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SURVEY WATER
LONDON — (CP) — Britain's water resources are being surveyed on a nation-wide scale. The

government recently set up an inland water survey committee to carry on the work which was interrupted by the war.

British forces which landed in Chesapeake Bay in August, 1814, captured Washington and burned the White House and several other government buildings.

Canada's Ten "Best Dressed Men" To Pay More For Clothes

Toronto, March 15th. There is no prospect that men and women's woollen clothes will be cheaper in 1950, according to a statement made by the National Council of Clothing Manufacturers here today. In fact the ten best dressed Canadians -- selected last week by the Canadian Men's Apparel Fair -- and all other citizens, likely will have to pay more for their garments. Had it not been for "devaluation," price increases would have been greater and the statement offers an explanation of the development of the present situation.

Sir Stafford Cripps, by his surprise devaluation of the British pound last September, raised hopes in many directions that "things would be cheaper." Among these "things" in Canada were men's and women's clothing—about 60 per cent of which still is made from cloth imported from the United Kingdom.

There are three main factors in the production of clothing—cost of materials, cost of labor and shop production and the cost of distribution. The two latter are almost fixed charges, leaving the cost of materials as the only factor which can cause retail prices to rise or fall.

Labor in the clothing trade in Canada is highly unionized and well paid, according to general standards. Increases of wages and benefits since 1939 have been steady and total pay plus holidays, sickness and other security is double that of pre-war days. Until there is a general lowering of wages in all industries, there is no prospect—nor is one desired—of a cut for labor in the clothing trade. Similarly, distribution charges—cost of selling and delivering clothes to the consumer—these costs rest on labor, rent, shipping charges and all the items which add to the costs of operating retail stores. There is no basis to look for lower costs here.

The remains the cost of materials. Most of the cloth for the industry comes from abroad—either as raw material or finished goods. The United Kingdom is Canada's chief source of supply for woollen cloth and devaluation offered a hope that prices might be lowered. This has not been the case.

The reason why devaluation was

not reflected in lowered clothing prices, according to the National Council, is quite simple. Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps did not consult the rest of the world about his plans and they misfired—at least as far as men and women's woollen clothes were concerned. At the moment he was chopping one third from the pound, traders in the world wool market were bidding up the price of wool without any regard for Britain's new trade drive.

These world wool markets are free. Bidding is keen and competitive and the goods go to the highest bidder. A newcomer among the buyers is the Soviet Union and this tremendous consumer is ready to pay in local currency, U. S. dollars or gold itself. Almost every other country is as anxious to secure wool and in the Spring of 1950 the demand far exceeds the world's limited supply.

Wool tops—or the raw material for high grade cloth—in September 1949, stood at 96 pence per pound. Today the cost is approaching 160 pence per pound. According to Roy Lowndes, chairman of the British Textile Agents Association of Canada, better grade worsted tops could be landed here from Britain last September at around \$1.50 a pound. Today the price for the same quality is \$2.05 a pound. "It means," said Mr. Lowndes, "an increase of \$7.00 in the retail price of a \$50.00 suit."

These prices are made on the world free wool market. Until they are lowered and until Canadian labor and distribution costs are less, there is no prospect of a reduction in the price of men and women's woollen clothing. The brand, according to the National Council of Clothing Manufacturers of Canada, is up—not down.

BOTH OVER 21

By

Samuel Hopkins Adams

As he stood, undecided, she passed him, walked as if blindly into the hallway and through the open door of his room. He followed. Speaking under his breath with harshness of anxiety he said: "What is it?"

"Nothing," she said heavily. She seemed dazed. "I didn't know things like that could happen."

All her bright, hard self-confidence had lapsed. So pitiously young and lost had she become that his anger sickened and died.

"You'd better tell me, Malda." She did not answer except to say, "I'm cold."

"There's whisky in the dining room."

"No. Don't leave me. Just for a minute."

He swathed her in the blanket. There was a small efficient stove in the room. In this he built a fire. She huddled to it. Her eyes, dilated and frightened, would not meet his. He drew forward a chair but she shook her head. "I'll go in a minute."

"Yes. You can't stay here."

"I've been dancing," said she, still in that same toneless under-breath.

Then he noticed that she had on an evening gown. "Where are your clothes?"

"Back there." She made a vague gesture. "These are borrowed. They're spoiled. I'll have to pay for them. That's too bad."

He bit savagely back the desire to shout at her, to accuse her. He understood why men sometimes beat helpless women. Still she stood, brooding, her regard fixed and passive.

"I've been dancing," she repeated. "For pay. I didn't even get it. That's funny." Her lips writhed in a grimace. She was on the brink of uncontrollable intolerable laughter.

He clapped his hand across her mouth and shook her violently. "Be quiet."

Her body went limp, acquiescent to his welcome harshness. For an instant she leaned her forehead against his neck. Then she stood erect. "I ran away."

"With whom were you?" She shook her head.

"You don't need to tell me she's a good girl. I've been a girl myself and know something about 'em."

"At the Gloriana, the clerk, after being virulently cursed over the room telephone, informed Wallis at the desk that Mr. Aymon was

he, "I'm going to see Aymon."

The thin rasp of a voice cut in upon them. "These are pretty doings! Outraged virtue in the person of Mrs. Sweetman stood in the door."

"I shall have to ask that you both leave this house." She took account of the ravaged face which the girl mutely turned to her, and stopped. "What's wrong?"

She asked in altered tones. "What is it? What's happened to her?" she demanded of Wallis.

"I don't know. She's just come back."

Out bustled the landlady, to return with a generous half glass of liquor. "Take that," she directed. "Young man, you put a kettle on. I'll get her to bed...no, don't talk. I'll keep for morning. Bless us! It's nearly morning now. Come along."

Mrs. Sweetman led the girl, who had begun to shiver again, to her own room. Wallis, exhausted and bewildered, managed a couple of hours' sleep. At breakfast Mrs. Sweetman said, "She's still asleep. It's the best thing for her."

"Do you want us to leave?"

"No."

"With an effort he said, "There's nothing wrong about her, Mrs. Sweetman."

"You don't need to tell me she's a good girl. I've been a girl myself and know something about 'em."

"At the Gloriana, the clerk, after being virulently cursed over the room telephone, informed Wallis at the desk that Mr. Aymon was

not feeling well and would see nobody. The visitor took over the mechanism. "Hello! Aymon? This is Wallis Kane."

"Well, what do you want?" "I want to see you. Will you come down, or must I come up?"

That the voice meant all that it said, Aymon had the sense to recognize. "Wait there, then," he answered surlily. "I'll be down."

Wallis watched the clock for a dragging half hour before the tall supple figure of the dancer emerged from the elevator. "Come outside," said Wallis.

"We can talk here," Aymon judged it wise to stand. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"We needn't mention names."

"O.K. by me."

"You were out last night with a dancing partner?"

"What of it?"

"That's what I'm here to find out."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I'm asking you."

"I'm not responsible to you Kane."

"As it happens I am responsible for her." Wallis did not want a fracas in a public place which might involve police court proceedings and mention of Malda.

"I suppose she's of age," Aymon was not happy in mind or conscience over the events of the previous night, and his bearing showed it.

"Is that your best excuse?"

"Oh, come off!" retorted the dancing man irritably. "You needn't put up a bluff with me. I expect we're both after the same thing."

(To be continued)

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