

TODAY — PRINCE EDWARD

SPECIAL—Greatest News Flash ever to be flown across the Continent—Shown TO-DAY

"JAPANESE RAIDS ON HAWAII"

Filmed during the great air and Naval battle on the Hawaiian Islands—Its dramatic! Its Thrilling! SEE IT!

"All He's Got To Do Is Look At Me..."

and I Know That I'm Lost!



Thrilling drama that flames from notorious waterfront cabarets to the sheltering shadows of a fog-bound harbor..

'Sea Wolf's' outcasts re-united!

IDA LUPINO JOHN GARFIELD

Don't Miss It!

In their latest Warner Bros. triumph

OUT OF THE FOG

MATINEE 2.30 EVENING 7 AND 9

Also Flying Bear TRAVELOGUE

Ventriquoist Seen In Drama

His profession was forced on him, and Frank Gaby, ventriquoist-actor in Universal's "Mr. Dynamite" which comes today to the Capitol Theatre, is glad it was. Gaby's father was a ventriquoist, among other accomplishments and occupations. The actor looked on ventriquoism as a sort of job insurance and he was determined little Frank should learn it. And learn it he did, today being hailed as one of the top ventriquoists in the public eye. He scored his most notable stage success with Eddie Dowling in the Philip Barry hit, "Here Come the Clowns." In this production he appeared in a dramatic role intensified by his ability as a ventriquoist, and parts in "Mr. Dynamite," his first full-length film, in which he is featured with co-stars Lloyd Nolan and Irene Hervey, call upon the same acting and ventriquoist talents. Like his father, Gaby had many

trons in the fire. Besides a lifetime career in ventriquoism which has taken him into night clubs, musical comedy, revues and drama, Gaby has sold real estate, been an aviator, designed and sold talking dolls, farmed, and owned two race horses.

Film Cast Does Brilliant Acting In "Out Of The Fog"

John Garfield hasn't got it in him, in real life, to top with lists and rubber-tube nose anybody who can't top back. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen hate fishing. Ida Lupino hates the frills of orchid-champagne-caviar living. Alene MacMahon believes that if you think you're well, you'll stay well, and she shows hypochondriacs like a plague. George Tobias wouldn't admit he wasn't rolling in wealth, even if he didn't have a dime and owed a fortune. Eddie Albert hates high-pressure salesmen.

In "Out of the Fog," the new picture coming to the Prince Edward today Garfield is playing the ice-logged racketeer Goff of the Irwin Shaw stage hit; he bops both Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen around a great deal. Mitchell and Qualen are the gentle old fellows who love their fishing. Miss Lupino leaves her true love for the sake of promised champagne-orchid-caviar living. Miss MacMahon is a complaining self-martyred hypochondriac. Albert plays a board-walk "pitch" man. And Tobias is the Sheephead Bay merchant who's always saying that he's on the verge of bankruptcy.

We Suggest Hair Brushes As GIFTS

Our NEW LADIES HAIR brushes are works of art in brush making. The handles are Transparent in Pastel shades each in Gift Acetate box. Prices up to \$4.50

JAMIESON'S DRUG STORE

Wheat estimates More scientific

OTTAWA, Dec. 18.—(CP)—Dominion bureau of statistics officials report that a full-scale test of a method of using precipitation and temperature data in estimating prairie wheat production had given encouraging results in 1941. In the past, crop estimates have been based almost entirely on information provided by hundreds of correspondents scattered throughout the prairie, and reporting on conditions in their localities. From these reports, progressive estimates were prepared by the bureau but the percentage of error was sometimes high when it was possible to check the estimates against the actual returns at the close of the season. Investigation of the relation between weather data and wheat yields was started in 1937. After preliminary studies, the precipitation and temperature conditions were used in estimating returns for the prairies this year.

3 Days -- CAPITOL -- STARTS TO-DAY MATINEE 2.30—NIGHT 7 AND 8.45

T.N.T. THRILLS! It's an explosion of excitement... as a one-man blast of action lets loose on undercover agents! LLOYD NOLAN IRENE HERVEY in MR. DYNAMITE with J. CAROL NAISH Robert ARMSTRONG Frank GABY Elisabeth RISSON Shemp HOWARD ANN GILLIS The Dyna-mite of Deanna Durbin's "Nice Girl?" Plus—News—Variety Views—Sports A Coy Decoy and Stranger Than Fiction

Three Traveled East

By RUTH AYERS Author of "Meet Me At Midnight", "Blackout", "Drafted For Love"

(Continued from page 2)

CHAPTER XXVI

The maid took out an envelope which had been torn in half. Connie looked at it and saw her name written across the front and the address of her hotel. "You see, this man in 445 asked me to mail this for him and then he took it back and tore it to pieces. 'Never mind,' he says, 'it's so late; I will write you when he left and so I pulled the scraps out of the wastepaper basket.' 'And you said he seemed—sick and heartless?' Connie found herself asking. "What's this?" Jerry asked. "It's what is left of a note from a man named Pat and it's about a little boy named Skippy." "You know them?" Jerry stared curiously at the pieces. "Yes—they were on the bus with me. We sort of stuck together during the blizzard." "Oh, the bus," he said, as if no one of importance but herself had ever been on a bus. What's this Pat like? "He's a redhead, a newspaper man from Tanbark City in the Rockies." Jerry laughed, easily. "You had a fight with a minute. I thought he might be a rival." "He's not a rival of yours—but he was of mine. Sit down a minute, Jerry. Maybe I'll feel better if I tell you about it." So she began to tell him what had happened, but she could see at once that he didn't follow at all. He was even laughing a little, self-asking. There was only one thing he pounced on. "So when you didn't give up the job entirely on my account?" "That's just it," she tried to explain. "I wanted to reach you and I found I couldn't do it the cheap way by taking the assignment which didn't belong to me." "What happened to you?" he said. "Did the Christmas hit you like lightning?" "It hit me now," she agreed. "I'm going to a shopping spree. We're going to get Skippy the best Christmas a little boy ever had." Jerry brushed the fragments of the note aside. "Nonsense," he said. "We have an appointment with friends for cocktails right now. There's a party out at the air field tonight. The orchestra is all set to play 'Here comes the bride.' You haven't forgotten that you're going to be a bride? On Christmas Day?" He stood up, so tall, so handsome and distinguished in his uniform as he waited before the desk. "At she wondered why she had ever given a second thought to a shabby young man like Pat. And yet she had—and she would again until she'd made good on this last request from him— Five days to Christmas. Four days. Private George Haven—a private's pay—write me at the above address. I'll get there some way if I have to come by bus!" "Yes, that picture and the story which Constance Dawson had written had brought happiness and hope out of disappointment.

Janet wrote back, trying not to word it in stiff, school-teacher-like words. Instead she said, "Dear George: Of course I want to see you. Come for Christmas—and by all means on the bus." But she took great pains with the letter to Constance Dawson, which she addressed care of the Press Bureau in New York. Jim Bartley was home, limping a little, but the injured foot better every day. His daughter was just as he had wanted her to be—sweet, pretty, radiant. And when he said one day, "I didn't have any luck at all—brushed his words aside. "So long as you're home now, what does it matter?" He'd thought he couldn't come back empty-handed. But as his confidence returned, as he realized this girl didn't suspect and never would, he knew at last that he could never have come home any other way. Three days to Christmas. The wards in Mercy Hospital were decorated with garlands of green Christmas trees stood in the halls. Candles twinkled at the chapel altar. Lila Ernst had been sitting up in bed a few days, waiting for a letter—watching for the sight of a yellow head. And then she became reconciled. Skippy had come through alive when the bus marooned Dawson had let Jerry sweep her along into the swing and excitement which had started the first night of his arrival. The business of being a popular couple—he and she—something of a heroine herself, had crowded every hour. And now there wasn't much time left. But they were to have this day to themselves. They were going to shop for Skippy. The torn pieces of the note from Pat were patched firmly in her mind. "Don't forget Skippy at Christmas," Connie had checked newspaper clippings on the follow-up stories of the marooned bus, and found that Lila Ernst was still in the Pittsburgh hospital. That made it more important than ever for Santa Claus to reach Skippy if his mother couldn't. "And when I've seen to that, I'm through," Connie Dawson assured herself. She went downstairs to the lobby to wait for Jerry Marsh. Oh, he was someone to be proud of, someone who did a dangerous job in the gallant fashion. But for today, she didn't want him to be Jerry Marsh, the young idol, or Jerry, the famed ace—but just an everyday person bent on shopping for his little boy. When he came striding across the lobby, he wasn't alone. Connie recognized another flier and a girl named Sue whose father built the planes which Jerry flew. They were part of the crowd which had surrounded Constance and Jerry. Grand fun, too, if your heart was set on doing the night clubs, but not exactly the right company for today. They greeted her gayly, Jerry, his eyes approving the smart blue costume she wore and the rakish hat with the upturned crown, whispered, "Go, you're ravishing, Connie." "I won't be after I've milled through a dozen toy stores," she said. "I'll get a mile long." They all looked taken aback for a minute. "Say, I'd forgotten that," Jerry said. "Sorry, sweetheart, but let's pass up the Skippy business today." The words stung but she managed a smile. "What have you on tap?" "We have a sun-spiced invitation to do some flying. Day's perfect—weather made to order. And Sue's private plane is waiting for us out on Long Island." "I'll go with a bus man on his day off, isn't it, Jerry?" "Bus!" and he laughed, his smile never more dazzling. "A hero at home," Sue said, impatient to be going. Connie thought, "Speed, action, keep moving fast." Well, this would have been her liking, too, not so very long ago. But now time was short and she had a debt to pay at Christmas. "I'll compromise with you," she parried. "You do the flying and I'll do the flying around. Then we'll meet here tonight." Jerry looked at her, puzzled, baffled, "Still battling the Christmas-spirit?" he asked. She began to laugh. "Perhaps this is it." The three drove off in Sue's car leaving Jerry's roadster parked outside the hotel; Jerry's keys in Connie's purse. She waved at them started. There was no quarrel with a man who was to be her husband on Christmas Day. And tonight, when the merry-go-round started again, she'd be herself, relaxed and able to enjoy it. Then she started on the shopping spree for Skippy. Ah, this was something like it! The stores which had left her indifferent before were fascinating today. The crowds were fun. She pushed and jostled and forgot everything except that a lonely little boy in Connecticut would have a Christmas worth remembering. She bought him a red fire engine with a siren; a dog that woofed and wagged its tail; a paint set with the splashy colors which would delight someone not quite three. She ransacked counters for things that the well-dressed junior gentlemen were wearing and chose bright woolly sweaters and a pair of blue slacks. "Yes, I'll take the packages with me," she told the salesgirls. They began to look at her as if she were the old woman in the shoe who

"I did, indeed," she said. She'd forgotten everything, of course, except squaring things with a redhead in the gallant fashion. But for today, she didn't want him to be Jerry Marsh, the young idol, or Jerry, the famed ace—but just an everyday person bent on shopping for his little boy. When he came striding across the lobby, he wasn't alone. Connie recognized another flier and a girl named Sue whose father built the planes which Jerry flew. They were part of the crowd which had surrounded Constance and Jerry. Grand fun, too, if your heart was set on doing the night clubs, but not exactly the right company for today. They greeted her gayly, Jerry, his eyes approving the smart blue costume she wore and the rakish hat with the upturned crown, whispered, "Go, you're ravishing, Connie."

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had more children than she knew what to do with. "Merry Christmas," they said, and she found herself saying it too, and meaning it. What had Pat told her in those first few minutes after she had boarded the bus at Smithton? "Christmas is more than a day. It's a symbol, maybe, of all the things we've lost and want to find again."

That was it. Headlines still screamed out frightening news. The world was upside down. But this was the Christmas season and if it were nowhere else there must be, at last, peace in the heart. Back at the hotel, she stocked Jerry's car with the bundles. For this was Christmas spirit. This was Skippy's address in Connecticut—she could drive there and return in time for her date with Jerry. With every mile she drove, Connie became happier than she'd been in a long time. She wasn't even doing it for Skippy, alone. She was doing it because she had come down to earth herself, had found the common touch somewhere on that bus trip east. She traveled through the small white town of Connecticut until she came to one with a familiar welcome post. She turned down a little tree-arched street, slower now, studying the numbers. And then she saw him. "Oh, Skippy," she cried in her heart. "How could I have walked out on you?"

He was sitting on the steps of the neatest and whitest house of all. Somehow he looked smaller, less round and rosy than he had that morning in the lost world in the Alleghenies. She stopped the car and sat there. He didn't move at first, just staring at her as if he'd been a stranger. Perhaps he'd forgotten all her arms. "Connie—it's Connie," he said. "I knowed it." Then he began to cry, a blubbery, baby cry which went straight to Connie's heart. Maybe he was remembering, as she was, that night when she held him up to the window in the bus to see the snow. Maybe he was thinking of the morning in the schoolhouse when he'd come to her in despair to ask, "My mummy—where is she?" She would weep—herself in a minute if she didn't rub it all quickly from her mind. "Know what day it's going to be soon?" she asked, still holding him. "Christmas." He stopped crying. "Yes, Christmas. I've brought a little of it ahead of time."

His eyes, catting sight of the bright red and white and silver packages, lighted up like blue stars for a minute. Then his face sobered. The door of the house had opened and two middle-aged women stepped out. These were the ones. Connie knew it. She knew, too, why Skippy seemed smaller and thinner and so very much subdued. "Yes," one said, "have you come to see Skippy?" Connie stood up and reached out her hand. "I'm Constance Dawson," she explained, "and I was on the bus with Skippy."

"You're the newspaper girl—the one who helped to take care of him?" Then they knew. Pat had told them! She smiled and said, "I'm the one. I brought him some Christmas things—wanted to see him again and learn if his mother is better."

At the word "mother," the two women put up a warning finger. "Please come inside," they invited in their somber, dignified way. Connie followed, up the walk and into the chilly house. She began to tremble, felt her heart beating uneasily, Skippy trailed behind her, clinging to her skirts as if he'd never let her go.

(To Be Continued)

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE TOBAGGANS, Skates, Sporting Goods, Rogers Hardware. L-607-12-19-20-22. OF COURSE you have mailed your money for Christmas Seals. L-535-12-16-20-22-24. GOLDEN WEDDING — Mr. and Mrs. John Gill of Union Road will celebrate their golden wedding tomorrow, December 23rd.

FUNERAL SERVICES—The funeral of the late Mrs. John Hughes took place Saturday morning from her late residence to the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer where Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was sung by Rev. A. McDonnell, C.S.B. The burial took place in the Roman Catholic Cemetery. The prayers at the grave were said by Rev. R. L. Baines. The pallbearers were Messrs. Alex. Cooney, Joseph Storey, Harry Toombs, James McLeod, Charles Smith and James Coyle, Sr.

ENJOYED VISITS — Since Rev. M. D. Morrison, pastor of the Twenty-Third Avenue Baptist Church, Oakland, California, returned from his delightful Eastern trip a few weeks ago, he has given pleasure to many of his friends, by showing the beautifully colored pictures he took along the way. One evening was spent at the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McClellan, 911 Peralta avenue, Berkeley, where a number of friends joined the family circle in enjoying the "back home" scenes. Mrs. McClellan is from Boulevard Island, C. B., while her husband was born in Little Harbor (known in the old days as Yankee Cove) near Souris. Mrs. McClellan speaks the Gaelic and sings the love songs of other days in that musical language. Another evening a group of friends gathered at the fine home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. MacNaughton, 2351 East 23rd street, Oakland, and enjoyed a large collection of these colored pictures flashed on the screen. Among others present were: Mrs. K. H. Gordon, Montague, P. E. I.; Mrs. Joseph A. MacLean, P. E. I.; Kenneth C. Morrison, Katrine, N. S.; Kenneth H. Gordon, Georgetown, P. E. I.; Joseph A. MacLean, Dundas, Kings County, P. E. I.; A. J. Symonds, Sarnia, N. S., and M. A. McInnis, Summerside, P. E. I.

CHAPTER XXVII

Two days to Christmas with a clock that wouldn't stand still and a calendar one couldn't turn back. Connie Dawson had let Jerry sweep her along into the swing and excitement which had started the first night of his arrival. The business of being a popular couple—he and she—something of a heroine herself, had crowded every hour. And now there wasn't much time left. But they were to have this day to themselves. They were going to shop for Skippy. The torn pieces of the note from Pat were patched firmly in her mind. "Don't forget Skippy at Christmas," Connie had checked newspaper clippings on the follow-up stories of the marooned bus, and found that Lila Ernst was still in the Pittsburgh hospital. That made it more important than ever for Santa Claus to reach Skippy if his mother couldn't. "And when I've seen to that, I'm through," Connie Dawson assured herself.

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(To Be Continued)



OUR NEW SPECIAL

On the Market for the First Time

A Strawberry Ripple Brick

Delicious, Rich and Dainty. The Strawberry is rippled through Garden City DeLuxe Ice Cream, with nuts and coloured fruit cubes in the centre.

One of the prettiest desserts ever. A decoration as well as a delicacy.



Send your orders early to assure prompt delivery throughout the holiday season.

THE PURE MILK CO. LTD.

Cor. Fitzroy and Gt. Geo. Sts. Phone 584

Each little opening in gas burners should burn a steady blue flame. Have just enough flame to keep liquids at boiling point. Boiling liquids are no hotter when made from enriched bread. Pass a boiling rapidly than when boiling slowly.

Succulent morsels of turkey take on renewed glamour when added to a velvety-smooth white sauce and served over crisp toast points made from enriched bread. Pass a basket of extra toast for extra hungry people.

CHRISTMAS FOOD SALE

Table listing Christmas food items and prices: RAISINS Table 1 lb. pk. 35c-45c; PUDDINGS 30c, 50c, 75c; CAKES 35c, 45c, 75c, 90c; CANDY Xmas Mixed 30c and 35c; CHOCOLATES 60, 75, \$1, 1.50; NUTS lb. 39c; FRUIT ORANGES 29-39-60c doz.; CELERY 29c; LETTUCE 18c; TOMATOES 30c.

Chickens, Geese and Turkeys arriving daily.

MOIRS 3 lb. Box 89c Candy 2 lb. Box 69c

Cudmore Bros.

139 Great George Street, Phone 224-225

A GIFT OF WAR SAVINGS STAMPS OR CERTIFICATES WILL BE SOMETHING YOUR CHILDREN CAN Treasure