

**Prince Edward** - Shows 3.15-7.00-9.00

**TO-DAY LAST TIMES!** AN EYE-FILLING KEYHOLE PEEK AT THE PRIVATE LOVES OF PHILADELPHIA'S HIGH-HATTED "MAIN LINE" SOCIETY!

**THE 3-STAR LAUGH HIT!**

**GRANT HEPBURN**

**STEWART**

**Philadelphia Story**

with **Ruth HUSSEY**

John HOWARD • Roland YOUNG • John HALLIDAY • Mary KASH • Virginia WEIDLER

**Watch Out... he's coming!**

STARTS THURSDAY AT THE PRINCE EDWARD—3 BIG DAYS—

**GARY COOPER**

**THE WESTERNER**

THE GREATEST OUTDOOR ACTION PICTURE EVER FILMED

**Sea View And Vicinity**

The continued rainstorm of the past week has left the land in a very wet condition and greatly delayed farming operations as May is creeping away and with it the time for seeding, the farmers are all most anxious to begin their work in preparing the land.

The roads in this and the different surrounding communities are in a deplorable condition, so bad in fact that places are impassable for cars. Nothing seems to be done about it not no one seems interested, only the party who gets stuck and has to have assistance to get through.

Mr. John C. Campbell who has been employed at Debert, N. S., during the past winter spent a few days recently at his home here.

Pte. Ivan Duggan of the P. E. I. Highlanders is spending a turlough at his home the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Duggan.

Mr. John S. Cousins and his daughter Miss Millie Cousins, have returned to their home in Park Corner after spending some time in Montreal where Mr. Cousins was receiving treatment in Montreal General Hospital. Mr. Cousins is greatly improved and it is hoped will continue to regain his health.

Mr. Malcolm MacKenzie, School Inspector for this part of the province, visited Sea View School recently and expressed his satisfaction of the results of the work of the pupils of this school.

On Monday a most enjoyable evening was spent in Sea View Hall under the auspices of the Sea View W. I. This hall was filled to its ut-

most capacity to greet the Indian River Dramatic Club, present their three act play Correspondence Courtship. When the curtain rose after a brief number of instrumental music it displayed an office cozy and comfortable looking and tastefully arranged. The different artists taking part excelled themselves and the loud and hearty applause at the close of each act plainly told of the appreciation of the large audience. Some nice musical specialties were given between the acts. There was also a sale of candy. A splendid sum was realized which will be donated to Red Cross. The singing of the National Anthem brought this gathering to a close. A delicious lunch was served to the visitors by the ladies. The thanks of the visitors was extended to the ladies for their kind hospitality and gracious acknowledgment. All sincerely trust to have those artists of Indian River with us again in Sea View with another pleasing entertainment.

Among the visitors to Summer-side last Tuesday were Roy Adams, Fred Donald, John Bassett and Violet Bassett.

The many friends of Miss Marjorie Bryenton who recently graduated as an R. N. from Prince County Hospital wish to convey to her sincere congratulations. Miss Bryenton was at one time teacher in Sea View.

The many friends of Miss Violet Bassett will be pleased to learn she is recovering after being laid aside for some time suffering from blood poison. All trust she will soon be able to resume her active duties.

Pte. Bruce Coulson has returned to rejoin his unit after spending a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coulson.

Mrs. F. W. Donald and little son Clifford spent the weekend in Gra-

**CAPITOL** - Shows 3.15-7.00-8.45

FINAL-TO-DAY STARTS THUR.—3 DAYS

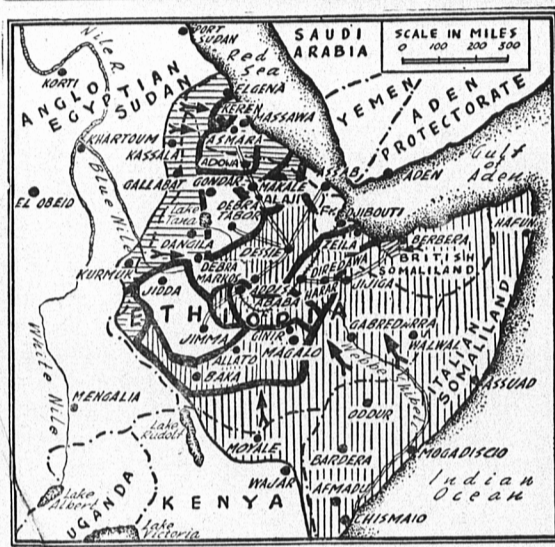
**THE FAMILY CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT!**  
The Coroner called it SUICIDE!!  
The Police called it MURDER!!!

**THE TRUTH WAS THE NURSES SECRET**

LEE PATRICK • REGIS TOOMEY PLUS TWO FUNNY CARTOONS AND A "MIRACLE" SHORT

**ROY ROGERS and GEORGE GABBY HAYES**

**IN OLD CHEYENNE**



Nearly all of Italian East Africa has now passed under the control of the British army. It is a vast expanse of territory, containing some 1,700,000 square miles, being about 15 times as large as Italy proper. It has a population of 12 millions. Possession of it gives the British unqualified control of 1,200 miles of Red Sea coast and strengthens the approaches to the Suez canal from the south. It also appreciably improves Britain's position in the Indian ocean. Three narrowing zones are still held by Italian troops in East Africa, but they are surrounded by British forces and not likely to hold out long after the submission of the main army under Aosta. The three zones in which Italian troops have not surrendered, at the time of writing, are shown on the map. The battlement, the heavy black line, passes completely around two inland zones. At Assab, the sea, which is demarcated by the British fleet, forms the east side of the zone. The shaded areas on the map are in possession of the British.

ham's Road the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brown

A number of farmers are busy hauling the remainder of their potato crop to market. The price now is not encouraging so many stored their holding the price would be higher this month, but contrary to expectations it is lower than any time in the past months.

Several from this community attended the funeral of the late Rev. Mr. Stavert which took place from the Presbyterian Church at Kensington. Kind sympathy is extend-

ed to his sisters and all other relatives in their bereavement.

Mrs. Robert Hunter, Charlottetown, spent the weekend in Sea View the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alwood Blakney.

**GLENNINNAN SCHOOL**

Honor roll for the month of April:  
Grade X-1 Wanda MacDonald, 2 Elinor MacDonald  
Grade IX-1 Donald MacDonald, 2 Patricia MacDonald  
Grade VIII-1 Helen MacDonald, 2 Catherine MacDonald  
Grade VII-1 Lottie Stewart  
Grade VI-1 Catherine O'Shea, 2 Michael O'Shea  
Grade V-1 Anna MacDonald, 2 Beatrice O'Shea  
Grade III (Sr.) 1 Genevieve MacDonald  
Grade III (Gr.) 1 Florence O'Shea  
Perfect attendance: Patricia MacDonald  
Teacher—Alice M. Coady.

**CHANGE ENOUGH**  
PARIS — (CP) — Mid-Spring in Paris finds the occupied city still changed except for lack of food and presence of German troops.

**CANDY SPECIALS**

Hunt's Bon-bons, Caramels, Almond, Toffee.

Ganong's Chocolates, Coconut Bon-bons, Moirs Chocolates, and Assorted Candy.

Try Our Soda Fountain Specials

Complete line Fishing Tackle and Picnic Supplies

**REDDIN BROS.**

**A Day Spent At Devon, Eng.**

The following clipping was sent by Rex McCarville, Hensley Street, to his parents and is a description of a sightseeing trip which he and his English cousin enjoyed in company with many other Canadians.

(By Godfrey Will, in a Devon, England, Exchange)

In the courtyard an almond tree was in blossom, frail and transparent against the stone of the wall. It was the first flowering I had seen this year, and I looked at it and then at the bus waiting to take us for our day out over the moors.

You had to admit, all the same, it was a heavy morning. There was no sun, and when I saw my companions, many of them with the scars of battle upon them, for a moment, despite the almond tree, I could not believe that the spring was just over the hill.

Packing in was difficult, too, because so many of the fellows had their legs in splints and had to have room to stretch and a safe space of their carpet slippers.

Some of them, I noticed, had brought shooting sticks, as though we were off to a point-to-point, and one of them wore a tweed jacket and cap to match, such as in peacetime you used to see so often at the races. His Blenheim fighters had run out of petrol, and he was lucky really to be there in the bus at all, setting out for a day over the moors.

As we took the high road three cars fell in behind us. "You see, we've got a fighter escort," said one of the fellows in my row, with an accent which I rightly guessed to be Canadian.

**A Breath of P. E. I.**

Nearly every one had brought a map of the country with him and there was a deal of chaffing about that when, in Newton Abbot, we took the wrong road, and I suggested how odd it was that after all their training in map reading in the air they should not be able to find the road to Widecombe.

Every one laughed at that, except the Polish pilot, who just went on looking at the map. I suppose he didn't realize or perhaps he was thinking of his own country and what the map would be like when the war was over at last. I never heard him speak the whole journey.

It was market day in Newton Abbot. The little town was crowded with carts and there were open-air stalls, and at one of them two pretty girls with scarves round their hair were picking over the stuffs, pondering no doubt which they would choose for a flowerin' summer dress. Every one looked out of the window at them, as at a view, and lit cigarettes.

At last we were free of the battle of the carts, and the Canadian said that the rich red earth reminded him of his home, Prince Edward Island, and his next-door neighbour reminded you of Canada. To which he retorted: "But Prince Edward Island is the smallest province of Canada."

And I nodded myself, not knowing a bit about it really, but thinking that when the war happened we were so ready to make a fuss and welcome to service men from our Dominions, but in peacetime so few of us took the trouble to find out anything about their country.

And so we came to Ashburton and on to Widecombe. As the hills became more switchback every mile, some one muttered that it was like the hills of the granite in the fiefdoms with a kind of swishing sound. I heard an exclamation: "Ah, sharp!" And from three or four rows in front of me a whisper, almost as though you were dreaming it, added: "But, oh, boy, where's the flask?"

The day was beginning to lift, the soft Devon rain had ceased, and our spirits had lifted too, when we reached Widecombe at last, and was still just the same as it had always been, with the shop on the left where you can get the pottery, and next to it the inn, and opposite, the Church House, and by the side of the inn, the old innkeeper, Tom Cosley and all.

**No Cheese Available**

Like every one else having a day out on the moors, we went first to the inn, and afterwards to see the Church House. In the inn, we all had a drink of it. "Rough or sweet?" the barman asked us, and we all voted for sweet. The Canadian had some, too, though he assured us that he was permanently on the wagon, and we assured him that it was not intoxicating, and he believed us.

There we were, clannish little groups filling the two parlours, and somebody said: "Now, what about some bread and cheese?" and a chorus went up: "Have you forgotten, old boy, there's a war on?" All the same, it was rather surprising not getting any cheese, because it was a day when we were all trying very hard not to think about the war.

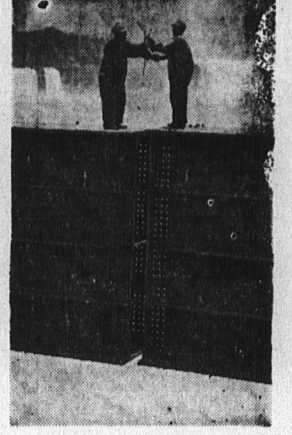
Indeed, one of the pilots with the D. F. C. ribbon on his tunic, introduced me to his dog, and the dog was a cocker spaniel puppy only five weeks old, and I had a sudden longing for my own dog, whom I have hardly seen since the war began. But you cannot get from the dog what even in a Devonshire pub, for on the walls was the map which shows the Ruhr and all the places which we have bombed in the last few months.

I suddenly sensed that the boy next to me was not listening to the conversation any longer about the respective merits of beer and beer but was staring, red and silent, over my shoulder at the wall. And then I remembered that, before his Blenheim crashed, bombing the Ruhr had been his nightly picnic. Perhaps once upon a time long ago you took the same road out of Widecombe and had the same crisis when you reached Ponsworth Bridge.

"Talk about so much being owed to so few," exclaimed one fighter pilot, "This is the real problem, of how to so much get through so small a space." But in the end, we scraped through, and piled out on the side of the road and the unpacking started, and the cry went up, "Grub, grub, grub."

Everybody hungry all try-

There was one cardboard box



**GETTING TOGETHER**

Carrying flags of the two nations, a Canadian and a U. S. workman meet and clasp hands in the centre of the \$3,760,000 Rainbow bridge over the Niagara river. The 53-ton centre arch was swung into place this week, leaving only an 11-inch gap to be filled.

full of hard-boiled eggs. It was a long time since I had had a hard-boiled egg, and it had never tasted so good before. We picked off the shells, and scattered them over the grass, and some one said: "Aren't we being rather trippily?" And the answer was: "Any way its better than scattering bombs."

High above our heads a buzzard came into view. And one of the bomber pilots suggested, a little wistfully I thought, "How lucky to be a buzzard—because then, without even using your wings, indeed, by no apparent means of support, you can gain height instead of losing it at crucial moments."

Another fellow assured me it was all a question of thermal currents. I knew nothing about anything as technical as that, but I did know that every moment it was getting warmer, not only the sun coming full out, but also the atmosphere.

My companions, incarcerated for so long because of their honourable wounds, were subconsciously being revitalised by their day out on the moors. An expedition that was only made possible by your response to the Patients' Entertainments Fund which runs the bus, after I wrote about it standing idle in the courtyard at Christmas. Do you remember?

**Visit Trison**

After the picnic a vote was taken as to the rest of our itinerary and complete unanimity was established at once. They wanted to go to Princetown to see the prison. I supposed to reassure themselves how fortunate they were to be alive, and free men.

On the way, we stopped at Dartmoor where the two rivers join in a sunlit, dancing melody over the rocks. And some of us were content to stand idly on the bridge and throw pebbles, and others went off by themselves, exploring along the banks.

One boy, I noticed, wherever we stopped, went off by himself, and I shall often see him in my mind, hurrying back, dot-and-carry-one, at the last moment, so as not to miss the bus.

There were a good many challenges here about crossing the play and hedge-hopping, instead of hedge-hopping for a change. I issued one myself. "Go on, Stan, you won't get right down to the bridge without falling in." And he started to do it, once with his goggles and all, and because of that fell in with one foot up to his knee.

Afterwards, as he dried himself on the bank, enjoying the joke as much as any, I shall often see him in my mind, hurrying back, dot-and-carry-one, at the last moment, so as not to miss the bus.

We came back another way through Totnes, and once we had to stop because it smelt as though our brakes were on fire, and it was funny in a way to see the concern of those who, in the air, never hesitate to take fantastic risks getting all hot up over a brake drum being hot. But really I think it was an excuse to linger at Holne Bridge, where again the Hurricane pilot walked off slowly by himself. When he came back and climbed on, he volunteered: "I think I shall have to take up fishing in my old age. I see now how pleasant it must be to have an excuse to sit by a river for hours."

In Totnes we all had tea. They

**SAILING EVERY FRIDAY TO BOSTON**  
(via Yarmouth, N. S.)

A modern American liner sails from Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John, to Boston, every Friday at 8 A.M. (A.T.T.), via Yarmouth; due Boston Saturday at 8 A.M. (D.S.T.). Fare \$10 one way.

Passengers holding through tickets to Boston may occupy staterooms Thursday nights without extra cost.

Apply at any Canadian National Railways office, or at Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John.

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did their best for us at the hotel, but apparently the others did better at the milk bar. When our half-hour was up we compared notes, and it was just like a school treat, the grub we'd eaten still loomed as the most important object on the horizon. The boy in the tweed cap was munching a wafer too.

All the same, it was not like going back to school really, because when we finally reached the hospital there was no evening "prep." In the courtyard I ran into a patient I had not seen since my visit at Christmas. He was off to have a party that evening to celebrate, for he had just heard that he had been passed by the board for flying duties once more. His crutches were gone for ever, he would take the wings of the morning again.

So I gave the bus a pat on its buttocks, where it had grazed itself against the Devonshire hedge, and I suddenly noticed that the almond tree looked twice as bright and twice as springle as it had done when we were there.

**WHAT SWEDEN NEEDS**

**GOTHENBURG** — (CP) — Sweden's contribution to European economic life depends on freedom to trade with the whole world, said Gunnar Hagglöf, of the Swedish Foreign Office, rejecting German suggestions of Hamburg as a central clearing place for the entire North.

Minard's relieves sprains.

**CANADA'S 3rd WAR BUDGET**

**GOLD DETECTOR**

**IF IT'LL HELP BEAT HITLER I'LL EVEN HAND OVER THE BARREL!**

**NOTHING WILL EVER MEAN MORE!**

**MATCHED "BLUEBIRD" SET!**

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**3 PIECE TEA SET**

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