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Beery's back... as Pancho Lopez... swashbuckling brigand of the gun-rifled Rio Grande! Looking for gold! Making the night ring with laughter! Eager for the gay senoritas down romantic Mexico way!

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Lionel BARRYMORE
Laraine DAY • Ronald REAGAN
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Produced by J. WALTER RUBEN

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JOE LOUIS—BUDDY BAER
(Heavyweight Championship Fight)

Latest NEWS from all corners of the world.
(First showing in Maritimes)

ALSO
TODAY -3 STOOGES COMEDY- SATURDAY
PRINCE EDWARD

SHOWS
8.15
7.00
9.00

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The Eastern Guardian

This column is reserved for local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 2 cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CHILDREN'S DAY — The Sunday evening service in Montague United Church which was on "Children's Day" was a most interesting one. Mrs. L. Cowan presided in her capable way. Mrs. W. L. Outhouse of the Christian Church addressed the children and to old and young her talk was deeply interesting. She said that in looking back trying to find when "Children's Day" had originated, she was fully convinced that it was in our glorious time. Jesus loved little children and over and over we find where he speaks to, and likens things to little children in his talks to his disciples. The "Junior Choir" trained by Miss Agnes Annear assisted by Mrs. Bruce Yeo and Miss Mary Martin, gave a splendid account of themselves. The following was the programme presented: Doxology, "Again As Evening Shadows Fall"; Invocation, "Breathe On Me Breath of God"; Hymn, "Come Children Join and Sing"; Welcome, Violet Hutchison and group of children; Trio, Jean and Joan Russell and Ann Yeo; Scripture, Reading, Mrs. Cowan; Chorus, "Come Before His Courts"; Junior Choir; Song by boys, "We are Little Sailors"; Prayer, Mr. Vernon Ross; Exercise, Planting Seeds; Little boys; Hymn, Children of Jerusalem; Song, "We Promise" by little girls; Announcements and offerings; Mixed Quartet, Jean Duvay, Ray Vickerson, Bill Burden and Arnold Lazenby; Song and Pantomime, Hazel Yeo, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old"; Address, by Mrs. W. L. Outhouse; Song, "Sing To-day"; Hymn, "Sun of My Soul"; Junior Choir; Benediction, National Anthem.



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REGULAR MILITARY SET, five colours to choose from, in black or brown leather case... \$5.00
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Also THE ARMY SET and THE NAVY SET in appropriate colours.

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TO-DAY -- CAPITOL -- (SATURDAY)

She had half a mind to turn Cisco over to the Sheriff... and a whole heart to keep him in her arms!

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MENTONE MUSICAL
GREEN HORNET SERIAL

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FRIDAY, JUNE 13

6.20 p.m.—London Calling
6.25 p.m.—Hello, Children! Programme for children evacuated to Canada and the U.S.O.
6.45 p.m.—THE NEWS
7.00 p.m.—Questions of the Hour! Commentary by OLIVER STEWART
7.15 p.m.—NEWS IN FRENCH
7.30 p.m.—CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON in collaboration with CBC: "With the Troops in Britain." With a Canadian A.A. Battery in Britain. Feature Programme including personal messages from officers and men of the battery.
8.00 p.m.—THE NEWS
8.10 p.m.—LISTENING POST
8.15 p.m.—London Calling
8.30 p.m.—BRITAIN SPEAKS. Talk by IAN FINLAY
8.45 p.m.—HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS. Commentator: J. B. MCGEECHY
9.00 p.m.—The Music of Britain: Symphonic Poem, "Serbia" (Edric Cundell), played by the BBC Orchestra (Section A) conducted by Clarence Raybould.
9.15 p.m.—Front Line Family — Episode 41. The adventures of the British Family Robinson in war-time London. Written and produced by Alan Melville.
9.30 p.m.—CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON (in collaboration with CBC): Cahiers Francais. Potpourri for French-Canadian listeners.
10.00 p.m.—DEMOCRACY MARCHES!
10.15 p.m.—At Your Request!
10.30 p.m.—"CIVILIANS' WAR" — 5: "Times Barres". Feature Programme. A BBC Production. Made in England.
10.45 p.m.—Orchestra Half-Hour. Favorite pieces from the repertoire of the BBC Orchestra (Section A) conducted by Clarence Raybould.
11.15 p.m.—CALLING THE WORLD: "HITCHHIKERS' STEED". Talk by W. WICKHAM STEED.
11.30 p.m.—RADIO NEWS-REEL.
12.00 m.—The Daily Service.
12.05 a.m.—London Calling
12.15 a.m.—"LONDON SPEAKS". Talk by IAN FINLAY.
12.30 a.m.—THE NEWS.
12.45 a.m.—Close down.

Reduced Rates For Dominion Day

MONTREAL, Que., June 12. —For the Dominion Day holiday the railways of Canada will place in effect reduced fares, according to G. P. Riddell, chairman, Canadian Passenger Association.

Dominion Day, July 1, this year falls on a Tuesday.

The reduced fares will be on the basis of one way and one quarter for the round trip and railway tickets will be good going both on Monday, June 27 and 28 and on Tuesday, July 1st, return portion of the ticket will permit a stay at destination up to midnight Wednesday, July 2nd.

Usually Dominion Day is the most popular travelling period of the summer season, said Mr. Riddell, and the railways set out a heavy volume of traffic throughout the Dominion.

NEW HAVEN SCHOOL
Report for the month of May:
Grade X—1. Helen Deveaux.
Grade VIII—1. Eugene MacPhee.
Grade VI—1. Alex MacNevin.
Melville Pollard, 3. Wilbur Gass.
Grade V—1. Anita MacDougall.
2. Beverette Boyle, 3. Leo Cavanagh.
Grade IV—1. Velma Frzezzel.
Margaret Boyle, 3. Chris Pizzell.
Grade III—1. Eilison MacDougall.
2. Bent MacDougall, 3. Mary Cavanagh.
Grade II (a)—1. Eileen MacNevin, 2. Joe Tierney.
Grade II (b)—1. Bernice Gass.
2. Vivian MacPadden.
Grade I (a)—1. Mary Tierney, 2. Lloyd Murray, 3. Mary MacElroy.
Grade I (b)—1. Wilma Pollard.
Grade I (c)—1. Dalvey Pollard.
Highest average: Eileen MacNevin.
Most Stars in Junior Grade: Eileen MacNevin and Vivian MacPadden (equus).
Most Improvement in Writing: Leo Cavanagh.
Perfect Attendance: Anita MacDougall, Vivian MacPadden, Mary Tierney, Leo Cavanagh, James Tierney, Louis Tierney, Brent MacDougall, Eilison MacDougall, Lloyd Murphy, Eugene MacPhee.
Teacher: Reta J. Frzezzel. (Patrol please copy)

QUEEN'S FUND TOTALS
MONTREAL, June 11.—(CP)—Subscriptions to the Queen's Canadian Fund for Air Raid Victims have reached \$335,672. It was announced at headquarters of the Fund here tonight. This compared with last night's total of \$331,972.

NATURE NOTE
There are more than 450 kinds of woodpeckers in the world.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hume of Halifax spent the week-end in Montague.

Dr. C. B. and Mrs. W. S. Green, Montague, spent the week-end in the Annapolis Valley.

Mr. R. Rowell, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Montague, spent the week-end in the Annapolis Valley.

The Golden Sands Riddle
By Alexander Campbell

(Continued from page 2)

Monte. The man would be sure to remember.

The room had begun to fill up. People were talking in agitated whispers, and some of them were looking in the direction of their table. Sir John looked round with a frown.

"It's got out already. They're discussing it. And of course they've jettisoned out who discovered the body. I think we'd better move. I'll have the meal sent up to my suite."

CHAPTER VII
MR. XOSA RE-APPEARS

When Sir John shepherded them into his own suite, he carefully closed and locked the door.

"There," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "We may have to talk to the police, when we come back, but until then I'm darned if we're going to be bothered by a pack of busy-bodies eager for gory details. What about that breakfast?"

He stared anxiously. In a corner of the room, washing his face with invisible soap, stood Mr. Sam Orion, the hotel manager. Behind him, in a submissive attitude, stood a small, plump Bantu, whose brown eyes behind the large spectacles were meek.

"I trust you will pardon the intrusion," said Mr. Orion in his arch-deacon's voice. "But, considering your anxiety, as expressed to me, I thought it only—hmm—proper—"

"Come to the point man," said Sir John brusquely. "Don't beat about the bush. And who's this?"

He glared at the Bantu. Peter also was staring at the little man. He was puzzled. He felt he had seen the fellow before—but where?

Before Orion could answer, the Bantu had sidled in front of him. The movement was so quick and smooth, and so apparently humble, that he had skirted the hotel manager out of the picture before even Mr. Orion himself was aware of the indignity.

"The eagle may have no cause to remember the sparrow, but the sparrow shall surely not forget the eagle," said the Bantu in his mild voice. "We have met before, Mr. Xosa, your humble servant, here. He bowed his kinky head. In one hand he held a white hat. In the other was a black stick. "Mr. Xosa has the honour to return to you—"

With a swift gesture, he transferred the hat to the hand that held the stick and held out to Sir John a wallet of fine leather. The initials J. C. were stamped in neat gold in one corner.

"My note-case!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Be so good as to check contents and see that all is correct," murmured Mr. Xosa. "I have not, Sir John took the proffered case, and began to go through its contents rapidly. Mr. Xosa watched him.

Then, Mr. Orion came to life, flourishing his manured hands, he thrust the Bantu aside. His smile was ingratiating.

"A thousand apologies!" he explained. "Apparently there had been a mistake. The police had got the wrong man. This fellow here found out who the real thief was—John's brother, hadn't they? You said something about knowing who the man, 'real culprit' was. Somebody called—"

"Tickey Charlie," murmured Mr. Xosa regretfully. "Very evil fellow."

"The night porter," said Mr. Orion. He wriggled in embarrassment. "I can assure you I never suspected."

"Then you ought to have," retorted Sir John. "That's your business, to protect your guests. Instead of which you nick on a perfectly honest servant and have him charged. How did you do it?" His last remark was addressed to Mr. Xosa.

"The Bantu shrugged. "I had a talk with Tickey Charlie," he said. "I reproached him with allowing an innocent man to suffer for his misdeeds. He confessed, and with tears in his eyes returned your wallet to me."

"H'm," said Sir John drily. He asked Mr. Orion: "Did you see this fellow Tickey Charlie? Did he have tears in his eyes?"

"He did," said Mr. Orion. As the

mining magnate was smiling (he also permitted himself a brief humorous imitation of amusement. "He also had several teeth missing and a pigeon's egg lump on the top of his head."

"He stumbled and fell while we were talking," said Mr. Xosa regretfully. "I hope you do not think that I employed violence? I assure you, such was farthest from my thoughts."

"Well," said Sir John, laughing. "That's as may be. Anyway, I'm most grateful to you. Here—"

Mr. Xosa held up a black hand. "No, no. Please do not reward me. To have had the pleasure of returning your property and effecting release of my worthy brother from police incarceration, is enough. You have checked the contents?" he asked anxiously. "All is present and correct?"

"It's all here," Sir John assured him.

"Then I shall take my leave."

He bowed gravely, and retreated from the room, clutching his white hat and his black stick.

Mr. Orion rushed into the breach. "A bit comical, what?" he said with a little laugh.

"Mr. Orion," said Sir John carelessly. "What are you doing? You pay you to look after this hotel?"

Mr. Orion's eyes widened. "Well, really," he began.

"How many have you had?" Mr. Orion wriggled. But the customer is always right, it was the chief tenet of the faith that had raised him so successfully from dishwasher in a cafe-on-wheels to his present position. He sighed, and submitted.

"A thousand a year. Of course I could do better than that. I've had offers. But the sea suits my health—"

"Mr. Orion," said Sir John grimly. "One of my colleagues is an Indian. Do you know how much he earns?"

"Mr. Orion was uncomfortable and a little sulen.

"No."

"The times as much as you do."

"The hotel manager hesitated. His plump face was flushed with color. Then he decided to swallow the snub.

"Very interesting," he said. "I will there be anything more?"

"No, yes," said Sir John. He waved a hand at Peter. "This gentleman is joining my party. I want him to have a comfortable room facing the sea on our floor."

Mr. Orion had been very considerably cowed. He showed it by accepting this order, in mid-season, with a smile as a premium, without the slightest demur.

"Yes, Sir. Your name, sir?"

"Well, here we go, though," Peter grinned. Sir John had very effectively burned his boats for him.

"Peter Crosby," he said.

Mr. Orion nodded. "I shall arrange it right away." He prepared to leave the room.

Sir John regarded him curiously. "Haven't you heard the bad news?"

Mr. Orion paused in his stride. His pink and white face, turned to look over his shoulder, had recovered its habitual snug composure.

"Bad news, Sir John?"

"One of your guests has met with an accident," said Peter, with a grin. "Mr. Orion frowned. "An accident? Which one?"

"Mr. Monte," said the mining magnate, and Peter saw the hotel manager flinch as from a blow. He reflected that Mr. Monte must have been a trial to the snobbish little soul of Mr. Orion.

"Mr. Monte," repeated Orion. "What has happened to him?"

"Mr. Parry and my daughter found him on the beach this morning," said Sir John. "He was dead. Someone had stuck a knife into him."

"The pink fled from Mr. Orion's face, leaving it all white. For a moment he thought he was going to faint. Then:

"Oh, my God!" said Mr. Orion in a whisper. "And without another word he would have fled from the room, had not Sir John called him back to ensure his attention for the breakfast he had ordered. (To be Continued)

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"So Ends Our Night"
Over
CFCY
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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

WELL, THE OLD PLACE AIN'T CHANGED MUCH

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU BOYS BACK -- REMINDS ME OF THE OLD DAYS

THEY CAN'T TRAIN MEN FAST ENOUGH FOR THIS WAR WORK, SO THEY'RE HAVING TO INDUCE A BUNCH OF THE OLD RETIRED MACHINISTS BACK TO PUT SOME PEP INTO THE PROGRAM!

I DON'T THINK THEY HAD TO DO MUCH INDUCING -- I'LL BET THE OLD BOY WITH THE VALET WENT UP FROM A MACHINIST TO A BANKER AND IS NOW GOING UP FROM A BANKER TO A MACHINIST.

THE CRINOLINE SQUAD

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With — Major Hoople

LUCKY YOU ON. I'VE TRAINED YOUR WRIST DIVING OFF THE TRUCK, BUDDY! — THAT BACKFIRE CHILLED ME TOO! IF THAT LOAD OF NITRO-GLYCERIN HAD EXPLODED WED ALL BE JIGSAW PUZZLES! — WELL, LET'S HOP BACK ON AN' GET GOING!

THANK YOU, SERGEANT, BUT YOU CHUG ALONG WITHOUT US! I FEEL A BIT CHURLISH, PREYING ON YOUR HOSPITALITY AND RUBBING AND I ENJOY RAMBLING TO A GYPSY-FASHION THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE — YOU SO HEALTHFUL, YOU KNOW — HAR-RUMPH!

YEP, THEY ADDS TO A MAN'S LIFE!

RAMBLING BEATS SCRAMBLING