PRINCE EDWARD -:- *TOMORROW*

Special Friday night—Drawing for Diamond Ring by Ladies Auxiliary Canadian Legion B. E. S. L.

Walter Pidgeon—Rosalind Russell

"DESIGN FOR SCANDAL"

TO-DAY ONLY—SHOWS 2.30—7—9

CAPITOL -:- *Now Playing*

Also —Green Hornet—Popeye—Comedy

SHOWS 2.30—7—8.45

EMPIRE *TO-NIGHT* FRI SAT.

Plus Winners Of The West—Comedy

Shows 7—8.45 —Matinee Sat. Only 2.30

House of Hate

By ISABEL GARLAND

CHAPTER XXXVI

Chad fixed his gaze on Miss Peasley. "Aunt Leona! Tell me! Is it true that, when you were in Mother's closet, you didn't see any one through that crack in the door until we all came into the room together?"

"I-yes," she quavered.

Chad flung his arms above his head exultantly. "I've got it! Don't you all see what that means? If Aunt Leona didn't see any one, no one came into the room. Isn't that right?"

"Of course," said Dr. Harry, "but——"

"I call upon the rest of you to bear witness," Chad rushed on. "Remember how we met downstairs after the storm started and how we discovered that Mother and Aunt Leona weren't with us?"

Estelle leaned forward. "And I sent Paul up to see why Mother hadn't come down."

"Yes! Then he came back and said she was dead. But how did he know she was dead when he hadn't gone into her room to find out? I ask you that!"

In the electric silence that followed, all eyes were fixed on Paul. No one stirred.

Then, the sheriff spoke. "I guess that clinches it," he said grimly. "Mr. Comstock, I arrest you——"

Quick as a flash Paul whipped out a gun. "No, you don't——"

In the same instant, a gun had appeared in the sheriff's hand.

Paul's shot went wild, but the sheriff's found its mark. As Paul slumped to the floor, Serena screamed. . . .

A long time afterward, it seemed, Serena found herself lying on the chaise lounge in her room. Alan sat beside her, holding her hand. After that nightmare in the drawing room, oblivion had overwhelmed her and, even after she had been revived, everything had seemed hazy and queer.

"Alan — tell me. Did Paul — is he——"

"Yes—he confessed everything before he died. But you mustn't think about it now."

"I want to hear it now. Tell me."

And so, Alan told her the story. . . .

From the day when Paul had come back to his mother's home, his scheme had gradually taken shape. Though he made an outward show of reconciliation with his mother, he hated her bitterly. Knowing that only her death would release him from bondage, he coolly planned to bring this about.

First, however, he meant to assure himself of such material security that he need never again endure the poverty through which he had struggled in recent years. He was aware that, despite the ruthlessness with which she had treated him, she favored him over her other children and cherished a secret pride in him. Making the most of her favoritism, he played up to her and cultivated a seemingly close mother-and-son association. Finally, his first objective was gained. The day came when she told him of her decision to leave her entire fortune to him.

Then, Fate, in the person of an avaricious houseman with a bottle of green ink, speeded events. Believing that one of her other children had tried to poison her, she hastily drew up the new will. When she told Paul that night what she had done, he came to a quick decision.

He had already mapped out a plan. Now he decided to carry it out at once. His scheme was to kill his mother, then lay suspicion on Thurber by planting evidence in the latter's cottage. This evidence was to be her diamond ring and the money she kept in her desk. He would make ite seem that robbery was the motive for the murder.

He little knew that Thurber actually did intend to rob her on that very night. Moreover, Thurber was ahead of him in entering her room. Paul, creeping in later to strangle her, took the ring from her finger but was startled to find the money gone.

More than that, he saw that the screen on one of her windows was unfastened. Evidently the thief had come and gone through the window. Then, a terrifying thought struck Paul. Had the thief only recently left the room, and had he still been outside there on the porch roof, peering in while Mateel Comstock was being strangled? Paul, looking out, saw a light in the Thurber cottage. What was Thurber doing up in the middle of the night? Was it he who . . .

There was only one thing to do—go to the man and, by subtle questions, find out whether he knew anything.

At the door of the cottage, Paul knocked several times but received no answer. Finally, he opened the door and walked in. The living room was deserted.

Paul, deciding that Thurber was indeed the thief and had now fled, almost laughed aloud. How neatly the man had played into his hands! Nothing to do now but plant the ring—there under the edge of the couch, as thouggh it had been dropped by Thurber in his haste to get away.

Now the man was hopelessly involved . . . unless . . . Again, that terrifying thought struck Paul. Had Thurber witnessed the murder? Would he go to the police even at his own risk?

This question continued to haunt Paul. The storm broke and he made his pretended discovery of his mother's death. Though it all, he was in a torment of apprehension.

Finally, he saw a way to safeguard himself. He must declare a belief that his mother had been murdered. By boldly announcing this, before Thurber could return with the police, he would shift suspicion from himself. He must also tell the others that he had sent Thurber for the police. Then, if the man did return with them, there would be that much in his, Paul's favor. If he didn't return, his plight, the disappearance of the money, and the discovery of the ring in his cottage would point to him as the murderer.

As the day passed and Thurber did not return, Paul's confidence slowly increased. Then, late that afternoon, while he was out walking, Manders joined him and suddenly confronted him with the ring. It developed that Manders, the night before, lying in a drunken stupor in the Thurber bedroom, had been roused by Paul's pounding on the door of the cottage. He had risen and peered into the living room just in time to see Paul place the ring under the couch. What this mysterious action meant, he had no idea, but it had dawned on him that he might make some money out of it. Then, when he heard that Mrs. Comstock was believed to have been murdered, he became convinced that he could extort a goodly sum from Paul for that ring.

Paul, faced with this unnerving development, acted desperately. It happened that he and Manders were standing near the edge of the cliff. He suddenly snatched the ring and simultaneously swung with his fist. Manders, staggering backward, fell to his death.

Now, however, Paul had to change his plans, for Mander's death could not be charged to Thurber. It was necessary to cast suspicion on some one else. He hit upon Chad. Thus, a button was torn from Chad's overcoat and wedged into Manders' hand. And the ring was hidden in Chad's trunk. . . .

Alan, ending his story, slipped his arm around Serena.

"And now," he said, "you must get some rest and try to forget it all."

Clinging to Alan, she forced Paul from her thoughts. Perhaps, in time, with Alan's help, she could forget. Alan had said he loved her . . . She held onto that as she felt his arm tighten about her. . . .

(THE END.)

"Torpedo Boat" Tells Fast Action Story

For breathless action and thrilling romance, film fans would go a long way before they'd find anything better than Paramount's exciting "Torpedo Boat", now at the Empire Theatre with Richard Arlen and Jean Parker as the stars.

Arlen is a speed-mad driver of racing motorboats. With his pal, Phillip Terry, he has invented a new type of torpedo-carrying "mosquito" boat for the United States Navy. How a night club singer, played by Miss Parker, and the haughty daughter of a millionaire shipbuilder, blonde Mary Carlisle, almost wreck his plans when they battle for his love, is the story around which the fast and furious action of "Torpedo Boat" takes place.

REPUBLIC STARS ROY ROGERS IN THRILLING FILM

"Romance On the Range," a rip-roaring new Republic western, opens a three day run today at the Capitol Theatre, and chalks up another triumph for the popular singing cowboy star, Roy Rogers.

Expertly produced and directed by Joseph Kane, the film deals with the fight the citizens of the western town of Granville are waging against a cut-throat gang of bandits. When a friend of Roy's is killed by one of the bandits, Roy and his pals vow to avenge his death. The manner in which they accomplish the capture of the entire gang makes for first-class screen entertainment.

Rogers turns in one of the best performances of his career, and is capably supported by an excellent cast.

George "Gabby" Hayes, who furnishes comedy relief for all the Rogers westerns, again garners many laughs in "Romance On the Range." Also appearing to advantage in comedy roles are Sally Payne and Pat Brady. The Sons of the Pioneers group—of which Brady, Bob Nolan, Tim Spencer, Hugh Farr, Karl Farr, and Lloyd Perryman are members—score in both the action and musical sequences of the picture.

WOOL

We are buying wool daily washed and unwashed.

Prices for unwashed wool is 21c to 33c a pound according to grade.

We are also buying washed wool clear of all dirt and burrs at the highest market price.

There is no government grading on washed wool.

Wm. Condon & Sons

Charlottetown, P. E. Island

RUBBER GLOVES OUT

Sales of rubber gloves or gloves partly made of rubber have been prohibited in Britain except for essential use.

TERRORIST CHAPLAIN

Bjarne Barby, notorious Nazi terrorist, has been appointed chaplain of a congregation in Oslo, Norway.

Protestant Orphanage Report

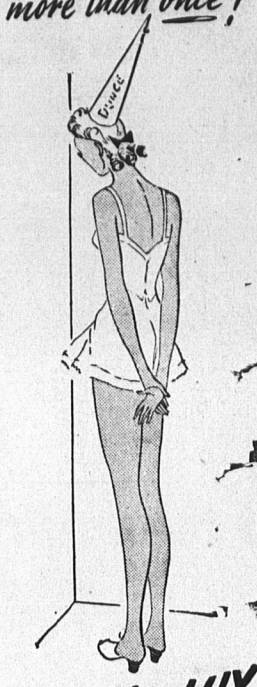
The following report was submitted by Miss Eva Beer, nurse in charge of the P. E. I. Protestant Orphanage at the annual meeting of the organization held last Friday night in the Zion Church hall:

Another year has quickly passed and once again we stand before you to give an account of our stewardship. We carried throughout the year a daily average of 50 children, admitted 25 and discharged 13 — please note and weigh carefully this fact— 3 only were children born out of wedlock, the other 22 — much more to be pitied, came from broken homes either both parents dead—a family of 5 mother dead, family of 3—father dead—and a family of 8—with father and mother living. Here are facts: they were admitted in October, a year previous they had been made wards of the Provincial Guardian before Magistrate Mellish in Montague as they were residents of Kings Co. When the parents begged for another chance, with government and kindly neighbors they carried on. I'm not going into details suffice to say—five of this group were accepted by my board. Mr. Brawders Provincial Guardian, went to bring them in and found the children in such a plight he could not put them in his car and take them to a doctor's office for examination

Tale of Woe

He came back to the city with his tale of woe and enough clothes were gathered together to make it possible to move them. The next day, with officers Leard and Charmen of R.C.M.P., one of my staff and self, went out to help rescue the children who ranged in ages from 12 years, a girl weighing 63 lbs, to a baby not quite two. At the time the mother was in hospital (11th pregnancy). That morning the father had gone to the city leaving the children out in the commons. Those children were living in a house. It contained a stove, small table, one couch, no dishes, no beds, or bedding— absolutely nothing but linen. The only food was apparently what neighbors had provided. My orders were to take 5—that left 4—2 boys, the girl of 12 and an older sister. It was a difficult situation. We decided the older ones would survive one more night. The two R.C.M.P. officers did not consider their day's work done when they saw us off with the group that we just took, as they stood—saving clean clothing till their little bodies were made clean. No those gentlemen, one a father, took those we left to the village store and bought them milk, bread, jam, cookies, canned meat, then took them back. They shovelled out the dirt, built a fire and fed those children and left enough food for their breakfast. When the committe heard of the existing conditions the there were brought in the next day. The older girl was placed with her grandmother in the vicinity. Those children presented a grave problem, enough for any staff for a year if we did nothing else. Just a family of little animals. The girl of 12 had been to school about a month in her school age period of 5 years. The boy had been there two days. It took five months constant watchfulness to teach them what a baby learns at 17 mos. or earlier. What do you suppose it meant to those children to get a bath, be rid of vermin, to get a wholesome meal and get in to a clean white bed? Do you think your effort on behalf of this institution is wasted? Friends that case wasn't in Germany, but right here on P. E. I.

Unpopular? well you're a dunce for wearing undies more than once!



Join the LUX DAILY DIPPERS

Is there a girl anywhere who wouldn't hate to be guilty of "undie odor"? You'd think not — yet lots of girls put on the same undies two — even *three* — days running! Silly to risk popularity this way.

Join the Lux Daily Dippers—the girls who protect their charm! Dip your undies in Lux every night, soon as you take them off.

Lux removes unpleasant perspiration odor — keeps undies dainty, keeps you attractive, nice to be near! Start tonight!

TONIGHT— dip your undies in- LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT

The Brighter Side

Now to the brighter side of the picture. A 12 year old boy in residence from 2 mos. old went to United States to live with his mother and sister. A 12 year old girl resident here for several years —both parents dead— went to Cambridge Mass., to live with a paternal uncle and his family; 4 children went to foster homes bringing much happiness into those childless homes. According to glowing letters a million dollars would not buy one of them back today. A little boy who came to us on the death of his mother at his birth, went back at Christmas time with his family. Now passed babyhood he could be cared for at home. One girl went to a free boarding home We cared for a baby from a T. B home for a short while to ease a difficult situation, it had of necessity to be solaced for wee life was flickering out with same disease—making it essential to hospitalize case after a short period.

Dr. Tidmarsh keep a watchful eye on our health problems. The happy healthy children here are his only earthly reward. Our general health was excellent throughout the year. We had two surgical cases, both made uneventful recoveries. The nurses and doctors sure give of their best to our children.

The Orphanage has been headquarters of Red Cross Activities in district since the outbreak of war. Friends gather on Saturday night and on Tuesday night and a lot of work has been put through for the troops in all the services. We are proud to say that enlistments of boys brought up here has almost reached the 100 mark. They make good soldiers and are husky lads. Their training, regular hours, good food and discipline they received here, all lend to make them so. They must obey orders, and that is so important in the army they have not forgotten us and visit when on leave and write from overseas.

The building and grounds of the orphanage are complete for the life of the child. While an orphanage and its staff, whatever their qualifications, can never take the place of a home and parents, a life as nearly full and normal is provided here. They miss their parents, good bad or indifferent. There is no doubt about that. Our children are very kind one to another, sort of a bond of sympathy between them. It does not do to give a sucker to Tommy if you haven't one for Mary. We are first to admit they miss their homes however though they may be and parents, that we can never entirely make up to them, but apart from that their lives are as normal as any brought up child. They go to school, Sunday school, study, play, perform small regular tasks, preparing them, we hope, for a useful life as good citizens in outside world.

Our school still continues to do good work. We have one pupil ready to write entrance this year under guidance of our efficient teacher Mr. Hollis Jenkins. Mr. McPhail courteously visits us bi—annually—to whom we are grateful.

At Christmas Doctor Waye and his Gyro boys outdid themselves. Also our tried and true masonic friends under leadership of Mr. T.G. Ives for Christmas and Mr. R.H. Rogers for school-supplies and our good friend Doctor W.J.P. McMillan sees to it that these little protestant stomachs get extra stuffing that day, Mrs. H. S. Henderson takes a good shot at that too I could not begin to thank our friends from all sections and groups for help at Christmas, that we do no soliciting for—but by and far your a grand people full of christain charity without which it would be a poor world.

We were greatly saddened by the death of our beloved trustee Capt Taylor one week after our last annual. He was very much interested in our work and the children all adored him. In summer months he visited us almost daily—we still miss him and think of him specially today. Another friend of the orphanage was lost to us in the passing of the late Mrs. G. D. Wright, who in pioneer days of orphanage work took an active part in administration. Though laid aside by illness over a period of 20 years, she loved the orphanage and was so proud of its progress. As a tribute to her memory her husband, Mr. G.D. Wright, presented us shortly after her passing with an electric ironer, which is much appreciated by us all.

The year has not been without its crying moments and anxieties but our busy trustees were always ready to counsel and advice. To them we are deeply grateful and all our good friends over the Island who make it possible for us to make a home away from home for the dependent neglected and orphaned children of P. E. I.

War—25 Years Ago Today

By the Canadian Press

JUNE 25, 1917 —First contingent of United States troops reached France. British advanced on a front of 1 1-2 miles southwest of Lens. German artillery bombarded Rheims. New Serbian government formed with M. Pashitch as prime minister.

Use Minard's for dandruff

Germany's master tank strategist, Marshal Erwin C. Rommel, left, who has again driven most of the British out of Libya, getting a smoke from one of desert fighters. Right, Gen. N. M. Ritchie, who is gathering his forces for another British stand on the Egyptian border.

Under the auspices of

The Prince Edward Island A. R. P. Committee

A Public Meeting

will be held in the

Prince of Wales College Hall

JUNE 25th., at 8.30 P. M.

to hear the four Blitz King Scouts now touring Canada, on the subject of A. R. P. work as carried on in England.

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor LePage and others will give short addresses.

Children under 12 years not allowed.

A. R. P. workers are urged to attend.

These King Scouts will proceed to Summerside on Friday, June 26th, and will address a meeting in the Summerside High School that evening at 8.00 P. M.

All A. R. P. workers of Summerside are urged to attend.

SEA CADETS

All boys wishing to join the

Charlottetown Sea Cadet Corps

"KENT"

are requested to meet at

PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE

NORTH BASEMENT

FRIDAY, JUNE 26th, 6.30 P. M.

This includes all boys whether or not they have filled out application forms.

RADIO

TRANSMISSION
Eastern Daylight Saving Time
WAVELENGTH
Throughout

10.30 p.m. Western Canada 23 52 m (to 10 00 p.m.) 49 10 m from Canada and U.S.A. —31 32 m 25.53

THURSDAY, JUNE 25

P. M.
5.15 'London Calling.'
5.30 'Front Line Family.'
5.45 The News.
5.55 Musical Interlude.
6.00 'Hello, Children! Messages from parents of British children evacuated to Canada and the U.S.A.
6.15 London Gipsy Orchestra, led by Albert Sandler.
6.30 War Review: 'The Propaganda War.' Talk by Lindley Fraser.
6.40 'Listening Post.'
6.45 The News and News Analysis.
7.00 'Calling the West Indies:' 'Trades Unions.' Talk by Victor Feather.
7.15 News in French.
7.30 Discussion: 'Freedom Forum.'
8.00 'Women's War.'
8.15 'London Calling.'
8.30 'Britain Speaks.' Talk by J. B. Priestley.
8.45 'My Working Day': 'Teacher.' Presented by Mary Hope Allen.
9.00 Headline News and Views.
P. M.
9.15 'Famous Brass Bands of England': Carlton Main Frickley Colliery Band; conductor, A. E. Badrick.
9.45 'Front Line Family.'
10.00 Discussion: 'Freedom Forum'
10.30 'London Calling.'
10.40 The Daily Service.
10.45 The News
10.55 'Listening Post.'
11.00 Brighouse and Rastrick Band; conductor, Fred Berry.
11.15 'Britain Speaks.' (Repeat).
11.30 Radio News-reel.
A. M.
12.00 'My Working Day': (Repeat).
12.15 'Women's War.' (Repeat).
12.30 The News.
12.45 Close down.

HEAVEN — SENT

(By HELENA RUBINSTEIN)

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DUSTING POWDER
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May be bought separately or in attractive sets.

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"The Connecting Link Between These Provinces."

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Leave Wood Islands		Leave Caribou	
7 A.M.	10.30 A.M.	8.45 P.M.	12.15 P.M.
2 P.M.	*5.30 P.M.	3.45 P.M.	*7.15 P.M.

*—Crossing will be made on Friday, Saturday and Sunday only.

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NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LTD.

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