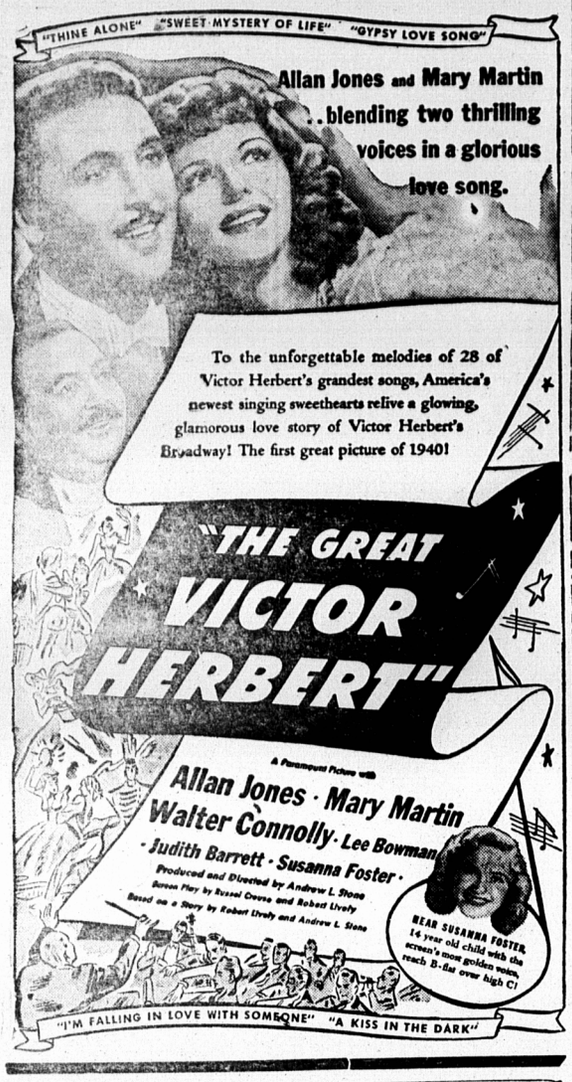
PRINCE EDWARD: Starts TODAY



The grandest comedy romance of high school life ever to reach the screen!

Paramount Presents
Jackie Cooper
and Betty Field
in
"WHAT A LIFE"
with
JOHN HOWARD
JANICE LOGAN
HEDDA HOPPER
PLUS 3 SHORTS
SHOWS 3.15—7—8.45
TODAY & WED.
CAPITOL

Victor Herbert Love Melodies Tune New Film

The world has never stopped singing the immortal love songs of Victor Herbert—now it will hear them from the screen in the first motion picture built around the personality of the great Irish-American composer, "The Great Victor Herbert," which opens today at the Prince Edward Theatre.

With Allan Jones, Mary Martin and Walter Connolly playing the chief roles in a cast that numbers hundreds, "The Great Victor Herbert" goes back to the days when Herbert was czar of gas-lit Broadway, and tells a romantic love story played to more than a score of the master's melodies.

Under the direction of Producer-Director Andrew Stone, whose enthusiasms for the great composer and his work goes back to boyhood, the cream of Herbert's music was included in the film. "The Great Victor Herbert" brings back such unforgettable pieces as "Kiss Me Again," "I'm Falling in Love With Some One," "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," "A Kiss in the Dark" and "Thine Alone."

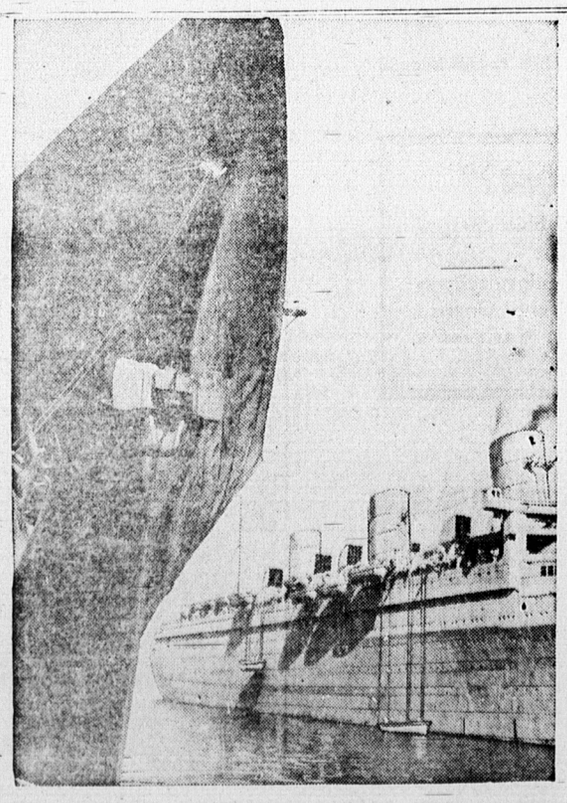
A singing cast equal in calibre to Herbert's greatest music performs in the picture. Chief among the players are Mary Martin, who became a Broadway star overnight singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," Allan Jones, whose film successes include "Show Boat," "Rose Marie" and "The Firefly," and fourteen-year-old Susanna Foster, a promising Paramount discovery.

Not so much the story of Victor Herbert's own career as a drama of his influence on the show world of his day, "The Great Victor Herbert" tells the romance of a young actor and actress who find fame acting in Herbert's great operettas and happiness in their lasting friendship with the master.

INSTRUCTORS' BADGE

LONDON—(CP) —A distinguishing collar badge, with the letters "V. R." will be worn by instruction officers of the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, the Air Ministry has announced.

LONDON—(CP) — The uniform caps of the Royal Air Force don't fit well with a beard, so one officer, who is a Sikh, and must wear a beard wears a blue turban with uniform.



Grim sign of the danger lurking at sea for the British superliner Queen Mary was life-boat drill held by her new crew as the ship made ready to depart from her safe haven in New York. Above, boats are lowered over the side during the drill. Huge prow of French liner Normandie is seen at left.

The 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.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-9789-(-21-311.

A LOYAL FAMILY—Mrs. Annie J. Murphy of this city has the proud distinction of having five sons in the present conflict. They are Robert Bruce with the Navy Service in Halifax; James E., Navy, Halifax; Donald with the P. E. I. Highlanders, Dartmouth; William and John S. with the 8th Medium Battery, Beach Grove Inn. Mrs. Murphy's other son Mr. Fred Murphy is a Great War veteran and resides in Toronto. Mrs. Murphy must indeed be proud of her loyal family.

MacDONALD - CAMERON — A very pretty wedding was solemnized at 5 o'clock Wednesday evening, March 20th at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Cameron, Augustine Cove, when their only daughter, Bessie Marie, was united in marriage to Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus R. MacDonald, Shamrock in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster, of Zion Presbyterian Church, Charlottetown, and took place under an arch from which was suspended a lovely white wedding bell, with white streamers and bows. The bride entered the drawing-room, on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage to the strains of Lohengrins Wedding March, played by Mrs. Artemas Cameron, aunt of the bride. The bride looked charming in an ankle length gown of white satin, cut on princess lines with cowl neck and long sleeves pointed over her hand and a long flowering veil caught up with orange blossoms. A lovely shower bouquet of tailsman roses and maiden hair fern, completed a charming costume. The bride was attended by Miss Anne MacDonald, sister of the groom, who was dressed in an ankle length gown of Acadia blue silk with a wreath of white flowers in her hair. The groom was ably supported by Mr. Elmer Muttart, cousin of the bride. During the signing of the register, Miss Hilda Noye, sang very sweetly "O Promise Me." After the ceremony a delicious wedding supper was served to upwards of forty guests. Mrs. Louis Muttart poured tea, Mrs. Edward McFadyen cut the ices. Assisting in serving were Misses Helen Muttart, Marion Waddell, Eletha Rogerson and Jennie Waddell. The color scheme in the dining-room was pink and white. A large number of serenaders called during the evening to extend best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, who will reside in Augustine Cove, where a host of friends join in wishing them every happiness in their wedded life.

Manual Training At The "Y"

At last meeting of the 'Y's Men's Club Mr. Joe Curran submitted the following report:

If you will bear with me for a short time this evening, I would like to review briefly for the information of our new members and guests the work done among the boys by this Club.

Four years ago, due to the lack of technical training in our schools, and the urgent need of such work among boys, the idea of forming some classes along this line was talked over; the result was that with some borrowed tools, some donated lumber, and the ambition to produce results, a wood-working class was formed utilizing a very small room down near the bowling alleys for our work-shop. One of the first donations towards our work was by Neil McLean. This gave a good start to the first class.

The second year our work-shop was enlarged somewhat and the Y's Men's Club financed the undertaking, equipping the shop at considerable expense with tools and lumber which enabled us to carry on.

Last year the number of boys desiring to take advantage of this work increased to the point where it became necessary to procure an additional instructor, whom we now have in the person of Mr. Percy Barlow.

This year we have an enrollment of some forty five boys many of whom have 100 per cent attendance for the complete term.

Those of you who have visited our shop, and I think all of you have, will agree with me that this venture has been a success. It has been a success also in another direction, as due to the interest created and the constant agitation carried on we now have Manual Training taught as a subject in two of our City Schools under two very competent instructors.

Other classes I would like to mention are the Stamp Club which was started four years ago under the capable direction of Y's Man Ern. Bell, and the Airplane Modelling Class under the leadership of Mr. Roland Taylor. Both of those have done a wonderful work. I will make no comment on those classes as Ern and Rollie are both here this evening and will report on their respective groups.

There is also another class which was carried on all through the past winter which I think very few members of this Club are aware of. This class although small is very important. I refer to a class in model boat building carried on by one who eats, sleeps, and does his thinking in a boat, Y's Man Mac. Irwin. Boat building differs greatly from ordinary wood work. It requires very expert use of tools a keen eye, a knowledge of curves and contours and many other things which differ from ordinary work. At the close of this meeting I would ask the Club to visit the reading room and while looking over the exhibits there to note carefully the two very beautiful sailing models built by Donald Martin and Louis Lowther.

Now as Mr. Barlow is not with us tonight I want to say a word to the boys whom he instructed this year and last. Boys, you are very fortunate in having such an instructor. Mr. Barlow ranks with the highest and those of us who were fortunate in having him as a teacher in our school days can now appreciate the good work he did. He is the one teacher who was outstanding in our memory down through the years, and is fondly remembered by many of his former pupils.

Navy Beau

By Joseph Lewis Chadwick

CHAPTER XXII

The party that night at Roger Channel's big house at Waikiki Beach was a gay, informal affair, with every one enjoying themselves in the way of people who know one another well. They toasted the bride with champagne, then turned on the radio and danced to its music.

While Joyce was dancing with Channel, Phil looked around for Sam Blayman, and found the director sitting alone.

"Sit down, Lieutenant," Blayman invited. "I always get lonesome at a party. Nobody bothers with a fat man."

Phil grinned. "I don't believe you pity yourself as much as you pretend."

"You're right." Blayman gave him a sly wink. "I like being left alone, so that I can just watch and think. And I usually manage to see and think quite a lot!"

"What do you see and think tonight?" asked Phil.

"Well, I see you married a fine girl — and I see you are very much in love with her."

"Tell me something new."

"I'm as fond of Joyce as though she were my daughter and, being fond of her, I'm glad she married you."

"Why,"

"Because I think you're the man for her." Blayman leaned close, lowered his voice. "I'm glad it wasn't Channel!"

Phil stared at him. "Is Channel in love with her?"

"In his way. I don't believe he could be genuinely in love with any one, but he would have married Joyce if he could." The director waggled a fat forefinger at Phil. "Dont ever let her go — he would be waiting!"

"There's no chance of my letting her go. But thanks for the warning."

A little later, Channel approached Phil with a bland smile.

"You're going to be the envy of a lot of men, Randall. Do you realize you married one of the most courted stars in Hollywood?"

"Don't forget that I knew her before she was a star," said Phil.

"That's right. I'd forgotten you and she are old friends."

Phil lit a cigarette and eyed the other man. He had known Channel casually for three or four years and had always instinctively disliked him. Though the producer was friendly on the surface, Phil knew he could be ruthless when opposed — had once heard him boast that he always got what he wanted and didn't care how he got it.

After a moment of silence, Channel said, "Marriage between a movie actress and a naval officer may be—er—rather awkward. I mean, the two professions won't permit you much time together. You're at sea a lot, and Joyce will be pretty busy with her own work."

"I know, but we'll make some arrangement," Phil replied.

"I suppose so." Channel paused, then added, "Your sudden marriage gave me quite a surprise."

"And a jolt?" Phil asked bluntly.

Channel laughed. "That's right. Frankly, I myself am in love with Joyce. Who wouldn't be? She's lovely, Randall. I hope you don't mind my thinking so."

"Not at all." Phil smiled. He was, after all, the winner, and could afford to be generous.

It was shortly after this that he received a minor shock. He was dancing with a little red-headed script girl, when he saw Bert Costigan enter the room.

He was so startled that he missed a step and trod on his partner's toes.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"Not a ghost, but some one I didn't expect to see," said Phil. "Do you see that man who just came in—the one talking to Channel?"

The girl glanced round. "Sure. That's Bert Costigan."

"I know—but what's he doing here?"

"You can't prove it by me. All I know is that he arrived from the States today."

"Is he a good friend of Roger Channel's?"

"Sure." The girl laughed. "Didn't you know that heels go in pairs?"

Phil gave her a quick look. "Don't you like your boss?"

The red-head made a wry face. "I know him too well."

Soon after Phil finished dancing with her, Costigan swaggered across the room to him.

"Hello, Randall," the man said smoothly. "I hear this party is for you. I suppose you don't mind my crashing it?"

"Not if Channel doesn't," Phil answered curtly. "It's his house."

"That's big of you." Costigan grinned. "So you're married?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never thought I'd see the day when Beau Randall would settle down to one girl!" Costigan's tone was mocking. "Besides, I thought Miss Hammond was engaged to your friend Dave Manning. How did you manage to steal her from him?"

Phil flushed angrily. "Lay off, Costigan, or I might finish what I started at Annapolis last year!"

"Don't try it, Randall. I haven't paid you back yet for that punch, but I haven't forgotten it. I mean to settle that score one of these days. I don't forget socks in the jaw!"

With that, Costigan turned and walked away.

A moment later, Joyce came up to Phil and slipped her arm through his.

"What's wrong, darling?" she asked. "You look positively dangerous."

"I've just been talking to Bert Costigan," Phil growled. "I'd like to know what he's doing here. Joyce, did he ever come to you again about Dave?"

"No. After that one time, I didn't see or hear anything of him until I saw him one night at a party of Roger's. I was surprised to discover that they knew each other, and learned that they had become quite chummy. I avoided him, and he didn't come near me. After that, I saw him around Hollywood from time to time, and had to speak to him once or twice, but he never again referred to Dave."

Phil frowned. "Well, let's hope that business, whatever it was, is finished. One of these days, I'm going to find out what it was all about . . ."

CHAPTER XXIII

Six weeks had passed since Phil and Joyce were married. They had been happy weeks — but not entirely unclouded.

Phil had soon discovered that Joyce's work robbed him of too much of her time. Frequently, she was late getting home to their little Waikiki cottage and, when she did arrive home, she often had to spend the evening studying her script. Phil had begun to resent the demands of her career, and recently, his resentment had been growing.

Now, this evening, when he was particularly anxious for her to come home early, she was late again. He was scheduled to sail for Guam and Manila at midnight—would be gone for about a month — and he wanted to have as much time with her as possible before leaving.

At last, he heard a car approaching. He was sitting on the veranda and saw that it was not Joyce's car but Roger Channel's roadster, with Channel at the wheel and Joyce beside him. Phil felt a pang of jealousy. Why should she drive home with Channel?

He rose and stepped down off the veranda as she climbed out of the car. He met her and kissed her.

"Hello, darling. You're late."

"I'm sorry, Phil, but my car broke down. The chauffeur couldn't fix it, so Roger gave me a lift."

Phil looked toward Channel. "Thanks."

The producer smiled. "Don't mention it. I was delighted to have the opportunity."

Phil thought, "I'll bet you were!"

Joyce started toward the house. "I must dash in and change for dinner. Good night, Roger."

Phil talked with Channel for a few minutes, and then, when the other had departed, returned to the veranda.

He sat there while darkness fell. Channel's smug manner annoyed him. He didn't want to resent Joyce's driving home with the man—but he did. He knew he was jealous and couldn't help it.

After a while, Joyce came seeking him.

"Why are you hiding out here?" she asked.

"Just thinking." He paused. "What happened to your car?"

"I don't know. It broke down just as I was leaving the lot. The chauffeur was so stupid about it — just lifted the hood and stared at the motor, without doing anything."

"And then, Channel conveniently happened along," Phil supplied.

"Yes, darling — but don't sound so annoyed." Joyce laughed and kissed him on the forehead. "You wanted me to get home, didn't you? I couldn't very well walk across the island."

"No, of course not. Well, let's go in to dinner."

The Kanaka chauffeur arrived with the car just as they finished dinner. Phil went out to talk to him.

"What was the trouble?"

"I don't know, sir. I think maybe it's the carburetor."

"Why don't you know?" Phil shot at him. "Didn't you fix it?"

The chauffeur averted his eyes. "No, sir. I keep stepping on the starter, and suddenly, it started."

"I see." Phil hardened his voice. "Look here — how much did Mr. Channel pay you to pretend the car broke down?"

The native gave him a scared look. "Pay me? I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Oh, yes, you do! How much did he pay you?"

"Five—five dollars, sir."

Phil glared. "All right — I won't do anything about it this time. But don't let it happen again! If you do, you'll be out of a job!"

As he stalked back to the house, he wondered whether to tell Joyce about Channel's subterfuge. He decided against it. He didn't want to let her know how jealous he was.

(To be Continued)

WAR ALLOTMENTS

LONDON—(CP) — Portions of four Royal parks in London will be taken over as garden allotments during the war emergency. The parks are Bushey Park, Regents Park, Richmond Park and Greenwich Park.

Ask The Soldier
Ask The Airman
Ask The Mothers

What About Canada's War Effort?

A Vote For National Government Is a Vote To WIN - THE - WAR

(Authorized by Publicity Headquarters for National Government.)

The Search Eternal

"The Search Eternal" is the title of an admirable book written by Rev. John T. Payne, Priest Incumbent of the Anglican Church of Georgetown and Cherry Valley of this province.

The book is published by James Clark & Co., Limited of London, England.

The work is of a devotional character and covers many aspects of Christian doctrine.

The official reviewer has this to say about it:

"Although written from the Anglo-Catholic viewpoint, it is not extreme in its language and people of all schools of religious thought will find the book very helpful."

The publishers in their note attached to the volume have this to say:

"An original and refreshing devotional volume dealing with all the major problems of the Christian faith, the author is not afraid to speak his mind, and the robust common sense characterizes his writing".

The book is now on sale throughout Canada and can be bought in Charlottetown at Carter & Co., Limited, and the Maritime Stationers.

Mr. Payne is not only a sincere and thorough student of theology, but a writer who possesses a graceful and effective literary style. His work should prove a valuable addition to the religious literature of today.

In Memoriam

CONDUCTOR HAL B. WARREN

The many friends in this city and throughout the Province learned with deep regret the sudden passing of Conductor Hal B. Warren on Wednesday, March 20th at the early age of fifty-six years. Mr. Warren was taken ill while on duty March 2nd. He was immediately placed under medical care although at first his condition was not considered serious. However, despite the tender care of his wife and his apperent strength he was suddenly stricken with a heart attack which proved fatal.

The many floral tributes, telegrams and messages of sympathy received testify to the esteem with which "Hal" (as he was familiarly known) was held by friends, relatives, fellow workmen and the travelling public with whom he came in contact.

He leaves to mourn besides his sorrowing widow, a daughter, Fanny, (Mrs. F. J. Hess) of Medford, Mass., a son Edwin S. of this city and two grandchildren, J. Warren Hess and James Hal Warren; also the following brothers and sisters:—Albert J., Myrtle (Mrs. H. S. Strickland), Annie (Mrs. J. M. Garnhum) John W. and Gordon C. all of Charlottetown.

The funeral was held on Good Friday under the auspices of the I.O.O.F. from Zion Presbyterian Church, the church almost being filled to capacity, many coming from near and far to pay their last tribute of respect to one so beloved by all. The service was conducted by his pastor, the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster who also held service at the grave. Mr. Arthur Farquharson rendered the solo "Saved by Grace."

The pallbearers were Messrs. Angus Cameron, Ross McEwen, Bernard McKenna, Geo. Ryan, Fraser Morrow and Henry Douglass.

MR. WILLIAM H. AULD

On Tuesday, February 13th, Kingston lost one of its oldest and most highly respected citizens in the passing of Mr. William H. Auld.

The late Mr. Auld having attained the venerable age of eighty years had been in good health, until for some recent months, age began to leave its imprint and his strength began gradually to grow weaker and weaker until on the above mentioned date, God called him to His Eternal Home. Throughout his illness he manifested a calm belief in His Heavenly Father, and his quiet passing exemplified the love and trust he had in One whose ways he never doubted.

The deceased was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Auld, of Kingston, where he resided all his life and was the sole surviving member of a family of fourteen.

The deceased was a member of the Clyde River Presbyterian Church and was visited from time to time by his pastor, Rev. T. V. Goodwill, at all times he quietly exemplified a true Christian attitude and when health permitted was rarely absent from the regular church services. Having a keen desire for music he was ever a ready listener and often times joined with the family in familiar tunes, his favorite hymn being "The Lord's My Shepherd."

His reputation as a livestock raiser was well established, he, having specialized in horses, became known throughout the Maritimes as a horseman of exceptional ability and for upwards of fifty years was an Exhibitor at the Charlottetown Exhibitions where his horses won very many prizes.

Besides his sorrowing widow, formerly Rebecca MacFadyen of Kingston, there are left to mourn the loss of a kind and thoughtful husband and father, one son Allison on the homestead, and one daughter, Mrs. John C. MacNevin, Cornwall; also nine grandchildren.

The funeral was held on Thursday, February 15th under the direction of Mr. N. D. MacLean, and due to illness in the family a short service was held in the home where Rev. Mr. Goodwill spoke comforting words to the bereaved. The body was then conveyed to the Clyde River Presbyterian Church, where despite the winter weather, a very large number of friends assembled to pay tribute to a highly esteemed citizen. The Pastor took for his text, Genesis 47-9 and delivered a very inspiring and impressive address. The music was under the direction of the Presbyterian choir and organist, Mrs. F. Darrach, and the Hymns sung were, "The Lord's My Shepher," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus, and Forever With The Lord." Mr. John C. Heartz very effectively rendered, "God Will Take Care of You."

Interment was in the Clyde River Presbyterian Cemetery. The pallbearers were six nephews of the deceased, Messrs. Bertram and Ira Auld, Millar and Norman MacFadyen, George Beer and Harry Pethick.

MRS. PARMENAS W. PARTRIDGE

Funeral services for Mrs. Christine Isabella (Fraser) Partridge, wife of Parmenas W. Partridge, of 50 Walnut avenue, Andover, who died Sunday night, Feb. 14th was held yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at her home, with Rev. Frederick B. Noss, pastor of the South Congregational church, Andover, officiating.

The bearers were: Edward Partridge, Ralph Partridge, Robert Partridge, Everett Partridge, Laurence Gates, Clarence Austin and Henry Perkins.

The body was placed in the tomb at Spring Grove cemetery. Interment will take place later in the family lot in Old South cemetery.

Many beautiful floral tributes were received testifying to the esteem in which she was held. A large number of sympathy cards also was received. Born in Prince Edward Island she made her home in Andover for thirty-five years and was active in the organizations of the South Congregational church and the League of Women Voters. She is survived by her husband and a son Walter, both of Andover; her daughter, Mrs. Mary Gates of Winchester; a granddaughter, Marilyn Gates; three sisters, Mrs. James McKay of Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. Charles Miller of Chicago, Ill. and Mrs. Russell White of Prince Edward Island. Mrs. Geo. Telfer, Brooklyn, N. Y. her Stepmother Mrs. C. Fraser, Brooklyn, N. Y. One brother John in San Francisco, Calif. Deceased was the daughter of the late Jas. T. and Mrs. Fraser of Eldon, Belfast.—Andover Exchange.

MRS. GEORGINA STRATTON

Mrs. Georgina Stratton, 67, widow of W. B. Stratton, former Washington state attorney general, died in hospital at Seattle, on March 18th, after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. Stratton, who was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wallace L. and Janet (Thomson) Rodd of Brackley Point Road, P.E.I., will be very kindly remembered by relatives in this city and Province. Mrs. Stratton was in apparent good health on Christmas day when she and her son Mr. Irving Stratton and Mrs. Stratton took dinner with her sister Florence, Mrs. (Dr.) McAlpine in Vancouver. The following Saturday Mrs. Stratton suffered a stroke and was in the Vancouver Hospital until February 24th when she was removed to the Hospital in Seattle. However she never regained consciousness and passed away on March 18th. She leaves besides her only son Irving, her sisters Maggie, Mrs. Frank Brazil, High River, Alta; Miss Annie Rodd, nurse in Vancouver; Mrs. Melville Krolik, Montreal; Florence, Mrs. (Dr.) McAlpine, Vancouver and brothers Mr. Robert Rodd in Edmonton and Mr. James A. Rodd, Department of Fisheries, Ottawa, to all of whom sympathy is extended.

Red Cross Activities

Whether war news is good or bad, the women of Canada go indefatigably on in their war-work effort, and the Prince Edward Island Red Cross and other organizations of war-workers are keeping pace knitting and sewing, packing and shipping garments for our soldiers, sailors and airmen.

At the Red Cross Headquarters in Charlottetown a much needed change has been made in the main workroom by the addition of a roomy built-in-cupboard for materials and finished work. This cupboard extends across the entire backwall of the work room. The lower part is much wider than the upper and is divided into sections for holding the different kinds of knitting wools. In the upper part shelves are provided for holding webs of materials, etc. This addition has made it much more convenient for workers. There is now a place for every thing and every thing in its place.

Those in charge of war-work are deeply grateful to the carpenters who built this very fine cupboard.

Charlottetown and Prince Edward Island Red Cross members in general are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the approaching visit of Mrs. Wallace R. Campbell, Chairman of the Women's War-Work in Canada, who will visit Charlottetown on April 1st. Details of Mrs. Campbell's visit will be announced later.

Red Cross Headquarters would like finished work for which materials were given out last fall and early in the New York turned in as soon as possible so that every thing connected with the work may be brought as up to date as possible.