

TODAY — GARSON and GABLE in
"Adventure"
 SHOWS 2.30 — 7 — 9 — COME EARLY !!!

PRINCE EDWARD THUR. FRI. and SAT.

The country went head-over-heels for
JANIE!!
 NOW SHE'S
 HEAD-OVER-HEELS IN
 LOVE!!

A BRIMMING HONEYMOON
 PARTIES CAME ALONG!

"SHE HELL GOT—
 HE BETTER!"

WE'VE GOT
 NEW TOP
 UNUSUAL
 PLANNING
 YOURS!

JANIE Gets Married

JOAN LESLIE
 ROBERT HUTTON

EDWARD ARNOLD ANN HARROWING
 PHENIX SHEPHERD

NEWS — COMEDY — CARTOON

Special Representative

Always Another Spring
 By Adelaide Humphries

"Janice is in love," Jen teased. "She had a terrific crush on that Kenyon boy she dated last weekend. Yes, you have, Janice. You can't spoof me. You rave about him all the time, even in your sleep. You've done nothing but moon since you met him."

"I suppose you haven't got a crush. Her twin scowled fiercely. "Going steady with that Perkins lug since the eighth grade. I'm not in love with anybody. I don't intend to fall in love with anybody, ever. I shall have loads of men in my life, naturally. But I doubt if I shall marry anyone."

"At least you needn't be in any hurry. Her mother suggested dryly. "She was well-janiced for one, there's a dear. Jen, I'll dictate a while if you want me to help with lessons." Jen had to study like a fiend to keep her marks up. It did not seem fair when every subject came so easily to Janice. It was as well Janice could let steam; she was a rebel and a leader. Her mother was not afraid for her. She was more concerned with Jen's quiet repression.

The twins looked as much alike as they were different fundamentally. Only their immature family and those outsiders who took particular pains, could tell them apart. Jen's face was tanner and brighter, Jackie's eyes darker. Both were startlingly attractive even at this immature stage. Their eyes were bluer than Anne's—hers were a steady grey. Her hair was brown with only highlights of the bright copper that made their curly tops a breathtaking riot.

It was ridiculous, Anne thought, for them to talk about love and marriage. They had never faced those problems. They seemed so incredibly young. Sometimes it had been impossible for Anne to realize that she had once been as young and impetuous and sure of herself. Then, of course she had. The twins were almost eighteen. Anne had considered herself grown up when she was that age. David had been a whole year younger. He had had a good eastern college had been good enough in Mrs. Sherman's opinion for her only son—and Anne had had six months in art school. Three more years and she and David would marry. David would enter the furniture business his father had established.

Three years had loomed an eternity then. But they had written every day and promised to think about it every very single year, and there would be summers and vacations. All of this when the twins had a fairly bursting with prosperity.

But David's father's business had gone sour. He had lost his job and had had to start over. He had died an old, heartbroken man at fifty, with nothing to bequeath his widow and so young a daughter. A modest insurance and a few salvaged and sound government bonds David had left Yale in the middle of his sophomore year to come home and look for a job. He had said he did not mind that, but Anne had said she could not marry that much sooner? Now they would only have to wait until he got a start, instead of three long years.

They had waited much longer than that. Years longer. Anne, making herself especially pretty for David, wondering why they had waited so long. It had taken David seven years to get that start, of course, though he had been fortunate. He had started from the pigments up in the Payne Paint Company. Now he was their star salesman, with every evidence of going up the ladder. But outside his necessities so many expenditures and problems. The first, Anne recalled, had been a car—his first car. He smelled of cologne and was promoted to selling and to a salary on which they could have married.

"A salesman has to have a car," David had said. "You can see that, can't you, Anne?"

Being a "seeing" person, Anne could. Naturally David had to have a car and new clothes and a membership in the Country Club. The latter, she remembered, she usually said it. For tonight she still later the Masons and the Young Men's Association. David was quite a "joiner"—of worth while things only. Anne could see how much such connections helped a fellow in business couldn't he? Every Monday night and played poker every other Saturday. These activities were indulged in for business reasons. David, though, there were times when Anne found that explanation not too convincing. "The time had been the winter his mother had decided she must

Surplus Herring And Mackerel Catch

HALIFAX, July 16 (CP)—Capt. Ben MacKenzie, President of the Canadian Fishermen's Union, said today the C. F. U. would apply to the British Board for export permits to ship surplus herring and mackerel to Maine ports.

Capt. MacKenzie's statement followed reports that 30,000 fishery boats had to dump \$5,000 worth of herring at Lunenburg, N. S., Saturday because Lunenburg Sea Products, Limited, was unable to handle the catch.

The freezers at the plant were filled to capacity and C. J. Morrow, secretary-treasurer of the company said it was the first time in history his plant was unable to process the catch.

Capt. MacKenzie said herring buyers at Lunenburg and Eastport, Me., had told him last winter they would take surplus Nova Scotian herring for smoking and canning. He said if it were declared surplus the Maine buyers would send boats here to pick it up.

When you serve GRAPE-NUTS
 2 tablespoons give you a full serving!

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Two grains, not just one, go into the preparation of Grape-Nuts; sun-ripened wheat and malted barley, double-baked by a special process. This combination gives that distinctively different Grape-Nuts flavor, sweet-as-a-nut — truly satisfying.

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Blazing the Western Trail

CHARLES STARRETT
 as The Durango Kid

with TEX HARDING • Bob Taylor • Carole Mathews and BOB WILSON and His Texas Playboys

Musical — Sports — Cartoon

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When sheriffs tracked down only the Durango Kid can make justice triumphant!

Blazing the Western Trail

CHARLES STARRETT
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Musical — Sports — Cartoon

Romance of the West

FINAL CHAPTER OF "SECRET AGENT X-9"

and First Chapter of NEW SERIAL "PHANTOM RIDER"

JOE PALOOKA

Drive out ACHES

JUST RUB IN MINARD'S LINIMENT

PERU has urged manufacturers to reduce production of luxury articles, and farmers to increase output of prime necessities.

HIGHFIELD LADIES AID

The monthly meeting of Highfield Ladies Aid met on June 19th at the home of Mrs. H. Sanderson with an attendance of seven members and three visitors present. The meeting opened with hymns. What a friend we have in Jesus," followed by responsive reading of St. Mark, 14th chapter, verses 1-72. Questions on chapter were answered by members. Minutes of May meeting were read and approved. Roll was responded to with word "Father." Collection 85 cts. A letter of thanks was read from Mrs. H. Bask, thanking members for gift.

It was moved by Mrs. G. Stetson and seconded by Mrs. S. MacKinnon that the aid go shares on studio couch for the Marshfield Manse. Prop. for July meeting Mrs. C. Hurry. Lunch. Mrs. S. MacKinnon and Mrs. C. Hurry. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. C. Hurry. On July 17th roll to be answered with word "Evil." (annual meeting and all members are requested to be present). The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer. Lunch was served by hostess and committee and a social hour followed.

THREE AT CHURCH PARADE

CHATHAM, England (CP)—Only two colonels and a lance-corporal fell in on the first voluntary church parade held here after the war. The parade was held in the town square and the three who were banned in Southeastern Command.

EGG PUBLICITY

CANBERRA, July 15 (CP)—Every 12,000 eggs Australia hopes to ship to Britain before the end of the year will be stamped with the name "Australia"

DO YOU THINK 2 ARE ENOUGH?

They had waited long enough, she and David. They would decide tonight exactly when they would marry. She would lead up to it shamelessly, if necessary. For suddenly it seemed important that they decide. They must never again believe in David's words—that there would always be another spring.

This was the one. No other would do. Anne was so certain of that, that David must see it, feel it, too. They went to a neighborhood movie at Anne's suggestion. She never liked David to feel he must spend a great deal when he took her out; indeed, she liked him to feel that he must not.

Anne said she wished they had walked, the night was so inviting, so urgent. The Gibson girl and man were were in the moon. The air heralded spring, like a trumpet.

"We can still ride," David said, holding open the door of his sedan. "even though the old bus is a bit rusty. Next time I take you out, Anne, well, go in style."

"In style?" Anne repeated vaguely, the music still humming, inside her head. Then sharply, "David! you don't mean—you're not thinking of buying another new car this spring?"

"I'm not thinking about it. I ordered it today." He got in beside her, threw the car into gear. He seemed in a hurry to get started. "It's a beauty, Anne. You'll be crazy about it. That new shade of blue, not greenish, silvery. With light grey upholstery. Oh, it'll do us proud."

"But you don't need a new car," Anne's voice was too quiet. The music had stopped humming in her head, that singing expectancy had stopped inside of her. "This car does very well. You only bought it a little over a year ago, David."

"A year and five months," he corrected. "You forget, Anne, how the mileage piles up now that I do some out of town selling." He had had some nearby towns added to his territory. "I got a marvelous deal, a swell trade-in allowance if I put off buying a car much longer I'd be losing money." Anne did not say anything. She was doing a lot of thinking.

"You don't act very pleased," David said. He might almost have been urging her to argue.

"I can't act what I don't feel. I hoped, Anne spoke slowly, guarding not only her words but a rising tide of rebellion, "that you'd do something else this spring if you had extra money."

"It isn't exactly a case of extra money," David's laugh was short. "Lord knows I wish there was

some lying around. I just told you he car was really a precisely 2009. David was explaining with a show of impatience. "If you want to get on, I mean. You've no idea what it costs when I'm on the road—entertaining, liquor, dinners. You can't land the orders unless you do. Why, a man can spend a fifty in a single evening and not know where it's gone! That's nothing really. Not that I begrudge it when it turns the trick—and you know, Anne, I'm leading the sales records again this year. If I come out tops there'll be a neat little bonus in it for me. And then," he glanced down at her now because she still kept so silent, "I can do the things I really want to do." (To be continued)

FIRST BY EAR WITH A POSTWAR CAR

Announcing the New 1947 Studebaker

HERE'S Canada's first completely new postwar car—the dramatically different new 1947 Studebaker! It's low! It's long! It's luxurious! It's your dream of a postwar car come true—thrillingly new from every view—a melody in metal!

Here's more than radically advanced new postwar styling. Here's the world's finest motor car ride—remarkable operating economy—a full measure of Studebaker's famous top-quality workmanship.

Right now, we're showing the new 1947 Studebaker Champion—fresh off the production lines. And almost any day, the distinctive new 1947 Studebaker Commander will also be on display.

The crowds are big—but come in anyhow. This is Canada's first genuine, fully tested postwar car. Make sure to be one of the first to see it.

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE AND TRY THESE POSTWAR STUDEBAKER ADVANCEMENTS

Exclusive new self-adjusting brakes! Exclusive new "black light" instrument dials! Exclusive new plunger suspension with floating spring ends! Exclusive new 1947-type overdrive transmission! Exclusive new coupe with rear windows clear around! Exclusive new 1947-type Climatizer ventilating and heating! Exclusive new 18-inch wheels with wide 7-rib tires!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

A MR RED DANBLACK TO SEE YOU—HES YOUR CAMPAIGN MANAGER!

SEND HIM IN!

JIGGS—WERE HAVIN' A TOUGH TIME WITH OUR CAMPAIGN—MUG MISTEN AND 'SLIM' ANTHIN ARE GVIN' US A LOT OF TROUBLE!

WHOS AT FAULT?

BOTH OF THEM! EACH OF THEM THINKS HE IS RIGHT IN HIS OPINION—BUT NEITHER OF 'EM IS RIGHT!

CAN'T WE GET THEM TOGETHER SOMEHOW?

GET THEM TOGETHER? WHY—AT TH' MEETING YESTERDAY—IT TOOK SIX COPS TO SEPARATE 'EM!

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER