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Primitive love in Paradise! Greatest Tarzan picture of them all!



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2 YEARS TO CAPTURE ITS 1000 THRILLS!

WITH **Johnny WEISSMULLER** and **MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**

Matinee To-day 3.15 Sat. 2.30 Evenings 7.00 and 9.00

—PLUS— Disney Cartoon Food, Weapon of Conquest (Canada Carries On) NEWS

**TO-DAY AND SAT.**

**Prince Edward**

A BLITZ OF THRILLS AND ROMANCE

**EMPIRE -- TO-NIGHT -- Shows 7-8.45**

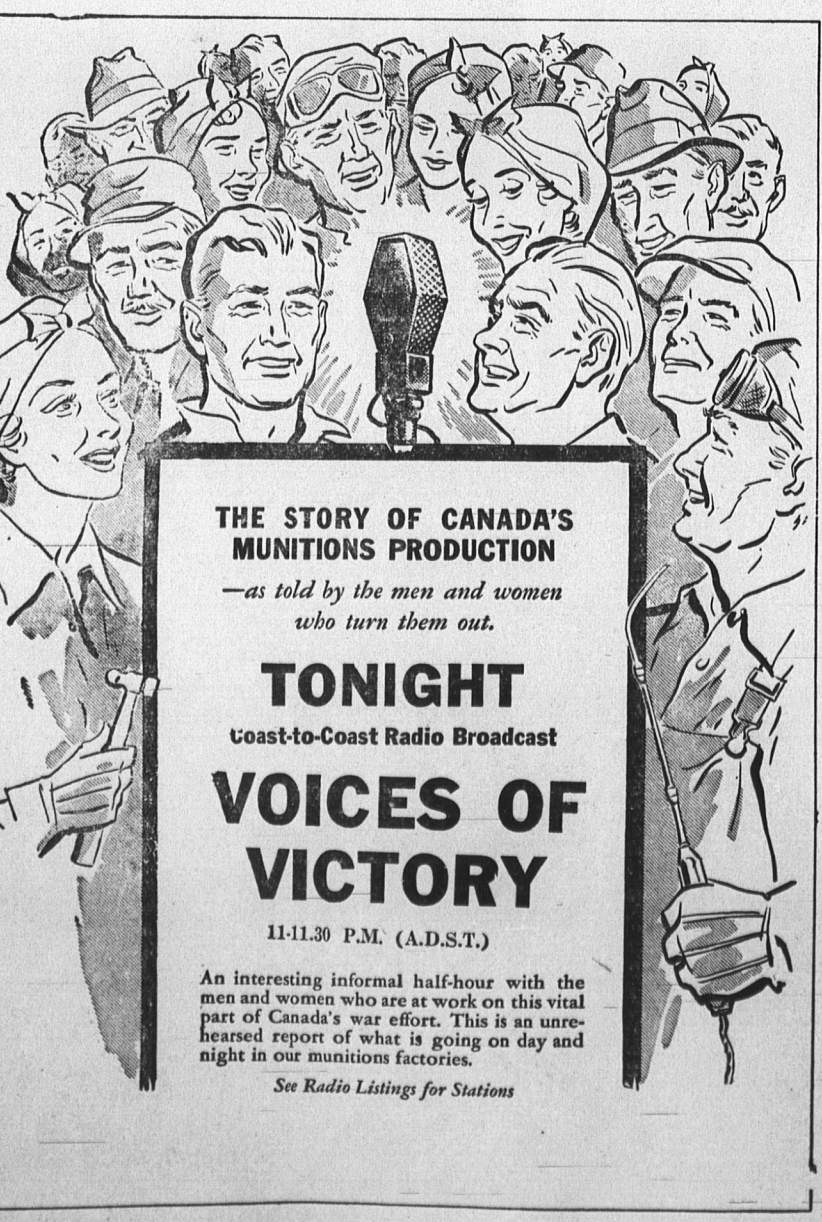
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**THE STORY OF CANADA'S MUNITIONS PRODUCTION**

—as told by the men and women who turn them out.

**TONIGHT**

Coast-to-Coast Radio Broadcast

**VOICES OF VICTORY**

11-11.30 P.M. (A.D.S.T.)

An interesting informal half-hour with the men and women who are at work on this vital part of Canada's war effort. This is an unheard report of what is going on day and night in our munitions factories.

See Radio Listings for Stations

CAPITOL TO-DAY

SHOWING 3.15 - 7.00 - 8.45

**CASSIDY'S FIGHTING TIMBER WOLVES**

In the land of tall timber and high adventure!

CLARENCE E. MULFORD'S

**"RIDERS OF THE TIMBERLINE"**

A Paramount Picture featuring **WILLIAM BOYD**

with Andy Clyde - Brad King Victor Jory - Eleanor Stewart Anna Q. Nilsson

Directed by Lesley Selander A HARRY SHERMAN Production

PLUS - CHAPTER 5 OF Green Hornet Strikes Again COMEDY - CARTOON

**WONDERFUL ISLE OF THE SEA**

(Prince Edward Island) By F. H. MacArthur

Most dear to my heart is this beautiful island, whose meadows are luscious, streams crystal and pure; Where peaceful enchantment shines amidst most bewitching— Oh may its fair beauty forever endure!

Her hand pressed his arm gratefully. "If they're still horrid about it," she murmured, "I'll tell them to get the devil and to find another daughter."

They turned back toward home. "You will go out for the week-end?" "I don't want to," she said. "I have to—especially overnight."

When he returned on Saturday night Len found the house strangely dark and quiet. He switched on the light. On the small Queen Anne secretary a note. He picked it up and read:

Len decided after all to go to Easthampton. I'll be back tomorrow or Monday. Tuesday at the latest. I found the enclosed in the coat pocket of the suit you asked me to send to the tailor.

Grace.

He had never experienced before and hoped to experience again the all-gone feeling that he knew now. His heart was like lead. "The enclosed" was a carbon copy of the tennis schedule for Talbot's team.

The visit now completed Grace returned to find Len sitting according to the tennis schedule and seemed indifferent to the outcome besides that and coldness grew between them.

"I suppose," he said when she finally came into the living room. "that you've been chasing around again with Richard Whyte. Oh, don't try to put anything over. Frank Wheatley told me he was at the Monterey the other evening and saw the two of you. Good God, if you want to pick on anyone to gad about with, why not pick on someone besides that good for nothing playboy?"

The corners of her mouth quivered as she spoke. "If you'll stop that I'll attend to you in a moment though you don't deserve one."

She took a step forward, small fists clenched. "Len Rollins, did it occur to you that you're neglecting your wife, neglecting her shamefully? Oh, no, surely not! It wouldn't occur to the Len Rollins who rides his motor in a study train on a hot day to play a silly game of tennis. Not to the Len Rollins who bathes in the frantic applause of a grandstand packed with stupid hero-worshippers. Oh, no, Len Rollins' wife shouldn't go out with another man because her husband's a great tennis player and she's head over heels in love with him. Yes she is—not! She stood before him, quivering, chin high, eyes challenging.

She walked over and took a cigarette from the teakwood box on the coffee table. "It'll make you feel better. Mother called me and asked if we'd like to join them at the Monterey. You were out at Forest Hills—it was Saturday, you'll remember! She told me to come along anyway. Dick was with them so we made it a foursome."

"The perfect matchmaker, your mother!"

"I went," she concluded evenly. "That's all. Except that I had a marvelous evening."

"Is Dick living in town?"

"Yes."

He leaned forward. "Tell me, Grace, have you been spending all these evenings with him—when I haven't been here?"

"Not all."

"I won't have you go out with him again. And that goes whether your parents are present or not."

"And what am I supposed to do, Mr. Rollins, sit here twiddling my thumbs every evening, including Saturdays and Sundays? No thanks! If you can't find time to see me out occasionally I'll find somebody who will."

Mr. Arthur Justin's secretary stood just inside the door of his paneled office until the sales manager looked up from his desk. Then she announced, "Mrs. Rollins is here, Mr. Justin. Says she has an appointment."

"Yes, show her in, please."

Justin rose as Grace entered and took her outstretched hand. "It's nice meeting you, Mr. Justin. You've been so good to Len—and to me." She peeled off her gloves. "I'm not interrupting?"

"Not at all," Justin replied, offering her a cigarette.

Grace leaned forward. "I've come to see you about Len, Mr. Justin," she said. "You know, of course, about Len's ankle the accident which resulted in his coming here

THUNDER FROM THE STANDS

By Vincent Richards

"Mind if I speak frankly, Grace? I don't want to go, I'd feel uncomfortable about the way they've been acting toward me and about our marriage. It's only natural, I suppose, and I don't hold any resentment against them. Just the same I'd feel out of place, embarrassed, if I see her voice was so soft and small. "I suppose you're perfectly right from your point of view, but I thought that for my sake perhaps you'd try and see it through. After all, it would be only one day."

"Now," he replied, "you put me on the spot. You know I'd do anything in the world for you, sweetheart. Even go out there with you if you're absolutely set on it. But I just put myself in my place."

"Yes," she said softly, evidently disappointed. "I see what you mean. We'll just forget about it. I'll make some excuse."

Now, damn it all, he was on the spot. How would he be able to make it clear to her that the matches Sunday afternoon had nothing to do with his not wanting to go out to Easthampton? It was true that he did not care to visit her family. But would she understand that or would she accuse him of wanting to stay home because of the game?

In any case it would be foolhardy to say anything about it to Grace now. In her present mood she would not understand. Ask them to misinterpret everything. It would be best, he finally decided, to postpone mentioning it until the last minute. It might rain. Playing then would be impossible and the situation saved it all around. Yes, that was what was needed and he gave it no further thought.

Friday evening they walked over to Riverside Drive to view a huge steel-gray warship at anchor from where they lived, one of the Atlantic Fleet anchored in the Hudson after annual maneuvers in the South.

"Mother," Grace said as they stood at the stone wall that overlooked the river, was really quite upset at our conversation. Ask them to believe they're honestly sincere about accepting my black sheep into the fold."

He shrugged. "I know a good way to find out. You go out there Sunday and determine their attitude. Lay your cards on the table; make them do the talking. You'll be point-blank how they feel about our marriage now that we've made a success of it."

Her hand pressed his arm gratefully. "If they're still horrid about it," she murmured, "I'll tell them to get the devil and to find another daughter."

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**"Tarzan's Secret Treasure" Offers New Jungle Thrills**

Coming on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the filming of the first "Tarzan" picture, M-G-M's "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" opens to-day on the Prince Edward screen as one of the most entertaining of this popular series of pictures.

Johnny Weissmuller, as "Tarzan," again presents his breath-taking feats of swimming, underwater diving off cliffs and swinging through the trees, while Maureen O'Sullivan offers a fascinating picture of a wife who can do wonders into transforming a tree-house into a comfortable home despite the absence of such modern conveniences as irriduators, plumbing and electricity.

Laid in the world of the jungle, peopled by wild animals and the perilous traps and devices of nature, the new "Tarzan" tale revives many of Tarzan's association with the members of a scientific expedition who come upon his jungle paradise and, finding gold, seek to perma- nently unloose civilization upon this untouched land. After one of their attempts to murder Tarzan, they about Jane O'Sullivan and "Boy" (Johnny Sheffield), their adopted son, then fall into the hands of savage tribesmen. But Cheeta, the faithful ape, finds Tarzan, and the jungle monarch, together with his army of elephants, saves the day.

Brilliant Photography

The brilliant photography of Clyde De Vuna enlivens such sequences as that in which Weissmuller, Miss O'Sullivan and young Sheffield stage an underwater swimming exhibition, as well as such expertly contrived "thrill moments" as Weissmuller's battle with a crocodile, Sheffield's escape from a rhinoceros, and the savage native rites.

Giving straightforward portrayals in roles which could easily have been overplayed are Reginald Owen as the head of the expedition, Barry Fitzgerald as a genial Irishman, Tom Conway and Philip Dorn, the latter playing the villains of the plot. You'll also remember the work of a newcomer to the Tarzan pictures, little Cordell Hickman, who is introduced as "Boy's" native pal.

**IN MEMORIAM**

JOHN WILLIAM HARDING

On the morning of February 24th there passed to his eternal rest the late William Harding of French River, P. E. I., at the early age of 58.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Harding, was born at French River on December 7th, 1884, he was the second youngest son of a family of seven all of whom have predeceased him several years ago, except one brother.

The late Mr. Harding had been in failing health for the past two years and during that time, was practically confined to his home. A carpenter by trade, he was highly respected in his community and by all those who knew him, cheerful in disposition he endured his trying illness with patience and fortitude.

The funeral was held from Geddes Memorial Presbyterian Church on February 27th with a brief private service at the home with a prayer and the Hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past."

The services were conducted by his Minister, the Rev. H. M. Bun- tain who also visited him frequently during his illness and who spoke words of comfort and assurance from Romans 8:38-9. Mr. Daniel Campbell of Long River sang as a solo "Does Jesus Care". The hymns sung were "The Old Rugged Cross," "Forever With the Lord" and "Sleep on Beloved Sleep and Take Thy Rest." Interment took place in Geddes Memorial Cemetery, Spring Brook.

The late Mr. Harding leaves to mourn his passing his wife, formerly Grace Brander, and seven children (Muriel) Mrs. Cyril Lambourn of Charlottetown; (George) serving overseas with the Royal Canadian Artillery; (Lena) of North Rustico; (Urban) of Summerside; (Verna, Wallace and Victor) at home; also one brother Wallace of Stoughton, Saskatchewan.

The pall bearers were Ira Mac-

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