TODAY — HEDY LAMARR - ROB'T. WALKER
—In—
"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"
Shows At 3:15 - 7 - 9
— Prince Edward —
3-DAYS-3 THUR. — FRI. — SAT.

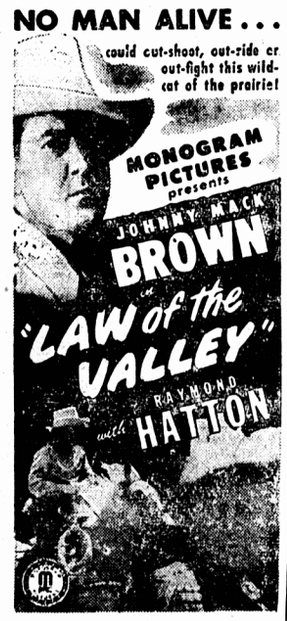
Also News - Victory Caravan - Cartoon

TODAY ONLY
"I LOVE A BANDLEADER"
News - Sports - Cartoon
Shows At 3:15 - 7 - 8:45

-:- CAPITOL -:-
THUR. — FRI. — SAT
LAUGHING IN THE FACE OF DEATH!

Cartoon - Comedy - Serial

= EMPIRE =
THUR. FRI.—SAT.
NO MAN ALIVE . . .
could out-shoot, out-ride or out-fight this wild-cat of the prairie!



SERIAL - CARTOON
COMEDY - SPORTS

FOUR TRENDS SEEN IN STYLE REVUE OF FALL MILLINERY

Four trends have been selected by the Millinary Designers League in their presentation of 30 specially designed hats — "Eastern," "Russian," "Romance" and "America Looks Ahead," a fashion revue in New York recently, according to 'Women's Wear Daily.'

The turban registers as the ace silhouette in the Eastern trend, including Indian, Persian, Turkish and other Far Eastern influences. Emphasis is put upon the turban which is intricately draped for smooth, round contours, frequently supplemented by a short tapering crown. One of the most interesting is a melon-shaped model, in white wine felt, the edge darped with silver and gold braid knotted and fringed.

The Russian trend also furthers the importance of draped effects, these frequently in off-face Russian headress themes, and also high shako silhouettes all featuring bright colors and rich appliques and embroideries. One of these is a diadem in breton effect of mink, shirred into a neat heading and faced with a brocaded ribbon spangled and with long streamers. There is a matching muff. Several bonnet-like styles are smartly conceived as a red felt embroidered model

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER XXXIV

At the very moment that Valerie discovered Phil and his mother at a nearby table, Lillian Prescott turned her head. Recognizing Valerie, she nodded and smiled.

Valerie nodded back, but quickly looked away as Phil's eyes turned toward her.

"Who's the dame?" asked Duke.

"I met her at the show this afternoon," Valerie said hurriedly. "She is a Mrs. Prescott—owns a department store out west."

"The blonde agent with her seems to know you too, judging from the way he's looking at you," said Duke.

"That's her son. I—I've met him" Valerie replied briefly.

After a minute, she stole another glance at the Prescotts. Phil was now conversing with his mother. Then, to her dismay, she saw him rise and head toward her.

"Well, well," said Duke. "He's coming to renew his acquaintance."

Valerie drew a deep quivering breath. "Don't ask him to sit down," she said quickly. "I—I don't like him."

Then Phil was standing above her—as handsome as ever in his evening clothes. She remembered how she had once thrilled at the sight of that handsome face.

"How do you do, Miss Wentworth?" he said coolly.

Valerie for an instant, could not find her voice, then managed to introduce him to Duke. Phil glanced at a vacant chair at the table, as though expecting an invitation to sit down. When none was forthcoming, he smiled blandly.

"My mother told me of the arrangement she made with you this afternoon," he said. "She wonders whether you would like to join us and talk it over."

Valerie supported by Duke's presence had succeeded in regaining her composure.

Please thank your mother," she said calmly, "but there would be no use in talking it over. You see, I've made other plans. Tell her that I'm sorry, but I can't accept her offer."

"Phil's smile vanished. "Maybe you'd like to tell her that yourself," he persisted.

"Won't you tell her for me?"

"Then, you're not coming to Pelton?"

"No, Valerie said positively, "I'm not coming to Pelton."

Phil's face darkened and, as she looked up at him, she saw in his eyes something that frightened her—a revival of his interest in her. She saw him appraising her—saw that the new beauty she had acquired in the past seven weeks was not lost on him.

"Very well," he said curtly, but I'll see you again. Maybe I can make you change your mind!"

It sounded almost like a threat. With a significant toss of his head, he turned and strode back to his table.

"Unpleasant egg," observed Duke 'Where'd you run into him?"

Valerie drew a deep breath before she answered.

"Unfortunately, I married him."

Duke gaped at her. "What! You are not kidding me, are you!"

No—it's all too true." Valerie straightened. 'Let's get out of here. If you'll take me home, I'll tell you about it.'

He rose without a word and piloted her between the close set tables.

On the way home they were silent. Valerie felt deflated, lifeless—and she couldn't forget the way Phil had looked at her nor the veiled threat he had made. Suppose now that she had won his mother's favor he should try to hold her to their marriage? Suppose he should fight whatever attempt she made to free herself from him? The thought filled her with alarm. He could, if he chose, make things very difficult and disagreeable.

Not until she and Duke had reached the apartment, did she begin her explanation of her predicament. Then, while Duke puffed on a cigarette, she told him everything. She described how she had first come under Phil's spell, how she had been flattered by his attentions and had come to believe that she was in love with him.

"I know now that I wasn't," she said, "but I thought I was."

She went on to tell of the evening when Phil had proposed that they drive across the state line and get married, of her hesitation and his insistance, of the change that had come over him immediately after the ceremony.

'After rushing me into the marriage, he regretted it at once—was afraid of what his mother would do when she heard of it. You see, he is completely under her thumb and is dependent on her for every cent he has. He took me straight home and left me."

She recounted their quarrel the next day, told of her discharge from the store and of the letter saying that Phil's mother had persuaded him to have the marriage annulled. She ended with what she had learned from Dot this evening—that there had never been any annulment.

"That's all,' she said, "but you see now why I was upset when you called. I had just heard the bad news.'

Duke rose and paced the floor. "It's all very funny," he muttered. "I don't understand it."

"You would if you knew how terrified he is of his mother," said Valerie.

Duke shook his head." Even so, it still doesn't make sense." He paused and looked at her. 'And now—now you've fallen in love with some one else. That's the situation isn't it?'

"Yes.' Valerie lowered her eyes.

"Sure it's the real thing this time?"

"Perfectly sure. It is Terry Sullivan. He proposed to me this afternoon, and I accepted him. I—I hadn't heard then about Phil."

Duke walked to a window. He stood staring out into the darkness for a long time.

Finally without turning, he said quietly, "I was going to propose to you myself."

Valerie caught her breath. She was startled. Duke loved her—really loved her! . And she had thought—

A wave of remorse swept over her. How unjust she had been to him! She had been fooled by his carefree, offhand manner into believing his affections were superficial—that his interest in her was merely a passing fancy and that he had kissed her as he might kiss any pretty girl when given the opportunity.

She had been wrong.

Now, he was truly, deeply disappointed because he had learned that she loved someone else. But what could she say—or do? Nothing.

(To Be Continued)

Welcome Party

On July 19, 1945, the members of the Mt. Mellick Women's Institute and friends of the district met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mutch, to honor Pte. Stewart Jenkins, who was home on furlough from overseas.

Mr. J. E. MacEachern, the chairman, explained the purpose of the meeting and called on Mr. Charles Mutch to escort Stuart to the place of honor. Mrs. Arden Richards read an address and Miss Marion Jenkins presented Stuart with a sum of money.

Stuart thanked one and all for the kind welcome extended him and for the generous gift.

All present joined in singing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." A bountiful lunch was served by the ladies of the Institute, and after a social hour had been spent, the singing of the National Anthem brought the very enjoyable party to a close.

Following is the address:

Dear Stuart: We, your friends and neighbors, rejoicing in your safe return from overseas, have assembled to extend to you a very hearty and sincere welcome home, and to express to your our gratitude for the part which you have taken so heroically in the war against Germany.

Since you joined Canada's armed forces, we have followed with keen interest your career as a soldier. We sympathized with you when we learned that you had been injured in an accident while you were serving in Newfoundland, and were pleased when some time later we learned of your successful recovery from these injuries. Then, when we heard of your safe arrival overseas, we began to look forward to the day when the war would be over and we could welcome you home to your own community. Now, that long-awaited day has come, and, while our hearts are joyous on this occasion, yet our joy is tinged with sadness for we realize this is but a short furlough for you and that very soon you will be leaving us again to undergo special training to prepare you for service in the Pacific theatre of war.

We heartily congratulate you on your splendid patriotism, and, so that you may the more fully realize the sincerity of our appreciation and gratitude, we ask you to please accept this gift which is accompanied by our very best wishes for success and good luck in whatever you may be called upon to undertake.

Signed on behalf of your neighbors and friends of Mt. Mellick district.

• • •

On Monday night, September 10, 1945, the members of the Mt. Mellick Women's Institute, with a large number of neighbors and friends of the vicinity, met at the home of Mrs. John Cannon to honor her two sons, Sgt. Andrew and Pte. James, who had returned recently from overseas.

Mr. Robert MacRae acted as chairman. After "O Canada" had been sung, Mr. Arden Richards and Mr. Lodge Lane were asked to escort Andrew and James to the places of honor. Mrs. Edmund Robertson, President of the Institute, read an address and Miss Edna Robertson and Mr. Lawson MacEachern made the presentation of a substantial gift of money to each of the young heroes. James, on behalf of his brother and himself, thanked all for the gifts and kind welcome extended them. "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" was heartily sung, after which lunch was served. Following is the address:

Dear Andrew and James: After six long years of war, the world is again at peace, and after having served in the Canadian Army since September 5, 1939, through God's great mercy you have been spared and have returned safe and sound to your home.

We, the members of the Mt. Mellick Women's Institute, together with your friends and neighbors, take this opportunity to express to both of you our sincere gratitude for, and appreciation of your patriotism and the heroism which you displayed in the face of the horrors of modern warfare which you were called upon to endure in the war with Germany. Knowing that you took part in some of the fiercest of the battles following the Allied landings in France, we feel, Andrew and James, that you are of the stuff of which heroes are made. Our hearts tonight are proud and happy, and we value the privilege which is ours in having the opportunity to bid you a hearty welcome home.

Will you please accept this gift of money as a tangible expression of our sincere gratitude to you for your part in helping to free the world from the threat of Nazism.

It is our earnest hope that you may now find an occupation which will bring you happiness and prosperity in the years which lie ahead.

Signed on behalf of your neighbors and friends.

Stop Sniffling
BREATHE FREELY AGAIN
● Sniffling, sneezing . . . sore, irritated nostrils . . . get relief with Mentholatum. Jars and tubes, 30c.
MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

LISTEN IN
PEPPER YOUNG'S Family
MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY
4.30 PM
CBA SACKVILLE DIAL 1070 CBA

Don't Miss
THE HAPPY GANG
To-day and every day • Monday Through Friday
2.15 PM
CBA SACKVILLE DIAL 1070 CBA

OGILVIE MINUTE Oats
Small Flake QUICK-COOKING
OVER LAND OVER SEA THAT'S the Breakfast for ME!
They Taste BETTER They Are BETTER!
OGILVIE Oats
WINNERS GET TOGETHER
FOR many service men and women, getting home means getting back to a regular breakfast of that prime favourite, Ogilvie Oats. For quality — for flavour — for food value, Ogilvie Oats is the winner!

UNCOOKED TOMATO RELISH

14 pounds ripe tomatoes
2 cups chopped celery
2 sweet green peppers
4 large onions
2 cups sugar
½ cup salt
¼ cup mustard seed
3 cups vinegar

Method: Wash the tomatoes, scald, cold dip and peel, removing any green portions, along with the core. Chop the tomatoes and place them in a cheesecloth bag and allow to drain in a cool place overnight.

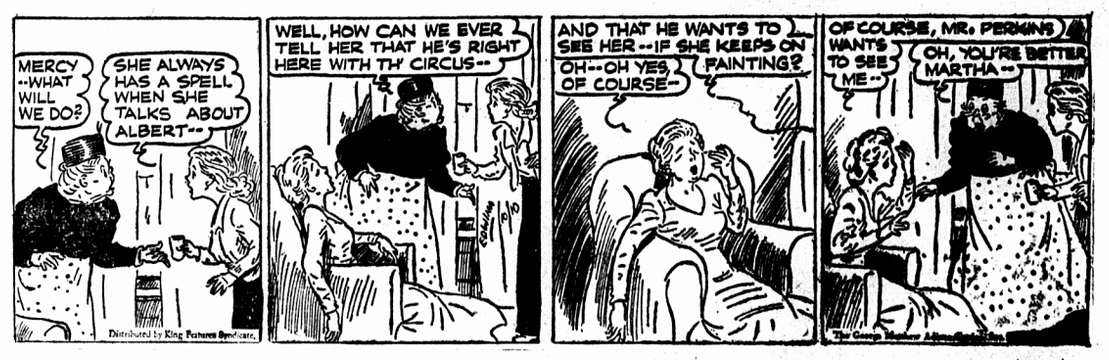
Next morning, chop the celery. Remove the seeds and membranes from the peppers and chop these finely. Peel and chop the onions, and drain these to the drained tomatoes along with the salt, sugar, mustard seed and vinegar. Mix thoroughly and seal tightly in sterilized jars.

BUCKET BRIGADE

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 3 —(CP)— A fire burned part of the honeymoon home of actress Betty Hutton and Chicago businessman Ted Briskin early today, but was extinguished by a bucket brigade consisting of the pajama-clad couple and their maid.

Chlorophyll, the green pigment of plants, is really a four-fold mixture, consisting of green chlorophyll A and chlorophyll B, and two brown pigments—carotin and xanthyphyll.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS By Edwina



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople