Come Wednesday Morning for Clearance SUMMER HATS

Worth your while to visit us on Wednesday morning for these very special values

$2.50 for $1.

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White hats, felt and straw, with plain or contrasting trim value up to $2.50. Sale Price $1.00

$3.00 for $1.49

Summer Straws mostly white value up to $3.00. Sale Price — — —$1.49

Up to $5.95 at $1.98 and $2.98

Balance of our better summer hats in Leghorn, Bakie Panama. Mostly all model hats regular value up to $5.95. Sale Price $1.98 and $2.98

Sportswear-Reduced

Sportswear 1-3 off — Sack suits, play suits, culottes and shorts —all going at 1-3 off, regular price.

Now is the time to stock up at a saving for your next year's fun.

Slips! Slips! Slips!

Lovely tailored white crepe slips — all sizes perfectly cut and designed to suit all figures.

Silk crepes will be difficult to get, so get your share while we have a full stock.

Guaranteed seams —white —sizes 32, 50

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MANCHESTER — (CP) — An English sergeant wireless operator was awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal for guiding his bomber back to its station by directional radio when the navigating instruments flopped.

Stop! Look! Listen!

Special for Old Home Week

CITY HOSPITAL NURSES' DANCE

—IN—

HOLY NAME HALL

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14th,

10 P. M. TO 1 A. M.

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Complete Line Innoxa Toiletries At Special Discounts

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L. M. Doucette—R. M. Smallman

RADIO

NORTH-AMERICAN TRANSMISSION

Eastern Daylight Saving Time Throughout WAVELENGTH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13

P.M.

6.10 'London Calling.'
6.15 'Hello, Children!'
6.30 'CALLING FROM BRITAIN TO NEWFOUNDLAND' including newsletter from D. J. Davies, C.B.E., Trade Commissioner for Newfoundland.
6.45 THE NEWS.
7.00 NEWS ANALYSIS.
7.05 WAR COMMENTARY.
7.15 NEWS IN FRENNCH.
7.30 'Something Going on in Britain Now' — 'This is London'. Round war-time London at night.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.10 'LISTENING POST'.
8.15 'London Calling'.
8.30 'BRITAIN OPEAKS'. Talk by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
8.45 'Front Line Family' —Episode 88.
9.00 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS. Commentator, J. B. McGEACHY.
9.15 'DEMOCRACY MARCHES': 'The Church Militant.
9.30 'CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON' (in collaboration with CBC).

P.M.

9.30 NEWSLETTER IN FRENCH.
9.45 'CANADIANS WITH WINGS'
10.00 Talk 'The Swindle of the "New Order".'
10.15 The Albert Sadler Trio.
10.30 'FREEDOM FERRY' — 14: 'Bombs on Lorient'. Feature Programme written and produced by Cecil McGivern. A BBC Production: Made in England.
10.45 Recital by Gerna Gilmour (Canadian Pianist).
11.00 The Daily Service.
11.05 'London Calling'.
11.15 'BRITAIN SPEAKS'. (Repeat)
11.30 RADIO NEWS-REEL.

A.M.

12.00 Talk: 'The Swindle of the "New Order".'
12.15 'The Music of Britain'
12.30 HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS. (Repeat).
12.45 Close down.

Use Minard's for sprains.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word, strictly payable in advance

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TOURISTS AND VISITORS call and see our novelties. Rogers Hardware. L-318-8-13-2i.

WANTS PEN PAL. — Joan Pratt, 58 Richmond Ave., Worcester, Mass., would like to correspond with a girl of her age in P.E.I. Joan is 13 years old, is in the 8th grade in school and interested in sailing and all other water sports.

HOME ILL—Mrs. Murray MacLean is confined to her home, 170 Queen Street, through illness. Mr. and Mrs. MacLean returned home a few days ago from visiting friends in Charlottetown and various other points in P. E. I.—Truro News.

VERNON PILOT KILLED—Sergeant Pilot George C. Bingley of Vernon, B. C., has been killed in action in England, according to word received here Saturday by his father. Bingley was married in Edmonton to Miss Beryl Forbes less than four months ago. He went overseas after completion of three months special navigation studies at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WEDDING IN OTTAWA. — The wedding of Miss Dorothy Frances Sandland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F Sandland to Mr. John Earl Cahill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Cahill, of Alberton, P. E. I., will take place at 2.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Church of St. Alban the Martyr. Rev C. L. G. Bruce will officiate. The wedding music will be played by Dr. Harry Crowson. Miss Aileen Walters will be the bridesmaid and Mr. Clarence Sand will assist the bridegroom as best man. Mr. Bob Mitchell and Mr. Jack Wilmore will act as ushers.—Ottawa Journal.

WEDDING BELLS. — A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Dunstans Basilica on Tuesday morning July 8th at 6.30, when Mary Reta eldest daughter of Mr and Mrs. Ernest Prunty was united in marriage to Staff Sgt. Frederick B. Doyle, R. C. A. M. C. son of Mr. and Mrs. William Doyle both of this city. Rev. Father McKenna celebrated the ceremony and also celebrated the Nuntial Mass. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father and looked charming in a street length dress of Heaven blue triple sheer crepe with white picture hat and white accessories Her corsage was of deep pink roses. She was attended by her sister Helen who wore a street length dress of tea rose with white picture hat and white accessories. She also wore a corsage of roses. The groom was ably supported by Thomas Prunty, brother of the bride. After the ceremony the bridal party motored to the Queen Hotel, where a delightful wedding breakfast was served to immediate relatives of the family. After which Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Doyle, left on a short honeymoon trip to various parts of Nova Scotia.

CARRY ON CANADA CORPS NEWS—At a meeting of the executive of the Carry on Canada Corps, held last night, it was learned that the two new portable electric sewing machines, with buttonhole attachment and pinking shears, donated by the No Trumps Bridge Club, had been received at the Red Cross work rooms. The purchase of these machines was made with the proceeds of the strawberry festival held on Government House grounds last month, and was arranged through the Carry On Canada Corps. These machines were badly needed and have speeded up the work of the ladies of the Red Cross to a large extent. There is still, however, urgent need for at least two more electric sewing machines and if any other group or association can arrange to finance their purchase the Corps will be glad to assist. Citizens of Charlottetown are reminded of Squadron Leader Healy's request that convalescent Airmen be taken for drives. Car owners wishing to relieve the tedium of convalescence are asked to telephone Squadron Leader Healy, the Senior Medical Officer, at 1500, extension 11, stating the number of seats available and the time the patients will be called for.

ISLANDERS GATHER. — On July 23, 1941, a number of Islanders gathered at the home of the Misses Mabel Ling, Olga White and Jennie Paynter, 94 Gloucester St., Ottawa, where a pre-nuptial shower was held in honor of Miss Betty MacKay Ottawa, formerly of Mt. Stewart, P.E.I. About 10 P. M. the entirely unsuspecting Miss MacKay arrived on the scene to be breeted by "Here Comes the Bride". She was ushered to the seat of honor by Miss Olga White. After Mr Lester Sellick had explained the purpose of the gathering the many exquisite gifts of linen and silver were opened by Miss Laura Johnston presented to the bride to be by Miss Marjorie McEwen, and arranged by Miss Beth McEwen. Miss MacKay expressed her deep appreciation in a very charming speech, after which she was boisterously bounced. The grand climax to an evening of surprises for Betty was provided by a telegram from her fiance, who is station with the R. C. A. F. at Saskatoon, Sask., stating that his leave and permission for marriage had been granted. A delicious lunch was served by the hostesses, following which Miss Verna Griffin "tickled the ivories" in a most harmonious fashion with melodies old and new. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. David Gardiner, Misses Hazel McElhinney, (Woodstock, N. B.), Laura Johnston, Jennie Paynter, Olga White, Mabel Ling, Hattie Pigott, Katherine MacKinnon, Jean Schurman, Annie MacPherson, Katherine MacPherson Blanche MacPherson, Dorothy Toombs, Mary MacKay, Verna Griffin, Mary Dalton, Helen Driscoll, Nora Harper, Orva Gill, Marjorie McEwen and Beth McEwen, Messrs. Jack Hempstock (Hamilton, Ont.), Harold Hollis, (Moncton, N. B.), Harold Vessey, John Baker, Ross White, Martin Gilmore, Lester Sellick, Harry Darby, Calvin MacIntosh, Keir Duggan and John Driscoll. At the close of a very pleasant evening the guests departed after wishing Betty many years of future happiness

In Memoriam

ROBERT BRUCE McADAM

The tragic death of Bobbie McAdam age 11 years eldest son of Rodk. and the late Margaret McAdam of West St. Peters was a terrible shock to the family and their friends.

Little Bobbie was taking his usual walk for the cattle which were pastured some distance from home near the North Shore. When he failed to return at the usual time, his father went in search for him and failed to locate him. Word soon got around among the neighbours and a large number started a thorough search of the vicinity. Although they worked in a dreadful suspense all night it was not until after daylight that his poor little body was found drowned in a pond of water close to where the search was made.

It is impossible to describe their feelings as they slowly wended their way homewards and broke the sad news to his grandmother, little brother and sisters also kind neighbours who were waiting praying that God would see fit to return him home alive. But it was not to be and Bobbie's soul had gone to meet his mother who passed away in November 1938. Bobby was possessed of a most loving nature and will be sorely missed by all, especially his grandmother, in whose care he was entrusted since the death of his mother.

Left to mourn are his father, grandmother (Mrs John J. McAdam), brother Jackie and two sisters Verna Mary and Mary Rhoda.

The funeral which was very largely attended took place at St. Andrews Church on Wednesday, July 23rd. High Mass of Requiem was sung by the Pastor, Rev. T. Campbell. The pall bearers were his cousins and pals, A. J. McAdam and Reggie, Cecil McDonald and Reggie, Stanley McEwen and Raymond Jay.

Card Of Thanks

Rodk. McAdam and family of West, St. Peters, wish to thank all kind neighbours and friends who helped in any way during their recent sad bereavement. Also to those who so kindly sent flowers and messages of sympathy.

L-324-8-13-1i.

YEO THEATRE

MONTAGUE — SAT. 16th MATINEE SAT. 3 P. M

SOURIS — MON. 18th.

Was It Montelli?

By LESLIE GARGILL

"Aren't you satisfied with the one you've already got?"

"Oh, I ain't greedy. Only—"

The door of the cabin was jerked unceremoniously open. A disconcertingly large number of people crammed themselves in, prominent among them being three or four individuals who could not have been mistaken for anything else than plain clothes police officers on either side of the Atlantic.

"Looking for Tony Montelli?" asked Bill Grandon genially

Jerry waited expectantly. Here was one man who really could be of assistance.

"That's him!" said the shameless double-crosser, raising an accusing finger.

"We didn't want no telling, either!" snapped one of the newcomers.

For once Jerry Clitherce fully lost his temper. In a bound he was facing the newsgatherer, fist clenched. Before the blow was struck pandemonium broke loose. A tidal wave of humanity heaved itself upon the unfortunate Englishman, and he went under, struggling gamely to the last. One straw at which he clutched was a luxurious moustachio; another was an already tight collar band. But none of them were sufficient to save a drowning man.

Bill Grandon had managed to worm his way to the door, where he stood for a few moments radiating approval. "Boy, oh boy;—oh boy!" he chanted gleefully. "We ain't got type big enough to do it justice."

Jerry went absolutely berserk. Tearing himself away from the milling mass he kicked away the last encumbrance. The door slammed in his face almost as vengeance was within reach, and then the fight was on again—a ruthless sort of business without any sense of fair-play.

How it ended Jerry was never quite sure, except that the bump which he later discovered on the back of his head persisted as a recognizable protuberance for the best part of a fortnight.

CHAPTER XXII

BEDSIDE EXPLANATIONS

Seven apologetic men grouped themselves round the hospital bed in a sheepish deputation

Jerry, opening a wary eye, concluded that they had all the appearances of anticipating a dying confession until he realized that their attitude was one of communal contrition.

"It was all a mistake," one of them was explaining earnestly. His demeanour suggested that if tears were permissible in a police officer's eyes they could be obtainable on tap at a moment's notice.

Six corroborative nods provided a bizarre accompaniment. Jerry counted the company slowly. "One—two—three—four — five — six — seven. Why the major portion of the department?" he asked in genuine amazement.

"The boys were all in it," explained the spokesman.

"You mean to say it took all that lot to lay me out?"

"Took us all our time, mister. 'Course, there weren't much room for scrapping in such a small cabin."

"Evidently I gave a good account of myself." Jerry was cheered by the thought.

"Sure did," one of them agreed. "Sent me to sleep with a blackjack, you did."

"I beg your pardon?"

"May have been a length of piping. I wouldn't know."

"Neither would I, not having anything murderous handy. Any anaesthesia was accomplished by my own fair hands alone"

"Come again?"

"There was no blackjack only bare fists."

"What a punch!" The approbation was free from any suggestion of disbelief. "We're all sorry it had to happen."

Jerry tried a forgiving smile, but gave it up when he realized how difficult such a thing was with a cut mouth. What he intended to be a reassurance had all the outward appearance of grim melevolence.

"The department wants to make it up to you," the spokesman went on hurriedly. "As well as they can, that is to say."

Another involuntary muscular spasm further disconcerted him. "Don't take it like this," he implored.

"Like what?" The hoarse whisper was due to the after effects of incipient strangulation rather than to emotional anger.

"All right, all right, Mr. Clitheroe! I guess we understand how you feel. That Mitchell fellow was the bottom of it. Tipped us off that Tony Montelli had broke out . . ."

"What?"

"Tony was out, he said, and aboard the Doronia. Now, I ask you, can you blame the boys for jumping to conclusions?"

"I can blame them for jumping on my gizzard."

"He got tough, captain," broke in one of the party, recognizable as a hearty participant in the melee. "Couldn't have held him nohow. We had to coax him quiet."

"So would anybody with a crowd of pirates piling into him without a word of warning."

"That's what we are trying to explain, mister. The boys thought you was who you wasn't, and still did until they read all about it in the 'Star-Bulletin.'"

"Thanks to Bill Grandon! He got what he wanted — the thrilling climax to his big yarn. As for me, I've been beaten up and put in hospital——"

Jerry's croak was alarming. The spokesman twirled his hat round and round agitatedly, then pitched it on the bed.

"We can promise you compensation," he hazarded.

"If I cared to accept money every time the authorities tried to salve their alleged conscience I should be doing well!"

"Don't you want nothing?"

"Only to know that Tony is thoroughly and completely behind bars, with the proviso that several thousand miles separates us permanently"

"Then there's no call to worry."

"Good! It certainly is comforting to know that the British police have the situation well in hand."

"Well, er, that isn't the whole of it. We want him over here more than your people do."

"Didn't I understand that he'd prefer an American prison to an English one? More opportunities for personal comfort, and perhaps a bigger chance of ultimate freedom?"

"Not this time, mister. Leave that to us. We've got a big score up against that bozo."

Jerry didn't know enough about international legal intricacies to continue the discussion, though he recollected Superintendent Clewchers saying that extradition papers would be unavailing until English offences had been explated. "There's one thing I would like, if it can be arranged," he said, "Something by way of dessert"

"Anything you say goes."

"Very well, promise that official eyes will be closed while I take one good sock at Grandon."

The deputation grinned in unison. "It'll be a pleasure to oblige, and we'd like to be there with our eyes wide open."

"Talking about me?" Bill Grandon's unnounced appearance was greeted with threatening scowls.

"Guess you ain't well enough to take that poke yourself," one of the officers remarked, placing himself, rock-like, to bar the exit. "Let me do it for you. If it don't satisfy, you can always have another go for yourself later."

(To be Continued)

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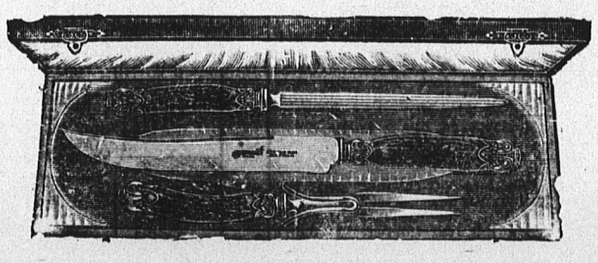

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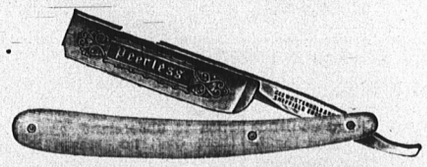

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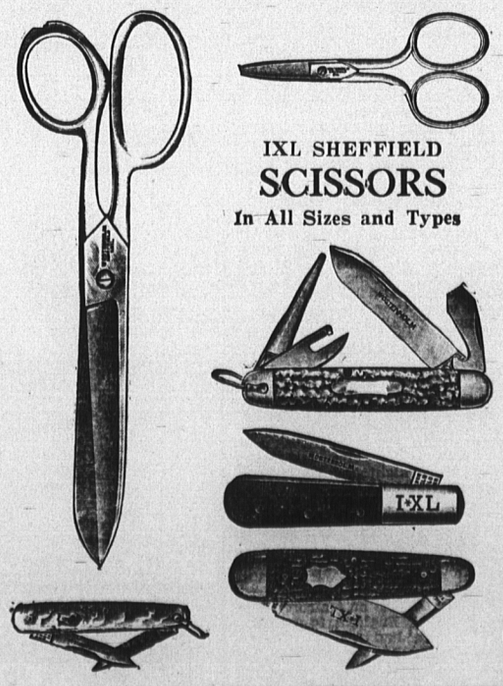

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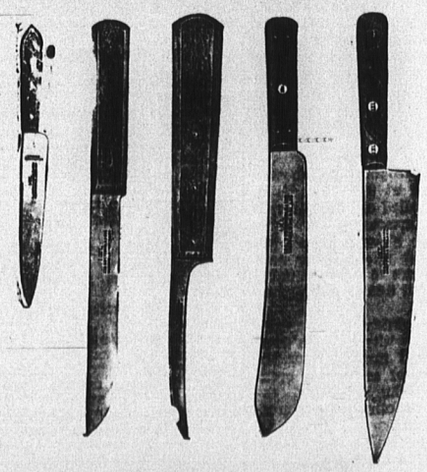

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