"HE'S MY BIG BROTHER!"

Taking a major part in the welcoming ceremonies for Pilot Officer George F "Buzz" Beurling when he arrived in Ottawa Monday night were his two young brothers. Ignoring the dignatories who were on hand to greet the Canadian ace of Malta, the youngsters stepped right in to give big brother a welcome hand. Proudly perched in Beurling's arms is brother David, aged five Tenderly nursing a new hat bought especially for the occasion is brother Richard, aged ten

Defence Minister J. L. Ralston, who will present officers' certificates to a class of graduates from the Canadian Officers' Training Centre at Brockville, Ont, on Saturday, morning, will see some of the Army's future leaders in action The top photo shows cadets learning to negotiate barbed wire obstacles during Battle Drill manoeuvres Latest fighting tactics as used by the Commandos form a part of the training.

The lower photo shows (centre) Lt-Col. M. F. Gregg, V. C., M. C., studying plans with Staff Instructors, these plans to be used during a mock "battle" by the cadets.

(Photos by Thomas Miller for the CANADIAN ARMY)

Advertising Rates — Payable in Advance

Minimum Charge for Any Advertisements 25 Cents

Central Guardian locals, 5c per word; Western and Eastern locals 2c per word; Announcements and Coming Events 3c per word; Classified 3c per word; In Memorial Notices 10c per inch; Lists of Floral and Spiritual Offerings, Cards, etc., 5c per name; Letters of Condolence 10c per inch; Wedding engagements 40 words for $1.00 and 10 cents for every additional 3 words. Notices of Thanks and Appreciation, 70c per inch or 4c per word. Lists of Subscriptions 40 cents per inch. Address and Presentation $1.00. Other rates on application

For Sale

FOR SALE — OLIVER TYPEwriter, first class condition. Livestock Feed Agencies 11-11-3i.

APPLES — MacINTOSH REDS. Ask your grocer for Island grown apples. F. S Reeves.

FOR SALE — GUERNSEY GRADE cow six years old. Due to freshen November 17th. J. E. Murray, Fredericton. 11-11-2i.

FOR SALE — 1938 PLYMOUTH DeLuxe Sedan in good condition. Has been completely overhauled. Good tires, radio, heater. $620. Apply Guardian. 11-10-3i

Nursing

PRACTICAL NURSING — ALSO Maternity cases attended to. 52 Upper Queen Street. 11-10-3i.

PRACTICAL NURSE WANTS work in city. Apply "R." Guardian. 11-11-3i.

Lost

LOST — PLAID CAR WRAP Between city and Frank McKay's, Lawndale. Finder Phone 1582-5. Reward. 11-12-1i.

Female Help Wanted

WANTED —EXPERIENCED MAID. Mrs. Blake, 5 Grafton Street. 11-11-1i.

To Let

TO RENT — ROOM, FURNISHED or unfurnished. 52 Upper Queen Street. 11-10-3i.

To Let

TO RENT — GARAGE. PHONE 785-J. 11-11-2i.

TO LET—WAREHOUSE AND siding at Edward St. Signed A. Horne & Co. 11-7-stt-6i

TO LET — LARGE ROOM FURnished or unfurnished. 2 Upper Hillsboro. 1'-12-1i.

WANTED TO RENT—THREE OR four unfurnished rooms. Apply Guardian. 11-12-1i.

Teachers Wanted

TEACHER WANTED — MOUNT Tryon School. Supplement $100.00. Wilbur Waddell, Secretary. 11-12-2i

WANTED — PRINCIPAL FOR Crapaud School. Supplement $150.00 for year. Thos. Best, Secretary. 11-12-2i.

Miscellaneous

MRS. DAVISON, FURRIER, 187 Kent. Phone 1663. 11-9-11-13.

Wanted

WANTED — CHILD TO BOARD. Apply Guardian. 11-11-2i.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

Montreal Stock Exchange

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Bell Tel	134
Brazilian	11 3-4
Bldg Products	11 1-2
Can Cem	4 1-2
Can Car Found	7 1-2
Can Car Pfd	27
Can Ind Al A	4
Can Pac	7 7-8
Can Steamships	7 1-2
Cons Smelt	36 1-4
Dom Bridge	21 1-4
Dom Steel B	8
Dom Textile	68 1-4
Founda Co	14
Gen Steel Wares	6 3-4
Imp Tob	9 7-8
Int Nickel	33 3-4
Massey Harris	4 3-8
McColl Frontenac	4 7-8
Mtl Power	21 3-8
Nat Brew	24
Noranda	40 1-2
Power Corp	4 3-4
Quebec Power	13 1-2
Shawinigan	15
St Law Com	140
St Law Pfd	9 3-34
Steel of Can Pfd	66 1-2

Montreal Curb

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Abitibi Pfd	4 1-2
BA Oil	16 3-8
Beauharnois	9 5-8
Fraser VTC	10
Home Oil	228
Imp Oil	10
Int Pete	15 3-4
Price Com	8

Banks

(Canadian Press)

Stocks	Close
Montreal	140
Royal	122
Commerce	—
Nova Scotia	—

Steel Plant At Lille Bombed

LONDON, Nov. 11—(CP)— Two formations of American flying fortresses, escorted by more than 300 British and Canadian Spitfires, bombed the steel and locomotive works at Lille and the Abbeville airport in occupied France today in a smashing follow-up to the R A F.'s mightiest assault yet upon the Italian port of Genoa Saturday night.

Four Canadian fighters are missing from among the four squadrons which took part.

The fortresses were attacked by massed formations of 30 to 50 German Focke-Wulf-190's but only one American bomber was lost. Altogether six escorting fighters failed to return. Several Nazi craft were destroyed.

The blasted Lille plant is one of the biggest in France with a capacity sufficient to produce between 100 and 150 electric locomotives annually in addition to hundreds of freight cars and bridge-building equipment. All its output has been going to Germany and occupied countries.

Six Drowned, One Escapes

CALGARY. Nov. 8—(CP)—Six Alberta persons were drowned today when the automobile in which they were driving plunged into the Elbow River and turned over in five feet of water One man escaped by kicking out a rear window and crawling out.

Dead are: Cpl. Alfred Short, 26, of the R.C.A.F.; his wife, Mildred; Jack Short, 22, Calgary; Ordinary Seaman Donald Hill, Calgary; Miss Madeline Ruth Swift, Viking, and Miss Edith Linly of Vulcan.

Ordinary Seaman Frank Short, brother of two of the victims, escaped.

Pile Misery Curbed in 10 Minutes

Don't let itching, bleeding, internal or protruding Piles sap your vitality, ruin your nerves, and drive you crazy with pain. Chinaroid, the recent discovery, stops the pain in 15 minutes so you can walk, ride, work and enjoy life in comfort. It also quickly aids nature to relieve the sore tender parts and shrinks the swollen tumors and restores normal functions of the rectum. Get Chinaroid from your druggist today under agreement that Chinaroid must satisfy completely or money back. Only 35c.

AUCTION AT KINKORA

I am instructed by Arthur Shreenan to sell by auction on his premises

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18 Beginning at 1 p. m.

His farm consisting of 92 acres. This farm is situated one mile from Kinkora Station, one of the largest shipping centres on P. E. I., is well fenced and watered and is dry and fertile land, Reason for selling is ill health.

At the same time and place I will sell all Stock and Implements, consisting in part of 2 good work Horses., 3 choice Milch Cows, Binder Mower, Sectional Seeder, Hay Rake, Disc Harrow, Plow, Gas Engine, Farm Wagon, Driving Wagon, Driving Sleigh, 25 Hens and large quantity of small articles not mentioned.

Terms—Cash. If not fine sale on next fine day.

HUGH J. MORRISON, Auctioneer

11-11-2

Markets At A Glance

(Canadian Press)

Toronto—Industrial and mining stocks higher; western oils slightly lower.
Montreal—Papers and golds higher; utilities unchanged; other industrials lower.
New York—Stock and commodity markets closed (Remembrance Day).
Winnipeg—Wheat unchanged.

PRODUCE

MONTREAL, Nov. 11—(CP)—Produce prices today as reported by the Dominion Department of Agriculture follow:—

Eggs: graded shipments selling A-large 50; A-medium 49 1-2—49 3-4; A-pullets 49; B 49; C 44—45.

Butter: first grade creamery prints, jobbing price, 37 1-4—37 3-4; first grade solids, jobbing price, 36 3-4—37; current receipts, Que No. 1 pasteurized 35 3-4; No. 2 34 3-4; wholesale, Que No. 1 storage and fresh 36—36 1-4.

Cheese: current receipt, western colored 19 7-8—20 1-16 FOB Montreal, western and Que white, 19 5-8 FOB Montreal, wholesale western and Que white 20 first grade FAS Montreal.

Potatoes: 75 lb bags No. 1 mountain Que 1.25—1.40; NB 1.55—1.60; PEI 1.55—1.60.

MINING

(Canadian Press)

TORONTO, Nov. 11—

Stocks	Close
Ang Cdn	.40 1-4
Aunor	1.25
Bankfield	.02 3-4
Base Met	.07
Beattie	.66
Bidgood	.07 1-2
Bobjo	.07
Bonetal	.07
Bralorne	7.00
Brazil	11 5-8
Brit Dom	.22 3-4
Broulan	.37
Buff Ank	1.50
Cal Edm	1.00
Calmont	.15
Cdn Car	7 1-2
Can Ind Al A	3 3-4
Cdn Mal	.40
CPR	7 7-8
Cent Pat	.75
Chester	.55
Cochenour	.60
Coniaurum	.70 1-2
Con Smelt	36 3-8
Dome	16 1-2
Dom Stl B	8
Ea Mal	1.12
Eldorado	.62
Falcon	3.00
Ford A	20
Franco	.19
Gods L	.12 1-4
Goldeag	.02 3-4
GL Pap VTG	2
Gunnar	.10
Gypsum	4
Hard Ro	.42
Harker	.02 1-8
Holling	7.55
Home	2.24
Howey	.14
Imp Oil	10 1-8
Int Nick	34
Int Pete	16
Kerr Add	3.90
Kirk L	.50
L Dufault	.3
L Shore	8.75
Lamaque	3.30
Lapa Cad	.06
Leitch	.60
Lil LL	.77
Macassa	1.90
MacLeod	1.30
Madsen	.50
Malartic	1.55
Massey	4 1-2
Do P	13 3-4
McKenzie	.65 1-4
McLellan	.02 1-4
Mercury	2 1-2
Min Corp	1.10
Naybob	.09 3-4
Noranda	40
Normet	.75
OBrien	.52
Ont Nick	.13 1-2
Pacalta	.03
Pamour	.55
Pick Crow	1.60
Premier	.49
Preston	1.53
Roche	.02 7-8
San Ant	1.60
Sand Rlv	.01
Senator	.18
Sheep Cr	.67
Sherritt	.70 3-4
Sigma	4.40
Sladen	.24
Steep Ro	1.32
Sturgeon	.08
Sud Bas	1.35
Sulliv	.55
Sylvan	1.20
Teck H	1.68
Upp Can	.75
Ventures	4.00
Vermilata	.08 1-2
Waite Am	3.50
Wri Har	2.25

UNLISTED

Can Vine	6
Can Pap	2 3-8
Dom Bridge	21 1-4
Foothill	.75
Pend Ore	1.06

YORK SCHOOL

Standing for the month of October

Senior Department

Grade X.—1, Ruth Nicholson; 2, Irene Chappell; 3, Verna Watts.
Grade IX.—1, Shirley Cooke; 2, Olga Proud; 3, Norma Lewis.
Grade VIII.—1, Beulah Vesey; 2, Mary Watts; 3, Arthur Brown.
Grade VI.—1, Marguerite Vessey; 2, Aletha Brown, 3, Anita Lewis.
Perfect attendance — Shirley Cooke, Norma Lewis, Arthur Brown, Beulah Vesey, Mary Watts, Aletha Brown.

Primary Department

Grade V.—1, David Taylor; 2, Rees Newson.
Grade IV.—1, Christine Proud; 2, Edith Brown; 3, Bernice Lewis.
Grade III.—1, Freda Newson; 2, Marina Watts; 3, Donald Crockett.
Grade II.—1, Norman Brown; 2, Laken Lewis.
Grade I. Sr.—1, Alden Newson.
Grade I. Inter.—1, Gladys MacDonald.
Grade I. Jr.—1, Margaret Rose Watts; 2, Stirling Vessey.
Perfect attendance —Gladys MacDonald, Norman Brown, Laken Lewis, Freda Newson, Christine Proud, Bernice Lewis.
Principal—Marion E. MacEachern, Assistant—Avis R. Prowse.

Stranger In Shady Gulch

By Denver Bardwell

"And by the way Mr. Ormond," Radkin turned to the rancher, and spoke significantly. "I heard all that went on between you and Lally in his room last night. You remember all you talked about. If I were you, I'd take right good advice(and make tracks fast on the first train outa this country. That one o'clock train is leaving on time, they tell me."

Ormond wavered uncertainly a moment, then swung around without a word, grabbed a valise, and slapped it open on the bed.

Radkin turned to Chick and Holland. "Let's go, fellers." To the glowering young man in the derby hat, he said in passing, "Glad to've met you, Mr. Bassett."

"Wait a minute!" Bassett said. "What's your name?"

Radkin grinned. "Fool around here a year or so and you might sorta gradually learn my name."

That afternoon Radkin went to see Jerry Holcomb, local representative of the Cattlemen's Association. He told him about the cached pile of MW and Staggering HL cowhides he had found in the Thumb Creek cavern, told of his clash with Half Diamond riders and of their attempt to dispose of him. Then he related the conversation he had overheard between Lally and Ormond the night before, and went on to explain why he had given Ormond a chance to escape.

Then, he said, "If you can get a detective to come in and dicker with Lally and his foreman, Duke Hasser, for hides, dropping the hint that he won't look too hard at the brands on 'em, maybe you could get the hooks in 'em good and tight, Mr. Holcomb."

"Radkin," Holcomb said, leaning back in his chair to gaze at his young visitor admiringly, "you miss ed you calling! You oughta go into detective work yourself. An absolute outsider, not knowing a thing about how we been trying for years to tag Thomas Lally for the things we knew against him, but couldn't prove, you come in blind and stomp right on the dynamite! I'll write to the Association's headquarters to send men in here as soon as possible. Meanwhile, I'll have Ormond picked off the train down the line."

"I wish you'd let that poor devil get away, Mr. Holcomb," Radkin begged. "Lally forced him to do what he did."

"I can understand your feelings on that, Radkin, but we are up against one of the brainiest, slickest crooks in the West, and we can't let maybe the most important witness against him get away."

As Radkin left, Holcomb was calling an employe to take a telegram to the depot. The youth felt badly about Ben Ormond, but he realized that his personal sentiments had no right to step in the way of the law.

During the next thirty hours, he had to mark time. He could do nothing but wait for the return of John Bascom and Rooster.

Finally, late Thursday night, Roster returned. He arrived at the hotel very tired.

"We stayed with the Thules last night," he explained, "but I didn't get much sleep, a-settin' up late talkin' with Shorty and Stringy Meehan about you and the Bar M and everything. They said, if you was buyin' the Bar M, you'd better be sendin' somebody out there quick to look after things, because only a couple of fellers named Muster and Wahoo was left there by Ben Ormond. They don't like Muster."

"I'll attend to that later," said Radkin. "The first thing I wanta know is about those homesteads. What did Bascom say?"

"He got pretty roused up. He done a lotta cluckin' every time he found one of them half-dug wells and seen no real farmin' had been done on those places. He said he'd mail a registered notice to Lally first thing in the morning, nullin' and voidin' Lally's titles to them. He said he'd be ready by next Monday to take in new filings on them for homestead rights and tree claims. Said we could put in applications tomorrow if we wanted to, but he couldn't officially accept them till he got proof that Lally received his registered letter."

"Are the Meehan boys and the MW punchers gonna file for claims?" Radkin asked.

"Shorty and Stringy'll come in Monday to do that. Said they'd get after Scooter Hopkins and his two side-longers to do the same. I didn't git to see the MW boys myself. They was up to camp, brandin'."

"Did you see Miss Waller?"

"Yeah—and she asked if I'd seen a man over this way by the name of Bill Radkin. I said I was not sure, but seems like I had. Then she says, 'If you see him again before Saturday night, tell 'im I heard he aimed to do something awful crazy Saturday night and for him to be awful sure he don't do it.' Maybe she didn't say it jest that way, but that's the heart of it."

Radkin smiled. "Thanks, Rooster. You'd better get to bed now. Chick and I will get the other fellers lined up, and tomorrow morning, I want you all to put in your applications for those homesteads. Then we'll head for home on the Bar M. We'll celebrate Saturday night at that big dance in Shady Gulch."

"Gosh, Bill!" Rooster exclaimed. "Are you goin' to that dance when all the Half Diamond crowd is bound to be there? So that's what Miss Arlene meant! You goin' crazy?"

"Done gone," said Radkin.

CHAPTER XXII

Just after dark Friday night, Radkin and eight men rode up before the barn and corrals of the Bar M. Each led a burdened pack horse. Four of them, including Chick and Rooster, had worked on the Bar M previously, two were ex-Thule riders, and two had formerly worked for Mark Waller.

The two cowboys whom Ben Ormond had left in charge of the ranch came running from the bunkhouse in the starlight. They met the incoming party at the barn and swung a lantern up to look into the face of their visitors.

"Meet your new boss, fellers—Mr. Bill Radkin," Rooster told them. Then, to Radkin, "These here fellers are Muster and Wahoo, that I told you about."

The man called Muster held the lantern up to look at Radkin.

"Say, what is this? Ben said, when he left, that the Lally bunch would be takin' over here."

"Well, they won't," Radkin said tersely,as he dismounted. "I've bought the Bar M."

He appraised Muster in the lantern light, and his impression was not favorable. The man had a hostile glint in his eyes. There was also a look of incredulity in them.

"There wouldn't be two Bill Radkins around this country, would there?" Muster asked, staring hard at Radkin.

"Did you hear there was another by that name in here right recent, pardner?" Radkin asked, casually.

"Yeah," Muster muttered. "Yeah, but he—that is, I heard tell that he's gone."

"Why couldn't he come back?" Radkin asked quietly.

"He—Aw, I don't know. Maybe he could You got papers to show you bought out the Bar M? I was told to hold things tight here till Mr. Lally took over."

"I've got papers—if you don't want to take the word of these men that you know. I'll satisfy you about 'em when we get in the house."

"There ain't no house, 'cept the long bunkhouse there," Chick called across from where he was unsaddling his horse beside the corral fence. "And the cook house and store room over t'other side."

While some of the men unloaded the packhorses of their bacon, sacks of flour, canned goods, eight rifles, and heavy boxes of ammunition, Radkin made a tour of inspection with Rooster.

"How long have you known Muster?" he asked, as they were returning.

"About a year," Rooster said. "Don't know where he come from, but Ben seemed to know 'im before he hired 'im to be top rider here."

"How about Wahoo? Know him long?"

"He's a good cowhand, but he's a better cook. He's run the kitchen for Ben's outfit here for three or four years. Before that, he cooked for outfits over in the Panhandle."

"Let's go in. Slip word to Chick that you and he are to keep a close eye on Muster — see that he don't slip off tonight or tomorrow. Maybe I'm wrong, Rooster, but I think he wears a Half Diamond brand."

"No! Gosh, Bill, why not pay 'im off? I told you Shorty and Stringy Meehan sorta said somethin' about Muster makin' a crooked trail."

"I'll pay him off later—but not just yet. Right now, I want to keep him here. There's one thing I'm aiming at, Roster, that I don't hanker to have spoiled. I'll have fun tomorrow night when I show up at the Shady Gulch dance before that Half Diamond bunch that thinks I'm rotting in a deep, black hole up on the mesa yonder. I don't aim to have that fun spoiled by letting Muster sneak off to tell them I ain't dead. So don't let him outa your sight."

Wahoo was already busy in the kitchen with the new supply of victuals. He was whistling contentedly over his stove when Radkin walked in to look over the kitchen equipment. Radkin talked casually with him for a while, and then left, satisfied that the cook was all right.

In the bunkhouse, he found Muster sitting against the wall, slightly listening to the other men's talk, and watching them. He called the man aside and offered to show him his papers as new owner of the Bar M.

"Aw, that's all right." Muster waved a hand and shrugged his shoulders. "Chick told me all about how you slipped it over on Ben at the Pueblo House, buyin' him out when he thought it was Lally. You sure worked it smart, all right."

He looked down at the two guns dangling at his young boss's hips. He himself wore one gun, and it was tied down low on his leg. Then he looked up at Radkin's new black sombrero, and put a light of admiration into his eyes.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "That sure is a shiner of a hat. Mind if I take a feel and look at it?"

Radkin took his hat off carefully. He had worn it at a jaunty tilted angle, protecting his scalp wound, which was no longer bandaged. Muster fingered the hat, commented on its newness and, when he held it out to Radkin, his eyes flipped up to study the latter's carefully combed hair.

"Well," he said, "guess I'll have a look at them sick calves up on the mesa. Half a doezn sorta got fever from the brandin'. I got 'em in the calf pen up there."

"Brand fever never killed a calf yet, unless flies took to 'em," Radkin said. "I don't ask men working for me to work at night without plenty of reason, Muster. Take it easy."

"It just happens these here calves ain't yours, Radkin," Muster answered. He spoke aggressively, and several of the other men turned to look at him and Radkin. "Ben let me bring in a few strays of my own to run on his range. Of course, if you say so, I'll run 'em on some other range."

"Any man here," Radkin replied evenly, leaning against the wall, "can run a few head of his own, provided he don't get 'em with a long loop."

Muster's face went dark and he said harshly, "You meanin' to imply I stole those calves?"

Radkin licked at him levelly. "I had no idea of the sort."

"You're a liar, Radkin! You called me a rustler!" Muster backed off three steps. "I call every man here to witness that you called me a rustler."

The startled men in the big room had no time to realize that Muster had deliberately built up an alibi for killing Bill Radkin. In one quick movement, he leaped toward the door, crouching.

His gun flashed upward in the lamplight.

(To be Continued)

HOMECOMING OF A HERO

Only a year out of his teens but already an international hero, Pilot Officer George F. "Buzz" Beurling, father of the ace, brother David, aged five, Pilot Officer Beurling, Mr. King, Mackenzie King a few hours after his arrival in Ottawa The youthful ace whose guns already accounted for 29 Axis aircraft was surrounded by his family, victories in the defence of Malta, worked his way to England to join the Royal Air Force.

Roosevelt Reveals Plan

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9—(CP)— Swift progress by American troops on their "second front" was reported today while President Roosevelt unfolded part of the grand strategy of the campaign—an eastward push to join the victorious British 8th Army for "the elimination of the forces of evil from North Africa."

The President served friendly notice on the Bey of Tunis, who governs the French protectorate of Tunisia between French Algeria and Italian Libya, that the United States soldiers are going through there to destroy "our common enemies"—the battered and beaten remnants of Marshal Erwin Rommel's Axis army.

R.C.A.F. Plane Is Missing

HALIFAX, Nov. 11—(CP)—An R.C.A.F. aircraft is overdue on a flight from Cape Breton to Newfoundland, the Eastern Air Command here announced tonight.

No particulars were disclosed, but the R.C.A.F. said a search had been organized and was underway. The number of men in the missing machine was not made known, nor was it indicated when they had disappeared.

10,000-FT. HILLS

A dozen summits of the Owen Stanley Range in New Guinea, are more than 10,000 feet high.

RAW FURS

We are buying all kinds of Raw Furs and unless asked to do so we do not keep shipments separate as the returns we send are always satisfactory.

Following our long established custom we are open for business Saturday nights. Ship or bring your Mink, Muskrat, Red Fox, Coon and Skunk pelts to

J. D. JENKINS,
Prop. The Royal Packing Co.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

11-12-5i.

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE

Large quantities of fowl and chicken. Prices are good. Ship or bring your poultry to

The Royal Packing Co.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
J. D. Jenkins, Prop.

NOTICE

We the undersigned Merchants agree to comply with the request of Wartime Prices and Trade Board for a fifty-six working hours of service to public commencing November 16th, 1942. Hours of Business opening at 8.45 A. M. and closing at 5.30 P.M. with exception of Saturday, closing at 9 P. M.

McGuigan & Boyle
W. I. Bowman
W. P. Smith & Co.
Cyriac Gallant
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11-11-2i.