OLD HOME WEEK

and PROVINCIAL LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION

Charlottetown, August 10 to 13

TO-DAY'S PROGRAM

— FRIDAY, AUGUST 13th —

— AFTERNOON —

Horse Racing and Vaudeville in Front of Grand Stand—1.40 —C.W.A.C. Precision Squad.

(Races start at 2.00 o'clock SHARP)

FOUR YEAR OLD FUTURITY PACE
2.17 TROT
JUNIOR FREE FOR ALL

NOTE: It may be necessary to race the 2.19 Trot and Pace and 2.22 Pace in two divisions. If so the second division will be added to either Thursday or Friday.

Vaudeville Acts and C.W.A.C. Entertainment will be interspersed between heats of the Harness Racing, with singing by Helen Bruce. Orchestral Band of 21 pieces will furnish music.

— EVENING SHOW —
IN FRONT OF GRAND STAND

(SHOW STARTS at 8.00 o'clock)

Full evening program with all acts of Vaudeville and C.W.A.C. Entertainment and Precision Squad—Singing by Helen Bruce. Intermission at nine o'clock for presentation of prizes to owners, drivers and grooms. Orchestral band of 21 pieces. A concluding evening's performance that will be one of the best of the four, with a finale of fireworks.

NOTE: We wish to extend our grateful thanks to Lever Bros., manufacturers of Soap Products, Toronto, for their kind release of Helen Bruce to take part in our Old Home Week program.

Godfrey Sound System

All announcements will be made by the Godfrey Sound System, conveying music and song in the truest possible manner. Music will be furnished by a 21-Piece Orchestral Band, each one a finished musician. Singing by Helen Bruce.

LYNCH'S 1943 IMPROVED MIDWAY will be seen in action every afternoon and evening. Included in his thrills will be twin giant Ferris Wheels with new lighting effects on both wheels. In addition there will be the Merry-Go-Round, Charplane, Whip, Kiddie Ride, Loop-the-Loop, Octopus Ride—The very latest in amusement devices. Other specialties will be the Monkey Circus and Pony Rides. Don't fail to take in the Midway. In the evenings it will be a beautiful sight with over 800 extra colored lights and music from two organs. New sideshows will make their appearance here, fronted with new banners, new canvas and the latest in sound speakers. Positively the greatest line of attractions that has ever been exhibited at a Midway in the Maritimes. A special trip of the Ferry and special train with 12 cars are required to bring Lynch's Shows here.

Dinners and lunches served in restaurant under Main Grand Stand. Reasonable prices.

ADMISSION FREE TO MAIN GROUNDS,
MIDWAY AND LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION

GRAND STAND:—Afternoon, 75 cents for Horse Races and Vaudeville (Tax extra.)

Children, 50 cents (Tax extra.)

EVENING SHOWS GRAND STAND:—35 cents (Tax extra).
Children 25 cents (Tax extra).

LT.-COL. D. A. MacKINNON, D. S. O., President.
J. W. BOULTER, Secretary.

Westward Ho! for Reds

Arrows on map indicate where Red land and air forces pulverize enemy defenses in pincer movement drives against Bryansk and Kharkov, following capture of Orel and Belgorod, key cities on central Russo-German front.

Appointments At Dalhousie University

President Carleton Stanley announces two new appointments at Dalhousie University. Walter J. Chute is appointed Associate Professor of Chemistry, and will assume his duties at the opening of the term. Mr. Chute is a Nova Scotian and formally taught in Nova Scotian schools. In 1940-41 he held a studentship of the National Research Council of Canada, and since that has held fellowships. While holding these awards he worked in the Chemistry Department of Toronto University, assisting in wartime projects. He received his Ph. D. degree from Toronto University this year, specialising in Organic Chemistry.

Dr. C. Roebuck is appointed Assistant Professor in the Classics Department. Though still in his twenties, Dr. Roebuck has already had a very distinguished career. After preparation in Ontario high schools, he entered the Honours Classics course in the University of Toronto, and was awarded first class standing in each of his four years. In addition to the regular courses in Greek and Latin, Dr. Roebuck did special work in Ancient History and in Classical Archaeology in the Royal Ontario Museum.

Though in good health generally, Dr. Roebuck has been rejected by the military authorities both in Canada and in the United States on account of defective vision.

President Carleton Stanley announces that there will be a special convocation at 3 p.m. on the 1st of September next to award degrees in the accelerated courses of Medicine and Dentistry. A former special convocation for the same purpose was held in January 1943.

The speaker at the convocation will be Dr. Boris P. Babkin. Dr. Babkin graduated from the Military Medical Academy at St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1904. The subject of Dr. Babkin's address will be "The Scientific Trend of Modern Medicine". At a recent meeting of the Senate of Dalhousie University, it was unanimously decided to award Dr. Babkin the degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa.

KARIN ELLIS

By Michael Jackson
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

CHAPTER II

Emily was out of breath as she clattered up the steps of the porch. Her mother, who had been waiting in the unlighted front room, opened the door. "Stayed quite a little while," Mrs. Tillotson said happily.

She led the child to the sofa and set a match to the oil lamp. She was full of questions. Who had been at the house? What did they say? Did they ask her to call again? It was not until the flame in the lamp was well up that she saw that Emily had not moved from her position in the center of the room, her coat still unbuttoned.

Mrs. Tillotson frowned. "Don't stand there like an I-don't-know-what," she said rather sharply. She sensed something amiss with the child.

"I lost my penny," Emily said.

Mrs. Tillotson expelled a relieved breath. "Oh," she said, "that's all right. The Doctor will get you an other. Now tell me everything, Emily. Right from the beginning."

Emily's monosyllabic account, under her mother's constant prodding, was sketchy but satisfying. Mrs. Tillotson was especially pleased when Emily told of having been offered a nickel. "Showed they liked you all right." And even when Emily admitted that she did not have the nickel, Mrs. Tillotson was not to be put off of her sudden good humor. "It was the idea behind it that counted," she said, smiling to show her yellow teeth.

Stolidly submissive to the questioning, Emily admitted that the group had talked at great length about her mother and father. Mrs. Tillotson leaned forward, her pale eyes narrowing. "What did they say?" She nudged Emily. "What did they say?"

"I dont' know very good. I couldn't tell."

"You must know something. You can tell whether it was good or bad—big girl like you."

Emily was silent, her eyes downcast.

"Well, was it good?"

Emily waited as long as she dared. "Yes." The word came out in a choked little whisper.

Mrs. Tillotson talked on for fifteen minutes more and Emily, when pressed, uttered sounds, her eyes on the floor. "And that's everything?" Mrs. Tillotson said at last. "You haven't left anything out?"

"No, Mother."

In the kitchen, next to the stove's warmth, Emily could not eat her soup. She pushed the bowl back over the smooth oilcloth. Mrs. Tillotson was unperturbed. "You're run down after all the excitement," she said. "Go to bed. You'll feel better in the morning."

In bed, the door closed, unharnessed the restraint within her. She hid her head under the quilt, biting it, and in a short while, she was sobbing luxuriantly. She had had the glimpse of a truth: Families, seen from the outside, are quite different from families seen from the inside. All the protective perfection of home and parents were torn from her. Some day, she thought through her sobs, she would prove that her mother and her father were the best people in the world. And she would have the best house in the world, too. "And I won't let anybody in, either," she said, aloud. "Not anybody!"

That was the beginning.

In the next few years Emily came to recognize her family's basic position. They were too good for all but a very few, and not nearly good enough for these few.

Because she was silent and walked erectly, many thought her a priggish and conceited little girl. Often, coming home from school or marketing, she would see her father, happily drunk, singing as he squatted at the curb, or boisterously or maudlingly drunk, creating a scene. Though her face flushed and her heart pounded, she would not look at him. Unflinching, her eyes straight ahead, she would pass him by as if he did not exist at all.

Emily loved her father. She loved him with an unquestioning, enveloping love that accepted his every weakness. Sometimes, in days of contrition, the Doctor would return that love with shy apologies, and these were happy days. Emily liked best the fall, when the sumach and maple were alive with color, and she and the Doctor woud take long, quiet walks. But often, at the end of what had been a perfect day, the Doctor would leave her at the saloon. "You trot on home, Emily," he would say, his eyes averting her level gaze, "I'm going to stop in for a nip. Cold."

And so she would leave him, ignoring the snickers of the men on the corner, to walk home alone and wait the long hours for his return.

Next to these all the rare days when her father took her for walks, Emily liked best to visit old tobacco chewing Mr. McCrumb, who owned the livery stable. She felt the place to be a haven. She was accepted there and no one ever talked of her father or her mother or the people at The Hill.

When Emily was graduated from the Academy, she felt herself to be stuffed with business knowledge but with no place to use it.

The depression of 1907, called the "rich man's panic" but affecting rich and poor alike, had swept the country. She soon discovered, after weeks of job seeking in Norwich, that this panic, treated with statistical abstractness in the papers, could be a highly personal affair. She had finished preparing for life and not begun living it. She was eighteen. Sometimes, she thought that she would go to the mill and ask for work. But she know the mill was running far below capacity.

In mid-afternoon of a sultry, cloudless day in late August, Emily, bored and irritated, walked to McCrumb's livery stable. Mr. McCrumb was sunning himself. Emily greeted him rather shyly.

"How do, Emily?" he said.

She sat beside him on the long, whittled bench that rested against the wall. "How have you been, Mr. McCrumb?"

"Fair to middlin'." He pushed the tobacco to the side of his mouth and spat. Mr. McCrumb was a bent, thickish man whose muscles now hung loosely from him. "Getting to be a big girl," he said.

"Too big. I suppose I'll never stop growing."

"You will," he said. "Everybody does some time. Expect you've been spending the summer spooning."

"I have not!"

"You will be," he said easily. "Picked out a man for yourself?"

"No."

"Speak up. I can't hear you if you're going to talk into your chin."

"I said no." She almost shouted.

"Well, you ought to. You're old enough."

"I don't want to."

"Sure you want to. Every woman wants a man."

"I don't want one ever." She snapped out the words and Mr. McCrumb blinked in surprise.

"Emily, you ain't fixing to be one of them odd ones, are you?" He paused for a moment, then said kindly, "No cause for you to be odd just because—"

Mr. McCrumb never discussed the Doctor or her mother. That was one of the reasons she sought out his company. But she could not ignore the implication of his last remark. "I just want to go to work," she said. "There's nothing odd about that."

"There ain't and there is." Mr. McCrumb grunted and crossed his legs. "There ain't nothing odd about a man wanting to go to work. Ain't nothing odd about a person being real poor and wanting to work to get something to eat."

"We're poor."

"Maybe you are. But that ain't the reason—the real reason—you want to work. You think it's the be-all of living. Well, I can tell you that it ain't—least not for women."

"I didn't say that it was."

"No. But you was thinking that it was—for you. Emily, I know you a lot better than you think I do." He pointed a stubble finger at her. "There's only one way to be happy, and if you don't abide by what I say, you'll remember this — to your own — till your dying day."

"What is it?"

"This is what it is: Live according to nature, not against it. If you don't, nature will catch up with you some day, and when she does she'll give you an awful walloping."

Emily followed him into the shadows of the stable. He pretended to busy himself with Flossie, and paused in his inspection of the bruised hoof to say to her: "Don't know why I went on like I did, anyhow. There's no job for man or woman in Hilltown no matter how much I talk." He stood and rubbed his hands. "Come to think of it, there is one job. At Lufton's. A man's job. Their delivery man left them."

"Is it still open?" Emily's voice was quick with excitement.

"Expect it is. Jim Gravineau, he left for Willimantic last night without as much as a by-your-leave."

"Then I'm going to get it."

His startled gaze followed her out into the bright lazy sunlight, her head erect, her shoulders back. "I'll be darned if she don't!" And he gave his thigh a resounding smack.

The next morning, when Hilltown first saw Emily, it gawked in amazement. There was muffled laughter from the sidewalks. Then the town remembered and understood with amusement. "That girl!" they told each other. "She's a chip of the old block."

Soon she became an accepted sight; a young eccentric who handled the wagon with a truckster's skill, the reins firm in her hands and her knee up as her foot rested lightly on the brake pedal.

An eccentric or not, Emily went about her work with a cool, impersonal competence that soon assured her of having the job permanently, or as long as she wanted it. At first, Mr. Lufton had not promised to keep her. But there were several deliveries to be made that afternoon when she walked so haughtily into the store and he decided to give her the chance.

"Emily," Mr. Lufton told her, when finally she made him understand that she could make the deliveries as well as clerk, 'it's a man's work, and I ain't sure I ought to let you do it. But even if I do, I might as well tell you now that I'll have to let you go soon as I can get a man."

But he did not let her go. She worked with such fervor, completed her errands with such speed that he could only chuckle.

(To be Continued)

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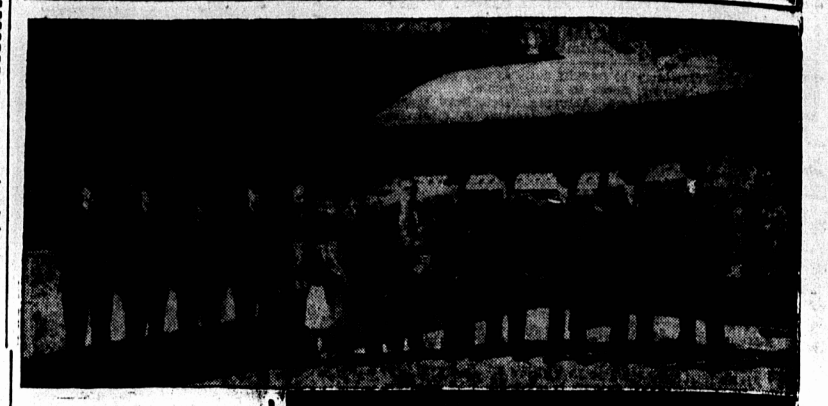
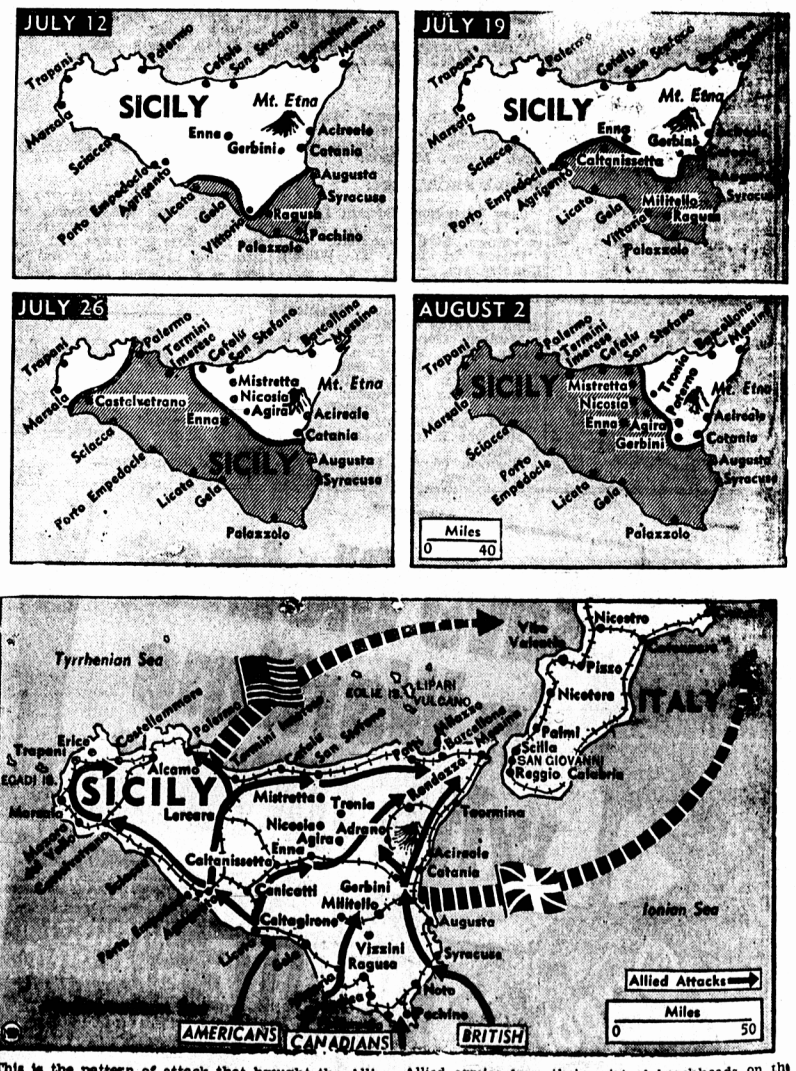


A Trans-Canada Air Lines crew established a new non-stop record from Montreal to Britain, flying a big transport plane in the Canadian Government's new wartime trans-Atlantic service for the carriage of mail to and from the Dominion's overseas forces. From the take-off in Montreal to the landing in Britain the elapsed time was 12 hours and 26 minutes, 25 minutes faster than the previous best time. Trans-Canada crews will be regularly engaged in the new service and the plane carried a second T.C.A. crew to Britain in addition to three official passengers and mail. Above: crew members and passengers. Left to right—H. Thomae; Captain M. B. Barclay; A. J. Blackwood; Captain A. Rankin; C. S. Hewett; W. Houston, Superintendent of a De Haviland Aircraft Plant; J. R. K. Main, Inspector of Airways, Department of Transport; C. S. Ritchie, Executive Secretary, Department of External Affairs, High Commissioner's Office, London, England; G. Nettleton; Captain R. M. Smith; Captain Ronald F. George, Operations Manager of T.C.A. and Pilot of the record-breaking trip; and Squadron Leader J. R. Gilmore. The members of the crews hail from points in the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their home towns include Vancouver, B.C., Lethbridge, Alta., Melville, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Stratford, Ont., Montreal, Que., and Sackville, N.B.

Below: Lieut. E. R. Kightley, of the Canadian Army Postal Corps, (centre) supervising the loading of mail previous to the take-off. The plane carried 2,600 pounds of mail for the men and women of Canada's forces overseas.

Four-Week March to Victory in Sicily



This is the pattern of attack that brought the Allies to almost complete victory after only four weeks of attack. Top maps show progress of Allied occupation after first two days of fighting and each week thereafter. Attack arrows on bottom map show march of Allied armies from their original beachheads on the southeast coast to the final battles in the northwest corner. Even before the complete victory at Messina, the Allies may strike out to invade the Italian mainland, which has already been shelled at Vibo Valentia and Crotone.

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House By Major Hoople