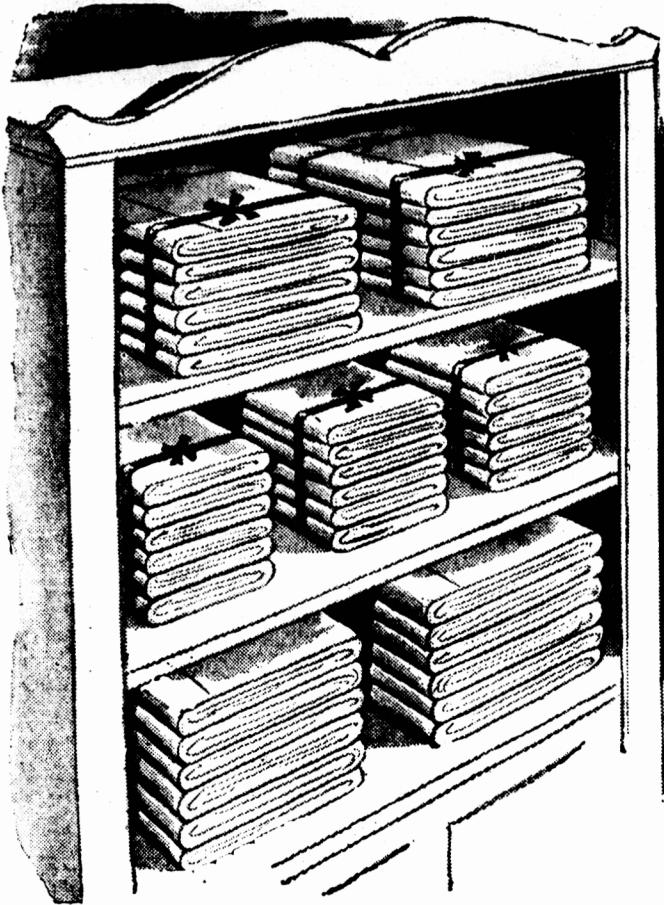


# "Final White Sale"



**Final Sale of Sheets - Pillow Cases  
Pillow Cotton - Bedspreads Etc.**  
THURSDAY - FRIDAY - SATURDAY  
Take Advantage of this "White" Sale

These are the last of our factory clearing lines and this week-end will be your last chance for some time to restock your shelves with sheets, pillow cases, etc., at these very low prices. Compare the prices and you will be surprised at the dollars you can save by stocking up at this sale—These sheets in 1st quality would be worth up to \$12.50 a pair, and now you can buy them in seconds from \$1.98 to \$2.79 each

A very limited quantity of chenille Bedspreads priced very low for this sale—Regularly worth up to \$22.00, and now clearing at only \$15.00 each.

During this "White Sale", you will also find Specials in linen Tea Towels—linen towelling—bath towels—lawn remnants and unbleached sheeting remnants.

### SHEETS (Seconds)

There is a very limited quantity of these sheets—about 300—and that's not many—so come early on Thursday morning and don't be disappointed.

- Size about 63 x 100 ..... \$1.98 each
- Size about 76 x 96 ..... \$1.98 each
- Size about 63 x 105 ..... \$2.29 each
- Size about 70 x 100 ..... \$2.29 each
- Size about 72 x 100 ..... \$2.39 each
- Size about 76 x 100 ..... \$2.49 each
- Size about 81 x 100 ..... \$2.59 each
- Size about 81 x 100 ..... \$2.69 each
- Size about 81 x 104 ..... \$2.79 each

Factory remnants of circular pillow cottons 40-42 and 44 inch widths—all very good quality and good lengths for pillow cases. These are priced at various prices but the average remnant would not be over 45c per yard.

Four "Specials" in substandard pillow cases—these are very good buys—42" x 33"—going at 39c, 49c, 59c and 69c each.

**Sale Begins Thursday Morning  
Sorry No Phone Orders**

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### True Success Story

By F. H. MacArthur

When we think of the textile industry the names of James Hargreaves and Sir Richard Arkwright immediately flash across one's mind, for they were to the textile industry what Henry Ford was to the automobile industry. Jim Hargreaves was born near Blackburn, England, in 1745, and Arkwright was born at Preston, Lancashire, in 1732, the youngest of thirteen poor, uneducated children. Strange to relate, he knew little of grammar or spelling till he was past fifty, rich, and a great world figure.

Hargreaves was working as a weaver in a mill owned by Sir Robert Peel's grandfather, when he invented the spinning-Jenny, a machine that could turn out yarn in greater quantities than any machine had ever been able to turn out before. The new invention spun several threads at the same time, instead of one as did the original machines.

Inventor Hargreaves had one of the new machines set up in his own home and he and his family worked many hours after the day's close thus earning for themselves extra money for food and clothing which they badly needed.

This sudden prosperity aroused the jealousy of other mill workers in the neighborhood. Nobody wanted to see Jim make more money than the rest of them. Besides a machine that could turn out so much yarn in a day was sure, so they fancied, to rob honest hands of their living. So one day an army of angry weavers marched to Jim's humble cottage, forced their way into his home and destroyed the machine as well as most of the furniture. Then they set upon Peel's mill and demolished that.

The poor inventor and his family now had to move to Nottingham where he enlisted a couple of brokers who helped him manufacture the spinning-Jennies in considerable numbers. Manufacturers of textiles were quick to see the worth of the new machines and soon began to use them at all plants, but they were not willing to pay the inventor royalties.

Jim hired a lawyer to look after his interests, but so many of the manufacturers were dishonest that he could not possibly fight them all. Thus it came about that Jim Hargreaves died without amassing the fortune that was his by right. He was cheated right and left, though he had placed at the disposal of his native England a device for building up great prosperity.

Richard Arkwright's story followed much the same path. He suffered great poverty in his youth, working as a penny barber then as a wig maker; yet this poor, uneducated and overworked youth found time to think out a better machine than that of his fellow weavers.

He devised a spinning-frame which provided a stronger material to be used as warp. But how could he manufacture the gadget if no one could help him? The structure-maker to whom he applied for help drove the ragged and unkempt genius from his door. Later, however, this man repented and loaned Arkwright the service of a man named Hay to make the clockwork part of the apparatus.

But the manufacturers cried out against Arkwright's machine and drove him to stocking-making. Next they turned against him an old Act of Parliament which said that no such material could be exported save under heavy tax.

In spite of all these setbacks and outright abuses on the part of a jealous group, young Richard kept the even tenor of his way, struggled on, and finally succeeded in getting a patent on a new wonder machine which completely revolutionized the whole textile business. Like Hargreaves, he too, was cheated by dishonest manufacturers that infringed on his patent and refused to pay him royalties.

When he set up his own factory near Preston the mobs wrecked it. Arkwright knew this destruction of his small plant was the work of a few fanatics in the pay of rival manufacturers, but there was little he could do about it at that time.

They had succeeded in wrecking his plant but not his spirit. He persevered in spite of everything the fates could toss at him. Then the tide turned as it always turns to those who have courage and stick.

In the years that lay ahead he made a huge fortune, educated himself, was knighted and died in 1792 full of honors and a great world figure.

Indeed, the whole history of the textile business was one of deceit, jealousy and despair. Scarcely a month passed but penniless because manufacturers refused to pay a royalty on his famous spinning mule; Edmund Cartwright lost \$150,000.00 on his inventions; Ely Whitney of Westboro, Mass., inventor of the cotton gin, had his little workshop broken into and his plans stolen by those who wanted to manufacture his miracle machine without paying a royalty thereon.

I have not attempted to include all the wonderful men whose genius played such a part in bringing to us the many comforts we enjoy in clothing. To do so would take up many columns.

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### The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued

"Odd how inquisitive people are," he commented idly. "Old Whitney held me up in the lobby and asked me if Frances Payne was engaged to Alan Chase. Just because they came in the same party."

"Engaged? Pooh, they never will be!" Sophie brushed that aside with lively scorn. "But I could have choked you, Bill Daimler, for the things you said about Jack right before Frances Payne. I don't mean his working in a garage, but about its being on account of some girl. Don't you remember how devoted Frances and Jack were before she married Dick? And everybody said she only took Dick because he got that wonderful diplomatic appointment and had a lot of money, while Jack was only a nice fellow with a comfortable income. And now Frances is back and a widow and Jack never goes near her. Amy is sure Frances cares for him yet—"

Bill Daimler held up his hands in good-natured surrender. "I give up, I never see the things you girls see." He turned back to Gloria in apologetic explanations. "Jack's the friend we were expecting tonight. He has a good income from a rich aunt and nothing to do but amuse himself. Now, out of a clear sky, we find him working in a garage—of all places."

For a hideous moment Gloria hesitated. Now was the time to say that she knew this young man, Jack Moreland. Yet she had been with these people all the evening, listening to their talk of him and their conjectures as to his absence. And there were other reasons leading back to that secret marriage which she must always conceal. Gloria was beginning to stand upright and tell the whole truth.

"The thing is preposterous," Mrs. Daimler said blandly. "It is undoubtedly some absurd wager, as Sophie says. If Jack were in earnest he would be entering some business or profession."

The second opportunity had passed. Gloria drew a long breath that quivered in her throat and turned with Bill Daimler to follow his mother's majestic lead.

Sitting before her dressing table that night Gloria pondered the things she had heard. Life was full of contradictions, she reflected soberly. She, who did not love him, was Jack Moreland's wife. She stood between him and Frances Payne, the boldly handsome woman who once had cared for Jack and who still loved him, if Sophie Daimler's surmise was true.

If he had never met a certain Gloria Staunton, if his sudden infatuation for her had not led to her dismissal from Miss Endicott's and finally to an acknowledged marriage, he would have gone back to Frances Payne. Now an ironical Fate had so shifted their destinies that Mrs. Dick Payne, disappointed in ambition and beaten in fortune, would be glad to lend her name and position to take Gloria Staunton's social well-being in charge.

Gloria arose slowly and went to the telephone. She called Mrs. Daimler.

"Mrs. Daimler? This is Gloria Staunton. I have been considering the suggestion you made this evening and I wished to tell you that if it is agreeable to Mrs. Payne we can make the arrangements tomorrow."

XIV

Gloria made no attempt to deceive herself as to her motives in engaging Frances Payne. She was not doing this from any sentimental desire to bring these two together again and efface herself from their lives. She merely took the chance that offered itself to do something for this woman whom she unconsciously she had cheated, and who had cheated Jack too, whether he loved Frances Payne or not.

Far afield though it might be, this was a little way to repay in her own mind that intolerable sense of obligation to him. He would take nothing from her who had taken so much from him, but she would do what she could for those he cared for, or who cared for him. Tonight it happened that Mrs. Payne, in a few days more she would go to New York to see what might be done to save Jack's fortune from his aunt's mysterious folly.

Three days later Gloria was in New York again. She had estimated that it would take that long for her to reach the car and return. She did not call him by telephone, but ordered a motor and drove to McGilvary's Central Garage. McGilvary came out in person, large, shirt-sleeved and amiable.

"Is Mr. Moreland here?" "Gone," said the large man briefly. "Come back from delivering a car and threw up his job. But he was a good lad while he lasted, and I'm missin' him. If yeh see him, Miss tell him that if he lver loses th' mill'yuns that we're bettin' he has, th' old job's waitin' fr' him at McGilvary's."

She was relieved to escape from McGilvary's to friendly locality, and leaned back with a drop of scorn on her lips as the car sped back toward her hotel.

Someone on the pavement caught her eyes and bowed. It was Wayne Gorham. She bent her head and smiled in return, but something seemed to tighten around her heart. She was afraid of Wayne Gorham.

In her room at the hotel she called up the telephone number that Jack had first given her, evidently his rooms in town. The girl at the switchboard drew indifferent information. Yes, Mr. Moreland had given up his rooms a few days ago. No she could not say that he had taken other rooms because his furniture had been sent to storage warehouse, but he had left a forwarding address for his mail. Pressed on the subject of what the forwarding address might be the girl became blandly uncommunicative. She

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would be glad to forward anything. That was all.

Gloria turned away from the telephone soberly. He had given her two addresses where she might find him at any time and he had disappeared from both, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

Ten minutes later she was in a taxicab speeding downtown. It was a tall building that she entered and the elevator took her to the twelfth floor. She went down the corridor hurriedly. Presently she stopped. The gilt letters on the door in front of her gave her a feeling of repulsion.

To be continued

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