PRINCE EDWARD

ONLY TWO DAYS LEFT TO SEE THE PICTURE THAT WON THE PLAUDITS OF HUNDREDS OF CHARLOTTETOWN'S MOVIE FANS!

TO-DAY and SAT.

The White Cliffs of Dover

starring IRENE DUNNE

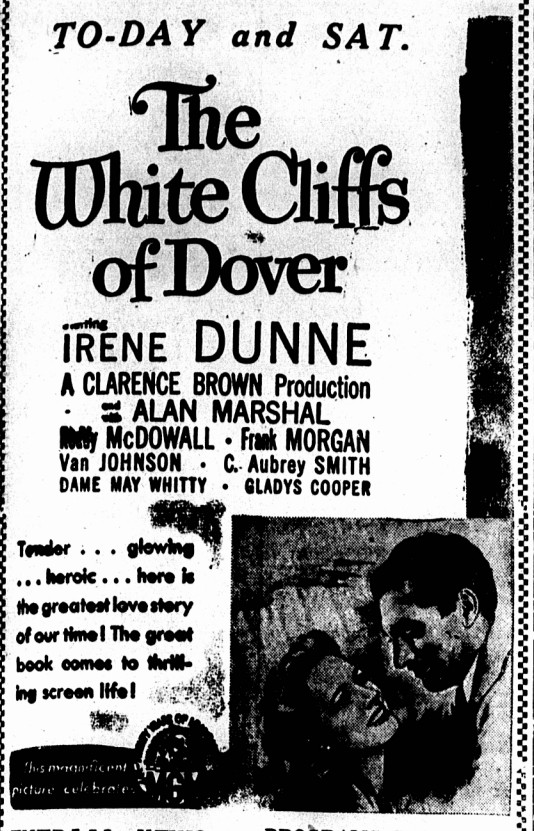
A CLARENCE BROWN Production

and ALAN MARSHAL

Roddy McDOWALL · Frank MORGAN

Van JOHNSON · C. Aubrey SMITH

DAME MAY WHITTY · GLADYS COOPER



Tender . . . glowing . . . heroic . . . here is the greatest love story of our time! The great book comes to thrilling screen life!

EXTRA!! NEWS— PROGRAMS START AT 3:15 - 6:50 and 9:10

ATTEND MATINEE AND EARLY SHOWS

PATRONS NOTE . .

When waiting for tickets, patrons are requested to form a line on the sidewalk. This will assist in avoiding a crowded entrance and better service at the box office.

EMPIRE -:- TO-NIGHT and SAT.

Adventure Without Equal . . . As A Powerful Range Dictator Pits North Against South In A Nefarious Plot To Set Up An Outlaw Empire!

DON Red BARRY

CALIFORNIA JOE

Wally VERNON

HELEN TALBOT

TWINKLE WATTS

Shows 7 - 8:45

Matinee Sat. Only At 2:30

Also Color Cartoon

U. S. Marine Band — Women In Sports

Dick Tracy Vs. Crime Inc.

CHERRY HILL

Mrs Lucy Chappell, Kensington spent a enjoyable visit in Charlottetown and Cherry Hill the guest of her sister Mrs James Walker.

Cpl Leigh Walker, R. C. A. F. stationed at St George's De Molbole Quebec, enjoyable a well earned furlough at his home in Cherry Hill.

Mrs Elton Warren and small daughter Lillian are spending a few day's in Covehead visiting her mother Mrs Wallace MacDonald.

Cpl Leigh Walker and sister Linda spent a few days in Kensington, the guests of Mrs Lucy Chappell.

Mrs Clifford Coffin and family returned to Boston after spending the summer months visiting her mother Mrs Leigh McAssey Cherry Hill.

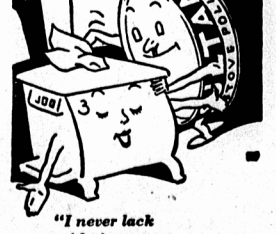
The Misses Velda Walkers Jean Chappell were visitor's in Charlottetown on Saturday.

Mr and Mrs. Francis Rose entertained a number of guests Wednesday evening. Ice-Cream and Cake was served the rest of the evening was spent in music and dancing.

Miss Jean Chappell, Kensington, spent a very enjoyable week in Cherry Hill the guest of her Aunt Mrs James Walker.

Mrs Dockendoff and daughter Elaine of Charlottetown spent a few days visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs George Warren. Cherry Hill.

F. 610902. Pte Lorne Walker has returned to his station in Vernon, B.C. after spending his furlough at the home of his parents Mr and Mrs James Walker Cherry Hill, Lorne was accompained back by his wife, Mrs Winnifred Walker.



"I never lack
Admirers now
Sultana smooths
My troubled brow."

Your stove's appearance deserves

SULTANA STOVE POLISH

Liquid or Paste

BACK AGAIN!

ALDRICH FAMILY

But note specially the time and station

Laugh with Henry Aldrich his family and his friends

FRIDAYS 9 P.M. CFCY and the Dominion Network

CAPITOL

TO-DAY AND SAT.

Also Cartoon - Novelty
Chapt. 13 Capt. America

Shows at 3:15 - 7 - 8:45

Grim Story Told Of Nazi Murders

LUBLIN POLAND, Sept. 5 — (AP)—Four German prisoners of war stood with a bored air in front of a Russian-Polish atrocities commission here and told their stories of Majdaneck, perhaps the greatest horror in Nazi Europe

In curt phrases they said that men women and children of 22 nationalities had been gassed, hanged, shot, burned, drugged or starved to death in the three years of the operation of the Majdanek barbed-wire-enclosed encampment in a rolling meadowland at the edge of Lublin. Russians and Poles have estimated that it received more than 500,000 persons doomed to extermination.

Majdanek is a ghastly fantasy. It was established for murder on a vast but methodical scale. Until a group of British and American correspondents visited it Sunday—with its six concrete vaults for execution by cyanide or carbon monoxide gas, its open air crematorium surrounded with skeletons, its mounds of human ashes mixed with manure for fertilizing cabbage patches and its overflow burial ground in a pine woods carpeted with decaying bodies—most of these newspapermen could not even begin to imagine the proportions of its frightfulness.

That night, our clothes still reeking of the dead, we sat in a stuffy Lublin courtroom while three German S.S. (Elite Guard) officers and one German civilian renegade spoke indifferently of Majdanek's scenes of slaughters and blamed all on "orders from above."

Horrible Details

N.A. Stalb, a blond, six-foot German butcher, arrested in 1939 for selling meat in the black market, told of his incarceration in Majdanek, during which he once became a member of the barracks police detail

"I have seen a tractor haul as many as 400 corpses at on time from the 'bath and disinfection house' to the ovens on the hill," he said. "One day I saw the bodies of 157 Polish children who had been gassed. Another time I saw a group of Polish women marched up a hill to be shot to save the trouble of gassing them. They were ordered to disrobe. One refused, a girl about 23 to 29. Two men tied her hands and legs, put her on a steel stretcher and thrust her alive into the white hot oven."

The Russian-Polish commission said the following facts had been adduced from seized documents, from testimony of the German personnel and of surviving prisoners, such as the French communist, fisherman Corenten Ledu of Brittany.

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.

COOKS for Photos.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

PROGRAM OF Sacred Music, St. Andrew's United Church, Belle River, September 10th, 8 p.m. 9-8-11

FREDERICTON CHURCH Service Sunday, Sept. 10th at 11 a.m. Rev. J. Jeffreys, speaker. 9-8-11

HAMPTON PASTORAL Charge —Rev. Peter Jackson — Bonshaw 11 a.m. DeSable 3 p.m. Victoria 7.30 p.m. Crapaud Pageant, 'The Life of Peter' Hampton 8 p.m. 9-8-11

VALLEYFIELD UNITED Church —Service Sept. 10th at 11.00. Orwell Head at 7.30. Rev D. K. Ross will conduct both services. A. S. Weir, Interim Chairman. 9-8-11

CRAWFORD MEMORIAL, Christian Church, Bradalbane. Regular service Sunday 10th at 3 p.m. Conducted by Mr. Stephen Ackland. Everybody welcome. 9-8-11

THE REV. C. A. BRITTEN will preach on Sunday, Sept. 10th in Central Bedeque Baptist Church, 11 a.m. and in Wilmot Valley Hall at 7:30 p.m. 9-8-11

CENTRAL PARISH: Sunday, Sept. 10th: Canoe Cove 11 a.m. Clyde River Memorial service, Rev. Dr. Morgen Genge, guest speaker 3 p.m. Nine Mile Creek 7.30 p.m. T. W. Goodwill, minister. 9-8-11

TRYON - BONSHAW BAPTIST Church. Sunday, Sept. 10th. Albany 11.00 a.m. Tryon 3.00 p.m. Westmoreland 8.00 p.m. You are invited to join us in our services of worship and praise. 9-8-11

ENGAGEMENT — Mrs. Elijah Saunders, Winsloe, announces the engagement of her daughter, Muriel Jean, to Lodge Lane, son of Mrs. Lane and the late Samuel Lane, Pownal. Marriage to take place in September. 9-8-11

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH in Canada, Brookfield Charge — Divine worship next Lord's Day as follows: Hunter River 11 a.m. Glasgow Road 3 p.m. Brookfield 7.30 p.m. Donald Nicholson, student minister. 9-8-11

NORTH RIVER CHURCHES — Sept. 10. Fairview: S. School 10.15 a.m. Service 11 a.m. Adjutant Cercer of the Salvation Army will speak. North River: S. School 11 a.m. No service in absence of pastor. Long Creek: S. School 11 a.m. No service. Rev. A. E. Todd, minister 9-8-11

CHURCH NOTICE — Winsloe United Church Services, Sept. 10: Highfield, 11 a.m.; Princetown Road 3 p.m.; Princetown Road S. S., 2 p.m. Winsloe South, 7:30 p.m. Winsloe South S. S., 10:30 a.m. Rev. T. Constable, Minister. 9-8-11

MARSHFIELD PRESBYTERIAN charge services for next Lord's Day September 10th will be held as follows: Marshfield 11 a.m.; S.S. 10 a.m.; Mt. Stewart 3 p.m., and Harrington 7:30 p.m. S.S. 10:30 a.m. Highfield S.S. 9:30 a.m. Rev. Henry P. Baak, Minister. 9-8-11

THE UNITED CHURCH of Canada, Hunter River Pastoral Charge —Service will be held on Sunday, September 10th as follows: Wiltshire 11.00 a.m. Wheatley River 3.00 p.m. Hunter River 7.30 p.m. Rev. Lewis M. Murray, Minister. 9-8-11

BRADALBANE United Church— Rev. D. J. Morrison, Minister. Sermons Sept. 10th as follows: Pleasant Valley 11 a.m.; Rose Valley L.O.L. and L.O.B.A. service, 3 p.m. Bradalbane 7:30 p.m. 9-8-11

NEW LONDON PRESBYTERIAN CHARGE — Sept. 10th: 11:00 a.m. South Granville; 2:30 p.m. New London; 7:30 p.m. Long River. S. School at New London and French River 1:30 p.m. Rev. H. M. Buntain, Minister. 9-8-11

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SERVICES—Sunday, Sept. 10: St. John's Church, Crapaud, Church School 10:30 a.m.; Evensong 7.30 p.m. St. Elizabeth's Church, Springfield Church School 10:00 a.m.; Holy Communion, 11:00 a.m. Rev. G. R. Hartman, Rector. 9-8-11

ST. JOHN'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Belfast. Service next Sunday, September 10, will be held at 2.30 and will be in the nature of the Annual Memorial Service with a special Offering for the Cemetery Fund. Preacher will be the Rev. G. Carylye Webster of Charlottetown. At this service there will also be the acknowledgement and receiving of a Bronze Plaque, marking the 120th Anniversary of the building of the Church by the Selkirk Settlers. Note the hour of service 2.30. There will be no evening service. Rev. E. C. Evans, minister. 9-8-11

W.M.S. MEETING— The regular meeting of the Union Road United W.M.S. was held in the church on Sept 4th with the President as leader. Meeting opened by singing "What a Friend We Have In Jesus," followed by Lord's Prayer. Scripture Lesson Psalm 96, was read responsively. Mrs Prowse gave a Temperance Reading, Danger Of Social Drinking. Miss Margaret Mallett gave a reading on Chritain Stewardship "Treasures". Roll call was responded to by 10 members with a verse of scripture. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. For the program very interesting readings were given by Mrs Hardy and Mrs Yeo, Collection amounted to $3.25 Meeting closing by singing Stand Up Stand Up, For Jesus and Benediction

Patriot Please Copy

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mrs. N. L. Vessey (nee Lottie Crockett) who departed this life September 8, 1943.

Beautiful memories are all that are left
Of one I loved and can never forget;
A cherry smile and a happy face,
and a broken link,
I can never replace.

Inserted by her Husband.

9-8-11

IN MEMORIAN

MRS. GEORGE W. GARDINER.

It was with feelings of deepest regret that her friends learned of the death in the P. E. I. Hospital yesterday morning of Helen Margaret Strong, wife of Mr. George W. Gardiner, 222 Grafton Street, following a serious illness of several weeks. Mrs. Gardiner who was in her 81st year, was a daughter of the late Robert Allison Strong of Summerside, whose family name is historic in Methodist church annals in Canada. She was a niece of Charles F. Allison, founder of Mt. Allison University, Sackville, N. B., and first cousin of Mrs. Julian Wood, O.B.E., widow of the former Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick.

Mrs. Gardiner, who was dearly beloved by all her relatives and friends, was a prominent worker for over 60 years in Trinity church and her loving influence will always remain. She was also connected with the Woman's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A. for many years, and followed its growing activities with great interest. Gracious in her deeds, Mrs. Gardiner was especially kind to the needy and to her children, so far away the centre of affection and even in declining health she kept her correspondence cheery and hopeful.

Deepest sympathy is extended to her bereaved husband and family of two sons and two daughters—Frank E. Gardiner, B.Sc., of Windsor, Ont.; Dr. George W. Gardiner of Las Cruces, New Mexico; Mrs. Frank O'Brien, Macleod, Alta.; Mrs. Anne Peters, Lethbridge, Alberta. Her only grandson, Sergt. J. G. Peters, R. C. A. F., is now overseas. She also leaves three grand-daughters.

Mrs. Peters has been with her mother for the past few weeks. Mr. Frank Gardiner spent the past week-end at his mother's bedside, but war-work called him back, his wife remaining on until after the funeral services. Funeral this afternoon at 3:30 from Cutcliffe's Funeral Parlors. Interment People's cemetery.

In Memoriam

MRS GARFIELD GAMBLE

The death occurred at the Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown on August 15, of Mrs. Garfield Gamble (nee Amy French) at the early age of twenty-nine years.

The deceased had been in good health until a few months previous to her death. She was taken to the hospital for treatment but after five weeks of all that competent medical skill and nursing could do was done to restore her to health, but God called her home on the above mentioned date.

She bore her suffering with patience and fortitude and was never known to murmum or complain. Her genial disposition and kind deeds will long be remembered by her many friends and relatives.

She leaves to mourn a grief strickened husband, who is with the Canadian Army Overseas for the past year and a half, and one daughter Gloria about two years old whom she loved and adored.

The remains were conveyed to the home of her uncles Art and Russell French of Westmoreland, where a short service was held on Thursday, August 17. thence to the United Church at Crapaud. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Jackson of Hampton. Appropriate hymns sung during the service were "Rock of Ages," "The Sand of Time are Sinking" and "What A Friend we have in Jesus.

The casket laden with beautiful flowers was borne to Hampton cemetery and tenderly laid to rest. The large number which assembled testified to the esteem in which she was held. The pallbearers were Messrs Will. Farrar, David Cameron, Frederick Matters, Bert Trowsdale, John Campbell and Fred Wilson.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from page 2)

reading the west, for weather-signs: "Can't you concentrate on the work at hand?" I never found out whether he saw any or not. I think perhaps snakes are scarcer at Alderlea.

• • •

Rob and Jamie came after supper to help at the hauling home. I was shaking the crumbs from the table-cloth to the chickens near the porch-door, when James stopped long enough to tell me perhaps I had better come to the loft when the wagons come from the fields. I might as he said: "hand a few sheaves to Roo when he was stowing the grain in the mow." Taking Jamie with me, with much hauling and pushing we were able to scale its heights, where Jamie amused himself trying to catch crickets. My task, while not requiring so much agility took main strength and I found the "few sheaves" James had dangled temptingly to bait me, became every sheaf. Tonight our first grain-field is bare. Only the stubbles remain to tell that once, in the lushness of spring, there was a seed-time. The remainder of the harvest will be threshed from the fields needing the best of weather, the best that even September can give.

• • •

I planted some "slips" this evening, to have green growing things for winter and for blossoms in the early spring, Geraniums mostly, a scented one, and petunias, double and frilled like mid-Victorian ladies' gowns. The Zinnias are now my best of out-door flowers, red and gold and lavendar. I counted buds on an Amaryllis, as old as some of "mine" and with me through the years. I counted to thirteen and then disappointed at the number began again, to gain two more.

• • •

After the day's work was ended and the lamps were lit Jeanie brought the new catalogue—mail-order — in, that I might look through its pages. This is one intriguing and most interesting book that like some of the classics never grows old! We leafed through it slowly at the table, our attention caught and held here and there on its pages. James came in unnoticed to sit in his old arm-chair. We looked up in surprise to hear him say: "I should have thrown that book over the bridge" for James brought the mail to the house today. It would have been a dastardly deed if he had done that thing. I think a mail-order catalogue is among the best and cheapest of morale-builders and nerve-tonics that can come to a farmhouse. I'm among those who believe that when a woman is about exhausted with farmwork and cares, a new gown, a coat, a hat mail-order or otherwise can work miracles when other treatments fail. Even to admire the styles or copy them from the catalogue can be helpful. I remember, too, once I had a visitor, a quiet lady, that I was at wit's ends to entertain. I chanced to take up the catalogue and there on this common ground, tongues were loosened and what was boring became at once delightful. Children too love them and learn much from their pages. Jeanie and I went from cover to cover and she was at the door leaving with this book for the house across the lane when James said a bit hesitantly: "There wouldn't be a nice flannel shirt in there?" There might be at that!

• • •

James lunch tonight was hearty even though he complained that he had a terrible dream last night after a light-lunch of bread and milk and prunes. He dreamt, he told me, he was on 'a precipice, high up and steep" and there he was. I left him there, and went to make sandwiches of "substance" for I knew, as morning dawned James could come from either heights or depths of dreams to get to his work. It will take an awful dream to keep him from rising early tomorrow morning for weather permitting there will be threshing at Rob's and James likes it greatly, this work of threshing "the golden grain."

Until tomorrow — Dairy—Goodnight.

HORNE MOTORS

168 Kent St. · Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Fortune's Apprentice

BY

Leonard Leslie

The invitation was not unwelcome on the sweltering afternoon. As John snuggled into the seat beside her he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Frankly, I don't like cycling," he admitted "in my job, however, it is very convenient."

"I think I should like riding a bike again, I haven't indulged since I was a child."

"You should get one, and we can explore parts of the countryside. Nothing like a bike for that."

Quite suddenly John became aware that the propinquity of this girl was a pleasant experience. She had strength of character as well as of body. Diana was no clinging vine. Elementally she was a woman, comparable with the daughters of the farmers and villagers in spite of her different background.

"Strange that we should meet so seldom," h eremarked.

"Well, I always associate you with stern duty. Generally you are absorbed in your business. You seem to have no time for social engagements."

"I don't happen to be one of the lilies of the field."

"Who toil not, neither do they spin." She completed the quotation musingly.

"Am I to take that as a sly dig?"

"Not in the least," he said hastily. "Working can be grand fun. Especially when you have something to work for and you like the job."

"I ride, swim, play tennis, and give a hand visiting the tenants," she countered. "In addition, I am by way of being acting secretary to my father. Does that sound like consistent idleness?"

"You'r time must be fully occupied."

"What else could I do ?"

"I have no idea," he admitted. "Women have fewer opportunities than men. One tends of forget that."

She found it a new and stimulating experience in being talked to seriously and frankly. Perhaps he was a shade too serious. But most men she met just talked nonsense, even the clever ones.

They had driven through country where John was known. It was a golden day. Field crops were flourishing on farmlands which he overlooked. Diana noticed at the way workers waved to her companion.

"They seem glad to see you," she commented

"I hope they are. They are my own people," he added simply. "Among them I can be my real self."

"And what is the real Mr. Morris like? Does he always take himself so very seriously."

"He's just a country lad, with straw in his hair."

"That isn't true."

"Very well, I am a psychological curiosity."

"That is more like it. With me, must you be artificial?"

"No. Once or twice I have had to pull myself up on the verge of delivering a lecture. I do this, simply because I'm a verbose yokel. Apart from these lapses I manage to be reasonably natural I hope. Which mood do you prefer?'"

"You are a strange person. No not strange—different and interesting."

It was this difference that stimulated her. Against her will she appraised him in contrast with the wealthy, and often gilded, youths in whose company she customarily found herself. It all seemed so chaotic. Admiral Sandley had always insisted on the necessity for making social distinction, and her mother had drifted down the years tangled in the silken threads of Victorian convention. Mrs. Sandley conjured up visions of anti-maccassars, Venetian blinds and the rustle of silk taffeta. And even in middle-age she seemed elderly and remote from contemporary life.

John Morris had only met her on a few occasions. He was forced to admire her undeviating code of manners. They impelled her to treat Sir Charles Sturton's protege as a type of superior servant, which meant with scrupulous politeness, unmixed with any hint of recognition of abilities or attainments.

Phillipa and Diana, of course, had had a broader view of life. The effects of their upbringing had mellowed in the process. Conrad was more like his mother than his father, for the Admiral suffered the restrictions of an old Service martinet. "Seamanship went to the dogs when sail-went out, and sailors became mechanics," was a characteristic remark.

For all that, Sandley had a paternal interest in those who sailed with him, and, in his after-dinner noods, a robust sense of humour.

After completing his business in Barsby, John was driven home by Diana. On the spur of the moment he invited her in for tea.

She accepted without the least diffidence.

Mrs. Morris was flustered by the appearance of an unexpected visitor. To her Diana intruded as from another world. It became necessary to bring out the best china, to cut the thinnest bread and butter, and to send out hurriedly for more dainty buns in place of the rich fruit cake which she afterwards protestingly produced at John's request.

Diana tried to make conversation, failed dismally, but like her father, refused to admit defeat. And John proved a poor ally.

During an uncomfortable meal Mr. Morris came in in his shirt sleeves.

"Sorry miss," he muttered. "Didn't know we'd company. I'll get cleaned up in honour of the occasion."

"Please don't make an exception on my account," Diana observed.

She knew it was the wrong thing to say as soon as it had been uttered.

John flushed. "We're simple folk," he said, and the girl almost screamed.

Why must he be so constantly apologetic? It did not matter to her that the Morris's usually drank tea from thick cups, ate slabs of bread and-butter and hunks of homely cake. There was much to be said for simplicity. But Mrs. Morris made such a fuss as to embarrass anyone. Far better if tea had been prepared as though she were one of them instead of making a parade of exceptional things, and emphasizing distinctions.

(To Be Continued)

SEA CADETS

All Sea Cadets and Recruits are Requested to Report on Board H. M. C. S. Queen Charlotte at Seven O'clock

FRIDAY EVENING

Bristol and Vicinity

Miss Mary O'Brien of Ottawa, spent her holidays visiting her father who has been in inadiferent health for sometime.

Miss Josephine MacDonald, was a recent visit in Bristol.

Mrs. William MacDonald, has received word from her two sons Pte. J.W. and Pte. Valentine MacDonald, in England, Mr. and Mrs MacDonald, have three sons overseas. Pte. Pius MacDonald has been in the fighting in Italy, for a long time.

Mrs. P.R. Sinnott, has received word from her son Pte Ralph Sinnott, now in Hospital who is recovering from severe wounds received in Italy.

Pte Ira Hawbolt, who was wounded in the fighting early in the war has returned to his home in Morell, after a long stay in the Hospitals.

Messwomen are needed in the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, it is announced from Wren headquarters in Ottawa. They will serve in naval bases at the coast, working in sailor's cafeterias The Messwomen will actually replace seamen who have been kept ashore doing galley duty.

IMPORTANT!

Relieve Itchy, Burning ECZEMA THIS SIMPLE EASY WAY

Cleanse with gentle, medicinal Cuticura Soap. Then apply emollient Cuticura Ointment. See why thousands are grateful to Cuticura!

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

MOTHERS! TRY CUTICURA BABY OIL

DANCING

B. I. S. HALL

SATURDAY NIGHT

Modern and Old Time Dancing

9 to 12 Admission 25c

Follow the Crowd to THE B.I.S. HALL

This Army