

TO-DAY ONLY
3—SHOWS—3
MATINEE—2.30
NIGHT 7—9



TYRONE POWER
SON OF FURY
The Story of Benjamin Blake
GENE TIERNY
DARRYL ZANUCK

EXTRA!
SCREEN NEWS
DONALD DUCK
CARTOON

PRINCE EDWARD -- MON. -- TUE--WED. Plus "SHOOT YOURSELF SOME GOLF"

JUST ONE BIG AND HUNDREDS OF

HAPPY FAMILY! BIG HAPPY LAUGHS!

Father He's the head of his family...and at the bottom of all their troubles!

Mother Why she married Father, we'll never know! (Ask Dad, he knows!)

Sister She doesn't chase fellows—Father does! He's the town's champ chaperone!

Brother Father gets him out of almost as many scrapes as he gets into!

MARCHING ON

ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

FREDRIC MARCH **MARTHA SCOTT**

It's from the season's beloved best-seller!

A WARNER BROS. HIT, with
BEULAH BONDI · GENE LOCKHART · ELISABETH FRASER · HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS · GRANT MITCHELL · Directed by IRVING RAPPER

MATINEE MONDAY 2.30 — NIGHT 7 — 9 — CROWDS! BE EARLY

Youth kicks its heels and zooms away on a swing-spreel!

DANCING ON

Get in the groove with that new youth movement! 5 hit songs! Gay romance! Laugh a-plenty!

ODINE

5 song HITS "Hanging on a Dime" "Mama" "I Hear Music" "Love's a Game" "Substitute No. 1"

GRACE McDONALD · ROBERT PAIGE · VIRGINIA DALE · WILLIAM FRAWLEY
PETER HAYES · LILLIAN CORNELL · Directed by Joseph Santley

CAPITOL — Starts MONDAY

MATINEE 2.30—NIGHT 7—8.45

LAST TIMES TO-DAY
William Boyd as "Hopalong Cassidy" in
"STICK TO YOUR GUNS"

EXTRA SHORTS—SHOWS 2.30—7—8.45

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

SATURDAY, MAY 23

P. M.
5.30 Oscar Ratin and his Band
6.00 Marching On! Topical Feature Programme.

P. M.
9.15 Off the Record Presented by Stanley Maxted.
9.30 Weekly Programme Summary — Dictation Speed.

TO-DAY — EMPIRE — FINAL

3—SHOWS—MATINEE 2.30—EVE. 7—8.45

A TWO-GUN MAN IN A SIX-GUN CLEANUP!

Tim HOLT in **Dude Cowboy**

MARJORIE REYNOLDS · RAY WHITLEY
LEE (LASSES) WHITE · LOUISE CURRIE

Plus Winners Of The West Chap. 7—Comedy—Cartoon

9.45 "The Voice of the Enemy." Talk by W. A. Sinclair.

9.55 Musical Interlude.

10.00 "Tommy Handley's Half-Hour."

10.30 "London Calling."

10.45 "The Daily Service."

10.55 "Listening Post."

11.00 "Our Music Lives." Luxembourg.

11.15 "Britain Speaks."

11.30 Radio News-Reel.

A. M.
12.00 Radio Allotment (Repeat).

12.15 "Off the Record." (Repeat).

12.30 The News.

12.45 Close down.

Less Than One Motorist in 16 Permitted Tires

OTTAWA, May 21—(CP)—Fewer than one out of every 16 passenger cars in Canada will be permitted new tires and tubes during the next two years, Alan H. Williamson, supplies controller, estimated today.

He said that no new civilian passenger tires are being manufactured, and that even with strict control the existing stockpiles will probably be exhausted by this time in 1944.

"During these next two years only about 75,000 essential passenger cars can be supplied," Mr. Williamson said in a statement. "Of the remaining 1,175,000 cars in Canada about 800,000 will not be allowed tires of any kind.

"The balance of 375,000 passenger cars are those in class 'B' and class 'C'. The higher of these two groups may be able to buy some retreaded tires or have some of their own tires retreaded. The lowest eligible group will have to get along with any used tires that may still be available.

Truck tires are still being manufactured on a 25 per cent quota basis. Stocks of such tires on hand are high, but this small curtailed production should keep about half of Canada's trucks in operation for two years. This means that of the 250,000 in service only 125,000 can be allowed new tires. Home delivery vehicles will get none of these new tires, and preference will be given

EMERGENCY FROSTING

1 egg white
2 cup tart jelly (red currant is good)
Dash of salt
Place unbeaten egg white, salt and jelly in small bowl over hot water. Beat until jelly is dissolved and frosting holds up in peaks. This icing should be made a short time before it is to be used.

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Daylight Saving Time—Sundays Included

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

HOUSE OF HATE
By Isabel Garland

CHAPTER X

business!" Estelle snapped. She slammed her door.

Paul knelt beside the hearth investigating the liquid that had spilled from the shattered green bottle. "Looks like arsenic, all right, but—"

"It is arsenic," said his mother decisively. "Fortunately, I found out in time. Otherwise, not only I but our guest, Miss Leighton, would have died mysteriously during the night."

"Look here, Mother," said Estelle. "I've got a right to know what you're talking about. You asked who did your room today, and I said I did. Were you trying to suggest that I put the bottle in your room—that I tried to poison you?"

"Mrs. Peasley put out a hand toward her niece. "Oh, no, darling! I'm sure Mateel didn't mean that!"

"I'm sure it didn't happen, Mother," said Chad. "How and where did you discover the bottle?"

Mrs. Comstock's eyes swept over the little group in the room—her children, her sister, Serena and Alan.

"Very well. All of you except Mr. Leighton know that beside my bed in the little cabinet in which I keep my medicines, for the past year, I have been forced to resort to sedatives in order to sleep. The one I usually take is a liquid in a small green bottle identical with the bottle I just threw into the fireplace."

"Tonight, when I decided it would be well to give Miss Leighton a sedative, I went to my room and took that bottle from the exact spot where my sedative always stands in my bedside cabinet. I returned to Miss Leighton and was about to pour a spoonful of the liquid into a glass of water, when I noticed it was different in color from my medicine. I examined it more closely and am sure it was arsenic. Do you blame me for questioning this rather sinister occurrence?"

"Sounds queer, all right," said Paul. "But are you sure the other bottle isn't in the cabinet, too?"

"Pushed back under the bed?"

"No—I looked most carefully. There is no other similar bottle there. The one I found was my medicine bottle, but its contents had been changed. Don't try to tell me I simply made a mistake in bottles because, naturally, I didn't keep arsenic in my cabinet! Some one else put it there!"

"You may be mistaken in thinking it was arsenic," said Paul. "I think you're making a bit of a fool of yourself, Mother. After all, why should any one do such a thing?"

She looked at him and said deliberately: "Because some one in this house wanted to murder me."

"Miss Peasley gasped. "Oh Mateel, don't say such a thing! It's not so!"

"You must be mistaken!"

"You will all oblige me," said Mrs. Comstock coldly. "By not using the word mistake again. There was no mistake. Since I have no way of discovering who my murderer is, I must take a suspicious attitude toward all of you. I am under no illusions as to the way the members of my family feel toward me. And I have no doubt that my servants also feel themselves to be my enemies."

"But let me give you one word of warning before we drop this most distasteful subject. If any one attempts another attempt upon my life, be it by day or by night, I shall make sure that he is no longer unprepared. There is a weapon that can be employed in my bedroom, and, taking warning from this night's incident, I shall make haste to use it. . . . And now, shall we have a little bridge?"

Bedtime had at last come, after a nightmarish evening. Serena, on her way to her own room, stopped in the guest room where Helen had been placed. She found her friend sleeping peacefully.

As she tiptoed about the room, having unbuttoned her dress, her mind was filled with the dreadful accusation Mrs. Comstock had made. "Murder! She shuddered. It just didn't seem possible that any one in the household should contemplate such a thing! How could Mrs. Comstock be so sure that the bottle she found contained arsenic? She must be mistaken. It was probably something harmless that had been placed in her medicine chest by accident. And perhaps her bottle of sedative had been misplaced in the same way. Such a mix-up could easily happen.

Leaving the room, Serena met Alan at the head of the stairs.

"How is Helen?" he asked.

"Asleep." He shot a swift glance up and down the hall then said under his breath. "Did you mean what you said about coming away with us tomorrow? You must! I don't see how you've stood it."

He broke off as Paul's voice was heard in the lower hall.

"Well, good night, Mother. I don't suppose we'll do much sleeping in this heat, but I'm all in."

Mrs. Comstock answered, "Perhaps the storm will break before long and give us some relief. Good night, my son."

Paul came on up the stairs.

Just as he reached the landing, the door of Estelle's room opened, and Advent started out. There was a knock on the door, and she hurried past Serena and Alan, then disappeared down the service stairway.

Paul stared after her. "Now, what has she been up to?"

"I hope Estelle's not ill," said Serena. She went and tapped on her sister-in-law's door. "Estelle—are you all right?"

There was a moment's pause. Then, Estelle, in a red satin dressing gown, opened the door.

"Why shouldn't I be all right?" she asked insolently.

"Serena saw Advent leaving your door. Was she afraid you might be ill," said Paul.

"Tell your wife to mind her own

"Canada's Wings" Tells Thrilling Stories of R. C. A. F. Exploits Overseas

Author Devotes Royalties to the Queen's Fund

"Canada's Wings," the story of the Royal Canadian Air Force in the first part of our war, is now published in Canada. Author's royalties on sales here are to go to the Queen's Canadian Fund.

The author of "Canada's Wings" is Flying Officer Peter J. Field, an official of Canada House in London who has been attached to the R.C.A.F. on press relations work since the start of the war. He has already written a subsequent volume to bring the story up to date, and it will shortly be published.

The present work, with a foreword by the Minister of National Defence for Air, is published by Nelson's, Toronto, at \$1.00. It describes the R.C.A.F. from its birth in 1920—with a glance back at the Canadian aces of the last war—until the second world war had been in progress eighteen months. It is a history of the first edition in Great Britain and has been making good sales as far away as Sweden and South America.

Canada's Wings is full of dramatic stories of Canadian exploits—in particular those of the famous No. 242 Squadron, led by Bader and the No. 110 (City of Toronto) Squadron, the first R.C.A.F. squadron to take its place in the battle line of Europe. The hectic days of the Battle of Britain are described for the first time from the point of view of the Canadians taking part. Here are the vivid words of Squadron Leader E. A. McNab of Regina (now back in Canada as Wing Commander):

"There is nothing to compare with the excitement of plunging in to air battles. Your mouth dries up like cotton-wool. I remember Officer Dal Russell of Montreal was chewing gum when he went into his first scramble. He had to pick bits of gum from the roof of his mouth afterwards."

ANONYMOUS HEROES

Red tape prevents the publication of names of individual airmen when their exploits are told—except for those who have received decorations for their feats. Consequently, the heroes of some extraordinary achievements must remain anonymous.

A daredevil feat against Italians was brought off by certain Canadian flight commander from Edmonton—"and it is a thousand pities that we cannot know who he is. He possessed an Italian bomber, thought the battle was over and was going home when he saw twenty Italian Fiat biplanes engaged in a dogfight with Hurricanes up above him."

"Up into the melee went the Canadian and was soon on the tail practice but nevertheless the amount of work available in Canada at present makes it impracticable to continue this service to the public—and at the same time see that the 800,000 members of Canadian armed forces are properly clothed.

Canada in the past has been largely dependent on Australia for raw wool, and on England for a large percentage of finished fabrics. Now with submarines at work in both Pacific and Atlantic and with shipping space required for essential war supplies, it is impossible to count on the usual imports of wool.

Most of the available material has to be made into uniforms and other army equipment and this means that there is not enough material left to the tailoring trade to continue the practice of making an extra pair of trousers for each suit.

Undoubtedly this will work a hardship on certain people—necessarily on teen-age boys who are hard on their clothes. In those instances where their trousers wear out, jackets will have to be worn with pants which do not match. However it is the minority of the population now who invest in two-pant suits—a large percentage is either in uniform or in munitions work, where extra pairs are worn.

So there you have it boys. By cutting out the second pair of pants 1,125,000 yards of material will be saved this year and it is this year now that wool conservation is important. Perhaps the import situation will improve in the next few months, then the textile trade won't have to be so worried about saving material but until then the answer remains—one pair of pants or hold up equipment for the troops.

Italians Are Said To Be Tired Of War

The Italian people, disliking their German allies and caring nothing for the Japanese, may be of potential assistance when and if the United Nations armies land in Europe, it is suggested in the following account of conditions inside Italy, the first to come out of Italy since the United States entered the war.

It is written by Richard G. Massock, veteran of 10 years as a foreign correspondent for The Associated Press and chief of the Rome bureau from August, 1938, until Italy declared war against the United States last December. Massock has just reached Lisbon for exchange with Axis diplomats and journalists.

(By Richard G. Massock, Associated Press Staff Writer)

LISBON, May 17—(AP)—Mussolini is leading a hungry, disillusioned and apathetic Italy in an unpopular war.

The war's unpopularity has been manifest in various ways to Americans who waited five months for repatriation after the Duce of Fascism uttered the fearful words that placed his country at war with the United States last Dec. 11.

Italy's Future Unpredictable

Italy's future as an ally of Germany and Japan is unpredictable. A collapse from a food shortage within this year or the next seems unlikely. Neither does an economic breakdown seem imminent, because of assistance being given by Germany in this sphere.

Without any organized opposition under competent leadership, the Fascist regime probably is secure for some time to come.

Yet the war against the United States is unpopular and some observers see in Italy a people who dislike their German allies and who care nothing for the Japanese.

In fact some say that half the Italian people now would welcome an allied invasion of Europe as a possible means of freeing them from the humiliating grip held by the Germans.

Not a single anti-American demonstration—even an officially organized one—has been reported in Italy. Many Italians are weary of life have sought on occasion to tell Americans of their personal friendship.

We were regarded as only nominal or friendly enemies. Few are the Italian families that do not know some relative or friend who has found opportunity in the United States.

Regret and disillusionment are general, as one astute observer confirmed to me. But he found, like others, that popular reaction is marked rather by resignation and indignation, by a sense of futility rather than any will to bring about corrective action.

Flying Officer Peter Field

one burst seemed to put the Italian completely out of control. To Canadian's amazement, however, the enemy machine righted itself again and once again the dog-fight was resumed. Then the Canadian ran out of ammunition. There was only one thing to do. Aim for the centre of the top engine plane of the Italian, the Canadian did a quick dive and pulled up just before crashing into it. There was a slight bump and the Canadian never saw the Italian again. "Somehow I don't think he's back," was his laconic remark when telling his story.

This is only one of the startling stories of Canadian airmen that Peter Field brings to the Canadian public. He tells of a record-breaking night dive and pulled up just before crashing into it. There was a slight bump and the Canadian never saw the Italian again. "Somehow I don't think he's back," was his laconic remark when telling his story.

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