Melville.

Mr. Frank McNeill, City building inspector of Lowell, Mass. who has been the guest of James D. and Mrs. Flood, South Melville, returned home last Saturday.

Sig. Frank A. Johnston left Monday morning to return to New Brunswick after spending a pleasant two weeks with his wife and children at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston, Brackley Road.

clared Aunt Sue, with a sigh. "She's so stubborn! If only she weren't so obsessed with Sidney! I'm fond enough of him but, after all, he is a frame and, besides, he's so irresponsible."


Anne felt like adding that he was also a thief, but decided it was best not to tell Aunt Sue about that. "Well, I'll see what I can do," she said.

When Aunt Sue was gone, she turned out the light and climbed into bed. She lay there trying to think things out.

Judith simply must not be allowed to throw herself away on Sidney! But how to tell her that he was guilty of the theft for which Mont had been imprisoned? Judith wouldn't believe it, especially without proof—and there was no proof. Anne's thoughts whirled round and round. Suddenly, she sat up in bed. Suppose...

A vague plan had come to her—a plan by which she might convince Judith of Sidney's worthlessness. Gradually, it took shape in her brain. Downstairs, in the office safe, there was four hundred dollars in cash which she had intended to deposit in the bank tomorrow. Suppose she left it in the safe—and suppose she somehow let Sidney learn that it was there... He was desperately in need of money to cover up his losses at the race track...

She lay back on the pillows, working out the details of her plan. Of course, it might not work but, if it did, it would not only open Judith's eyes but it might even lead to clearing Mont. It was underhanded, but the end justified the means. Yes, she decided, she would try to trap Sidney. (To be Continued)



THE HATS THAT BRING "THE LIFT!"

Your clothes, this autumn must be law-abidingly simple. So its up to your hat to bring the lift!

The new Autumn hats we're showing rise beautifully to the occasion. They provide the lift figuratively and literally.

Flat little Berets appear, side by side with skyscraper hats, pompador hats and beautifully tailored casuals.

These intriguing expressions of the ideas of New York are being shown to-day in the Millinery department. Some of the favourite colours are Black, Brown, Navy, Wine, Dark Green, Red, Gallant Blue, in prices from \$2.25 to \$9.95.

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Fur Felts — — — \$3.95 to \$5.95
Models — — — \$5.95, \$7.50, \$9.95

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Remembered April

By STEWART VAN der VEER

CHAPTER XII

The visit, the next day, of Mont's sister and brother-in-law, Nancy and Paul Westgate, proved to be less of an ordeal than Anne had anticipated. For one thing, they could stay only a few hours.

Anne had been prepared to put them up overnight or even longer, but was relieved that this wasn't necessary. It would have been difficult to guard Mont's secret for an extended length of time, some one would have seen apt to drop an inadvertent remark that might have let the cat out of the bag.

The reaction of Aunt Sue and Judith had also been a relief to Anne. When she had told them of the expected visitors and had cautioned them that Mont wished to keep his prison record from his family, they had readily promised to cooperate and, moreover, had seemed to feel that the visit would be a pleasant break in the monotony of life at Fletwood.

The Westgates arrived shortly before noon. Nancy was a girl of about twenty-six. She wasn't pretty, but she was lively and attractive. Her husband, Paul, a mathematics teacher, was several years older than she. A quiet, frail-looking man, he smiled often but talked little, seeming content to let his wife take the center of the stage.

This, Nancy did quite capably. Throughout dinner, she kept up a steady stream of chatter.

"Paul and I met last fall when he came to teach at the high school where I've been teaching for the past three years." She smiled at her husband. "It was love at first sight, wasn't it, darling?"

"That's right," Paul agreed, glancing shyly around the table.

"When we decided to get married this spring, Paul got a leave of absence and I resigned, so that we could take this trip to Florida before the weather turns hot."

From time to time Nancy seemed on the point of asking Mont questions that might have proved embarrassing but, each time, Anne skillfully turned the conversation into other channels. Mont seemed at ease, but Anne noticed that he was eating little.

"We've all learned to do without Aunt Sue at home," Nancy said. "He's a born rover. There were times, during the past four or five years, when we lost track of him entirely." She looked at her brother. "Aren't you ever coming home?"

Aunt Sue suddenly spoke up. "Oh, we can't spare him here. He's been here so long now that we wouldn't know what to do without him. I said to him last Christmas that he was just like a member of the family."

Sue threw a smug glance at Anne, as though to say, "Look at your old aunt, doing her part!"

Judith was having difficulty repressing a smile. "Aunt Sue is quite gone on Mont. The affair started months ago—about Thanksgiving, I think." Her blue eyes snapped with mischief. "It's becoming a neighborhood scandal."

Aunt Sue seemed pleased at the manner in which Judith had followed her lead, but Anne was worried. She feared they might carry this sort of thing too far. She changed the subject and managed to keep the conversation away from dangerous topics for the remainder of the meal.

After dinner, Mont took Nancy and Paul on a tour of the farm. When they returned, it was mid-afternoon, time for the travelers to be on their way.

As the Westgates rolled away down the driveway, Anne breathed a sigh of relief.

Mont, standing beside her on the porch, held out his hand. "Thanks—you were a brick."

She smiled at him. "I did little enough, and I was very glad to do that little."

That night, Anne was in her room preparing to retire, when Aunt Sue tapped on the door and came in. There was a disturbed expression on her face.

"I'm worried about Judith," she said. "She's gone off again with Sidney but, when I asked her where she was going, she flared up and wouldn't tell me. Anne, unless we watch out, those two will turn up married one of these days."

Anne frowned. "I'm afraid of that, too. I told Judith, a few weeks ago, what I thought about Sidney, but it did no good. However, as long as he is so reckless as to marry, he has no job, I doubt whether they'll have a nickel except what Otis gives him."

"The trouble is that he has been drinking a lot lately," Aunt Sue went on. "Judith told me that he lost three hundred dollars of Otis's money at the track in Louisville last week. He's afraid to tell Otis and evidently has been trying to screw up his courage by drinking pretty steadily. It worries me for Judith to go out with him when he's in that condition. I told her so, but she seems to think it's her duty to try to straighten him out."

"I'd have a talk with her in the morning," said Anne. "Maybe we can persuade her to go away for a while, down to Linda's—some place like that."

"I doubt whether she will," Anne said.

PRETEND COLORFUL

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—We are in the heart of a very pretty, colorful, feminine summer. It is interesting to note that "they" are wearing a pretty much what they like. It isn't a white summer or a black summer. A beige or a grey. Nor does a black and white print or a white and black print pre-empt.

There are lots of greens and reds running neck and neck—the color gamut of blues and beige and greys, the "natural" colors coming up. Purple, beautiful and plentiful. Beauty, mustards and rusks.

Flower hats and veils are taking the winter with a new trim, neat, impeccably tailored look will be the in. 1942 arena.

Again we are copying our men! We can't let them get away with a very consciously tailored suit with a perfect posture and a healthy cut-door brocade and not make a stab at the same thing.

LOOK HEALTHY

Women will not be pink and white as to complexion. They, too, will attempt to look healthy and casual for daytime and as seductive and feminine as possible for evening. There will be jewels and orchids. In fact, in the areas where the most intensive production is centered, some florists remain open till 3 and 4 o'clock to serve the "swing shift."

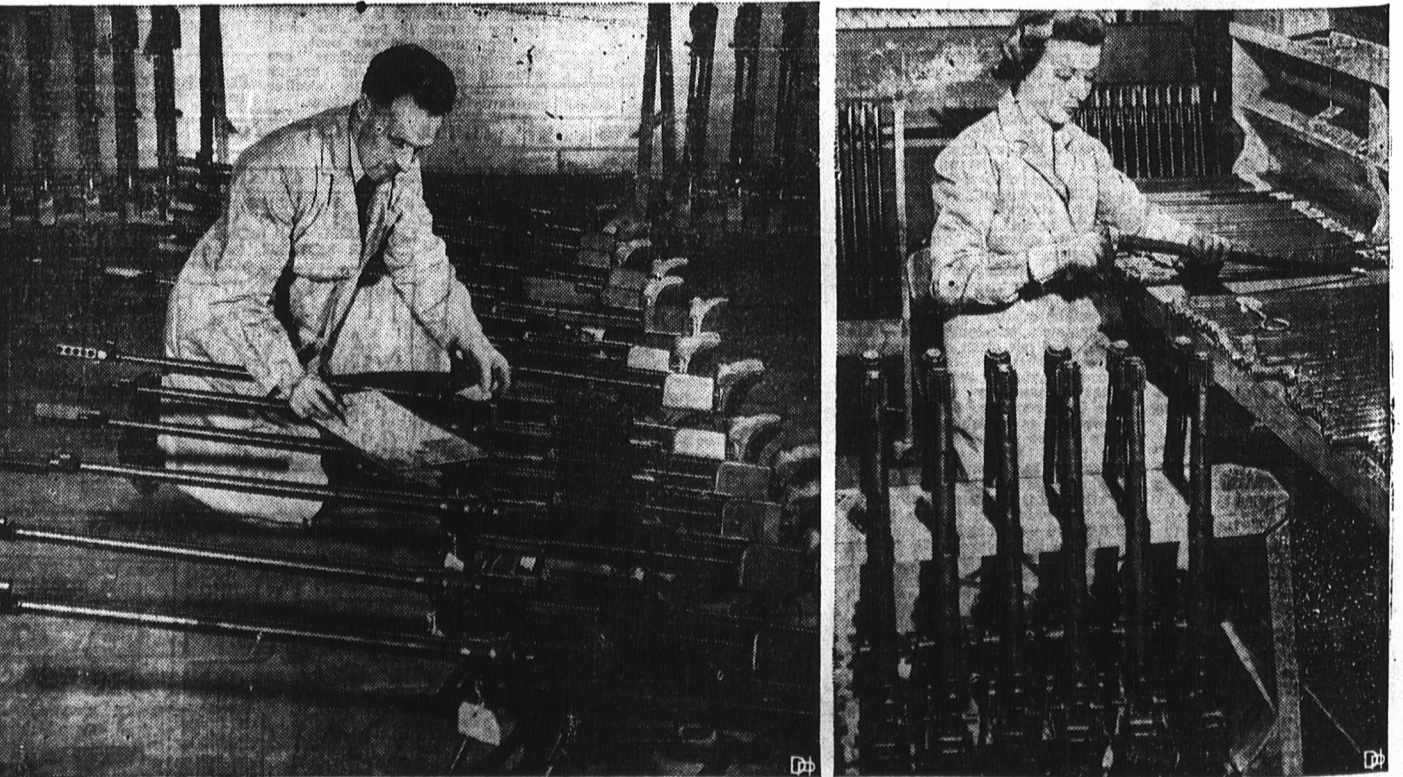
There isn't any perfect pattern for any period, but our current work is following pretty closely the pattern of the last world war and the women at home will try to look their best—for the men they love home on leave, for the men they love overseas and for their own precious morale.

Orchids are not as expensive in the summer time, and with the new summer black fashion for cocktail and evening they give an elegant sophisticated note to the very simple black dress.

NOTE: MORE EXPENSIVE WE SEE smart women wearing pearls. There isn't a more flattering combination. The little black sheer—pearls at throat and ears and an orchid for color—that's 1942 summer.

FOR SALE

House with large lot in good locality. Terms if desired. S. R. JOHNSTON. 8-8-10-12.



ON THE GROUND AND IN THE AIR, THESE GUNS PROMISE SUDDEN DEATH TO NAZIS

Every day more of these vicious guns are coming off the production lines in Canadian munitions factories. The weapons shown in the photo at LEFT are Boys anti-tank rifles. A highly efficient weapon, the Boys fires a .55-inch armour-piercing bullet which immobilizes tanks by striking at their vulnerable points. The worker in the photo is inspecting finished guns. Whenever you hear the angry rat-tat-tat of a Spitfire fighter plane you may be sure it is produced by a Browning aircraft .308-inch machine gun like the ones in the photo at RIGHT. The girl munitions worker is gauging barrels for Browning guns. Both weapons are in quantity production at Canada's great Bren gun factory; one of the largest machine gun manufacturers in the world.