Prayer of Thanks

An American soldier stops a moment before a wayside shrine in France to say a prayer of thanks for the successful invasion, as the Allied Liberation Army smashes deeper into the Normandy peninsula.

Where's Elmer? in France!

With the French town of Ste. Mere-Eglise captured by Allied invasion forces fighting toward the great port of Cherbourg, Pvt. Elmer Hobbs of Delaware, sprawls beside the town signpost for a moment of watchful resting—pistol in hand.

From a loop hole in the brick wall, a Canadian sniper, somewhere in France, watches for any sign of enemy movement. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo Through W.I.B.)

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

The following gasoline filling stations will close each Wednesday and holidays at 12.30 o'clock noon until further notice:

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The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

IIX MELdVHO

BLACK JACK THREATENS

"I smell a rat," Black Jack Murrey snarled. "A large rat."

He pointed a pudgy finger at Richard Harkness to emphasize the accusation.

"Rats," he went on, "are foul aninmals. I can't stick 'em. They give me the shudders."

"What's all this about?" Harkness demanded.

"You know. I'm talking of a creature that eats its own kind, a creature that is treacherous and wants stamping out. Do you know what I do when I trap one?"

"Kill it?"

"Toss it to the dogs. Up to now I've steered clear of killing, but it wouldn't make me lose sleep of a night if you were pushing up the daisies."

"You're calling me a rat, are you?"

"I thought you'd tumble to my idea in the long run."

"May I inquire—"

Murrey sneered. "May you inquire! I'm about to get into my stride. For weeks you've been dodging the issue. There are jobs to be done and you crawl out from under. Never did have much respect for you, but you've gone a hundred per cent softer. I think you're squealing, too. That mealy-mouthed Miss you've been running around with isn't doing you any good."

"Leave her out of this," Richard said hotly.

"I haven't begun to introduce her yet! Wouldn't surprise me if you've been spilling all the beans into her lap."

"What beans?"

"Business. Our business. Activities best kept quiet. Tell a wench, and it gets all over the place in a jiffy."

Harkness breathed a sigh of relief. At first he thought Murrey had more tangible cause of complaint. Apparently he was only generalizing. The reason burst out when he gave details of a new venture.

"Hosky Smith knocked off some hundred bales of high-grade tweed fur coats, and silk hosiery. We got to dispose of it, quick. It's hot."

"The warehouse is in groceries," Harkness protested.

"Who cares? Thomas will do as he's told. The hands must take a holiday, or a close-down of some sort arranged. We want the store for a week. Leave the customer list to me. I've had some nibbles. Cooper comes in, too."

"I don't like it."

"You weren't so squeamish about the shoe deal. Or is that an item your memory isn't fond of?"

"My memory is very hazy about a great many things."

Murrey gave a studiedly hollow laugh.

"Remind me to look into that bomb tale more closely one of these days," he said. "I've a notion it's all a phoney. What's the difference if we buy and sell in the black, where the goods come from? There's bigger profits this way."

"And greater risks!"

"Not much. If we're nabbed it means a long stretch either way. Two years or five, with a sporting chance of worse."

"At the rate you're going it will end up in murder."

Black Jack seemed to shrink.

"That's a word I don't like," he warned. "Cut it out. Yes, I know I threatened you tonight, but it wasn't serious. At least I wouldn't do it myself. Come on Chet, for old times sake. We sink or swim together."

"I refuse to have anything to do with it."

"You know what that means?"

More or less."

"Not the half of it my lad. I've ways and means of getting at you. When you take what's coming you won't like it."

"The answer is still "No."

"All right! Take a tip, then, and don't go near the warehouse. Whether you like it or not I'm taking floor space. So long! You'll be seeing me, rat."

This change from his customary salutation was in itself sinister. As a friend, Black Jack Murrey was a menace. As an avowed enemy the possibilities didn't bear thinking about.

If the worst came to the worst, he could go to the police and tell everything, in which event he would have to face a charge of embezzlement. There would be a lot of undesired publicity owing to the astonishing adventures that had befallen him since he walked out of Trensham's. Posing as Chetwood not only made things more spectacular, but it was in itself a criminal action, whatever the intention.

Sorely in need of a friend, Richard dismissed the notion of confiding fully in Joyce. He went to Tom Fawley instead. Fawley had not lost the capacity of being surprised.

"You certainly know how to get into the soup," was his comment.

"What would you do?"

"Goodness knows! Whichever way you turn theres a nasty snag. Tell you what."

"Yes?"

"Tip off the police quietly."

"Murrey would drag me down with him."

"Then play for a distance—go miles from this warhouse place. With a castiron alibi they couldn't do anything."

"What Chetwood has done before would be bound to crop up. And I'm Perry Chetwood to all intents and purposes."

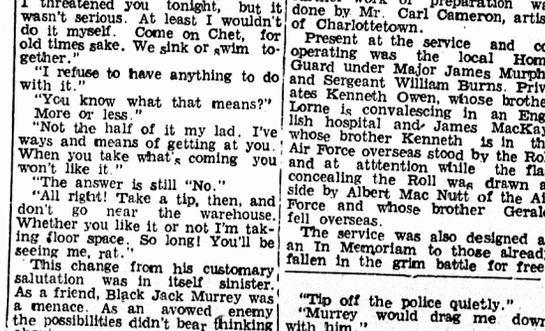
"Couldn't you trace him and then fade out of the picture. Get him back home and let him stand the racket."

"So far as I'm aware he has already faded completely out."

"Leaving you in two fixes old man. The Chetwood and the Harkness fix. What a muck-up!"

"There is one slim chance," Richard interposed. "It will take about a week for Murrey to bring off this deal. If in the interim, I could clear Harkness's character the rest would hardly matter a row of pins."

(To be continued)



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CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

RECITAL TONIGHT at 8.00 o'clock in Kirk Hall. Pianoforte and vocal solos and girls ensemble. 6-21-1i.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

SECOND INSTALLMENT of Civic Taxes is due June 30th. 6-21-9i.

MRS. WILFRED MacDONALD, Covehead, will speak on "Gardening" at the W. I. Annual Convention, Thursday morning. 6-21-1i.

THE SACRAMENT of Holy Communion will be celebrated by the Wood Islands Presbyterian congregation Sunday, June 25th. Preparatory services, Thursday and Friday at 8.00 P. M. and Saturday at 11.00 A. M. 6-21-1i.

JUNE 30th IS THE FINAL DATE for payment of 2nd installment of Civic Taxes, after that date, installment is subject to interest. 6-21-9i.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mrs. Allison Auld, Charlottetown, announces the engagement of her daughter Mildred Edna to Gordon David MacDonald, son of Mrs. and the late W. H. MacDonald, Mermaid. Marriage to take place in the near future. 6-21-1i.

WOUNDED IN ACTION —Mrs. Austin Doucette, North Rustico, received a telegram Saturday stating that her husband, Pte. Austin N. Doucette had been wounded in action. Further information will follow.

CASUALTY LIST.—Among those reported slightly wounded in the latest Canadian Army Casualty List is Private John Mark Arsenault, who was serving with a Nova Scotia and P. E. I. Regiment. Pte. Arsenault's next of kin is his wife Mrs. Mary A. E. Arsenault, Summerside, P. E. I. Among those previously reported Missing on Active Service, and now for official purposes presumed dead in the latest Casualty List of the Royal Canadian Air Force is Flight Sergeant Ronald Harris Butler, whose next of kin is Mr. Wm. Butler, North River, P. E. I.

EASTERN GUARDIAN

*FARM FOR SALE. —107 acres with buildings on Malpeque Road 2½ miles from Kensington. Apply to Wesley Foster, Kensington, R. R. No. 1. 6-21-2i.

Princetown United Church

The evening service of Sunday last in the Princetown United Church was of unusual interest. The occasion was the presentation of an Honor Roll containing the names of the 32 young men and women who have volunteered for active service from within the congregation. This roll was compiled at the request of the Department of National Defense and by the authority of the church session. The Department furnished the Roll with the Church name. The further work of preparation was done by Mr. Carl Cameron, artist, of Charlottetown.

Present at the service and cooperating was the local Home Guard under Major James Murphy and Sergeant William Burns. Privates Kenneth Owen, whose brother Lorne is convalescing in an English hospital and James MacKay, whose brother Kenneth is in the Air Force overseas stood by the Roll and at atttention while the flag concealing the Roll was drawn aside by Albert Mac Nutt of the Air Force and whose brother Gerald fell overseas.

The service was also designed as an In Memoriam to those already fallen in the grim battle for freedom. The names as read were... Gerald Frederick MacNutt whose plane failed to return from his first operational flight over the Channel: Ray MacGougan and Elmer McLeod who were aboard the Maple Court when she was sunk by enemy action; Philip Bruce Crozier killed in action in Italy and John Kier Owen of Hamilton who died in service. The Rev. J. A. Ramsay, D. D. led in prayer in recognition and in memory.

The speaker for the service was Flying Officer H. J. Robbins of St. Eleanors Officer Robbins gave an unusual address on, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and was heard with rare acceptance.

The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Crowdis. The choir under the leadership of Mrs. Chester Snimpson gave effective support and was assisted in both Anthem and chorus by Miss Alice Coffin of Summerside Miss Coffin also rendered with splendid effect two appropiate solos, one, There is No Death and the other, Jesus Lover Of My Soul.

The committee on decorations, Mrs. Ralph Bearsto, Mrs. G. W. Ramsay and Mrs. Preston Ramsay, assisted by a junior committee on flags, Mrs. Dougal MacNutt, Mrs. Gerald Lockhart and Miss Anna Donald gave a well balanced and delightful setting to the entire service in the message of flowrs and national emblems. Flowers were given from the gardens without stint. The contribution of Mrs. J. K. MacGougan whose tulips blended so splendidly with the red of the flags was particularly acceptable. There were also in this arrangement of flowers 'In loving Memory' to Gerald MacNutt given by the family.

The church auditorium was filled and a considerable number found it necessary to go to the Memorial Room—the former gallery. Friends were in attendance from many parts and joined in recognition of the Spirit of God in the affairs of men and the part men and women at home and afield must play in the battle of the ages for the things that make for peace, security and freedom ...the things of the Kingdom of God.

In Memoriam

MRS C. COLSON SHARKEY

Mrs. Mary Jane Sharkey, 40 died Monday in the Misericordia hospital, Winnipeg Manitoba. She was the wife of C. Colson Sharkey and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar H. Coxhead, of Lorette, Man.

Born September 17, 1896, at Kintbury, Berkshire, England, Mrs. Sharkey came to Canada in 1914.

Besides her parents and her husband, she is survived by a small son, Tommy, at home and a brother George Coxhead, 251 Kensington St., St. James.

The funeral service was held Thursday in the Coutu funeral chapel, 156 Marion St., Norwood, with buriel in Prairie Grove cemetery. Dr. F. Glover, rector of St. Margaret's Angelican church officiated.

C. Colson Sharkey, husband of deceased is a son of J. Edward Sharkey of North Tryon, P. E. I., Canada. He is a sister of Mrs. Morley M. Mullins of Tryon and Mrs. F. W. Davenport, Malden Mass. The sympathy of home friends goes out to him in his bereavement.

MRS. MARTHA MacEWEN

On May the 24th, 1944, there passed to her eternal reward the oldest resident of the community in the person of Mrs. Martha MacEwen, widow of the late John B. MacEwen, who predeceased her about eleven years ago. The late Mrs. MacEwen lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six years. Her maiden name was Martha Ann Leslie, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Leslie of Leslie's Mills, Cable Head West, P.E.I. She married the late John B. MacEwen fifty-eight years ago and by this union were born five children namely: George residing in Greenwich, Harry on the old homestead with whom she lived, Ray and Leslie of Boston, Mass., Lillian, Mrs. Frank Tenny, St. Barbara, Calif., also four step-children whom she tenderly cared for until they left home for other walks in life: namely, Katie, Mrs. J. M. Anderson, Hattie, Mrs. W. A. Seaver, Margaret, Mrs. W. L. Noise, all of Boston, U.S.A., also one step-son Sidney of Sydney, N.S., and eleven grandchildren, who mourn the passing of one who in her day and generation exemplified the true meaning of mother in the home and to her family.

Her funeral which was largely attended, was held on Friday the 26th and was conducted by her pastor Rev. D. Wallace MaDcPherson who spoke words of comfort to the bereaved, and words of warning to the living that they, when there time comes, can like the departed meet their end calmly and confidently knowing and trusting that He in whom she believed would still be with her at the end.

Messages of sympathy were received from the following: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Simpson of Charlottetown, Thelma Ladner, Charlottetown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davidson, Montague, also letters of sympathy from all members of the family absent from home. Floral tributes Ray and Family also Leslie and Family. Pall-bearers were Messrs Joseph Simons, Ralph Dingwell, John Sanderson, Ernest Sanderson, Maynard Sanderson. Hearse driver Aldius MacKenzie. Interment Midgell cemetery.

Picture Of The Week

With their convoy ploughing steadily towards the beaches of France, and thousands of men keyed up with excitement, these two lads calmly sleep the sleep of the just aboard their invasion craft. When the photographer took this picture they were only three miles from the shores of France. He awoke them so they could climb into their battle equipment for the D-Day landings. Pte. J. L. Short, of Saskatoon, and Gnr. J. M. McIlmoyle, Edmonton, Alta., both waded ashore in the initial attack on Western France. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).

TIGHT BINDING