

SLACKS

are a must!

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SLACKS

Socially and satorially, slacks are a must. A lot of men wear slacks and jackets to business in the summer . . . and stay with them for almost every other summer occasion. They give you a casual, jaunty feeling you'll enjoy. You'll like these especially for their fine quality and special features . . . such as the "Lasteze" waistband which does not require a belt—The "Sitters" slack with the expanding waistband—saddle-stitched seams—raised seams and lap seams—Gabardines - flannels - worsteds and white serges.



MOORE & McLEOD Limited

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OH, I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF OLD STREAK PULLIN' AN ICE WAGON!

YOU GOT TO GET YOUR MIND OFFA THIS, DINNY—COME IN AN' WE'LL FIGURE OUT ALL TH' DOODADS ON TH' NEW TRUCK!

GIT HIM INSIDE QUICK! WE'RE HEROES AROUND HERE NOW, BUT DON'T EVER LET 'EM SEE A FIREMAN SOB!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON.

J.R. WILLIAMS



HOUSEBOAT — A home, torn loose by the rampaging flood waters of the Red River, floats downstream, through Winnipeg, Canada. Thousands were fleeing the disaster, with officials warning that "the worst was yet to come."

Murder Could Not Kill

(continued)

They met that evening as arranged. Never to Robin's eyes had she appeared more beautiful or more completely at her ease. Her attitude gave him courage to express what was in his mind. "You look too wonderful to be real, Laurette," he said. "My dear, if I could paint you as I see you now!"

"Why not, Robin?" she answered lightly. "One day?"

He thrilled as he touched her arm in delighted response. They were seated in the sixth row of the stalls. Laurette suddenly exclaimed and clutched Robin's arm. He looked at her in astonishment. She was staring at the stage box near them on their left.

"Robin, look!" she whispered, her voice agitated.

He followed the direction of her gaze. A man, alone, had entered the box and was deliberately arranging his seat. Robin caught a sight of his face before the man sat back, withdrawing his seat into the corner behind the side of the box. It was Peter Lessing.

INSTALMENT TWENTY-ONE

Behind the scenes at the Pyrrhic Theater there was much excited volubility. A bare half-hour before the first curtain the company had learned that the show was to close down after the performance that night.

The news had come as a positive bombshell. There had been no previous hint or warning of it, and in the dressing-rooms the ill tidings were aggressively discussed.

The majority of the company would now probably be compelled to return to America at once.

Barbara van Buren remained aloof from all discussion. Alone in her dressing-room, made up for her first entrance, she sat reflecting on the unexpected development. She felt bitterly hurt that news of it had reached her not through Peter Lessing as she would have expected, but just in the ordinary way from the manager of the company. At least Peter might have told her privately of his intention to withdraw his backing. Since she had spoken to him on the previous day she had heard no word from him, and was suspicious because of the indifference to her feelings this implied. However, he was in the theater, she reassured herself; he would come around to see her at one of the intervals or at the close of the performance, and then, no doubt, everything would be explained.

There was a knock at the door and a voice: "May I come in, darling?"

"Why, sure, Hester," Barbara called. Hester Rogan was trembling and Barbara looked up at her with quick solicitude. Rising, she put her arm round her.

"Tough luck, my dear, but don't take it too much to heart. A bit of a blow, all the same, isn't it? Just when we thought the show was finding its feet, too."

"Yes, I'm sorry about that, it's bad enough—but darling—oh, I feel so scared and so upset."

She sat, almost collapsed into a chair, and Barbara hastened to her. "You shouldn't let it get you like that, Hester," she said. "You'd better have a spot of something to put a little heart into you."

She filled a glass and returned with it, and despite the other's feeble protest insisted on her drinking the spirit it contained.

"Thanks darling," Hester murmured gratefully, handing back the glass. "But you've got me wrong. It isn't the show coming off so unexpectedly that's upset me. Something worse than that. It's terrible. I just can't understand it."

"Why, whatever is the matter?" Barbara became definitely alarmed.

"Barbara, darling, it's incredible," Hester blurted out hysterically, "but I might have killed you tonight if I hadn't found out in time. Killed you!"

"Hester," Barbara van Buren drew back in quick suspicion. "What do you mean?"

"You know that prop automatic I use in the third act? You know how I always keep it in my bag

just to make sure there will be no hitch about its being properly loaded—you remember that time when it wasn't, and the whole show was ruined in a horse laugh? Well, ever since, I have always kept a tag on it myself. Each night before I leave the theater I slip in another blank from a drawer, keeping the magazine clip fully charged. I did so last night—I'm sure I did. Thank heaven I happened, quite by chance, to look at it just a minute ago. Barbara! The top cartridge wasn't a blank! Her voice dropped to a still lower key "It was live!"

Barbara's fingers closed convulsively over the others. Hester! With a gesture of pitiable helplessness the woman appealed to her. Her voice rose almost to a cry: "I'm sure I could have made no mistake. I'm certain it was a blank I put in!"

"But where did the other come from—you hadn't any live cartridges, in any case, had you?" she demanded at last sharply.

"For a moment Hester hesitated. "Yes, I'm afraid I had," she answered slowly.

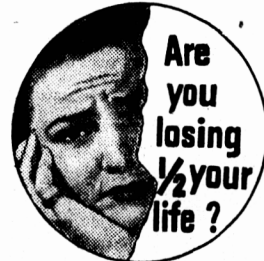
"Apart from any other reason, isn't it dangerous to leave such things lying around, even in a drawer?"

"I didn't think so, dear; the pistol is always with me."

"Look at me, Hester. Was it purely by chance you examined the pistol to-night?"

The other averted her eyes. "It really was," she replied after a brief pause. "Oh, I don't know! In a way, perhaps it wasn't. Why shouldn't I be frank with you darling? You know how I am suffering; you know I haven't long to live. I think I'd have ended it all months ago had it not been for you. You have been so good to me." She was silent for a space, then continued in a monotonous undertone:

To be continued



Life's a game—you need vitality to get your share of the fun!
Life's a battle—and you need reserve vitality to take the hard knocks!

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Just Arrived!

Men's "Eastern" CAPS

Also Styled by Lewis

Just received a new shipment of "Eastern" Brand Caps by Lewis in popular Donegal Tweeds, Black and White or Brown and White, sizes 6 5-8 to 7 1-2. Extra values at

1.95 and 2.25



Men's Year

Main Floor

SUMMERSIDE
"Where Old Friends Meet"

MOTORCYCLE SCHOOL

CALGARY. — (CP) — A motorcycle school for R.C.M.P. traffic

officers has been established here. Motorcycles used before the war to help regular control were dropped when gravel roads were found to

be dangerous. The highways now have been hard-surfaced and it is felt the machines will again be useful in this area.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE

EGAD, BURKE! BE GENTLE WITH JASON, BUT GO AHEAD AND BRUSH UP YOUR HOLDS! LET'S SEE YOUR TECHNIQUE IN APPLYING THE FLYING MARE!

FLYING MARE? THAT'S BEEN OUTA PRINT SINCE ADAM AN' EVE RAGGED WITH THEIR CONSCIENCE!—HOW ABOUT A NEW ONE LIKE THE BOA CONSTRUCTOR TWIST?

I WITNESS ONE LAS' WEEK THAT LOOK KEEN—KNOW AS TH' BRAZIL NUT-CRACKER!

JASON SEEMS TO KNOW A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT THIS