

For Proud Dress-Making

Gordon Mackay CHESTERLAINE

English pure wool worsted broadcrepe

• We have it again! Lovely Gordon Mackay Chesterlaine English Broadcrepe... soft drape... warmth without weight. Two dozen high style colours to choose from. See this smart, reasonably-priced fabric while there is still full colour choice.

53 to 54 inches wide \$2.95

• For smart Tailored Casual and children's styles illustrated, see pattern books. The woman's dress in size 14 takes 3 3/4 yards Chesterlaine—about \$9.25, and about \$1.50 for buttons, pads, zipper, thread. Pattern extra.



MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Cornwall

Miss Alma MacKinnon recently returned from a short visit to Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Writren of North River are visiting in Maine, the guests of their son Earl and his family.

Miss Bernice MacArthur, R.N., has returned to Niagara Falls.

Hospital after spending her holidays with her parents at Cornwall.

Some changes to the interior of Cornwall School were made during the holidays and now the building is receiving a fresh coat of paint which adds greatly to its appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. MacKinnon of Meadow Bank and Montreal, left here recently for the latter city where they make their winter quarters.

Harvesting of the grain crop is well along in this district and the end of the week should see most of the crop stored. Modern threshing outfits are at work in a number of fields and the yield promises to be well up to average.

Friends of Mr. Colin Murray, Meadowbank, are happy to see him about again after undergoing an operation in the P. E. I. Hospital.—Corn.



Rented room:

It's no trick at all to turn "hopeless" gloomy surroundings into an enchanting, cheerful room. Yes, even on a slim-Jim budget! Try a gay print bedspread... wallpaper trim around the windows... a cozy writing nook. But be sure you start with a sparkling new Gold Seal Congoleum rug! That's the way to get a floor covering that lends excitement to your whole color scheme... that is smooth, easy to clean, comfortable underfoot. Best of all, it's such a good "buy"! For Gold Seal Congoleum—both rugs and by-the-yard—has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint applied by hand! But remember—without this familiar Gold Seal—it isn't Congoleum! So look for it before you buy! You'll be surprised how much quality you can buy for so little money.



Gold Seal Congoleum is a product of Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal.

Your dealer may be temporarily out of Congoleum because supplies are still very short. Please try him again, as he receives bulk shipments from time to time.

The Queen's Holiday

BY Elizabeth Corbett

"Let's drop all topics for the present," Elsa tried to eat spaghetti with dignity while she kept her eyes on a heavy-set man who was eating his dinner at a table over near the door. She wouldn't even look at Ted so long as he talked at her.

The heavy man near the door finished his meal with a rainbow between him and Elsa. She would have died sooner than shed those tears; but before she had managed to wink them away, the heavy man got up and left.

She glanced cautiously across at Ted. He didn't look in her direction; he was staring fixedly at the door. "Finished your dinner?" he asked without turning his head. "If you have, let's get out of this."

He put her hastily into her coat and flung down a bill without waiting for the check.

In the street he put his hand under her arm and made her walk fast. Once or twice as they scampered along he looked back over his shoulder; he made no attempt to talk, and to her remarks he gave short absent-minded replies.

By the time they reached her door she had forgiven his curious absorption and almost forgotten the inconsequential quarrel in the restaurant. Her one fear on earth was that he would leave her at the door. "Finished your dinner?" he asked in a low voice. "It crosses a window, and without disturbing the curtains peered down through the dimness into the street."

Presently Ted drew down the shades in both living-room windows. Then he went into her bedroom and lowered the shade there, too. From the doorway he said, "All right now. You can turn on your lights."

In the sudden brightness Elsa blinked, and tried to smile at him. His expression was not only grave but worried. "I thought that once before," he said slowly. "But it seemed such nonsense. Tonight though, I'm sure."

"You noticed that man in the restaurant? The big bird over near the door?"

"Oh, yes, I noticed him!"

"What's the fellow, and he's across the street right now?"

Elsa sat down suddenly. "You don't mean he's spying on us?"

"He must be. He followed us home."

For a moment Elsa was panicky. She was discovered, then she was wanted. The net was closing in on her.

Then meeting his anxious frown, she felt a wave of relief and happiness. She didn't have to face this thing alone. On the other hand, she must let Ted see how she felt. She crossed the room to Ted. Her laugh was low and sweet, and rang in his ears as prettily as if she had believed her own disclaimer.

"We're followed, are we?" she whispered. "And this isn't a joke. But if it isn't a joke, it's a delusion! I imagine I'm the Queen of Leucadia, and you think you're being followed. Or Ted! Which one of us is crazier?"

The next day was Friday. It proved to be a tempting morning of early spring. Ted had arranged to call for her at dinner time, as usual.

Meanwhile Elsa was alone with her new happiness. Yet crowding in her mind was the anxiety of Ted's discovery last night. For the first hour or so, she was confident that she moved unregarded in the sauntering throng along West Eighth Street, up Fifth Avenue, back by way of Fourteenth.

But that might mean only that her shadow knew his job. Drawing courage from the sunshine and the everyday hustle, Elsa made up her mind to find out.

Just west of Sixth Avenue, she turned as if to enter a little shop which sold stationary and newspapers. But she went no farther than just inside the door, and she came out again at once. Thereupon she nearly collided with a heavy man in a thick overcoat and a soft hat. It was not the same man she had seen in the restaurant last night. But it was a very similar person. At the risk of making a mistake that would be comically misunderstood, Elsa stepped square in front of him and hurled her accusation.

The charge that he was following her he met with a blank face of denial. "All right," said Elsa. "I'm mistaken, I'm sorry. But I know I'm not mistaken. So you can go back to whoever sent you, and tell them this sort of thing has got to stop."

Housing Prospects

OTTAWA, Sept. 11.—The view of the International Labor Office that there might soon be a depression in the housing industry has been supported in Canada today, R.E.G. Davis, president of the Community Planning Association and executive director of the Canadian Welfare Council, said that the supply of purchasers for today's high cost houses may soon be exhausted—leaving the building industry without a market.

"Without a market that can afford to pay the current high prices for houses, that is," he explained. "The potential market will still be huge—at least 750,000 new houses are needed right now. Unless there is some form of government subsidization of building, private enterprise will neither be able to build or sell up to the actual need."

I.L.O., a specialized agency of U.N., states that there is every reason to believe houses will be produced in excessive numbers for the higher-income groups, "which will result in a depression in the building industry at a time when the real need for housing would demand a steady expansion of the industry."

Building, according to I.L.O., provides a perfect example of both the need and opportunity for a union of public and private enterprise.

With this point of view, Mr. Davis agrees. "The most effective action to solve the housing problem would be," he says, "the public initiation of housing projects that would call upon the private resources of capital, labor, manufacturer, and contractor."

"The relationship between housing costs and incomes being what it is, private initiative alone can't hope to build houses for the 80 percent of Canadians who are unable to afford a \$6,000.00 home—the minimum at which decent housing can now be provided."

Both Mr. Davis and I.L.O. say that, while actual building operations are best left to private enterprise, governments should carry over planning, the subsidization of the building industry, the reduction of costs which are beyond the control of the private employer, and the supplementalization of the home purchasing power of low income groups.

"Rent controls, the reduction of interest rates, the payment of housing subsidies, the planning of local industrial developments, and the enforcement of legislation designed to eliminate slums and prevent overcrowding offer no threat to private enterprise in the building industry," Mr. Davis states.

"On the contrary," he maintains, "they actually open up to private enterprise a vast and stable new market."

GOLF AT JASPER

JASPERPARK LODGE, A.L.A., Sept. 12: The international fame of the Tolem Pole Gold Trophy will remain on the Pacific Coast. On the 35th hole of the 36 hole final hole on Saturday, J. Edgar Green, of the Broadmoor Golf Club, Seattle, sank a par four putt to end the match and defeat Gordon Verley of Uplands Golf Club, Victoria in a very well played final match. It was the second similar experience for Verley as last year, he was the victim of a birdie three chip shot from the club of Bink Crosby when the latter chipped into the cup on the 36th green.

The final match was well played, with green being out in front most of the time. The morning round ended all square and it was a ding dong battle for the rest of the time. Two down and three to go saw Verley run down a thirty-foot putt for a birdie three on the 34th, on the 35th hole, he pushed his second shot out just far enough to catch a trap which Green was safe in the centre of the green. Both men played spectacular gold at times and thrilled the large gallery with their magnificent recoveries. Following the conclusion of play, Hon. J. E. Bowden, Lieutenant Governor of Alberta, personally presented the prizes.

her he met with a blank face of denial. "All right," said Elsa. "I'm mistaken, I'm sorry. But I know I'm not mistaken. So you can go back to whoever sent you, and tell them this sort of thing has got to stop."

He began to insist that nobody had "sent" him. Elsa cut him short. "I don't care who you are, I want you to stop annoying me!"

"I haven't annoyed you that I know of," the detective protested. "And I'm not set to watch you except for your own good. I'm not talking you, I mean, I'm more of a bodyguard."

"A bodyguard? But I don't want a bodyguard!"

"What harm can a bodyguard do you?" he inquired. "Lots of people have 'em nowadays!"

Elsa marched past him with her nose in the air. It was all she could do to keep from crying in the street and she never dared look around once.

(To Be Continued)

IMPORTANT FOOD

Fish is the chief source of protein for the Japanese.

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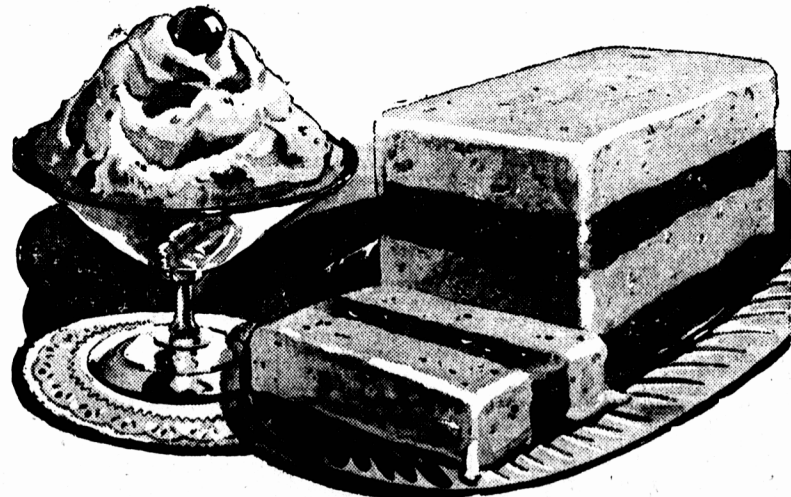
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