— EMPIRE —

TO-NIGHT —FRI. and SAT.

SHOWS AT 7 AND 8:45

MATINEE SAT. ONLY 2:30

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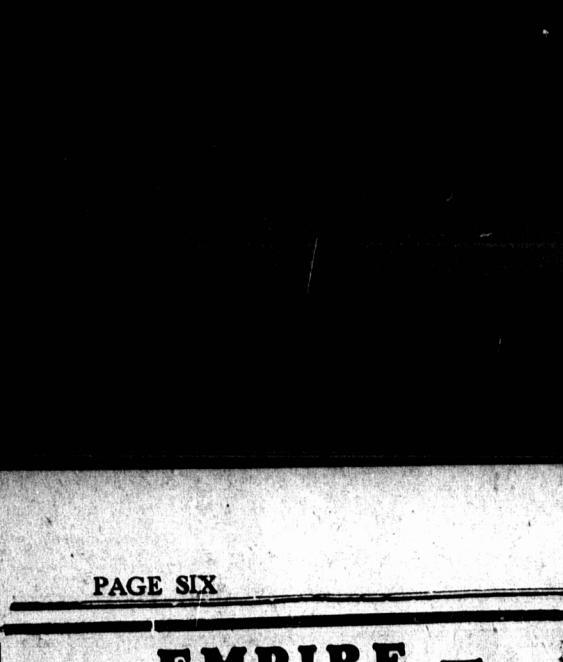
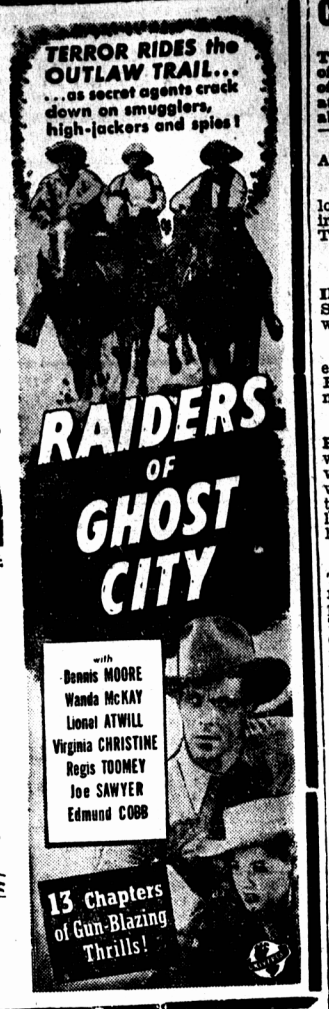


EXTRA! FINAL CHAPTER OF SERIAL

"JUNGLE QUEEN"



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.

FOUND—One bag of potatoes. Apply to Cudmore Bros. 10-31-1i

KINSMEN MAMMOTH Hallowe'en party tonight at the Sporting Club. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Turn in all shell out tickets here. 10-31-1i

BAHAI EDUCATIONAL SEMINAR — Queen Hotel, Friday, 8.15. Subject: "The Morning Star." All welcome. 11-1-1i.

POPPY BROADCAST this evening at 6.10 over C. F. C. Y. by Hon. J. A. Bernard, Lieut. Governor. 11-1-1i.

POLICE COURT — At the City Police Court yesterday a drunk was remanded until tomorrow. A vagrant was remanded two days with a view of having him return to his former locality on the mainland. A drunk and incapable had his $5 bail estreated.

WELL - HEELED DRUNK — Three o'clock yesterday morning members of the local Police Department "ran in" a local drunk. This may not be news in these days, but it is when the inebriated person, so accosted, has on his person some $2,990.94 in cold cash. He was trying vainly to operate a motor vehicle on Richmond St. when the police descended on the scene and made their arrest. During the course of the customary search the police came across various assortments of "greenbacks". There were Canadian and American bills ranging from $100 to one dollar and a bit of silver with the odd copper included The police were so astonished that they called in a civilian to witness their "take" and to assure the drunk when he came to, that his journey was really necessary and that he was not merely "taken for a ride."

BOYS' CONFERENCE AT MONTAGUE — A Boys' Conference was held at Montague on Saturday, Oct. 27, under the auspices of the M. R. E. C. There were in attendance 36 boys from the following districts, Morell, Georgetown, Pownal, Valleyfield, Montague, Murray River, Murray Harbor. The conference was directed by Rev. Roy Vessey, Murray Harbor. Other leaders included Rev. R. D. MacLean and Rev. Blois Crawford, Montague, Rev. E. R. MacVicar, Pownal, Rev. T. A. A. Duke, Belle River, Rev. D. W. MacPherson, St. Peter's Bay, Mr. Keith Buell, Murray Harbor. The worship services were based on the theme of Luke 2:52. The morning discussion groups studied and discussed "A Boy's Relationship to Christ and the Church." In the afternoon the groups studied and wrote individual answers to the questionnaire prepared by the M. R. E. C. The ladies of the Montague United Church served a very delightful supper to the boys in the Legion Hall. At the banquet group No. 4 and their leader Rev. Blois Crawford were awarded the Top Notch Badge for the best group work. Each of the groups prepared and presented a short skit at the banquet. A hearty vote of thanks to the ladies was moved by Donald Nicholson, Grand Pretor and seconded by John VanBuskirk, Deputy Grand Pretor. Rev. R. D. MacLean led the closing worship.

JACKSON - HOLLAND NUPTIALS — A very pretty autumn wedding took place at Tryon on October 26, at 4 P.M. when Muriel, younger daughter of Mr. Camden Holland, became the bride of Cpl. James Jackson of High River, Alberta. Rev. J. A. Jardine performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a street length blue frock with small gold trimmed hat and matching accessories. She was attended by her sister, Frances, who wore blue of a deeper shade, and Mr. Wilfred MacNeil supported the groom. After the ceremony the wedding party motored to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John MacQuarrie at Hampton where dinner was served by Mrs. MacQuarrie and her mother, Mrs. Mullins, intimate friends of the bride. The dining room was decorated with autumn flowers and maple leaves and the table, lighted by candles, was centred by two large cakes trimmed with miniature bride and groom and wedding bells. Later the bride and groom returned to Charlottetown and the following morning they left for High River, Alberta. For travelling the bride wore a black seal coat trimmed with brown. Mrs. Jackson is well known in Charlottetown, having been a valued employee of Old Spain for several yeras and lately of F. W. Woolworth Co. Ltd. Cpl. Jackson will resume civilian life after having served overseas with the Royal Canadian Air Force for a number of years.

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

Careful plans had been made for the delivery of the sloop. Mr. Austin had set his heart on giving his niece a big surprise on her birthday and to this end he had instructed John to tow the boat around and down the North Shore so that he would arrive in the harbour of the Austin estate on Oyster Bay after dark on the twentieth. He wanted Henrietta, when she woke up on the morning of the twenty-first, her birthday, to look out the window and see her sloop riding there at anchor, a complete surprise.

The strong southeast wind went on blowing all night, and when morning dawned gray, and heavy it was still driving rain in sheets against the window panes. Caroline was surprised to see John quite cheerful as he came into the kitchen after breakfast.

"I've got a way out," he announced. "Don't know why I didn't think of it long ago. I can get the slop over to Austin today by truck!"

"By truck?" Caroline paused with the percolater she was carrying into the kitchen dresser in her hands, and her face brightened. "Why, that's a wonderful idea, John." Then she added anxiously, "But won't a truck be pretty expensive?"

He nodded. "Yes, but I don't care about that. Austin's paying a big price for the boat I feel I can strain a point to help him out."

"Of course." Caroline set down the the percolater and sighed happily. "John everytime I think of that two thousand dollars I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm not dreaming. It seems to good to be true!"

He smiled. "Well, I guess I deserve that dig!"

"John! You know I don't mean anything like a dig," she said reproachfully. "It's just that—oh, we do owe a lot, and it'll be such a relief to get caught up—and I know you feel just the same way. I do. And it'll mean we can give Phoebe a really nice wedding and some petty clothes to start with. And you can get a new suit, John —no, you must have two new suits —and then if we can, I'd like a rug for the dining room. And we must put at least six hundred aside in the bank."

"But of course you don't need a thing." John smiled at her. "If I don't watch out, you'll spend everything on Phoebe and me and the house and nothing on yourself! I know you, my dear. Well, I'm going to get Moran on the wire right away. He has the biggest trucks of anyone in these parts."

By the time the truck arrived at two o'clock quite a group had gathered on the Overton lawn. The truck driver, a young giant with black hair and a black felt skullcap into which a pattern had been cut with a pair of scissors, had two assistants with brawny arms. He jumped down from the van and looked at the sloop, his black eyes snapping with enthusiasm. "We'll get her there all right, all right! Won't be a nick on her, either. Naw, never carried a boat before, but I've had a tractor, and only last week I took seven cows in one load and there ain't no boat nor nothin' that could be worse'n that!"

It took the nine men half an hour to get the sloop hoisted into the van. Phoebe and Caroline and Ruth Rosicklo stood on the soaking lawn and watched and waved to Mrs. Prentice who was looking on from her upstairs window across the way.

And at last the sloop was poised safely on the floor of the van, braced, padded and snugly bound about with tarpaulin from which the smooth golden shaft of the mast end protruded.

"Moms!" It's just like a party, isn't it?" Phoebe cried. And the sloop is the debutante. Moms, let's have a party afterwards to celebrate!"

"Mercy, child. Well, maybe we can." Caroline's glasses were misted with the rain and the scene appeared to her through a watery blur. But it would have even if the sun had been shining, for her eyes were full of happy tears. Two thousand dollars! No one knew how worried, how depressed she had been this last year, not even John. Now she could breathe again. She slipped her arm through Phoebe's. "Darling, I'm going in to make a pot of coffee. I'm glad I fried that batch of doughnuts this morning— and we have a whole apple pie and a turnover. You tell every body to come on in to the house as soon as the truck is gone."

The truck was starting slowly along the driveway. And at the top of the hill where the old road led down to the highway Mr. Overton called to the driver to stop and standing below the cab shouted to him over the roar of the engine.

"Take it easy down that hill," he said. "Take it easy!"

Phoebe thought the truck looked top-heavy, with the hull of the sloop rearing up so that it hid the driver's cab. And the hill certainly was a mess! Rain had been washing down it in rivers for three days making gullies between the stones, leaving roots naked and slippery. Then the tragedy happened before their eyes while they stood helpless.

The truck had slewed, its huge double rear wheels swinging around in a sickening arc. It was like being in the middle of a nightmare to see it keep on going, driven by the force of its own momentum on the steep down-grade. To see one of the double wheels jam hard against the ridge of the rock that made a sharp diagonal backbone through the road, to see the other wheels tilt up hang in the air for one horrible moment while no one breathed—and then go over! With a dreadful crash, the truck had gone over on its side. And the sloop tore loose from its ropes and slammed full force against a tree.

Phoebe leaned against a muddy wheel fighting the faintness that swept over her with the relief of seeing the driver and his two helpers crawl out of the cab alive, apparently unhurt. The driver, the minute he was on the ground, staggered around the end of the truck, and kicked at the sloop.

Canadian Legion Funeral Notice

Veterans of all wars are requested to meet at the Cutcliffe Funeral Home, Fitzroy Street, this afternoon at 2 p.m. to attend the funeral of our late comrade, Chester A. Campbell.

IRA M. BROWN,
Secretary Charlottetown Branch.

then stared at Phoebe's father with dazed, soared eyes. "Gee, mister—" he began hoarsely.

John silenced him with a downward gesture of his hand. "It wasn't your fault." It was the road." And without another word he started back up the hill.

Phoebe's heart plunged as she saw her mother open the door and come out on the porch to meet them. Caroline was smiling, but her smile changed to blank surprise as they came nearer; then her face grew strained and frightened.

"John! What's happened?" she called sharply.

Phoebe ran to her mother and threw her arms around her and burst into tears. And John stood on the bottom step, looking at his wife. "I'm sorry, Carrie," he said helplessly. "The truck skidded on the hill. All the sloop's good for now is kindling wood."

CHAPTER XV

Next morning the sun rose in a sky innocently blue. Phoebe, bumping along to Riverhead on the hard seat of the truck beside Mr. Weeks, resented the sweet morning. She responded to Mr. Weeks' pleasantries with silence, though usually they chattered gaily all the way to the office.

And at the office every thing seemed to go wrong. She had forgotten to buy a new ribbon for her typewriter, went out to the stationary store in the next block to get it and returned to find Ben waiting in a stew of impatience because Mrs. Barstow was due to arrive any minute now and Phoebe hadn't prepared the necessary forms.

Her fingers were all thumbs. Half of her mind was still at home, clogged with the heaviness that had hung over the family breakfast table. She spoiled two of the long printed forms, concentrated furiously on the third and managed to finish it with only one erasure. She carried it into Ben, and when she came back to her desk Mrs. Barstow was just coming in the door. "Good morning, dear child, isn't this a beautiful morning?" caroled Mrs. Barstow, irritatingly fresh and cool in her tailored white silk, smiling her patronizing smile as she sailed on into Ben's room.

"Phoebe!" Ben came suddenly out of his office, leaving the door open behind him. "Phoebe, you'll have to retype this. I thought you understood that there can't be any erasures on a legal form. I've told you that again and again."

Phoebe's cheeks crimsoned. Of course he was nervous about Mrs. Barstow who sat regally in the green leather chair just beyond the open door, tapping her foot; of course his severe tone was for the purpose of impressing Mrs. Barstow. Phoebe made an effort to swallow her humiliation.

"Put a new form in your machine. I'll dictate."

Well, he certainly had no need to use that tone! Blinking away furious tears Phoebe inserted the sheet of paper under the roller and began typing as Ben dictated; "Whereas, I, Elisa Barstow—" Phoebe's fingers punched the keys in quick staccato. Then they stopped. She had written "Barostw."

"Take it out and try another." Ben laughed nervously.

Phoebe thought. "He thinks it's funny," and she was trembling as she began all over again. And again she wrote "Barostw." She sat rigid, tears blinding her eyes, her fingers frozen on the keys.

"Here, I'll take it," Ben said, and Phoebe stumbled up from her chair bumping her thigh on the sharp corner of the desk, and fled behind the screen that hid the washbowl. When Ben ushered Mrs. Barstow out of the office half an hour later Phoebe was sitting at her closed desk with her hat and gloves on.

Ben leaned against the door he closed after his client and stared. "Darling what's up? Or is it lunch time already?"

"It's not lunch time. I was just waiting to tell you I'm going home. I've found out," Phoebe paused to make her silly lips stop trembling, "that this is no place for me."

"Phoebe, what are you talking about? You can't still be upset about this morning! That didn't amount to a row of pins!"

"It—it amounted to enough to make you n-nasty to me."

Ben crossed quickly to the desk. "Gosh I'm sorry if I was nasty."

(Continued on Page 10)

HOUSEHOLD USE No. 26

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TOILET BOWLS

A few drops of Javex every day or two keeps the toilet bowl spotless. Whitens, disinfects and deodorizes. A liquid — not a mussy powder.

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FEATURE STARTS AT 3:15 - 7 AND 9

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NOTHING COULD KEEP THEM APART.

The world said: "You must not love!" But they had to!

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With
Donald Crisp
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EDWARD ARNOLD - FRANCES RAFFERTY
And Wonder Dog "FRIDAY" In

"THE HIDDEN EYE"

Plus News - Musical - Cartoon

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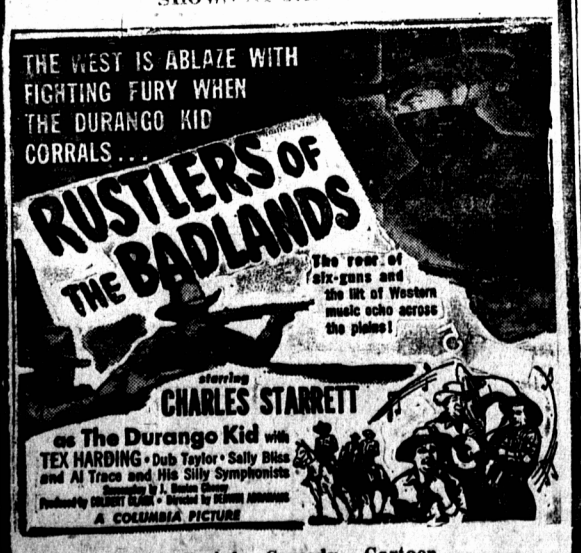

Plus Serial - Comedy - Cartoon

Long Creek Baptist Rally Day

The annual Rally Day program of the Long Creek Baptist Church was held on Sunday evening Oct. 14th. Upwards of fifty interested and co-operative pupils presented a very appropriate program to a large and appreciative audience. The organist was Mrs. Myrtle MacPhail who instructed the children, assisted by Mrs. Donald MacEachern and Mrs. Malcolm MacNeill. The program was presented by the very efficient superintendent, Mr. Ted Stretch. Following were the numbers:

Doxology followed by prayer, Floyd Stewart.
Chorus, by school.
Scripture reading, Lillian MacNeill and Wilna MacPhail.
Responsive reading and Lord's Prayer.
Exercise, Welcome, seven beginners.
Recitation, Kenneth MacLean.
Exercise, Doing Our Bit, by seven juniors.
Recitation, Meredith MacLean.
Solo, Norma Stretch.
Recitation, Jimmie MacLeod.
Exercise, Rally Day, eight juniors.
Recitation, Beverly Beaton.
Duet, Phyllis and Lyla Mason.
Recitation, Edgar Strang.
Prayer, Velma MacEachern.
Exercise, Jewels, by six intermediates.
Recitation, Clarence Mason.
Greetings for Rally Day, by four girls.
Recitation, Ruby MacEwen.
Solo, Meredith MacLean.
Recitation, Melbourne MacQuarrie.
Exercise, The Son of God Goes Forth to War, by twelve senior pupils.
Recitation, Arlene Moore.
Chorus, by School.
Recitation, Miriam Strang.
Hymn, In Christ There Is No East nor West followed by Mizpah benediction.

STARRETT ROPES RUSTLER THUGS

The roar of six-guns and the lilt of Western music echo across the plains in Columbia Pictures' "Rustlers of the Badlands," which opens today at the Capitol Theatre. The film stars Charles Starrett in his third screen adventure as the Durango Kid, and is power-packed with excitement, suspense and lightning-triggered action.

As a civilian scout attached to the U. S. Cavalry, Starrett is sent to New Mexico to investigate cattle rustling. When he assumes the identity of the Durango Kid, the West soon blazes with fighting fury, as this Robin Hood of the range corrals the outlaws and brings them to justice.

One of the reasons for the popularity of this new series is undoubtedly due to the choice of the supporting players. Tex Harding and Dub Taylor prove again to be right handy with their guns, in addition to providing the romance and comedy moments respectively.

For this adventure, Al Trace and His Silly Symphonists are guest featured players, and they're terrific. Sally Bliss is a very charming and demure leading lady.

CORNS Lifted Out, No Pain!

No pads or plasters to fuss with—just a few drops of a painless remedy PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR—only a few applications and relief comes quickly. Tackle your sore corn today. For rapid results, for greater comfort, use the old reliable Corn remover. PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, 35c at all dealers in medicine.

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NEW needs have come with Victory . . . new tasks that *must* be accomplished to make possible the kind of peacetime Canada we all want.

You are asked to buy Victory Bonds *now* because Canada needs the loan of your savings to help finance these great national tasks.

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You cannot own too many Victory Bonds . . . you can easily own too few. So don't miss this chance to add to your Victory nest-egg. You won't have another chance to buy Victory Bonds for a whole year. Help yourself by helping your country. Buy Victory Bonds *today.*

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