Prince Edward

PLAYING 3 DAYS — Starts TOMORROW

Bob HOPE - Paulette GODDARD in
"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"
with EDWARD ARNOLD - Leif Erickson

Extra ON THE SAME PROGRAMME
CANADA CARRIES ON
"WAR CLOUDS IN THE PACIFIC"
The watch from Alaska to Panama — The threat beyond the horizon — Strategy in the common defence plans of Canada and U.S. — Who runs and how strong is Japan?

TO-DAY ONLY FILMS OF LOCAL CITIZENS AT BEACH GROVE ARMY CAMP
"THE PENALTY"
EDWARD ARNOLD — JOHN BARRYMORE
MARSHA HUNT AND ROBERT STERLING
EXTRA — NEWS — DIZZY DOINGS — SHOWS 3.15—7.00—8.45

The CAPITOL
COMING — THUR. — FRI. — SAT.
THE MOB MEETS ITS MATCH!
A cop and his girl tame the terrors of the tenements!

ALSO — BLITZ KISS — CUTE RECRUIT — JUNGLE GIRL

STARTS THUR. — EMPIRE — FRI. and SAT.
SHOWS 7 AND 8.45—MATINEE SAT. ONLY 2.30

PLUS — SKYLINE SERENADE — "MUSICAL COMEDY"; VARIETY VIEWS — FICTION AND COLOR CARTOON

ALEXANDRA W. I.

The December meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Nathaniel McKinnon with nine members and four visitors present. Meeting opened by singing Institute carol followed by the creed in unison. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Roll call was responded to by exchange of Christmas gifts followed by reports of sick and school committees. The Secretary reported sending $5.00 to T. B. League. It was decided to fill the "V" card and return it to the Red Cross the amount being $1.25. It was also decided to send $1.00 to the Alexandra Orphanage in England. Mrs. Ernest McCabe and Mrs. Harold Beaton were appointed to take charge of getting treat for children at school Xmas concert, also a treat for Mrs. Jenkins who is bed-ridden. It was moved that a card be sent to Mrs. Lester Beaton. Agreed to hold a miniature auction sale next monday. Beginning in January it was decided to pack one parcel every month, for soldiers from the district, until each had received one parcel. Mrs. Wallace Brehaut and Miss Noreen Brehaut are to be in charge of entertaining any soldiers home on leave at Christmas or New Years. Lunch committee for January: Mrs. Lester Beaton, Mrs. Gay Judson and Mrs. Harold Beaton. Roll call to be answered by a recipe for a good cake. Collection amounted to 67 cents. An interesting program was put on by Mrs. G. McLennan and Mrs. A. Wood. Mrs. Wood giving one of her original poems which was greatly enjoyed by all. This was followed by a contest.

It was decided to make another quilt to be handed in at the January meeting.

One sweater and one quilt were handed in for the Red Cross.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION AT KINGSTON

On Monday evening, November 10th, 1941, a large number of people of Kingston and vicinity gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Livingstone for the purpose of bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Millar MacFadyen and family who have taken up residence in Charlottetown.

Mr. George Kitson, M. L. A., capably acted as chairman and after a few remarks in which he expressed the object of the gathering he called upon Verna Livingstone to read an address while Jeanette Docherty on behalf of those present presented Mr. and Mrs. MacFadyen with a well filled purse. Mr. MacFadyen very fittingly replied thanking all for their thoughtfulness. After singing "For They Are Jolly Fellows" and the National Anthem Mr. MacFadyen was bounced. Refreshments were then served by the ladies. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and social intercourse, music being furnished by Charles MacKinnon, Francis Doyle, Isabel Howard, Golden Graves and Bessie Owen.

The following is the address:

To Mr. and Mrs. Millar MacFadyen and Family.

Dear Friends,—We, a large number of your relatives and friends have gathered here to voice our regret because of your departure from our midst to take up residence in Charlottetown.

You, Mr. MacFadyen like your father before you—were born and reared in our community and we have come to value a great deal, your judgment, integrity and sterling worth. And whenever or wherever, we have asked for any assistance, for the betterment of our community, you have always cheerfully given us your best.

Mrs. MacFadyen, and the children also, by their kindly, considerate and unassuming ways, have likewise endeared themselves to us, and we shall miss them, from all community activities.

In your home, we have enjoyed gracious and generous hospitality and we shall be very sorry when your light shall no longer shine in welcome to us. However, we trust that our loss is your gain, and so we wish each one of you the best, wherever you may reside. As a small mark of our sincere esteem and appreciation, we present you with this gift of money accompanied by our best wishes for continued happiness and prosperity. We hope that some future day you may return, to again take up residence in the old homestead on the Bannockburn Road.

Signed on behalf of Kingston Community,

Ira C. Auld, John H. Docherty, Lorne Smith, Adam Livingston, Malcolm MacSwain, George Beer.

POUTRY

Buying Daily, Chicken, Fowl

(Live or Dressed)

We also require a quantity Turkeys, Ducks, Geese

Paying Top Market Prices

Prompt Returns

ISLAND COLD STORAGE

L 155-12-3-tf.

A Tribute

LIFE OF THE LATE JAMES E. BIRCH, ALBERTON

We pay tribut to the memory of a good man. One whom we like to regard first of all as a typical Canadian, whose deeds never fell below the level of his words, whose country was in his soul held with a respect approaching reverence and in which he never lost faith.

As we contemplate his fine example ours too is strengthened and his words echo and re-echo to the encouragement and inspiration of Canadian youth.

Beginning as a member of the firm of Birch & Dyer, he was a general merchant in the town of Alberton forty years. Secretary to the Board of Trade thirty years. A member of Parliament for the first district of Prince County four years, defeating Governor Rogers.

Mr. Birch was a Mason of unequaled years in the Maritime Province and in 1935 received a gold emblem in recognition of his long membership. The same order in which King Edward VII of England was most-worshipful Grand Master when he was the Prince of Wales.

He was perhaps most widely known in the work of temperance and in this field the cause has lost a friend and counselor and where as a student he had not only intimate knowledge of it in all its phases but infinite tact and diplomacy in composing and reconciling widely divergent theories which were advanced at different times. His unquestioned sincerity and life long abstinence gave him a power few men possessed.

He was a zealous Conservative in politics and applied himself earnestly and intellectually to deep encyclopedic knowledge of the methods of government. Always a useful, hard working member of his party he was admired for his perception and courage in any public question where the interests of the people of Prince County were concerned

His life was one of a wide range of happy contacts and fruitful activities. His flexible and informal personality, his rich fund of anecdotes of happenings and good friends, his dry and sometimes sparkling humor permeated his very being and kept his listeners in continual laughter. He was a reader and a student and from his extensive library came history and classics. His shelves of wonderful books, magazines and private writings formed a suitable background for his home in Alberton. Born in Port Hill Lot 13 he was the son of the late Thomas and Mrs. Birch, a member of the Episcopal Church and leaves a widow, two brothers and three sisters. His body rests in the beautiful cemetery of St. James Episcopal Church, Port Hill, where many of his most intimate friends have been laid to rest.

Contributed

NUTRITION DEGREE

Cornell University has established a School of Nutrition which offers a degree of Master of Science in Nutrition.

POULTRY

We are buying live and dressed poultry daily. Paying highest market price and prompt returns.

Canada Packers Ltd.

Ch'Town — Kensington

L-200-12-4-61

Three Traveled East

By

RUTH AYERS

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

CHAPTER V

Connie Dawson stood up, still blinking from sleep.

Pittsburgh! This was where she'd leave the bus. Pat was looking at her. "I'm awfully sorry you're not going the rest of the way," he said. "It's been swell—having you here."

"Thanks," she said. And then with pardonable impudence, "Maybe our paths will cross again."

With that she brushed past with a brief good-bye and a wave towards the sleeping Skippy. No time for pleasantries. She must board a plane and be in New York before this ridiculous Pat Patterson of Tanbark City could get there. Yes, minutes counted in reaching the Press Bureau, in obtaining the necessary credentials so she could be on her way to St. John's and to Jerry.

The job had been all set for her until this morning when a telegram had come saying that in a last minute decision it had been decided to send a man in her place. The man was Pat Patterson.

Connie knew who he was, but had no idea that this girl who'd been a fellow passenger on the bus was his rival for the job. She didn't intend that he should know it, either—not until her own good time.

Off the bus, Connie went directly to a telephone in the terminal. Her fingers thumbed through the directory. "Airlines—Airlines Service."

As she put a coin in and dialed the number, one eye was on the clock. The other, for some unaccountable reason, was on the figure of Pat who was strolling up and down the room. The Christmas Spirit, Inc. was drooping a little. There was a lonely slump to his shoulder.

"Hello. Airlines Service? What time does the next plane leave for New York?"

"No planes tonight, ma'am. All flights East over the Alleghenies canceled on account of weather." Maybe tomorrow morning."

Connie hung up the receiver "All flights East over the Alleghenies canceled an account of weather." Even in the snugness of the phone booth it seemed as if she could hear the howl of mountain winds.

Well, there would be trains, certainly. It would take longer but she could get a stateroom on a Pullman and arrive in New York in the morning, refreshed. There'd be time to change into her smartest and then she'd go directly to the Press Bureau.

She dialed again. "May I have a reservation on the next train for New York?"

"Yes, ma'am. For one? Train leaves at 10:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time."

Fine, that would give her almost an hour to make connections. As she stepped out of the booth, Pat saw her. Even halfway across the big terminal there was no mistaking the way his face lighted up.

He came over, reaching for her hand. "This'll give me a better chance to say good-bye."

"Tell, good-bye again, then," she smiled. "I'm going over to the railroad station to get a train."

"Going farther, then?"

"Yes. To New York—same as you."

"Why don't you go the rest of the way by bus? It's more fun, cheaper. We could see the sights along the highway—maybe watch the sun come up in the morning. And you'll have a chance to learn how everything turns out at the end of the trip for the other passengers. Besides," and here he blushed again, "it would be a break for me."

"For you?" Connie's eyebrows shot up.

"See, I've been thinking you're part of my luck, too. The way you got on the bus at Smithton and took the seat next to mine. Nothing but luck."

She shook her head. "Sorry, I'm in a hurry."

His eyes held hers and he wasn't Pat the Philosopher or Pat the Great Thinker. He was only a tall, shabbily dressed young man looking at her, trying to tell her something. "Connie, why are you in such a hurry?" he asked humbly.

She wanted to answer him decisively, and yet not betray her hand. After all, he was the one who'd taken her job, who stood in her way when she was so desperate to reach the post in St. John's. So she said, "Because I'm going to be married very soon."

The light went out of his face. He stood still for a minute and then, "Say, that's great." He grinned, but it wasn't the same grin, nor even the same voice, "Good for you, Connie, and let me say right now I wish you all the luck and happiness in the world. A Christmas bride eh? Gee, you'll be beautiful."

She couldn't say anything because Pat shook her hand—a regular western hand shake—and went loping off.

As Constance Dawson walked in the other direction towards the gate which said "Taxicabs", she felt a twinge of pity. Poor Pat! She'd never go on a bus again—no, not as long she lived. It did something to you—upsetting.

A puckered, smudgy face loomed out of somewhere to confront her. It was hers, in a mirror. She decided to dart into the waiting room before taking the cab to the station.

A brief dash of soap and water, lipstick and powder would make her look less like a refugee when she called for her reservation. There was still plenty of time

Hurrying into the waiting room, she didn't see the figure huddled on the lounge, and jumped when she heard a voice. "I'm awfully glad you came in. I'm Lila Ernst, Skippy's mother."

Connie turned, frowning. "Yes, I know. Resting for a little while before the bus leaves? Good idea."

Skippy's mother spoke in a husky half-whisper. "I'm scared stiff I'm not going to make it."

"Sure you will," Connie said.

Skippy's mother went on. "It's terribly important that Skippy should get home."

"You'll both get there—fine."

Again, Connie had that same feeling of foreboding. She shouldn't have come in here at all. She saw the odd blue eyes. There was something familiar about the curve of the cheek—the way the lashes fell, long and shadowing. Skippy! Skippy had the same expression.

"Pat—Mr. Patterson, I have a hunch he knows what I'm driving at. Maybe you do, too." Her voice trailed off, her eyes were pleading for something she couldn't say.

Connie decided to tiptoe out, but on second thought she put down her bag and purse and came closer to Skippy's mother. She'd cheer her a little—then be on her way quickly. It was exasperating the way people's lives tangled with your own on a bus. She, Constance Dawson and this girl, Lila Ernst.

You're discourged because you've been sick." she said. "A few minutes' rest and everything will look different."

Skippy's mother shook her head and began talking in jerky incoherent sentences: "The little tacker—doesn't seem as if you could love anyone as much as I love him."

"Skippy's a dear."

"I told him a story, 'Chicken Little' just before he fell asleep. You know, the one about Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky and Turkey-Lurkey. He went for it, big."

She'd begun to cry, silently. Tears streaked the purple shadows on her cheeks. "I wouldn't wake him up for anything," Lila said. "He's still smiling that funny little smile of his—thinking about Chicken Little and the kind king."

Please!" Connie begged.

And then, with one last appealing glance, Skippy's mother keeled over.

Connie ran. She burst into the main part of the terminal, a frantic whirlwind.

"Please," she called. "There's a woman in the waiting room, very ill. Get a doctor. A matron—someone. Quick!"

After that, things moved swiftly. Soon an ambulance bell was clanging. Two policemen moved through the crowd. The driver who'd been on the bus since Steubenville climbed down from the counter where he'd been drinking coffee, and hurried into the waiting room. Most of the passengers went, too. Somewhere in the group Connie caught a glimpse of a red head. Even the parolee was following.

Connie, remembering the fast-asleep Skippy, went to the bus. She found that the young man and girl were watching him. The girl's face had a motherly look. She was serene, competent.

Satisfied that the little boy was taken care of, Connie rtn back to the waiting room, colliding with one of the interns. "How—how is she?" she stammered.

"Heart attack. Exhaustion. She'll be all right. The other doctor's giving her an injection."

Then, as if she were in a sick-room, Connie walked slowly in and saw the figures leaning over Skippy's mother. She was going to be all right. The doctor said so. Strange, what a great good feeling that gave Miss Constance Dawson, sob sister de luze.

She saw her purse and overnight bag just where she'd left them on a chair near Lila. She picked them up, still moving quietly, and then tiptoed out. No time for lipstick No time for anything except to walk out the side door and get into a cab. The train would leave in fifteen minutes.

What was it Lila Ernst had been trying to say? No matter. Connie couldn't have helped her because Connie's own life and future were at stake in this race against time and wind and storm. Jerry Marsh was waiting for her—a million miles away. She must reach him before Christmas.

But it was a relief to know that Lila would be all right—to know that the story hadn't ended after all. The collapse might have come from nothing more than sleeplessness and hunger. Why hadn't she thought to give her some money? She shook her pocketbook angrily.

Pennsylvania Station.," she said to the cab driver. "I'm in a hurry."

The driver touched his cap. "Yes. Miss."

CHAPTER VI

Every city has its own picturesquenesss and charm. And every city, too, has its dreary side. Sometimes they shift about so that what is ugly in one mood or light may be striking in another.

This night when Connie Dawson was breathing a final sigh of relief because she was leaving the bus behind with its Pat and its Skippy and all the others, she looked at Pittsburgh out the cab window.

It was an eerie sight, without form or boundary. There was a street because the wheels of the cab moved along it, chains clinging. There were buildings because lights came blurring from somewhere. But what else there was, she had no idea. A peculiar mist which was neither rain nor fog nor snow filtered over everything.

"No wonder the flights over the Alleghenies were canceled tonight," she told the driver.

He nodded. "Doesn't happen very often."

It took only a few minutes to reach the station. The cab stopped in a circular driveway under a marquee. Beyond, Connie could see the main room with its lights gleaming, the white soda fountain, hurrying redcaps.

The driver opened the cab door. "Thirty cents," he said.

She alighted and unclasped her pocketbook. Something about it started her. She reached for the coin purse and took out the change for the cabman. That was all right—so what was wrong?

And then she saw. The pocketbook had been opened, things in it shifted around. She looked again, this time frantically. "Wait," she said to the driver. "I've lost something."

They both searched the seat and the floor of the cab. Nothing was there.

"What was it, lady?"

"What was it! My money—a pair of diamond clips."

"Whew!" And he made a diligent search, which was also to no avail.

"Better rummage through your pocketbook again."

"Yes—yes. I will.

As other cabs tooted for this one to move, Connie ran into the station

She sat on the closet bench, dumping the contents of her bag into her lap. Odds and ends fell out—lipstick, compact, hankies, a fountain pen and her favorite pencil, the thick black lead. But not the clips and not the tooled leather billfold in which she kept her money.

What had happened—when and where?

She had had everything at the Steubenville bus station where she, Pat and Skippy had gone into the restaurant. She'd made sure then after the purse had spilled on the floor. Since then, the pocketbook hadn't been out of her hands except—

She remembered, now, how she'd left it with her overnight bag in the waiting room when she'd run to get help for Skippy's mother. It had been in the same place when she returned. But in the meantime there had been the crowd and the confusion. That was when someone have opened it.

Someone! Suddenly, the picture of the parolee flashed through her mind. The parolee who had looked at her with such cold, hostile eyes when the diamond clip had rolled on the bus floor. He'd been in the crowd that tagged along to the waiting room in the wake of the ambulance interns It would have been easy for him to pick up the purse, rifle it and put it back without being seen.

She'd go back—have him arrested get her money.

From somewhere in the interior of the station came a megaphond voice. "Ten-thirty train for New York—"

Connie clutched her belongings and, keeping the coin purse firmly in her hand, hailed a cab to take her to the bus terminal.

Ah, it would probably be hopeless. The bus would have left; the parolee vanished.

As she reachd the bus station again, she saw that the ambulance was still outside, And yes, the same bus was at the platform.

Connie stepped into it, bolted to her seat as one last chance that the missing things would be there. No, there was nothing except the rusty Boston bag which belonged to Pat, and his maps of Newfoundland.

She noticed that the young couple were talking together in low tones near Skippy, who still slept. The seat of the prisoner was empty.

Heartsick, angry, desperate, Connie Dawson stumbled out of the bus and walked towards the waiting room. A crowd still hovered at the door, necks craned. Then out of the hubbub appeared a familiar figure—J. J. Patterson. He was scribbling something in a notebook, head bent.

He didn't see her until she was right at his elbow and then she had to shout.

"Pat — Pat! It's I, Connie."

Connie!"

"That convict, that thief — he stole my money. Do something about it, quick.

Where is he?"

Pat didn't hear what she was saying. Instead, he looked at her with a sort of dumb gladness. "Say," he drawled, "had a hunch you wouldn't run off in trouble like this. Missed you in the mob but felt you'd be here, somewhere."

"Oh, never mind that," she said said crossly. "You've got to help me."

'Sure I will." Then he waved the notebook. "I've got all the information. Name, age, address."

As Connie stared, her speckled gray eyes wide and puzzled, he explaind, "See, they're taking Skippy's mother to the hospital. She can't possibly go any farther for the present. So I've promised to take the Skipper to her home in Connecttcut, see that he gets there safe and sound."

Constance clutched at his sleeve "What do you mean?"

"I never saw a pluckier girl than Skippy's mother. She's tops. Come on, we'd better get aboard the bus and see that the kid's O.K."

Connie wanted to say, "You're crazy—you're a goon who shouldn't have stirred a step out of Tanbark City. A pushover." But she had to get her pocketbook back and Pat would help her.

"Never mind Skippy for a minute," she begged. I'm trying to tell you the parolee on the bus stole my money."

"Whoa —" Pat put a calming hand on her shoulder "You say your money's gone?"

"Yes, Pat," she said, almost hysterical, "and I'm sure he's the one who took it."

"Hush, he's still with the others. If he has taken it, you'll never get it back this way."

The ambulance bell clanged. The corner of a stretcher showed as it was carried from a side door. And then there was a slow outsweep of people from the waiting room.

Connie turned her eyes away and pleaded with Pat again. "You don't understand, I must have the money back to get to New York. I've missed one train and can't miss another."

Blaring out of somewhere came the words—"New York bus leaving in five minutes. Johnstown, Altoona, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York."

Pat jerked Connie's arm. "Stand here where you won't be seen." he ordered.

The passengers were filling on, some came from the west; others just starting. Although they couldn't see her and Pat, Connie could see them. The parolee was there, walking slowly, untroubled and without a backward glance.

"It'll be too late in a minute," Connie gasped. "If you won't get a policeman, I will."

"Don't forget I'm a reporter." Pat reminded her, tapping his notebook for emphasis, "I've a way of working things out—understanding what makes the other fellow tick. You'll get your money back from him, I promise."

"But that will take time," she wailed. "I'm supposed to be on a train this minute."

The announcer called again. "Bus that will take time," she wailed. "I'm supposed to be on a train this minute."

The announcer called again "Bus leaving — all aboard. Johnstown, Altoona —New York."

The driver stepped in and turned on the headlights. The door closed. It was then Pat sprinted, one hand grasping Constance. "Wait a minute." he yelled, and tapped at the door.

It opened. "Come on," he told Connie, "I'll stake you to the ride."

With that, he half lifted her up the steps. It was all over in a second. Pat pushed Connie into her seat and then turned to see that the girl who'd been watching him. "We'll manage fine now." he said. "Connie and I"

Connie leaned forward as tense as if she'd been in a trap which had snapped shut on her. Why hadn't she stayed in the bus terminal? She could have wired Grandmother Dawson for money. She could have put a call through collect to The Sentinel. Bother the lost money; even the clips. Never mind the parolee. Anything to have side-stepped this terrible entanglmnt with Pat Patterson and the rest of the bus riders.

Pat was taking out his handkerchief. His hand shook as he wiped his forehead and his voice wasn't quite steady. "Well, here we are," he said to Connie, "the three of us."

The bus moved heavily out of the station and into the street of the errie lights.

(To Be Continued)

Gift Umbrellas

Who wouldn't appreciate one? A nice variety to choose from. Also gifts such as:—

Nighties — Housecoats, Slips — Dresses —Panties — Skating Outfits— Bed Jackets — Hosiery Pyjamas — Purses — Angora and Woollen Gloves, etc., etc., etc.

AT

THE FASHION SHOPPE

A Small Deposit Will Hold Anything Till Christmas

NORTH RUSTICO SCHOOL

Honour Roll of North Rustico School for month of November.

Grade X. (Sr.)—1, Shelton Warren.

Grade X. (Jr.)—1, Fulton Rollings.

Grade VIII.—1, Urena Court; 2, Gertrude Fleming and Billie MacLure, (equal); 3, Maynard Pursey.

Grade VI.—1, Mollie Fleming.

Grade V.—1, Joyce Warren.

Grade IV.—1, Jean Hiscott; 2, Ella Fleming.

Grade III.—1, Homer Pursey; 2, Billie Stevenson; 3, Orville Houston.

Grade II. (A)—1, Arthur Rollings

Grade II. (B)—1, Isabel Woolner; 2, Hugh MacNeill; 3, Robert Stevenson.

Grade I. (A)—1, Vance Court; 2, Arnold Pursey.

Grade I. (B)—1, Leslie Hiscott.

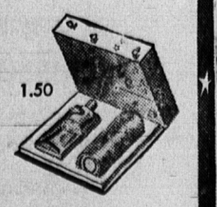
Grade I. (C)—1, Ivan Rollings.

Teacher—Una L. Court.

COUGHS-COLDS BRONCHITIS YIELD FASTER TO BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

HELENA RUBINSTEIN
Gift Suggestions

☆ What could be sweeter? A gift package of the universally beloved Apple Blossom or the new flower-fresh fragrance, Heaven-Sent.



Apple Blossom

Apple Blossom Cologne and Body Powder, 1.50. (In Heaven-Sent, 1.75). Gifts in Apple Blossom and Heaven-Sent from 1.00 to 8.95.

JAMIESON'S DRUG STORE

TILLIE THE TOILER— DISCRETION IN SILENCE! By Westover