

**PRINCE EDWARD — TODAY — FRI. — SAT.**

THEY RACED ACROSS THE WORLD FOR THESE THRILLS!

Ascot Gold Cup!  
Iran Premio Nacional!  
Kentucky Derby!

**CORNEL MAUREEN WILDE O'HARA**

**THE HOMESTRETCH**  
in TECHNICOLOR!

GLENN LANGAN HELEN WALKER

Showing At 2:30-7 and 9

EXTRA! NEWS and COLOR CARTOON

**COMING MONDAY PRINCE EDWARD**

**YOU** EXCITING! A NEW KIND OF MYSTERY!

and **ROBERT MONTGOMERY** Solve a Mystery!

**"Lady in the Lake"** M-G-M PICTURE

ALSO OUTSTANDING ENGLISH FILM  
FEATURETTE ON HISTORIC ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

**Deadline Lady**

By Georgia Craig

Lissa laughed as though she found that exceedingly nice. Ann turned to Tracy and said curtly, "Shall we go? I think you said something about a steak?" Tracy put his hand under her chin and turned her toward the door, saying over his shoulder to Lissa, "Be seeing you, Chick."

As he propelled Ann through the door he said, puzzled, "It beats me why it's utterly impossible for two pretty girls to be friends."

Just around the corner from the big office, red brick building that housed the Courier plant, there was a small tasement restaurant, beloved to Courier employees. It was a cheerful, dark-paneled smoky place, with the inevitable booths along one wall, red-and-white checked tablecloths, and a long bar that ran down one side.

As he ushered her to one of the booths, he said pleasantly, "Of course, I know this is nothing like the sort of place you're used to dining in, but I thought it might do you good to see how the other half lives occasionally."

Ann looked about her, wide-eyed, entrance, the color soft in her cheek.

Before he could say anything more, a stout, swarthy, middle-aged man wearing a four-length white apron tied about his generous middle, came hurrying up to the table, wiping his hands on his apron.

"Welcome, welcome, welcome," he greeted Ann like a long-lost friend.

"Mees Ann! They tell me you are here! But that is good—that is long time!" he chuckled happily. "Long time 'no see, no see, no see!" Ann said. "It is good to see you again!"

"Thanks, Nick, I'm glad to be here," Ann told him, her hand in his that held it warmly for a moment, and very carefully not looking at Tracy at all.

"And the little grandmamma—how is she?" asked Nick eagerly.

"Oh, she's fine, Nick. I'll bring her in for lunch one day," Ann promised and Nick beamed at the thought and eventually went away.

Tracy said sternly, "Why the heck didn't you tell me Nick was here?"

Ann fawned him, wide-eyed, innocent, puzzled.

"Mr. Driscoll, sir, I've had lunch here every Saturday of my life since I was six years old," she informed him, very carefully not looking at Tracy at all.

Tracy nodded, and admitted reluctantly "I see I had you pegged wrong."

"Why did you ask, 'You're not really admitting it!'"

He lit a cigarette, flushed and tardily offered her one, and admitted frankly, "I'll have to mend my manners—they're in a shocking state."

"Oh, well," Ann comforted him lightly, "you're living up to the best traditions of Grade-B movie newspaper city, editors—rough and tough—and herbed—what would you be wanting with manners?"

"Something tells me," he said grimly, "that you were a spotted brat who was never spanked enough when you were young."

"You're quite a girl," Tracy went on. "But I still don't get it. Why a nice girl like you, born out of the top drawers, would let me and this should want to hang around a newspaper office—unless, of course, in the society department."

Ann counted to ten. And then she made a dash for the door and an establishment of being and eating.

"Let's!" he said frostily.

For many years Sarah had cherished the custom of being "at home" to callers on Sunday afternoon.

It was a custom that dated back to years when people had observed a decent decorum on Sunday, and an established routine; breakfast an hour later than on weekdays; church; a heavy midday dinner, usually at one o'clock or later. And the afternoon devoted either to making, or receiving, calls from friends who were "out strolling" and dropped in for a cup of tea.

In recent years, the custom had almost ceased to exist among women of Sarah's own generation. The younger women, and more important the husbands of the younger women, preferred a more stimulating method of getting through a Sunday. But there were still enough of Sarah's own generation to keep the custom alive.

Ann, as a young schoolgirl, had tried to rebel; but nothing had ever come of the rebellion; and by the present time, she was so much accustomed to a Sunday afternoon of pouring tea for Sarah's callers, that it did not occur to her to try to avoid it. Now Lynn dropped in between four and six on Sunday, passed little cakes and tiny bread and butter sandwiches, and chatted charmingly with old ladies.

(To Be Continued.)

**Bristol & Vicinity**

Mr. Ed Tobin has arrived from New York City on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Mike Tobin, Morell East.

Mr. John R. O'Brien has returned to his duties in Halifax, after a four weeks vacation at his home here.

Miss Marjorie Fraser Halifax, N. S. is spending a short vacation with friends in Morell, she arrived by air on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McAdam, who were married recently have taken up residence in Carol McAdam's new house in Morell.

The work on the Morell, road of widening and grading is going along very well and the section that is done is sure a big improvement.

Mr. Laurance Gauthier, has returned home from the hospital after undergoing treatment for a few weeks, he is much improved in health.

Friends of Mrs. John Hughes will learn with regret that she will enter the Charlottetown Hospital this week for treatment.

The property of the late Leo Roach at Dundee, was sold last week to a Mr. Gallant from Bear River, who intends to reside in this part of the land in future.

Miss Faith Arnold, Charlottetown, spent the week-end in Bristol with her mother, Mrs. Harris Arnold.

Work of moving the store building of the late Eugene Rossiter is getting along very slowly at present it is near the new lot but still has to be turned around to face the highway.

Friends of Mrs. Dan Matheson.

Maritime electric men have run the light wires up to the lovely Leslie farm at Morell, this lovely home a long way from the highway requires about six extra poles.

Mr. Roy Cairns, has been appointed foreman at the breast work at Red Head for this season, work will not start for a couple of weeks yet several carpenters and timbermen will be taken on; we understand the Government dredge is operating there now deepening the harbor.

Two young men who left here early last Monday morning to join the circus changed their minds after arriving at the place where the shows were operating today we learn they have arrived home again.

A large cow was struck and killed by a car with other than island numbers on it east of here Thursday evening, the large animal was dead on the pavement late in the evening but we did not learn the cause of the accident.

Mrs. P.R. Sinnott, and her sister Miss Mabel O'Brien, left on Saturday morning for Halifax, to spend three weeks with their sister, Mrs. Joe Campbell, and other friends. Mrs. Sinnott, resided in Halifax for a number of years and has many old friends there.

Quite a number of people here are suffering from stomach and summer flu those who are under the weather are taken ill very suddenly but are around in a day or two again, the illness seems to be going.

A large bulldozer was employed here one evening last week to dig a cellar, quite a change from the old days of digging by hand large stones were rolled out like marbles.

Railway men will remember with regret that twenty one years passed last Sunday since the day W.J. O'Brien, a trainman was injured in Souris and died in the Charlottetown Hospital from the accident. Time marches on but this scribe keeps fresh in his mind that sad day when he lost the best pal a man ever had.

Rev. P.F. Alyward, St. Augustine's Seminary Toronto, is spending a vacation at his old home here and will return to his studies in the fall Blueberries have made the market here for the first time in July in our memory and those who know the crops say they will be a large one but no report on the price as yet.

Friends of Mrs. Sumner Kelly and Gerald MacAdam, both of Morell, will learn with regret that they have both entered the Hospital in Montreal, Mrs. Kelly will undergo a serious operation before this news is out and we hope she will have a speedy recovery we extend the same wish to our good friend Gerry MacAdam, manager of MacAdam transfer who has been unable to work for more than a year now.

**Reduced Prices**

**25 only MEN'S TWEED SUITS \$21.50**  
Assorted Sizes and Shades. Reg. to \$36.50. SPECIAL

**MEN'S SPORT SHIRTS REG. to \$5.95 to CLEAR \$2.95**

**MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS FUSED COLLARS \$1.69**

**MEN'S SHIRTS and SHORTS SPECIAL \$1.35 SUIT**

**Men's Summer Gabardine Pants Reg. \$9.95 \$7.95**

**Men's Cravenett Sport Jackets Reg. \$9.95 \$4.95**

**Men's Polo Shirts Reg. \$1.95 To CLEAR \$1.49**

**Boys' Cotton Worsted Longs Reg. To \$2.75 \$1.95**

**THE GREENDAL CO., LTD.**  
MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR  
144 Great George Street Phone 1500

**TODAY — CAPITOL — FRI. and SAT.**  
SHOWING DAILY AT 2:30-7-8-45

The wildest tornado on four feet...  
The smartest kid on two...

**KING OF THE WILD HORSES**

with **Preston FOSTER Gail PATRICK Bill SHEFFIELD**

Guino (Big Boy) Williams  
Buzz Henry - Charles Kemper  
and introducing **ROYAL**  
THE WONDER WILD HORSE

Also: "Hold That Lion" Comedy  
Cartoon, "River Ribber"

**RULES OF HEALTH ARE FEW AND SIMPLE**

EXCUSE ME—  
**INNER CLEANLINESS COMES FIRST!**

NEW LOW PRICES 35¢-65¢

FOR INNER CLEANLINESS—  
**ANDREWS LIVER SALT for Health**

**In Memoriam**

**MISS EMMA LAMONT**

The passing of Miss Emma Lamont at the advanced age of 90 years occurred at the residence of her brother, James D. Lamont, St. Catherine's, on Saturday, June 28th. Although she was in failing health for some time, the end came suddenly. Her faith however, was firmly established and it seemed fitting to a life full of serenity and good deeds that the call at the last came quietly as the shadows of evening fell after she had retired to rest.

Miss Lamont was born at Long Creek and was the daughter of the late Donald Lamont of that place and Katherine MacDonnell of East Point. When yet quite young the family moved to the present Lamont homestead at St. Catherine's, where the deceased spent many happy years with her relatives and a wide circle of friends, all of which to whom she was deeply endeared. Later in life she moved to New Perth where she resided for a period of twenty-

five years, and where she was highly respected by all who came within the influence of her fine personality. After the death of her sister, Mrs. Margaret McFadyen, whom she cared for with singular tenderness and devotion, she returned about a year ago to the home of her childhood. Here amid happy surroundings and scenes she so dearly loved, the angle of death finally touched her gently and her spirit waited its way to the Divine Creator in whose care she had from early life entrusted her keeping.

Miss Lamont possessed a remarkable personality and her unflinching friendship, quiet temperament and happy smile bore constant evidence of the beauty and goodness of her nature.

The funeral services at the home and at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Paul Richardson of Montague who was her pastor for some years and who paid eloquent tribute to her sterling qualities of mind and heart. Beautiful floral tributes further attested to the high esteem in which she was held by all who knew her. A large concourse of people, who mourn the passing of a fine Christian char-

acter and a good neighbor followed the remains to the Baptist cemetery at Long Creek, of which church the deceased was a member.

The pall bearers were: John Inman, John Lowry, Hector McNevin, Fred Stretch, Norman McLean and W. R. Shaw.

Miss Lamont was the youngest member of her immediate family and was predeceased by one sister, Mrs. Margaret McFadyen and a brother Edward. She is survived by her brother, James D. and a number of nephews and nieces.

**TIRED FEET**

Soothe them with **MINARD'S LINIMENT**

35¢

Put on freely, and rub quick relief. Great relief. Fast-acting. No strong odor.

**NOW, WITH WOMEN EVERYWHERE, IT'S RINSO FOR EVERYTHING!**

WHY IS YOUR DRESS WHITER THAN MINE? IT'S RIN-SO WHITE. GETS FINE THINGS CLEAN SAFELY.

KEEPS COLORS BRIGHTEST. GETS OUT STUBBORN DIRT QUICKEST.

WASHES DISHES FASTEST. CLEANS WALLS AND WOODWORK EASIEST.

**Rinso**  
Washes Everything  
Whitest Brightest Quickest!

**FOR ALL YOUR WASHING — ALL YOUR HOUSEWORK RINSO IS THE ONE-AND-ONLY SOAP YOU NEED!**

**RINSO WASHES Everything WHITEST BRIGHTEST QUICKEST**

ALMOST LIKE MAGIC Rinso makes your whites come gleaming white... your washable colors sparkling bright! Even ground-in dirt vanishes in no time because gentle, sudsy-rich Rinso suds get out MORE dirt FASTER, SAFELY! For work clothes, walls, woodwork and dishes all-purpose Rinso is marvelous. It's the one and only soap you need.

At Hughes Drug Co., Ltd., and The Jenkins Pharmacy, Charlottetown.

**NOTICE**

Regular Monthly Meeting of the Benevolent Irish Society, Friday evening, 1st August, 1947, at 8 P.M. Bank of Commerce Hall.

Signed:— **S. HOGAN,** Secretary.

HOW CAN THE OLD HORSE JUMP WHEN YOU KEEP GETTING OFF TO FIX THE SADDLE ALL THE TIME?

**YOU, TOO, CAN WALK ON AIR**

If you use cooling, soothing ICE-MENT to rid your feet of aching, burning callouses and corns, Ice-Ment's soothing quality and the fine application of soothing, creamy-white ointment, ICE-MENT, will relieve the itching sensation as you apply the cream telling you that it's going right to work on the foot. It's the only medicine that puts the wrinkles in your brow. Get it for today. — Small size 50¢; 4 oz. economy 1.00.

AT HUGHES DRUG CO., LTD., AND THE JENKINS PHARMACY, CHARLOTTETOWN.

**AT THE HORSE SHOW**