

PRINCE EDWARD—Final Showing Today

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"

Starring FRANK SINATRA - KATHRYN GRAYSON GENE KELLY SHOWING AT 2:30 - 6:50 - 9:10

PRINCE EDWARD—MONDAY—3 DAYS 3



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"SHERIFF of CIMARRON"

Starring SUNSET CARSON Also Serial - Cartoon - Sports - News Of The Day

SHOWS AT 2:30 - 7 - 8:45

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He's The Last Word In LOVERS... And The Last Word Is "M-m-m!"

WILLIAM JOAN BENDIX - BLONDELL PHIL SILVERS in

Don Juan QUILLIGAN

Added: News - Unusual Occupations - Sports

Empire—Last Times Today

Matinee 2:30 - Evening At 7 - 8:45

Advertisement for Charles Starrett's 'Rough Ridin' Justice' featuring a cowboy and a dog.



Prime Minister Mackenzie King chats with Midshipman Martin Atlee, son of the British Prime Minister, on the former's arrival in England.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

COOKS For Photographs

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE

SALE, Home Cooking, St. James Hall, Oct. 27, 10, 17, 19, 21

COME TO MT. STEWART UNITED CHURCH Chicken Supper in Legion Hall, October 24th. 10-20-21.

DR. FARMER, Mt. Stewart, will be absent from his office from October 19th to October 30th. 10-19-31.

ATTENTION FARMERS. - We direct the attention of farmers who have soldier help, to an important announcement of the Farm Labour Bureau, which appears in this issue. 10-19-31.

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FARM FOR SALE. - A 150 acre farm at Hunter River for sale to close an estate. A stream runs through it, the land is good, 100 cultivated and 50 under wood. Apply to J. R. B. care Guardian. 10-18-31.

COVEHEAD - UNION ROAD United Church services for Sunday October 21st are: West Covehead 11 A. M. S. S. 10 A. M. Covehead Road 3 P. M. Union Road 7:30 P. M. The Rally Day Programme will be held at the Union Road Service. Rev. Thos. A. Wilson, Minister. 10-20-31.

THE KIRK OF ST. JAMES. - The Minister, the Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers, M. A., S. T. M., will conduct both Morning and Evening Worship and preach the Sermons as follows: Morning: "The Main Springs of Human Motive" and Evening: "No Royal Road"; the Church Organist, Miss E. Lillian McKenna, Mus. B., will play the music both Services. The Church School meets at 2:30 P. M. Midweek Worship will be resumed Wednesday 10:30 P. M. The Bible Studies of "The Capture of the Ark" and "The Rich Fool."

Legion Meeting

A meeting of the Executive of the Provincial Command of the Canadian Legion was held in the Legion Home Thursday evening.

The Provincial President, Major T. B. Rogers opened the meeting, after which the chair was taken by Comrade Reg. Rogers of the Borden branch.

The Secretary was instructed to convey to Premier Jones the thanks of the executive for the recent amendment to the Prohibition Act made by his Government, together with the hope that a fully Government controlled law would soon be implemented by the Government, a system which the Legion has advocated for the past ten years.

The resignation of Comrade George E. Sherren as Provincial Secretary was accepted with very much regret. Comrade Sherren had been Secretary since the Legion was organized on the Island in 1926, and has given long and faithful service in the interests of the Legion work on the Island. Comrade Sherren was made an honorary member of the Executive in appreciation of the splendid work he has done, and it was decided something should be done to show the appreciation of the Legion in a more tangible way.

Major David L. Mathieson was appointed Provincial Secretary. Arrangements were made in connection with the sale of Poppits for Remembrance Day.

There was nothing for Peter to do but sit silently while Phoebe drove. He held onto the cat which squirmed and howled resentfully, and kept to himself whatever was on his mind.

CHAPTER VI

The pine barrens was a dismal stretch of burned-over land extending for two miles on either side of the Riverhead Road. The woods of acres had been swept by a fire, and the underbrush a forest of dead silver tree trunks reached down to the ground. The sky above was a leaden, overcast grey. Phoebe looked at the desolate expanse, thinking of the kittens wandering here somewhere frightened and lost.

When they came near the Foster place, an abandoned farm falling into ruin, she stopped the car and she and Peter got out and went to hunt along the thickets bordering the road. Phoebe called to the kittens in the same tone she used when she brought them food, and she tried to make the gray cat speak, but the cat was scared and sullen, and refused to make a sound.

They repeated the process at intervals along the road as far as the Foster place, then back again on the other side. But no kittens.

In a statement to the Guardian yesterday morning Mr. B. Graham Rogers, Supervisor of the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau, was very enthusiastic about the increased travel by air, which would undoubtedly come about by the addition of the new large D. C. 3 plane which the Maritime Central Airways have just secured. This plane is practically a new ship and will undoubtedly be a great asset to not only this Province but to other parts of the Maritimes as well. Air traffic is growing and it is most encouraging to know that the Maritime Central Airways are following an aggressive forward-looking policy. The additions to their services will not only assist the Maritimes commercially but will also be of great help in the promotion of our

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Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

The rain had stopped, but the wind blew a fine mist off the bay. Phoebe liked the feel of it in her face, she was glad of the excuse to go out. She went rather cautiously around the end of the hedge and on to the Prentice lawn. From what her mother had said Ben would be gone all day, but supposing he had returned, she'd die if she met him over here. She stood transfixed as a car came up the drive, but it was only Mr. Pease's truck with Mr. Prentice on the seat beside the old man. Mr. Prentice jumped out and the truck drove on. Phoebe bent down to see if she could see anything of the kittens, and Ben's father came toward her. "Hello there," he said pleasantly. Phoebe smiled up at him. "How do you do, Mr. Prentice. I was looking for the kittens, but I don't see them anywhere."

"The kittens?" But they're not there any more. "Oh, they've taken them into the house?" she asked eagerly. "No no—no indeed. You see—"

Phoebe thought that there was a great deal of red about Mr. Prentice. He had on a reddish-brown Norfolk jacket which just matched his eyes, and his hair was red, and the rims of his eyes and even the freckles that stood out on his thin cheeks. Then suddenly she realized what he was saying. "—so I just had Pease drop those cats off the truck up the road a way."

Phoebe stared. Of course she must have heard wrong. "Better than dawning, I always think," Mr. Prentice went on as if he felt compelled to make further explanation to the wide hazel eyes fastened on his face. "But you don't mean," Phoebe said in horror, "that you threw those kittens out, road?" "Why, no, of course not," Mr. Prentice said. "I had Pease put them down quite gently in the woods."

"In the woods?" Phoebe's eyes blazed. "Why, what a perfectly cruel thing to do! Those kittens are only five weeks old!" "—she paused, for at this moment the gray mother cat appeared around the corner of the carriage house and ran to Phoebe. "And you didn't even put their mother with them!" she added. "Well, no—we can use one cat around here to keep the mice down," Mr. Prentice said. "But didn't Ben tell you," Phoebe said breathlessly, "that I gave him the kitten?" "Mr. Prentice looked surprised. "Why no," he said. "I understood Com. Benjamin that nobody wanted those cats."

"Oh!" Phoebe was really shocked. She felt a sickening sense of disappointment. So Ben hadn't meant it when he had said he would keep them. He had let his father do this! Mr. Prentice seemed very sympathetic when Phoebe explained that it was all a mistake, that she loved the kittens. He told her that she had been abandoned. "It was about half way to the pine barrens—back in the woods this side of the Foster place—"

Phoebe looked at the kitten in her arms and ran pell-mell toward home. She didn't realize she was crying as she got the car out of the barn, dumped the cat into the tonneau—she might help find the kittens—and tore down the drive. At the highway where the old road met the highway she saw Peter. "Come on and get in," she called as she stopped the car. "I'll explain as we go along. Be careful, don't let that cat get out!" Peter climbed into the seat beside her without stopping to ask any question, and Phoebe was excitedly explaining that she didn't notice how white his face was, or that he had dark circles under his eyes. "Phoebe, I was coming over to see you. I just had to talk to you."

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were to be found. "We might as well give up, Peter said. "It's no use, Phoebe." It was beginning to get dark; the gusty wind carried their voices off into nothingness. "Please, just a little longer," Phoebe begged, and began searching farther and farther away from the road. Rain came suddenly in a cold pelting shower that mingled with the tears on Phoebe's cheeks. Please, just a little longer, Phoebe begged, and began searching farther and farther away from the road. Rain came suddenly in a cold pelting shower that mingled with the tears on Phoebe's cheeks. Please, just a little longer, Phoebe begged, and began searching farther and farther away from the road. Rain came suddenly in a cold pelting shower that mingled with the tears on Phoebe's cheeks.

stood in the kitchen and their arms full of drowned looking kittens she poked them both as if they were eight instead of eighteen. But she was all indignant sympathy once she had heard the story. The ideal she felt like giving Ed Prentice a piece of her own mind. She hurried Phoebe upstairs to change. "And you'd better gargle your throat, dear," invited Peter to stay for supper and then kept the meal waiting while they fixed a box and a pan of milk near the stove for the kittens. (To Be Continued)

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