

PRINCE EDWARD: NEW COMEDY SPECIAL—TODAY THUR.

BOISTEROUS STAGE HIT BECOMES SCREEN SCREAM!

Delightful? Unrepressed? Captivating? Exciting! OUR GANG Comedy TRAVEL—NOVELTY COLOUR CARTOON

COMING FRIDAY If there's an Irishman misses this picture, he's lost his interest in all things Irish! STARRING JUDY GARLAND

LAST TIMES "TUGBOAT ANNIE TODAY - SAILS AGAIN" CAPITOL—3.15, 7.00, 8.45—Thur. Fri. - Sat.

RADIO NORTH-AMERICAN TRANSMISSION Eastern Daylight Saving Time Throughout WAVELENGTH

Exchange Conservation Plan Halts Imports Of Group Of Fish Products OYSTERS, CANNED TUNA, SEVERAL OTHER FISHERIES COMMODITIES AMONG GOODS COVERED

Under action which was taken by Parliament before its December adjournment, the importation of certain fisheries products...

Why I Go To Church Last October the "Reader's Digest" printed an article by Channing Pollock entitled "Why I Do Not Go to Church."

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsworthy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

COOK'S for Photographs. L-396-1-23-11 Jan. 31. CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-9789-7 41-31

P. E. I. HOSPITAL SKATE at the Forum tonight. Excellent ice, 14 banas. Good music. L-541-1-29-11.

I. O. D. E. MEMBERS are reminded that there will be a short talk about I. O. D. E. over work during the Imperial Oil Broadcasts on C. B. C. on January 30th, 1941, over C. B. C. on L-545-1-29-11.

ELECTED CHAIRMAN—Mrs. George T. Medforth of Amherst, formerly of Charlottetown was elected chairman of the Lay Ladies' Auxiliary at the annual meeting and A. G. Mackenzie, K. C., was re-elected secretary.

GREETINGS FROM MONCTON—The Moncton Presbyterial very kindly sent greetings to the Prince Edward Island Presbyterial through its pastor, Rev. W. E. Boothroyd of Shediac, N. B., while the Presbyterial was holding its annual meeting in Charlottetown last week.

MARRIED IN MONTREAL—The Montreal Standard of January 18th last, contains the following social item of local interest: "A wedding of Maritime interest took place in Montreal, recently, when Miss Margaret Cookman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cookman of Westmount, Montreal, became the bride of Harold Lawrence Flynn, a son of Mr. W. J. Flynn, of New Glasgow, N. S. Mr. Flynn attended Dalhousie University and later was on the Sports Staff of the Halifax Chronicle. His father is a native of Charlottetown."

PREACH TRIAL SERMONS—Aubrey H. Moore, B.A., and Vera MacDonald, B.A., two members of this year's graduating class at Pine Hill Divinity Hall, Sunday school at Bonshaw at various churches. Both received their Bachelor of Arts degrees from Mount Allison University in 1939.

Mr. Moore, a son of Mr. W. J. Moore of Sydney, delivered the sermon at the evening service in St. John's United Church Sunday, Mr. MacDonald, who is a M. MacDonald of Hunter River, P. E. I., preached at the morning service in United Memorial Church. (Halifax Chronicle)

PRESENTATION AT BONSHAW—On the evening of Friday, Jan. 25, a short time in Ottawa, for the presentation of a new physician, Dr. O. H. Curtis, with a handsome cheque for \$1,000.00. Mr. Curtis is a native of Charlottetown. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Curtis, and their two children. The presentation was made by Mr. L. T. Beaton, an address was read by Colin Campbell of Canoe Cove. In this address the people of Bonshaw at various churches. Both received their Bachelor of Arts degrees from Mount Allison University in 1939.

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Only 3 Days To Pay First Instalment on Dominion Income Taxes

PAY PROMPTLY—SAVE INTEREST

Bristol and Vicinity

Mr. Charles Mosher has arrived from his late residence, 62 Prince Street, Bristol, on Friday, Jan. 25, 1941.

Mrs. Louis C. Wright. There passed peacefully away at her late residence, 62 Prince Street, Bristol, on Friday, Jan. 25, 1941.

Mrs. Jean McEwen, student nurse at Royal Victoria General Hospital, Montreal, has left on return after spending some time with her mother.

Marie School which was closed for some time owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever has re-opened.

Mr. Jerome O'Brien is relieving Mr. McEwen as teacher in the east school as Mr. McEwen is answering the call for the thirty days training.

Mrs. Benjamin McEwen is confined to her room with an attack of influenza. Mr. McEwen is also confined to his home with an attack of the cold.

Miss Florence Haybolt has returned from Halifax where she spent several months.

Mrs. Steward Mosher has received word from her son Fred, at Halifax stating he was leaving an eastern Canadian port this week for the high sea.

Mr. Irvin Drake spent a couple of days in the city last week on business.

Mr. Cephus Davy, was business visitor to the city on Friday and Saturday last week.

Mrs. Joseph Gillan has returned to the city after spending a few days with her mother Mrs. McCarthy at Moell.

Mrs. Margaret Cullen has returned to her duties in the city after a week spent very pleasantly with her parents in Moell.

Miss Mary Palmer was a visitor to the city Saturday on business.

Rev. Phalen McKenna has returned from a business trip to the western part of the Island.

Mr. W. A. O'Brien of the staff of Holman's Limited, was in Bristol and vicinity, Friday on business for his firm.

Mrs. Ernest Baker is spending a few days in the city with her daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Carr.

Mr. A. B. McAdam was in the city Saturday on business.

Mr. Percy Robbins was a business visitor to the city Saturday.

Mr. Alfred Webster, Marie, has purchased a stallion in the western part of the Island. This fine animal prizes at the Exhibition two years ago and horse lovers who really know horses claim this to be the finest animal of the type to come to this vicinity in years.

IN AN INDIAN GARDEN "Oh wind from far that wanders through the trees— My whispering trees whose moonlight upon the grass—night wind from o'er the seas, I thee implore to tell me of my Love. The flowers breathe in perfume sweet my thought Of him, the fountain sings for aye his name. The birds are nesting in the banyan tree, But I—oh, I am lonely! I have sought His spirit in the moonlight but in vain. Oh, night wind, wilt thou bring him back to me?"

The night wind sighs, and resting softly, sleeps, The moon sinks low behind the cypress tree, The fragrant darkness enters now and creeps With rapturous sweet, so strangely "My ghostly fountain, cease thy silver song! Oh, roses, hush thy melody I hear of flute notes sighing far away! Now near— Yet nearer still they come— now sweeping come Enfolded all in waves of mystery. "Behold, the night wind breathes, "Why Love is here."

—Louise M. Bird, New York, N. Y.

Arrival of a Swiss trade delegation was announced at Moscow, marking the first formal contact between Switzerland and Soviet Russia in more than 20 years.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS AND TOUGH, HANG-ON COUGHS TO COLDS YIELD FASTER TO BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

Run Into "Whole Pile"

Two more quick sorties seeing nothing and then more blitzkrieg on the fourth day. We run into a whole pile of Messerschmitt 108s and Dorniers. Too far to attack the bombers, so we start mixing it up with the fighters and an 10 comes down vertically behind us.

I lose Butch and everyone else as I turn round and round, watching my tail. The engine is almost gone and I am very dizzy. I am almost positive that I am going to be killed. I am diving vertically starboard engine and wing blazing.

I feel very cocky again look for the fight and find it is out of sight. I go home and find that I've only 300 rounds.

Second day (Sept. 3, 1940)—Unsuccessful day—made no contact.

Third day—Two patrols—0823 and 1230—but no contact made and so fun all. Just roaming around looking for the "Fun in the Sun." Watched night bombers in the dark, parachute flares and A. A. flares all over the sky.

Fourth day—Another big day. Bombers and scores of Messerschmitt 108s. Fired at a Dornier 215 but did not break away when I shot at it. I saw a lot of Messerschmitt 108s and Dorniers but couldn't catch up. Came home and found Butch had bailed out of his engine in a garden, where a terrified woman looked at him and then ran into the house. No more action today.

Fifth day—Up in the morning over the Thames Estuary to meet another raid. We had two Messerschmitt 108s circling us and a quick flank attack. Fighters follow at once. I followed behind the bombers, watching two Messerschmitt 108s circling us behind me.

Before they get into range I turn a sharp left and whip around. Unfortunately C. O., who is following me, gets plugged by one of these guys and has to crash-land. I get into a circle with two 108s and shoot at the second. He starts to dive so I chase him. Third burst sent him on fire, whole engine and wing and fuselage. We are down to 60 feet, so I leave him to burn and climb to 10,000 feet at full bore.

Work on Boars. Fighting is still going on and two more 108s come for me. They work in pairs and it seems fairly easy to get number two. Again I pick him out and he is down to 50 feet. We race along the coast. Both radiators stream glycol. I rotate on him when I finish my rounds and he has his oxygen tank above. See me as I fly. I leave him to go home and see him crash-land a few miles on.

Going home I see a parachute and I see a parachute. It turns out that it was the C. O., who got shot down by the 108s. In the evening a party, then on to one incendiary, discover a gloomy type, leaning against a lamp post, who discloses he is waiting for the pub to open!

The C. O. feels a bit hard done by, as he's been shot at and wounded yesterday, then gets bombed today. A street sweeper stops. Bus-driver pulls up beside us and says "Come on nah, turn it up mate, you're on the bomb!"

Back in the Dark. Go back in the dark via Hampstead Heath. Fires light up London and fire engines are coming from all suburbs into docks.

Stop at pub just outside Edmonton and get a riotous reception and lots of beer from public bar. I shake hands with everybody and get quite merry.

Seventh night and ninth days uneventful.

Tenth day—First sortie in the

FLYING FOR BRITAIN: Being the Diary of the Last 15 Days in the Life of a Royal Air Force Ace.

LONDON, Jan. 28—First day (Sept. 2, 1940) at our new school. Leap! Our virgin cockpit at 0850. This shook me a bit. Was still slightly dopey when at 15,000 feet we sighted a large lump of blitz. It was a 20 Dornier 215s with a large fighter escort. Attacked en masse, then dived away as fighters came down. Joined Butch again after a frantic tail-watching breakfast and started after the bombers again.

Suddenly we see a Dornier coming towards us—running for home. We jump on it—Butch sits on its tail, pumping lead at it. I do quarter turns and don't like this, lumps fall off and smoke pours out. I am awake now and feeling hungry. "Don't waste any more ammunition on him—this guy's finished!" I say "Okay Bud" and formate on the Dornier as he goes for Rochester (and then on Essex). He is a wreck—rudder in ribbons and streams falling off all the time. One guy comes out at 100 feet. Parachute streams as he hits the ground—bounces. Butch and I are very cocky, go home and shoot a home line.

"Shooting time is R. A. F. slang for boasting of one's exploits!"

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morning brought us head-on into a bunch of Heinkel 111s. I got such a violent vibration that I got an inverted spin. I got 5,000 feet before I could get out of that. Can't find the light at all, so I go home fed up. After that, my own back at the second but all we see are one or two 108s miles away.

Eleventh day—Another cloudy day comes patrolling in ones and twos to try cloud interceptions.

Twelfth day—Thirteenth and a Friday. More cloud flying and everybody testy about it. Went to B—'s house about 220. Bombers and A. A. fire all the time, as it was a beautiful night.

Thirteenth day—A trip down into Sussex with another squadron and saw more of our fighters than I've ever seen before. I got attacked twice and everybody split up and came home singly or in pairs. Those attacking must have been 113s but every time I went to attack what I thought were these guys, they were Spitfires! Most exciting!

Fourteenth day—(Sept. 15, 1940)—"The best day we've had. We go out at 0800 and attack a bomber squadron to meet 16 Dorniers and lots of 108s. We go into the bombers but Butch breaks early as he gets a tail break with him. Then we go for the bombers again. Messerschmitts in sight. So I attack one on the edge of our formation. Get him straight away and leaves the rest of his boys. Follow him, plugging him. A quarter of an hour comes off beautifully, see bullets going in, in line from the nose back to the tail, at intervals of a few seconds. The way down, see that rear-gunner, probably Dorrier, is smoking like a chimney, and these guys, they were Spitfires! Most exciting!

Then there blasted Spitfires home and drive me away from my own private and personal flying. One guy bails out from the Jerry. He has his arms folded and seems quite resigned. His Spitfire crashes in flames and Spitfires streak all round it, probably dropping visiting cards.

I did this myself. "See you in the morning, you 830 Saturday kind of thing. They're getting quite a reputation for pinching a bomber when a Hurricane is on the ground. I'm sure you'll see this year!"

Afternoon brings even better private and personal flying. One bomber and break it wide open. They scatter all over the sky and go for the clouds. I get one tonight away with a long burst. He catches fire and goes straight in.

But He Misses. Chase another in and out of the clouds. Port engine catches fire and Butch and I claim him as probably; damned sure he was. I shoot. Then I see two Messerschmitt 108s behind me and with me around in a left-hand climbing turn.

Horrid moment as I see his cannon winking at me, but he misses. Then he comes within 100 yards of me. Gradually tighten the turn till I get a shot at number two. Then above. See me as I fly. I leave him to go home and see him crash-land a few miles on.

Chase these two again and lose them. Then above. See me as I fly. I leave him to go home and see him crash-land a few miles on.

Most successful day of my life. I destroyed one probable and one damaged. My losses—nil. My bag—no damaged. Beginning to shoot a bit of a line.

Celebration in the evening.

Fifteenth day—Scrambled out of bed in absolute confusion. Cloudy but a lot of activity. We see up to 20,000 and mighty odd. We see dozens of Vortices but no enemy aircraft.

(Here the diary entries end. A few hours later the author had been killed when his Hurricane crashed in battle.)

Macdonald - Brier Dominion playdowns

TORONTO, Jan. 27 (CP)—Trustees of the Macdonald's and Brier Dominion curling championships held tonight last preparations are being made to hold the inter-provincial playdowns at the Granite Curling Club, Toronto, March 3 to 6, inclusive.

Ten teams will take part, one from each province and two from Ontario—one representing Northern Ontario.

Coal

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