TO-DAY—GIRLS—ROMANCE—MUSIC

George MURPHY — Anne SHIRLEY — Carol LANDIS

"POWERS GIRL"

SHOWING AT 3.15 — 7.00 — 9.00

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2—DAYS -:- WED. and THUR.

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RANDOLPH SCOTT

JOHN WAYNE

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FRANK CRAVEN LOUISE ALLBRITTON

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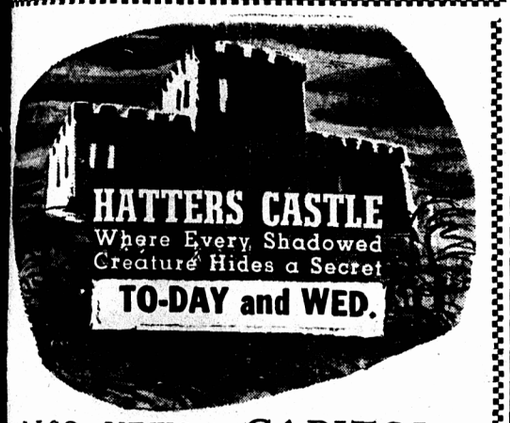
LUDWIG STOSSEL SAMUEL S. HINDS

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Mexican Police On Parade — Travelogue —

Marines In The Making — Pete Smith Specialty

Madero Of Mexico — Passing Parade



ALSO NEWS — CAPITOL

SHOWS DAILY AT 3.15 — 7.00 — 8.45

BINGO

Holy Redeemer Hall

TONIGHT

8.30

The prizes are the same as those prevailing at other Bingos in the city.

Freezout

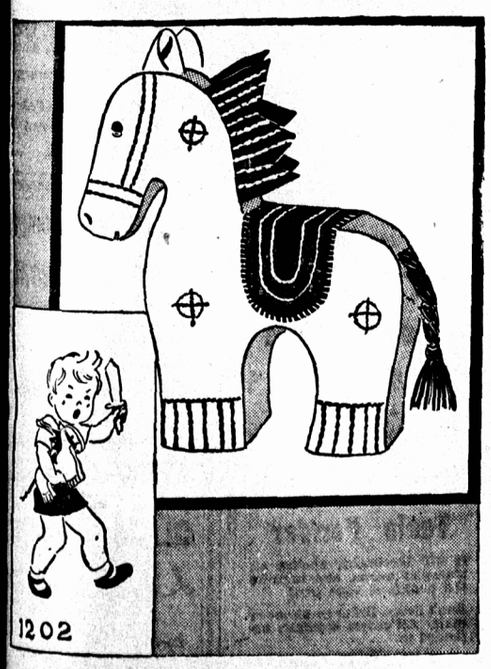
For Charitable Purposes

NOTICE

B.I.S. books are to be audited March 23. Would like all bills owed by this Society in mail by above date.

(Sgd.) Alex Lafferty, Sec'y B. I. S., Box 451.

A CHILD WILL ADORE THIS CIRCUS HORSE



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All children will love this horse, which looks real as can be. It has blanket-stitched saddle trimmed with bright embroidery. Pattern No. contains transfer for horse 9 inches high with complete instruc-

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ME

EET ADDRESS

WN PROVINCE

Victory For Love

By PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER XXX

Alfred Cummins moved swiftly round Fergus Leiter's bedroom. There had been a great scene that morning. Fergus had found Alfred staring out to sea.

"Well what's the matter with you?" Fergus had just got Odette's note telling him that she was at Pole Star House. With the excuse of getting a little air before breakfast, she had rushed round to the Point Hotel with it before John came down to breakfast. The very thought of being under the same roof with him was heaven. In spite of her terror, as she felt the exquisite morning air on her face Odette hummed a tune. She was with the man she adored, and he had smiled at her and kissed her outside her bedroom door when he said good night.

"Happy?" Holding her face between his hands he stopped and kissed each closed eye in turn.

"You know too much as it is. Why should I give myself away further"

"Because I like to hear."

"You never give yourself away."

"No, because I am that marvelous thing, a man." John threw back his head and laughed as Mrs. Maturin came up the staircase. "Disgraceful," he said, "what are you going to say to me?"

"Nothing," said Joan with shining eyes, and she went on into her room and shut the door. Love . . . the house was full of it. Monsieur, John Wynter, Hugh, herself, the whole place was aflame with love, thought Joan. She was glad she had got Odette safely in the house, although at first she hadn't been. If Hugh said it was necessary to have her there then it was. There were strange things on foot; even she could feel it. But if Hugh knew about them, then that was all that mattered. His wife . . . she would soon be his wife. No more good night . . . Joan slipped away into a dream of rapture.

And now with Odette's note in his hand, Fergus Leiter surveyed the white-coated back of the youth on whom he was beginning to rely.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" he said again. But even he was taken aback by the blazing excitement in the white face that swung round on him.

"Heil Hitler," said Alfred Cummins, his quivering arm outstretched. "Heil Hitler. My Fuehrer I dedicate myself to your service," and as his trembling voice gave out these terrific words he remembered cook's face at breakfast because he had refused sausages. "Fallen in love, have you?" chaffed cook drinking her tea in noisy gulps. While the head waiter angrily eating, thought all sorts of things about the youth who was always with the rich gentleman in number sixteen. Shouldn't be surprised if they were a couple of dirty spies, thought the head waiter, making up his mind at the same time that he wasn't going to say anything about it. For Mr. Leiter's tips were frequent and extremely generous.

"Heil Hitler," repeated Alfred, wondering why it was that he almost felt as if he meant it. For the excitement was so overwhelming, so terrific. Like being an actor with all the audience sobbing and crying as he had once seen it when he was a little boy.

"Do you mean it?"

"I do, sir," said Alfred quietly. He dropped his hands down by his sides and stood very still.

"You will help me and my Fuehrer?"

"I will, sir."

"Then read this," said Fergus suddenly, tossing over Odette's letter. The boy was perfectly safe, he had had him under observation for days now. And he would be of inestimable value just now because he did not relish any set-to with Wynter. He was too determined and experienced a man. The type that would whip out a revolver as soon as look at you, and although Fergus was prepared to die for his Fuehrer in theory, he did not wish to do so in practice. Also he wanted to get back to Somerset, where the pretty little woman whose husband was a prisoner of war was prepared to come to heel. A sweet little thing with her dark curly hair and frightened eyes; much more his type than this modern, determined girl.

"Am I to read it, sir?"

"Yes." Fergus was lighting a cigarette and carelessly holding out his case.

"No, thank you, sir," said Alfred respectfully. Now he was going to read this letter which, with his retentive memory, he would be able to repeated to Mr. Wynter when he met him after dark that evening.

"My dear Fergus" (wrote Odette): "I got your letter just before I came here, which will be an excellent place for next Thursday when the full moon will be over Swansea. I love a beautiful view and I shall get it here. Your letter is very unkind, I have always done what you asked me to do and I shall continue to do so. And while here I can do it even better than ever. Please do not send any answer to this as it is not safe."

"Have you read it thoroughly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now that I know that you are with us I can tell you what it all means," said Fergus swiftly. "Always remembering that if you attempt to go back on us I shall find means of having you put to death; our agents are everywhere. On Thursday that is four days from now, the Germans are flying to Swansea and Miss Hannan will semaphore a message to them by a lighted lamp and her shutters. She has done it often before and is expert at it."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred humbly.

"I wish you could kill that dirty cad whom I suspect of being a Secret Service agent," said Fergus viciously.

"Who is that, sir?"

"If you are as sharp as I think you are, you ought to know without my telling you," said Fergus nastily.

"Mr. Wynter, sir?"

"Of course." Fergus was pacing about the room. How could he make this youth more effectively his instrument, he wondered. In the same way that they had involved that idiot over the firing of the Reichstag. Then he could get back to Somerset, where he was longing to be, he could give up this spying business. It was all right when you only had to deal with women, but when you came up against a man like Wynter it was all wrong.

"If I stretched a piece of wire across the path to Star Bay tonight," he said slowly, "No one goes round there after dark, you see, it would be quite safe, except for him. I could do that sir."

"If you say you'll do it you'll have to do it," said Fergus. "I shall be round there myself to see that it's there."

"I'll do it, sir," said Alfred humbly.

"You often go out after dinner," said Fergus suddenly. "Where do you go?"

Alfred hesitated. "I go to see my young lady, sir," he whispered.

"Oh, you've got a young lady, have you?" Fergus roared with laughter. "What does she think of Herr Hitler?"

"Loves him, sir," said Alfred reverently, wishing that this interview could come t oan end. Because it was nearly eleven when all the staff had tea and cake in the kitchen, and he was hungry.

"Splendid," spluttered Fergus, staring at himself in the glass and wishing that his hair was thicker.

"I don't know that you'd better put wire across any paths," he said suddenly. "They've Home Guards about these cliffs and we might be suspected."

"Yes, sir."

"You can leave that job to me," said Fergus, who had had a brain wave. Wire was a good idea, certainly, but it would have to be thought out first. Better not let this youth tinker with a thing of this kind; he was enthusiastic enough, but not experienced enough — yet.

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, feeling empty in the stomach because he had had very little breakfast.

"Heil Hitler," said Fergus, lifting up his tweed arm.

"Heil Hitler," said Alfred, and with a respectful salute he left the room.

(To be Continued)

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CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-9?8

DANCING BRIGHTON CLUB tonight. 2-27-tf.

COMMUNITY CONCERTS present Enya Gonzalez, Filipino Soprano in recital March 24th, Heartz Memorial Hall, 8.30 P. M. 3-23-1i.

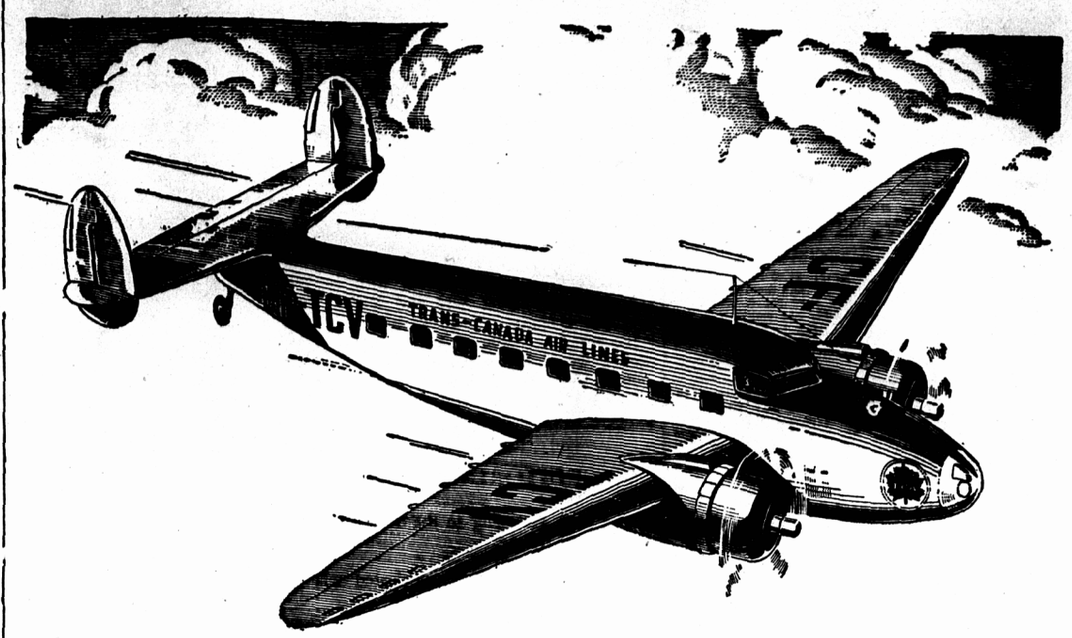
FUNERAL TOMORROW — The funeral of Earle Fraser, Vernon, will be held from the home of his sister Mrs. Gerald McQuaid, Vernon, Wednesday morning, March 24th to St. Joachim Church, Vernon River.

QUEEN'S COUNTY COURT — The Queen's County Court opens this morning at 11 o'clock with 14 cases on the docket. Eight of these cases are garnishee and six are debt cases. His Honor, Judge C. Gavan Duffy will preside.

GYRO CLUB MEETS—Mr. E.P. Foley, M.L.A., Summerside, was the guest speaker at the Gyro Club last night. His subject was "Drugs". There was a large attendance at the meeting, which was held at The Charlottetown.

POLICE COURT.—A drunk and disorderly was fined $10 and costs or 20 days at the City Police Court yesterday morning. Another drunk and incapable was remanded until Friday. The case against a man charged with wilful damage to property was discontinued as the accused has been sent to Falconwood Hospital.

ROTARY—Rev. F. W. Weaver who has charge of the Flying Angel Mission to Merchant seamen at Halifax entertined the Rotary Club yesterday with wonderfully interesting personal experiences at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Manila just prior to and during the opening days of our war with Japan. He also gave an interesting account of the work of the Flying Angel mission to seamen, established more than a hundred years ago and operated in most of the more important ports of the world. Rotarian Gordon Ives was in the chair and the speaker was introduced by Rev. A. LeDrew Gardner, Rector of St. Paul's. Other guests present were LAC Frank Hillon of Lancashire, England, W. S. Prince of Kentville, N. S., Rev. Dr. Miller and Sidney Green, Charlottetown. President R. H. Rogers extended the speeaker the thanks of the Club and announced that the district conference will be held this year at St. John, N. B. on June 8-10, and that the Club Assembly will probably be held at the same time. Norman T. Avard, very well known in Charlottetown, has been nominated for the position of District Governor.



T.C.A.

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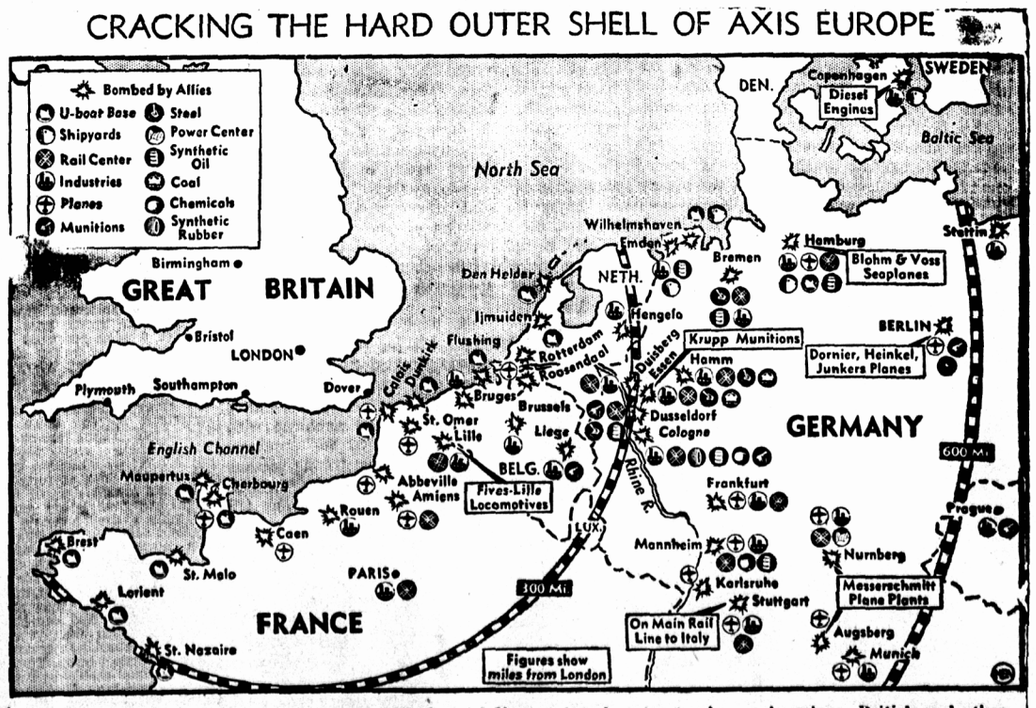
CRACKING THE HARD OUTER SHELL OF AXIS EUROPE



Bombers from Britain are turning acres of industrial Europe into burnt-out ruins as American, British and other allied flyers seek to destroy Nazi bases, supply lines and war manufacturing centers. Map shows areas bombed by allies since Jan. 1, 1943, many of which have had multiple raids, like Essen (5), Wilhelmshaven (10), Berlin (6), Cologne (5) and Dunkirk (8).