

TO-DAY PRINCE EDWARD WEDNESDAY

MATINEE—3.15—19c AND 32c—NIG HT—7.00—9.00—32c AND 39c AND 45c

The Top Comedy Cast in Years!



He's a smoothie! He wants to start all over again when his ex-wife turns into a wild red-head!

In the Laugh Hit That Panicked Broadway For 500 Hilarious Performances!



You'll roar when she goes on a hilarious champagne adventure and changes from a society snob into a streamlined bathing beauty!



He knew that a red-headed beauty wasn't red-headed for nothing! That midnight bathing escapade sends his love-pressure sky-high!

ALL THREE IN—

The Philadelphia Story

with Ruth Hussey

John Howard • Young • Halliday • Nash • Wedler

PLUS A TECHNICOLOUR TRAVELOGUE

Laughter In Every Foot of Film To Enjoy It Most—See It From The Start

Glimpse Into A Canadian Hospital In England

The following letter was written by a Sergeant Major from Quebec and forwarded by Nurse Bennett who has charge of the X-Ray at a military hospital in England...

NIGHT NURSE A glimpse into a Canadian Military Hospital Some time ago I was in England by a grateful patient.

Supper is over and gradually the dishes are collected from the bedside tables and hauled away to the ward kitchen where the "nurses" tackle the job of washing up and stacking away. Calls come for more milk, if any, more tea, if any, until the supplies are exhausted, as well as the up patients and priorities.

In an Army Hospital there are only two kinds of patients: "Ups" or "Downs." If he is the former, he must do his share of helping to keep the place clean and helping wherever possible to tend to the "downs."

Rank is forgotten, a sergeant major or a private is either an "up" or "down" patient while in hospital. The ward is a surgical one where broken legs and arms are performed, where bullets and bomb splinters have torn their way through limbs.

So often these are set in casts of plaster that completely encase the body with the arm extended in a Nazi salute or the position of waving farewell. Then there is the one with one leg missing, he has his blown off by a bomb; wood-chuck they call him and he is well named. He pops up suddenly in his wheel chair and disappears as fast.

He is the liveliest man in our ward. He gets around and sees that everything is finally gathered up for the kitchen, whisking it away if he finds anything. The radio blazes out the news. Some listen, some don't care, others get settled for their eternal card games, chips of course—no gambling in an army hospital—(Oh no.)

Some write letters, others drop off into a stupor—some from pain. He gets around and sees that others just tired after a long day. The day nurses start their final check-up—temperatures, pulses—asked to straighten here, a tuck in there. They have had nearly enough from eight in the morning they will be glad to turn over the cares of the day. They have looked after their ward full of patients with the help of the orderlies and the "up" patients. Nobody really cares what happens, the little room filled with smoke, for the blackout must go up. The radio blazes out what ever comes along—nobody listens, some scribble but not do anything about it, so nobody pays

EYES EXAMINED and GLASSES FITTED J. S. TAYLOR OPTOMETRIST New Location Cor. Kent and Queen Sts. Opposite Rex's Grocery Evenings By Appointment Phone Residence 1013

Canadian War Services PLEDGES People residing in Charlottetown or any other part of Queen's County as well as King's County may now make payments on Canadian War Service Pledges at the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Charlottetown or the office of Major T. Edgar McNitt, Cameron Block, City.

any attention to them either, with the results that the radio is to be blasted to hell at a more opportune time. Nerves get frayed.

An innocent visitor passing through the ward, smiles pleasantly and quietly remarks to a "down" that you look comfortable. The answer goes back—"That's what you think what the—would I be doing in bed in this dump, if I was comfortable." The surprised visitor slides away.

The orderlies have fixed up the prospective "down" patient. The "downs" have argued themselves hoarse as to why this guy got milk and that guy didn't. "No you don't get anything else tonight—you are still on lights." Singing out an individual, "I'll be right back to fix you up for tomorrow morning—where is your shaving brush, soap—have you any sharp blades? Be careful what you eat tonight—tomorrow is your day boy!"

The screens are quickly pulled round and the victim of tomorrow is on the first leg of his journey through hell. With artist's eye the orderly view his work with the razor and points out where the knife will go and where the sinews will come from to do the internal sewing.

All very interesting. Then he leads the prospective "down" patient away and makes sure he leaves only a hollow shell to drop off to sleep and dream about his adventure of the morrow.

The night clock in the evening (20:00 hrs. army time) the orderlies have slipped away, the orderlies have vanished—the "ups" have quit. The radio roars on, a buzz of voices rises. Without realizing why there is a feeling of freedom. A few taunting remarks are hurled back and forth between "downs." It's been a long day, it is easy to slip into army lingo. "Hells 'dams' and so and so's are creeping into the conversation. It's a little while anything could develop.

Suddenly a little figure, dressed in the regulation blue, with a white well appears in the doorway, with one sweep sizes up the whole situation. 20:00 hrs. means something to her, that's when she takes complete command of fifty or a hundred men in various stages of delapidation, and from every walk of life. She knows she must control the situation just so it doesn't control her. No man can squawk to her about coming several thousand miles from home, and for this should get special attention. She did too, every hazardous step of the day. The same bombs that the men miss her too. They volunteer, "Here is your oil." She knows that most of these men are just boys grown up. If she let them, how they could soak up the sympathy. She must not yield. She is responsible for the discipline and good order as well as comfort. So, right away to the weakest patients with a cherry "good evening" checks pulse administer suitable medicine, rearrange bed clothes—rub the back and bath, the flushed faces. A short time is consumed—the impatient one starts to call—"Sister—just a minute and I'll get to you too" is the reply. "Sister, I would like some cough mixture." "I will be to you directly I told you." Finally, loaded down with medicine to suit every complaint a round of the ward is started.

"Here is your oil." "But Sister I don't want any oil." "Come now what makes you so stupid, get this down." "But I will refuse." "You do and I'll have you on charge tomorrow, now get it down." "Gulp" to the next bed. "Here is your oil too." "Sure Sister, I don't mind it; by J— in the last war they gave em castor oil—this here Russian oil is easy." Sister, "If I hear you swear again, I'll hit you over the head with this bottle." "Why h— you ain't heard nothing yet." "I've heard enough, you are an awful

man and you can't get away with that stuff with me, here take your oil." Gulp! Anna, so down the line. "What will be boys?" "Gaspara Sister" or "oil Sister." "I hope you boys aren't playing for money, are you? For if I thought you were I'd take those cards away from you. Roll over on 'Well I mean it'" "O.K. Sister, we just use chips." "Alright then boys what's it going to be? Caspara is the black stuff." Come on Brown wake up and what make you so stupid?" "Here is your oil." Gulp! "Oh this here new man that came in today. He is sleeping comfortably. 'I'll have him till later.' Returning the medicine and reports to the office the Sister starts back to the ward in time to collide with a patient wending his way in either bare feet or socks. "Are you crazy? Get back into bed or put your shoes on. Cold floor without shoes. Back goes the soldier and on goes his shoes.

Now the down patients must be fixed up for the night. Tired backs must be eased, wrinkles smoothed out of beds and the blankets tucked in time to collide with a patient wending his way in either bare feet or socks. "Are you crazy? Get back into bed or put your shoes on. Cold floor without shoes. Back goes the soldier and on goes his shoes.

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How the news Comes from Europe (By John Evans, Associated Press Staff Writer)

NEW YORK, May 26—(AP)—Cables are cut, wireless stations are stilled and corsos mutilated by rabid but the news still comes from Europe in a steady flow.

Only London has regular cable service. Wireless is the main link. Instead, most of the capitals of communications but during them the essential facts come from the edge of the benighted area.

War's censoring methods suddenly destroyed the well-organized telephone gathering of news and its centralization in London for co-ordination and quick transmission to cable desks in America.

There is no formal censorship of the old world began filling dispatches directly to New York. War's censoring methods suddenly destroyed the well-organized telephone gathering of news and its centralization in London for co-ordination and quick transmission to cable desks in America.

Berlin sends news direct to New York by wireless but many dispatches and especially comment and interpretation are telephoned to neutral Bern where the Swiss wireless relays them to New York.

There is no formal censorship of this news as in London but dispatches must follow strict rules of face expansion. Italy has a similar system and imposes even more restrictions.

Berlin handles about as much news as Bern because much Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Vichy and some Balkan news is relayed to New York.

News still comes from the Balkans but there is less of it and it is slower on the way since Germany took over control of Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Greece.

Madrid has three news outlets. Some dispatches are telephoned to Bern, some to Lisbon and some go by wireless directly to New York.

Lisbon sends by wireless to New York but some news also is telephoned to Madrid for relay through Bern.

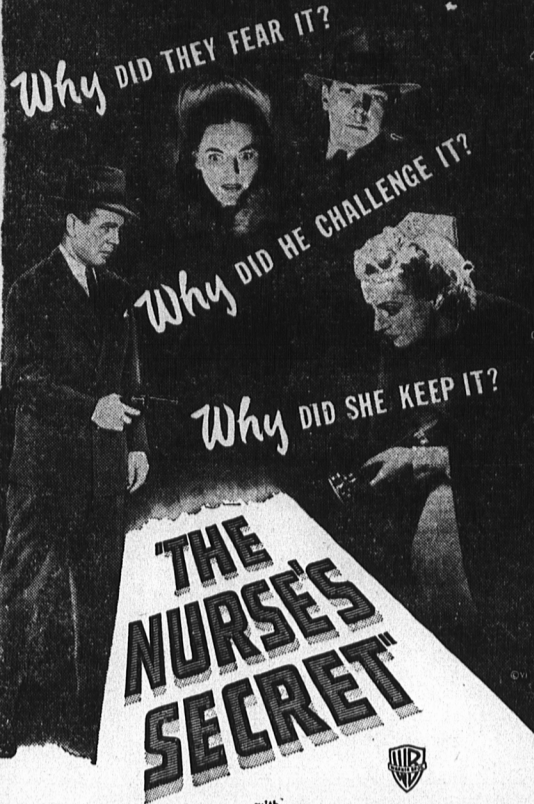
African news comes through the controlling capitals, London, Rome and Vichy which gets it by wire. Vichy has a wireless that it transmits to New York but it doesn't work all the time and some French news goes through Bern.

From Stockholm by direct wireless comes news of independent Sweden and wireless dispatches from Helsinki, Finnish capital. Berlin is the strict censorship and when the censor goes to bed no news is allowed out except what is sent by Tass, the Soviet news and propaganda agency.

northwestern Ontario sent a wall of flame around the village of Nilgion and near the head of the lakes. In Northern Ontario's great fires blazed towards a group of major gold mines in the Porcupine area. One huge conflagration near Gogama had already swept an area of more than 150 square miles, destroying timber worth close to \$1,000,000.

TO-DAY CAPITOL WED.

Matinee 3.15—13c & 32c: Night 7.00—8.45—32c & 39c



LEE PATRICK • REGIS TOOMEY ALSO CARTOON—COMEDY AND SPORTSCOPE

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In Memoriam

MRS. HUGH J. McIVOR

It was with deep sorrow that the community of Newton and also our circle of friends and acquaintances received the sad news of the death on Thursday March 27, 1941, of Mrs. Hugh J. McIvor, in her thirty-third year.

Mrs. McIvor, whose maiden name was Mary McCloskey was born in Lot 65, P. E. I. and was the daughter of the late Veronica Mulligan and James McCloskey. Her parents died when she was only ten years of age and she was brought up and educated by the Sisters of Notre Dame Academy, Charlottetown. She then entered P. W. College and obtained a teachers certificate. Previous to her marriage ten years ago she successfully taught school at White Sands, Maple Plains and Emerald.

Her health for the past few years was not robust but she was always patient and cheerful. During her illness she received able and careful medical care but despite medical skill and kind nursing God will take her short and useful life on earth should come to a close. Always a devout Roman Catholic she had the great consolation of having been administered the Last Holy Rites by the Church by her pastor, Rev. M. J. Smith and her soul went forth in peace to its eternal reward.

The deceased was deeply missed by her family and friends. The large number of Mass Cards, Letters of Sympathy, Spiritual Offerings and Telegrams received, bore testimony to the high esteem in which she was held.

Her funeral which was largely attended took place on Monday, March 31 to St. Malachi's Church, Kinkora, Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, Rev. M. J. Smith and her remains were laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery there.

Besides her sorrowing husband, she leaves to mourn their sad loss, four small children, St. Clair, shut his mouth, and Gerald, and whom the deepest sympathy is extended.

The pall bearers were: John McCarville, Peter McIvor, Francis Trainor, James Callaghan, P. L. Morris and Charles McIvor. May her soul rest in peace. L-474-5-27-11.

New Zealand Airman Recovers His Watch

MONCTON, N.B., May 25—While travelling in a Canadian National train in Eastern Canada, in some manner a keepsake a valuable watch, became unfastened from a New Zealand airman's wrist and fell to the ground from the car window. He noticed his loss almost immediately and the passenger representative on the train despatched a wire to regional headquarters of the railway here from the first Canadian National Telegraph office, appraising them of the loss and asking that efforts be made to recover the watch and return it to the airman.

An immediate search was instituted but without avail. An advertisement was then placed in the local press asking that anyone who had found the watch hand it in to the railway here so that it could be sent on to the airman.

This morning, Roy I. Morell of 17 Hall Street, Moncton called on R.J.S. Weather's. General Passenger Agent of the railway here and stated he had read the advertisement in the local press, and handed him the watch. Mr. Morell has a brother overseas and two others ready to go over. He stated he was particularly happy to have been the one to return the watch to the New Zealand airman as his mother gave his soldier brother a similar watch when he was departing for overseas.

C. N. R. EARNINGS MONTREAL, Que., May 26—The gross revenues of the 42nd Canadian National Railway System for the week ending May 21st 1941 were \$3,063,696 as compared with \$4,581,216 for the corresponding week of 1940 an increase of \$1,502,461 or 32.8 per cent.

WHAT HAPPENED AT MONTALBAN

By PETER BENDUCT

"Confound you, Lawrence! You're talking Greek yourself now. I don't understand what's going on. When a fellow comes baggering me about my personal staff—asking if they're perfectly trustworthy—Hang it, does the fellow imagine I'd keep you a day if you weren't?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't, Sir John," said Walden heartily. "But I'm a policeman. I don't have to take anything on trust. If it's any consolation to you, I don't mind telling you you've done Mr. Severn a good service."

"I'm extremely glad to hear it," said Severn, with a smile. "Well, do you want me? Or have you finished with us for to-night?"

"These things take time, sir. I'll say good-night." He raised his hat to Molly and set off down the hill away from them at his broad, rolling stride.

"I assure you, young woman, that fellow's mad." Bah! Raving mad! Does he think I pushed the girl out of the window?"

"As a matter of fact, sir," said Severn calmly, "until he talked to you I have a shrewd suspicion he thought I'd done that."

"You?" Sir John spluttered scorn. "Letting your imagination run away with you, Lawrence. Ridiculous notion. There's no sense in it!"

"There would have been, if it had happened as he fancied, think the good man had an idea I was going fifty-fifty with Miss Daint in whatever we could get from you—and that she tried to do the deed with you. By the way, you don't mind Miss Bacon hearing all this? You mentioned it first, you know."

"Don't mind who hears it! I told that fellow in plain terms, I flatter myself, that you did all you could to prevent me from trying to pay the creature off. Told him you were detained insolent and sent about it—and so you were, mark you."

"I haven't forgotten, sir. You were considerably annoyed about it at the time." Severn's mouth twitched, but remained serene. "The reason Walden approached you when he knew I was away was that he wanted to find out if I'd encouraged you to shell out; and you seem to have convinced him pretty thoroughly that I didn't."

"A half-witted child could have seen that without asking such foolish questions," said the old man testily. "Walden's just a policeman. It isn't his job to believe a thing; he's got to prove it. I'm glad you remembered how peculiarly rude I was, sir."

He looked at Molly; his smile was reassuring. Her eyes questioned him half-hopefully, half-afraid to hope too much. Certainly the revelation, obtained in Severn's absence, that he had violently opposed his employer's intention to pay off Walden seemed to wreck the case against him.

"It was true, though," said Sir John suddenly, in a subdued and thoughtful voice. "What was true?"

"That I was an old fool. No one but a fool would have tried to make a bargain with that woman. She would have been better to let her stand for a while—give her hope enough—and she's had hanged herself with Charles sooner or later. Boy isn't blind or soft, either. He'd have seen through her." He added rather sadly: "Robert thinks so, too."

"That Charles would have dropped her in time?"

"No. That I was a fool to give her money."

Severn and Molly looked at each other quickly, with eyes suddenly bright and eager.

"Does he know about it?" asked Severn. "How did he find out?"

"Not from me." "Told him myself. He's a better head for business than I have, my son Robert. I told him after she came back again. This will be there wasn't much point in letting him know then. It was too late to do anything about it. Except what they claim someone did."

ROOF for SECURITY ASPHALT SHINGLES RU-BER-OLD BIRD VULCANITE YOUR ROOF NEEDS COLOUR New home-owners in every community are choosing roofs crowned with colour. Colour that blends skillfully, that sets off the colours of shutters, doors and trim, in fact, the whole appearance of the house. B.P. Asphalt Shingles give your roof expertly blended colour that is permanently glazed to their farsafe rock granule surface. Apply B.P. Asphalt Shingles right over your old roof, and insure years of expense-free roof security crowned with colour. There's a colourful B.P. Asphalt Shingle in weight, type, and price to fit every preference and pocket-book. Re-Roofing Your Home can be Financed under the B.P. Home Improvement Plan. Ask your Dealer or Write for Booklet "Roof Security Crowned with Colour"

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Ottawa reduces Age limit to 16 For stenographers

WOOL WOOL WOOL

The Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association again offers its services in assembling the wool clip of the Province for co-operative marketing through the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, Toronto.

Prompt payments will be made on a graded basis, when wool has been delivered and graded. Any additional amounts received for the wool after sales have been made by the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, will be paid at a later date. The sheep breeder is thus assured of the full value for his product. Breeders should take note that the Sheep Breeders' Association sets the price of wool each year. Very often competing agencies buy wool at lower prices at the opening of the season, but conform to the Association's price as soon as it is announced.

This year, wool will be received after May 26th and the week commencing June 16th will be the Big Wool Week in Prince Edward Island. Shipping tags and paper twine are available at the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, O'Leary and Montague. Contact Departmental offices for further information.

Do not sell or ship your product until you contact us for further particulars regarding prices, etc. If shipment of wool is made, send freight collect to the address below.

P. E. I. SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

L-399-5-23-27-30-6-3.