

ALL THE FAMILY agrees on

Chipman Knit HOSIERY

Cost Of Living Increases In The U.S.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23—(AP)—The U. S. Government's cost-of-living index rose 0.3 per cent between July 15 and Aug. 15, with increases in all major items used by moderate-income families except food. Retail prices as of Aug. 15 placed the consumers price index of the Bureau of Labor statistics at 173 per cent of the 1935-39 level. That was 2.5 per cent higher than a year earlier, 29.8 per cent higher than in June, 1946, when Government price controls were dropped, and 75.5 per cent more than the August, 1939, level.

The Legend Of The Black Ace

By F. H. MacArthur

Tales of the sea are always thrilling and the legend of the "Black Ace" is one of the most exciting. Although it happened many years ago, it is still told along the sea-coast of Prince Edward Island and no matter how often it is retold, it still grips and thrills the listeners. Listen, and I will tell it to you.

The sun had settled to rest that evening in a blaze of ruby and gold. It flooded the sweeping curves of the Strait to the westward, right up to the zenith, with a wealth of opalescent glory that transformed river and sky into a picture that reflected the arc of heaven and the majestic water beneath.

From the first gray streak of dawn, the weather had taken on a threatening aspect and the wind had been shifting about like some evil, restless spirit, looking for trouble — causing the white horses of Neptune to gallop about like unbridled colts.

And in all this — into the teeth of the gale, young Alec Cameron was driving his small boat. He peered ahead of him, dashing the spray from out his eyes. And he prayed softly as he handled his craft masterfully. He was not afraid; in fact, he was thrilled at the wildness of the waves, for he loved this life. He had followed the life of a fisherman since his sixteenth birthday a couple of years before, having taken over his father's fishing outfit then, to support his widowed mother and his young sister, Adeline. He was the man of the family now and met his new obligations manfully, capably.

The melancholy moaning of the waves and the thundering voices of the sea-gods, affected the youth but little, for, young as he was, he was accustomed to hearing their cries and they were practically music to his ears.

All morning and afternoon Alec had been slowly steering his sail-boat against a strong nor'east wind, and making progress, despite the gale growing in fury. But now the day was late and he was beginning to feel a trifle uneasy. He was a brave as ever, but he was experienced boatman enough to realize that he should be a lot safer off this tempestuous water. Bad trouble surely lay ahead if he remained here.

But he could not make it now; of that he was sure. Perhaps he could find help, but it was rather a forlorn hope. He looked about him, thinking it would be in vain, and then, back of him some distance, young Cameron saw quite a large vessel bearing down upon him. She was running under jib and foresail, being only square-riggered forward, like ocean steamers had often been plying to and fro from the harbor of Charlottetown.

While he watched her drunken course, her broadsides came into view, enabling him to make out her name — "The Black Ace."

With her piece of canvas topping her hull, the strange craft rolled heavily, and at times her stern rose clear out of the water, the screws spinning round aimlessly in the air — racing, as it is called in the lingo of the sea.

Alec was still observing the Black Ace when the unexpected happened and it happened so suddenly that he had no time to formulate any plans for his self-preservation.

It might have been a trick of the sea-gods, or a bit of supernatural power. Alec could never rightly tell, but whatever it was, it lifted the sail boat right out of the water and set it down with a hearty smack on the deck of the Black Ace.

For a few moments Alec just sat there dumfounded at what had happened. Then he got out of the boat and looked about him at the strange sight on the deck. He found the boat's crew, a reckless, rough looking set of seamen, sitting or lying about the deck as though they had no fears of any danger from the boat's helm. The Captain and the fury of the sea. No hand guided his first officer lay near the cabin, like the rest of the crew — and Alec now realized that all of them were like this because they were all in a drunken stupor.

From time to time some of the crew would rouse from their stupor to raise their voices in snatches of wild sea-song that could be heard above the roaring of the storm. But they paid no attention to the coming of Alec, to his surprise. He went about trying to talk to them, but they still paid no attention to him, perhaps thinking him one of them, or, if not, caring little who he was.

All this while the Black Ace continued plunging and staggering this way and that—and then, suddenly, a great flame of fire, which appeared to come from nowhere, swept down upon the ship and completely enveloped it until the whole picture resembled a crown of diamonds fringed with a thousand eyes.

Alec knew that no vessel, however sturdy, could for long withstand such wind and seas and now fire—especially when there was no hand at the helm to guide the boat. He had tried to handle the helm, but it was broken—he could do nothing—and then suddenly, he was lifted from the deck and tossed into the raging sea. And the boat, a moment later, blew up and went to the bottom, along with her drunken crew.

Alec swam instinctively, though he knew not where to head. He could never be certain how long he remained in the chilly water—but finally it was daylight and

Slow Boat From Marseilles

By Michael Hastings

CHAPTER I (continued)

"Ah! M. Ginoux! It is good of you to telephone me... They have perhaps explained to you that Dr. Prinz and myself are in Europe on behalf of a well-known Chicago charity... Yes, yes. Of course you understand. The Charity feel that something should be done to assist those who are suffering as a direct result of the war. Yes, particularly the displaced persons, as they are officially known... By all means. You have my address? Then write me at your convenience. I expect to be here for some weeks. The house has been placed at my disposal by Madame Chevy. She has been most kind. She has a sister in New York, married to the brother of the president of our Charity. Very good, M. Ginoux, I shall look forward to hearing from you."

Rutter replaced the instrument and leaned back in his chair. "What of the two men you discovered?" he asked suddenly.

"They come to-night," Prinz told him. "So far they know nothing, except that we are Americans and that we are eager to help them."

"Good. There must be the usual medical examination — which will not make them suspicious when I come to examine their eyes. You are sure of the two—you used care in selecting them?"

"Typical derelict rats—fits only for extermination," growled Rutter. "Well, they shall have their ship, and their voyage. But I will not guarantee a future for them."

Prinz smiled. "They will have a certain distinction, most probably," he said. "They should feel honoured."

"Quiet," said Rutter. "I hear the door being opened."

There was a low murmur of conversation from the hall, followed by a discreet tap on the door.

"Come in," said Rutter gently. A manservant opened the door. He was thin, with a lean face. His expression indicated very clearly what he thought of the callers he was about to announce.

"There are two men here, M'sieu," he said. "Shabby and not over-clean. They ask for Dr. Prinz."

"Yes, Raoul. Show them in. Two more refugees."

"Very good, m'sieu."

BLACK OUT

Once more the door opened, and the two Poles entered. Jan looked about him at the luxurious furnishing of the room, glanced at the fire. Then he looked down at his ragged clothing and his lips curled. Stefan, more solid, stood, shuffling his feet uncomfortably, obviously not at ease.

"I am glad to see you," said Prinz. He was incapable of controlling his voice, and it sounded as formal as ever. He pointed towards the armchair. "This is Dr. Rutter, of Chicago. I think that he may be able to help you."

"Don't stand in the doorway," Rutter said, adopting his bland tone. "Move nearer to the fire. It is a cold night. A little warmth will do you good."

"Our rags were scarcely designed for this climate, doctor," said Jan with a grin. He moved to the fire, pausing to grab Stefan by the arm and pull him with him. Stefan still seemed bewildered, overpowered by his surroundings.

"I understand," said Rutter. "that you are both anxious to escape from Europe."

"Yes, doctor," said Jan. "For any criminal reason?"

Jan shook his head. "You are eager to know whether I can help you. If I am to do that, I must first of all be sure of one thing—that is your physical condition."

Jan gave a short, bitter laugh. "We might as well be going, then," he said. "We've been living on the edge of the graveyard too long to look anything more than scarecrows." He moved slightly in the direction of the door. "Thanks for the warm, doctor," he said. "A fire is a novelty for us, you know. Come on, Stefan."

"Not so fast," said Rutter. "You misunderstand me. I am a medical man. I can see for myself that you are suffering from under-nourishment. That is a thing which can soon be put right. But I cannot risk taking you to some country if it means that you will be taken immediately to hospital."

Jan hesitated. Then he gave a jerky nod of his head. "Very well," he agreed. "You shall examine us—if you wish."

"It will be sufficient if you strip to the waist," Rutter said. He glanced at Prinz. "You sound them," he instructed. "I will test the eyes."

While the two Poles were undressing, Prinz crossed to a drawer and took out a stethoscope. Reluctantly, he placed his cheroot carefully on an ashtray and approached Stefan. In the meantime, Rutter was making his own preparations.

"Sit down," he said. "Look at that card. With both eyes. Can you read the third line?"

"Easily, doctor," said Jan. He read it out.

To be continued

the storm subsided, and he was still though very miserable. And then, he saw his own small boat drifting aimlessly, but safe, not half a mile from where he was struggling in the water, and he swam to it and climbed aboard and sailed back to shore and his home, where he told the strange tale. And there were many who scoffed and would not believe him.

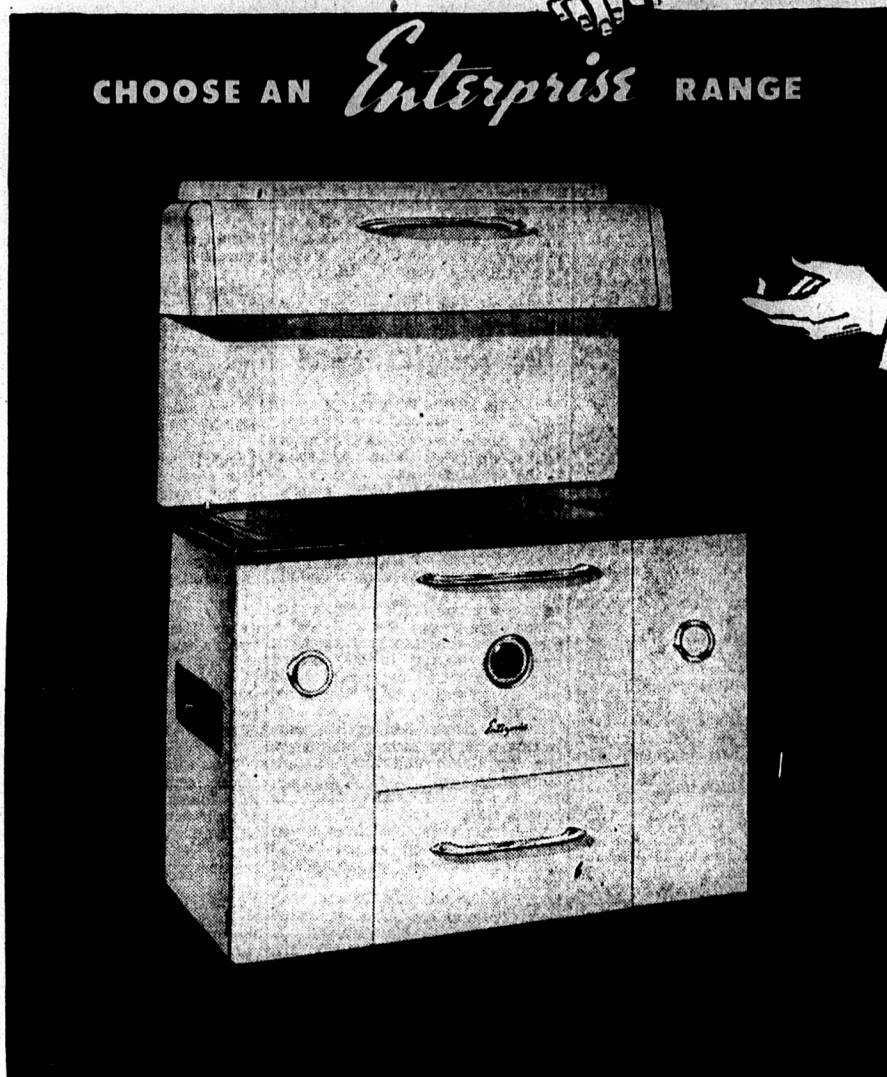
But others did—and, so now, while over a century has rolled by since that epic sea adventure took place, the legend of the Black Ace still lives on.

THE END

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