

A FOUR STAR HIT — MON. and TUE.

ERROL FLYNN ALEXIS SMITH
GENTLEMAN Jim
IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
JACK CARSON ALAN HALE
PRINCE EDWARD

TO-DAY
Veronica LAKE and Robt. PRESTON
"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"
ADDED SHORTS — SHOWS 2:30 — 7 and 9

TODAY ONLY — A HOWLING HIT

Virginia BRUCE — Brad CRAWFORD
"BUTCH MINDS THE BABY"
Cartoon — Serial — SHOWS 2:30 — 7 and 8.45

CAPITOL

Mon-Tue-Wed
THE GIRL IN APARTMENT 4-C!
Cruel Tempting! A modern Mela Hari matching her wiles against a pair of American sweethearts...with the lives of thousands at stake!

PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS
JEAN ROGERS
LEE BOWMAN
MONA MARIS
CARL ESMOND
PAUL CAVANAGH
BLANCHE YURKA
RUSSELL HICKS

THRILLS!
Washington spy-rings!
War of codes!
Love-trap!
The navy's secret front!

Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by E. F. ZEIDMAN

EMPIRE TO-DAY
Matinee 2:30 — Night 7 and 8.45

JOHNNY MACK BROWN
STAGECOACH
BUCKAROO

Added — CARTOON — COMEDY — SERIAL

WARTIME SCOTCH
LONDON SCOTCH — For a few months, at least, Scotch whisky made in Britain, is going to have a special wartime taste. Many distilleries are using more peat than usual in drying barley and the "peaty" flavour will not be altogether eliminated during blending.

A Young Mother's Joy
When she has good health

Many young mothers have been fortunate in having the advice of older mothers to tell them the advantage of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food both before and after child birth in order to help ensure the well-being of both mother and child.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be of real help to enable the mother to quickly regain her health and strength as well as to aid her during the period of lactation.

It is only natural that this experience should be a considerable strain on her vitality but by using this treatment to supply the vitamin B₂ and the food minerals, so essential for her health as well as that of her child, she should find joy in her motherhood.

Ask for the new, economy size bottle of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food FOR NEW PEV AND ENERGY

A Christmas Short Story

"This will be our first Christmas without Jimmie," Mrs. Hogan said. "It's going to be funny sitting down to dinner tonight without our boy. As she spoke, the tears welled up in her eyes and she wiped them with a light wisp of mist. She put her hand to one side and looked across the room to where her husband sat, reading a newspaper.

Pa Hogan returned her glance with a sympathetic smile. "Try not to think about it too much, my dear. Remember," he said, "Jimmie is doing the right thing—the only thing we would have him do."

"Yes, I know," she sighed and picked up her thimble again. "If we could only have him home today for a few hours."

"I'm afraid the chance is slim, mother. According to the newspapers, you know, he was shot in Germany last night. Probably there again tonight."

Mrs. Hogan went on with her darning, her mind full of Jimmie and thoughts of last-minute arrangements for the Christmas dinner that evening. The family was expected at five o'clock. The turkey was in the oven. Mince pies, Christmas cake and pudding were all ready. The table was set.

Presently, her eyes closed, and weary with days of preparation for Christmas, she fell asleep, her head resting on her lap. As she slept, she saw Jimmie again. He was in a bomber, high above an objective in the heart of the Reich's munitions production area. He was smiling grimly and a moment later she understood the reason for his smile. He had just opened the bomb compartment doors of the plane and, a moment later, he called it—enveloped the plane. And, buzzing to one side, he saw a Focke-Wulf 190 coming towards him about 1500 feet. He trained his guns on him. Both he and the Nazi fired at the same time, but the German runner missed and Jimmie held the trigger down until the enemy plane caught fire and whirled down into the sea.

Then he was headed back for England.

Upon landing at the home station, tired but happy that the results of his raid had been so highly satisfactory, Jimmie was surprised to be told to report immediately to the briefing room. Four other men of his bomber crew joined him at the door, their faces showing clearly their puzzlement at this unexpected development. They had naturally expected to retire to the officers' mess, have a drink or two, and recall some of the more amusing aspects of their visit to Germany. They always talked about the funny incidents. To the dangers in which they had been involved, they never gave another thought.

Their reflections must have shown clearly upon their faces when they entered the briefing room. For the officer commanding said, "Right, now sit down in the huge leather chairs reserved for pilots and their crews."

"Gentlemen," the officer commanding said, "first of all, remove from your faces those worried looks. You make me nervous. That seemed to break the ice and the faces showed clearly other and relaxed. "There, that's better," the O.C. said.

"Now, I know that you are all wondering why I have called you to summons. Most unusual, I will be the first to admit. I can therefore understand your most natural anxiety. But I must keep you in suspense any longer."

"Gentlemen, tonight—in fact in ten minutes you are going to take off for Canada or leave."

He paused and watched with a smile the expressions of his men.

"Yes," he said finally, "you are going back to Canada tonight for your Christmas leave. It will constitute some kind of a record. I imagine flying over Germany one minute and twenty-four hours later you will be sitting in your homes having Christmas dinner."

"You men have been selected at random—well, not quite at random," he continued. "All our fliers have done remarkable service over here. But you five men I think..." he referred quickly to some papers on the desk before him. "I have made some 36 operational flights over Germany. Frankly, we feel that you have earned your leave and we also believe that your leave should be spent in Canada with your families and friends. Now," he added, "get out of here. If any of you doesn't want to go, just let me know. He paused again. "Well, your plane is ready on Runway E. Get going," he said, with a friendly wave of his hand.

With a chorus of "Thank you, sir, and 'Good night, sir,'" the five fliers made a mad dash for the door of the briefing room and soon were swallowed up in the night.

The O.C. sat, a wry smile on his face. He was a young man himself and perhaps he could have wished that he too could be part of that crew taking off in three minutes for Canada—and home—and Christmas.

Presently, the roar of engines broke in on his thoughts and he rose and walked to the door. From his vantage-point, he watched the giant bomber take off and roar to the black night above embattled Britain. The pilot circled the airfield, dived, and wings once in salute and headed west for Newfoundland and Canada.

It was cold, high above the Atlantic. But the five young men were warm within. Each was picturing to himself the reception when he arrived home. Only the night before, he and his fellow fliers over Germany had been written for newspaper readers in Canada and they had all been referred to by name. Each understood that no Christmas preparations had been made for them. But that bothered them not at all. They realized that as soon as they walked into their respective homes, unannounced and unprepared, all "lads" would be dropped quickly to include them. They would be the guests of the evening.

The trip was on—but they were making history and the long tedious hours would be forgotten. Jimmie, eyeing Germany, dominating their lead of high explosive and incendiary bombs on war factories, returning to England,

This Merry Old Gentleman Says:
For the Ladies
Choose Gifts from
THE FASHION SHOPPE
Gt. George St.



TUNE IN FOR
A Thrillingly Different
HALF HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT
BY
Outstanding HOLLYWOOD RADIO ACTORS
AND
THE FAMOUS BOYS' TOWN CHOIR
IN
"IN HIS STEPS"
Based on
Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's Great Book
5:30 P.M. CJCB
Sunday
Presented By
Buckley's Mixture

voice of her son Jimmie calling to her. She raised her head abruptly and looked into his smiling face. Once again, she closed her eyes. It must be a dream. But the apparition persisted when she opened them again.

"Jimmie," she breathed, "you're not real, you're just a dream. This is some horrible trick of Fate. Why, you're over Germany, dropping bombs. No, you're not, you're home for Christmas leave. Yes, another dear," he replied, stopping to kiss her worn cheek. Here I am, I don't know anything about your dream. But here I am in the flesh, as Pa here will verify."

Mrs. Hogan was still a little dazed as she rose to embrace her son. "Over Germany one day, and back in Canada the next," she said. "My son."

Lifebuoy Follies
Rinso Revue

TORONTO, December 19—Featuring star entertainers from the Lifebuoy Follies and Rinso Revue, the 20th anniversary of Lever Brothers' Christmas tree festival was held today in the Company's auditorium. More than 800 children and parents were present at the Yuletide event held each year for the younger members of employees' families.

Levin-maker of the programme was Pat Rafferty, star comedian of Lifebuoy Follies which has just returned from Western Canada after playing to service camps for more than a year. The show will make a request tour of camps in the Maritimes early in the new year. Pat brought a special Christmas brand of fun and frolic to his young audience, and was assisted by show members, Mildred Morry as mistress of sing-song, Dorothy Merrill on the accordion, and Jack Ayre at the piano. Ted Rust, ventriloquist with the Rinso Revue, presented a highly entertaining number. Mr. G. A. S. Nairn, president, delivered a short Christmas message.



TILLIE THE TOILER A BETTER OUTLOOK ON LIFE.

IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO PASTE UP CLIPPINGS, COOKIES...OH DEAR, IT WON'T COME OFF!

GEE I FORGOT ABOUT THAT

TIME FOR INSPECTION, GIRLS

HERE, PUT UP COMMANDO BILLS PHOTO OVER IT

OKAY

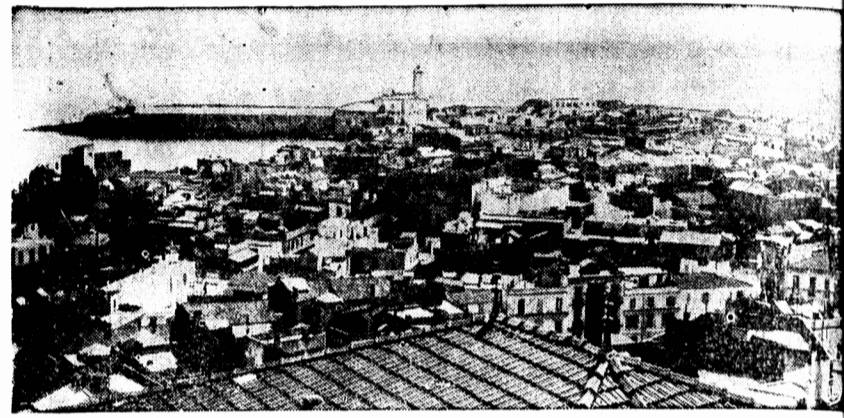
THERE, I'VE RUINED MAC'S PICTURE BUT I'VE SAVED YOU FROM GETTING A BIG

THANKS TILLIE

AND I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'S DONE HER BIT TO MAKE THE WORLD MORE BEAUTIFUL



While Allied Navy units off-shore blasted Oran defense batteries, U. S. Rangers swarmed ashore from small landing craft in the initial assault on the North African Mediterranean port which capitulated early in the battle for key coastal cities. Photo shows landing barges, disembarking U. S. troops and other American soldiers already on shore.



Algiers, largest city of French North Africa, was the scene of some of the heaviest fighting in the first stages of the American invasion. American warships shelled the waterfront and started fires, as invasion troops approached shore under cover of their guns. Vichy sources admitted that an invasion party had landed, claimed earlier that two landing barges had been sunk.

Good things ARE SOMETIMES HARD TO BUY
The popularity of Neilson's Chocolate Bars plus wartime rationing makes it difficult at times for you to buy your favorite Neilson Bar.
Please don't blame the dealer as he is doing his best and you will be helping him if you choose any of the other Neilson Bars he has for you.

Neilson's Malted Milk Candy Bar

Neilson's Chocolate Bars are energy builders, made with the highest quality ingredients.

Neilson's

AND I HATE TO ADMIT IT BUT I'M AFRAID SHE'S DONE HER BIT TO MAKE THE WORLD MORE BEAUTIFUL

THANKS TILLIE

THERE, I'VE RUINED MAC'S PICTURE BUT I'VE SAVED YOU FROM GETTING A BIG

OKAY

HERE, PUT UP COMMANDO BILLS PHOTO OVER IT

TIME FOR INSPECTION, GIRLS

GEE I FORGOT ABOUT THAT

IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO PASTE UP CLIPPINGS, COOKIES...OH DEAR, IT WON'T COME OFF!