

PRINCE EDWARD TODAY
 BING CROSBY - BOB HOPE - ALL-STAR CAST
"VARIETY GIRL"
 MATINEE 3:30 - EVE. SHOWS 7-9

COMING THUR.-FRI.-SAT.

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EXTRA: NEWS - CARTOON - ANIMAL COMEDY

DON'T MISS THE SPECIAL RADIO INTERVIEW WITH
 BETTY HUTTON OVER RADIO STATION CFCY TODAY
 AT 1:00 P.M.

**CAPITOL
 TODAY**

Also News - Musical
 Popular Science
 Shows 3:30-7-8:45

The "Whistler" Striker!
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 HOUR**

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EMPIRE

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

LEADING A REDSKIN REVOLT



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 SCOUTS**

BOBBY BLAKE

LAUREL-HARDY COMEDY
 CARTOON - SERIAL

Illus on Etiquette

When you go to look for a job what about your "attitude"? Are you one of those people who always carries a chip on the shoulder? Do you always look for...



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trouble, are easily hurt or made angry, unco-operative? Then it is time to change your attitude, if you wish to succeed.

SENSITIVE DIGITS

LONDON - (CP) - Because of their delicate finger touch, 60 women will help in the manufac-

"Sonia Goes East"

By Molly Thorp

"Aren't they afraid of missing the boat?"
 The Indian smiled.
 "To keep their rule is more important to them. The boat will cross again in a few hours, or even to-morrow. In the cities we are learning from the West how to hurry and keep time-tables, but such things are of no matter here."

What Lay Ahead

So it seemed, judging by the manner in which the passengers disembarked and took the waiting train on the other side, where the station was a mere shack. The train itself was of pocket size, with a long funnelled engine. When Sonia saw its outline in the distance, a flash of memory told her the carriages would be brown and yellow. Here it was, the train of rare and thrilling journeys, just as it had been in her childhood.
 The Indian who spoke to Sonia on the boat and had breakfast with them had gone to another carriage. He had told them he was a medical doctor, qualified in London and practising in Calcutta, and that he was going to visit his father, a small landowner, in the South of Behar.
 Sonia felt inquisitive and very ignorant. She asked Mr. MacFarlane what sort of person his father might be. "His name is a Hindu one, Mohun Das. Probably his father is an old-fashioned Hindu, living in a village like a peasant, except that his house might be of brick instead of thatch, and have a few beds and chairs."
 "I must have taken a good deal of enterprise for the son to go to England and qualify."
 "It must, indeed, especially as he probably had to face family opposition. It is against strict Hindu rules to cross the sea."
 "Then he can't be a strict Hindu himself?"
 "No one can who takes up modern life. He has to break rules right and left. I don't know, though, how long it takes to throw off the fatalistic Hindu outlook. That's the difference at bottom between them and us. They resign themselves and contemplate where we keep struggling on to get things done."
 After a little reflection he said: "It's fortunate that you seem to take an interest in all you see. Otherwise you might find Mysnypore very quiet."
 Sonia was pleased to find him beginning to talk easily. She had guessed that behind his scrupulous and formal manners, he had been alarmed at taking charge of a strange young woman.
 "Do tell me about Mysnypore."
 "It was a grand place in the days when your uncle grew indigo and manufactured the dye, as we did all over Behar. That gradually declined after a German firm put a chemical substitute on the market. In the last twenty-five years or so we've mostly turned to sugar and country crops. Your uncle was the last to change. He seemed to lose heart when he finally had to give it up. I suppose he remembered something of him."
 "Only that he was great fun."
 "Yes, he was. He was also a wonderful big game shot. You'll find him rather changed. I may say my wife and I are extremely fond of him and of your aunt. I was an assistant at Mysnypore in our early married days."
 "Did you know my parents, too?"
 "I did. Your father and I come out here about the same time. He learnt his planting under your uncle. Mrs. Gedge was, of course much older than he was, more like a mother than a sister to him."
 "Aunt Emily has never said anything about that to me. She used to write about everything but herself."
 "That's like her. You'll have to see if you can't look after her a little. It's high time someone did."
 "Doesn't Uncle Justin?"
 "Mr. MacFarlane seemed to consider for a few moments before he answered. "You will probably be more with her. Then he went on. "You will meet some of your neighbours as we get into our own part of Behar. Two or three of them gave me shopping commissions to do in Calcutta, and they will be at their various stations to get their parcels. Anyone within thirty miles or so of your factory is a neighbour, up here. We still call our places factories, as they used to be in the indigo days, but, of course, it means nothing now."
 Later on, he pointed out to her

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The occasional glimpse of a factory bungalow, always within a ring of sheltering trees, which was conspicuous in the open countryside. They were so far apart that Sonia began to understand the value of a white neighbour up here, and it was impressed upon her by the friendliness of the half dozen people who met them at intervals along the line. Each lot brought a tray of tea, fruit and cakes to refresh the travellers, and by the time Mr. MacFarlane's own station was reached, Sonia had never, in a short space, drunk so much tea or received so many invitations to come and stay, from strangers who appeared to know all about her.

Journer's End

Mrs. MacFarlane, who met her husband, was a square, weather-beaten looking woman, with a slightly drizzling voice and a manner which made it impossible to imagine that anything could ever excite her.

She, too, said: "We're looking forward to a visit from you, when you have settled down. Mysnypore is only ten miles from Mysnypore. I expect you'll find your aunt alone. I had a note from her yesterday, and she said Mr. Gedge was away for a few days."
 The station for Mysnypore came next. It seemed like a dream to Sonia, as she got out of the train, that she should be at last here, within a few miles of the place that had been just a name at the head of Aunt Emily's letters.
 An Indian porter in a belted khaki tunic and khaki turban came forward, saluting, handed her a note, and began to get out her luggage, with the aid of the station coolies he had collected beforehand.

The note, from Aunt Emily, said: "I have sent Khudur Bux to meet you, as your uncle is away for a day or two. He will look after everything."
 Khudur Bux did look after everything and most competently. He conducted Sonia to an ancient car outside the station, packing her heavy luggage on to a bullock cart, also sent from Mysnypore.
 Sonia got in beside him, and they set off, along a dirt road with ruts a foot deep, banked up between the fields, seeming to lead nowhere. Somewhere, Sonia felt sure, it would come to a river. She longed to ask Khudur Bux, but there was not a word of Hindustani left in her mind.
 She could have shouted with delight when the river appeared suddenly between steep, sandy banks. A flat wooden barge was alongside the near bank, and two men on it began casually to arrange two planks at the width of the car, for a ganway. Khudur Bux, equally unconcerned, ran the car down the abrupt slope. It seemed entirely by chance that the wheels met the planks, and that he brought up the car before its front wheels were over the other end of the ferry. Sonia could only suppose that the process seemed less unlikely when one was used to it.

The ferry coolies pushed the barge across with long poles. That she also knew, somehow, beforehand. And Mysnypore was near now, because this must be the river where she used to come for her morning ride when she was staying there.
 (To Be Continued)

MINK FRAMES FACE

NEW YORK - Mink frames the face on close fitting bonnets of pastel velvet draped with long chiffon scarves. Velvet pillboxes are trimmed with cascades on both sides. Most effective for evening are cascades of black paillettes, cut in narrow, curving strands suggestive of feathers.

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**Delaney-Lane
 Wedding Bells**

One of the loveliest of the mid summer weddings was solemnized at Kensington Presbyterian Church on Sunday, August 17th, 1947, at one o'clock in the afternoon, when Roberta Wilna Delaney and Hollis Morton Lane took the vows of holy matrimony before the Reverend James M. MacGowan. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Delaney, Kensington, and was given in marriage by her father. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lane, Montague. Great baskets of gladioli made a gracious setting for the bridal party.

The charming young bride wore traditional white satin with train, and finger tip veil caught with orange blossoms. Her arm bouquet was of white gladioli. She was attended by her friend, Mrs. Mark Gaudet, as matron of honor, whose becoming gown of organza, halo hat of flowers and nosegay of sweet peas and snapdragon were all in white.
 Miss Genevieve Delaney, sister of the bride was bridesmaid and continuing the white motif, was attractively gowned in white taffeta with halo hat of flowers to match and also carried white sweet peas and snapdragon.

Miss Margaret Milligan, cousin of the bride, looked very sweet as flower girl, in white dotted swiss, and carried a basket of mixed flowers.

Mr. Arnold Lane capably acted the role of groomsman.
 Mrs. Ervin Jay presided at the organ, and rendered musical numbers appropriate to the occasion. Mr. Roscoe Walker, a soloist, gave a pleasing rendition of "O Promise Me". The guests were ushered to their seats by Messrs. Alex Matheson, Summerside and Keith Kennedy.

For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Delaney chose black crepe, with matching accessories, silver fox cape, and corsage of pink gladioli, while the costume worn by the groom's mother was of lilac french crepe with matching accessories, silver fox cape, and corsage of yellow gladioli.

Immediately following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of relatives and friends of the contracting parties when sweet peas and phlox were attractively arranged about the rooms. A buffet lunch was served, from a table, on which sweet peas and snapdragon made a delightful background for the beautifully decorated bride's cake and wedding cake. Mrs. Frank Naus and Mrs. Earle Kennedy poured, while Mrs. Gordon Cook, Mrs. Fred Davison, Mrs. Theo. Ling, Mrs. J. K. Beer and Mrs. Linwood Toombs assisted in serving.
 The grooms gift to the bride was a gold wrist watch.

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 By Ken Reynolds



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