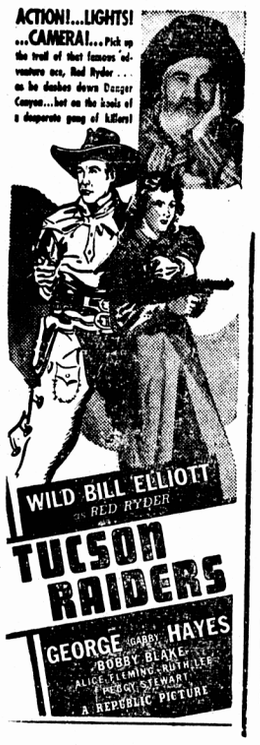
PRINCE EDWARD -:- To-Day—Fri—Sat.

PLUS NEWS — LITTLE LULU CARTOON
SHOWS AT 3:15 - 7 and 9



SPECIAL FEATURE: NEW SERIAL

EMPIRE -:- TONIGHT—FRI.—SAT.

Shows 7 - 8:45 : : : Matinee Saturday At 2:30

FIRST CHAPTER OF THRILLING NEW SERIAL STARTS THIS WEEK

DON'T MISS THIS ONE

A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 12 CHAPTERS

TO-DAY CAPITOL FRI.—SAT.

LET'S GO.. TO THE NEW HOPPY SHOW!

SHOWING AT
3:15 - 7 and 8:45

EXTRA—"DESERT HAWK"—CHAPTER 2
CARTOON and COMEDY

BRADALBANE SCHOOL

Report for November and December.

Grade X—1. Paul Jardine; 2. Gertrude MacDonald; 3. Myrtle MacLeod.

Grade IX—1. Mary Morrison; 2. Myron Matheson.

Grade VI—1. Eleanor Murray; 2. Jeuretta Murray; 3. Basil MacDonald.

Grade V—1. Audrey Todd; 2. Christie Ann Todd.

Grade IV—1. Freda Hickox; 2. Wellington Murray; 3. Dorothy Matheson.

Grade III—1. Alice Toombs.

Grade II—1. Lulu Toombs.

Grade I (A)—1. Billy Chappell; 2. Freddie Wristen; 3. Bedford Kennedy.

Grade I (B)—1. Margaret Kennedy and Wayne Bernard (equal.)

GAY COMEDY OPENING AT PRINCE EDWARD TONIGHT

The problem of the relationship between soldier and civilian, an important current and post-war item, is tenderly and humorously surveyed in Warners' new film, "The Very Thought Of You," which opens tonight at the Prince Edward Theatre.

Its cast offers the most promising of that company's new stars—Dennis Morgan, Eleanor Parker and Dane Clark. A brilliant supporting cast includes Faye Emerson and the veteran performers, Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi. Delmer Daves, represented most recently as director of the highly successful "Destination Tokyo," both directed and collaborated on the screenplay for this film.

"The Very Thought Of You" is concerned with two soldiers who meet two girls in Pasadena after a stint stand in the Aleutians. One of them is brought home for dinner and must endure the opposition of a tense, war-strained family. It's a condition which will prevail again and again before returning servicemen will finally be absorbed back into civilian life. A believable adult solution is offered in "The Very Thought Of You."

BOYD PULLS A FAST ONE

Bill Boyd, one of Hollywood's best known stars, was an unknown actor the day he walked onto the movie set of his latest Hopalong Cassidy adventure film, "Texas Masquerade." What caused all the mix-up was a change of attire, with Bill, who has dressed for nine years in Cassidy's picturesque dark blue cowboy suit and ten gallon hat, arriving in a dandified suit of English clothes. When he sat down on the side-lines, he was not pulling a movie gag on his old cronies when he remained aloof. He just felt like a sissy in his new-fangled getup.

The masquerad was necssary for the plot of Bill's fifty-first characterization of Hoopy, and the squeamish way he fingered the citified collar and tried to keep the creases in his pants had his fellow-players in roars of laughter, just as it will have his legion of fans when they see the Harry Sherman production, "Texas Masquerade," at the Capitol Theatre today thru United Artists release.

Consider Coal Mines Wage Boost Request

OTTAWA, Dec. 19 — (CP) —The National War Labor Board today took under consideration an application of the United Mine Workers of America (C.C.L.) for general wage increases for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick coal mines.

Mine operators opposing the application, estimated the increased wages would cost four of the major mines—employing about 13,600 of the 16,000 miners affected—$7,886,954 a year which would have to be met by increased government subsidies or higher coal prices.

The union asked an increase in the day rate to the level paid in Alberta mines, which for laborers would mean an increase from $5.67 to $6.67. For contract miners they sought a 20-per-cent increase and payment on the basis of a short ton instead of a long ton. Company representatives estimated this would increase the average earnings of contract miners from $9.98 to $13.41 a day. Union officials said they considered these figures high.

In addition the Union asked for extension of the present one week's vacation with pay to two weeks and payment of time and one-half for overtime and double time for Sundays and holidays to all employers.

F. D. R. Brushes Aside Questions On Foreign Policy

By C. R. BLACKBURN

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19 — (CP) —President Roosevelt, back from a three-weeks stay in Georgia, today brushed aside all questions of foreign policy asked at his press conference but threw some light on a number of related matters.

He told reporters:

1. The Atlantic Charter does not exist as a formal, complete document.

2. He had thought the State Department had denied the statement of Ernest Bevin's, British Minister of Labor, that he (Roosevelt) had initialled at the Quebec Conference the British plan for stabilizing the Greek situation, but would not discuss it at the moment.

3. His own course now and after the war would be to be slightly to the left of centre, as it had been for 11½ years.

4. The administration's foreign policy was all on the record but he advised reporters against attempting to re-state it.

5. The date and place of the next Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt meeting is highly speculative.

The President came back to a capital sizzling with controversy over the serious diplomatic difficulties in Greece, Poland and Italy and faced a Senate rebellious over his nominations of six assistants to the new Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius.

He was accompanied from Warm Springs by Leighton McCarthy, retiring Canadian Ambassador, who spent three weeks with the President at the Warm Springs Foundation.

Within a few hours after his return he had talked to the Senators seeking to block his State Department appointments—all new dealers and erstwhile strong supporters of the President— and induced them to end their blockading tactics.

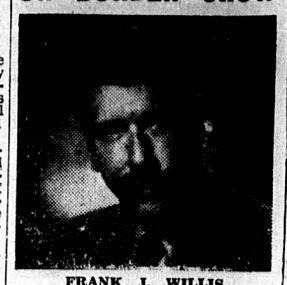
But he gave no indication as to when he would make a comprehensive declaration to the country of the United States' foreign policy.

Mr. Roosevelt was in an exuberant mood and refused to be drawn into any contentious discussion. He said that question about the Bevins claim of his approving the Greek operations was contentious and should be dropped.

A reporter asked the President if he could be described as a leftist or rightist in his political leanings and he said he would continue the course he had followed 11½ years—slightly to the left of centre.

When questioned about the Atlantic Charter document, which has been much talked of lately by those who were anxious to know where it was kept, the President confessed at once that there was no such document.

CANADIAN POET ON BORDEN SHOW



FRANK J. WILLIS

One of Canada's foremost writers of poetry, will be a guest on Borden's "Canadian Cavalcade" tonight. You will also hear an up-to-the-minute story on television, by one of the industry's leading authorities. Other guests include the world-famous boys' choir of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, singing favourite Christmas carols.

TUNE IN TONIGHT TO

Borden's

"CANADIAN CAVALCADE"

SPONSORED BY

CFCY 10:30 ADT

Withdraw Story Hess Injured

(By The Canadian Press)

LONDON, Dec. 19—The Press Association today distributed and then withdrew a story saying that Rudolf Hess suffered a leg fracture recently when he jumped over a banister during "a brain storm." In cancelling the story, the Press Association said the War Office reported there was no truth in the statement that Hess had broken his leg.

Hess' "nervous and mental condition has deteriorated in the last few months," said the withdrawn story.

Hess was Adolf Hitler's deputy until he flew to Britain on a mysterious mission in May, 1941.

The Press Association said its information came from unoffical sources. It reported Hess was often surly and sulky and refused to speak to his guards.

"He has become morbid-minded and these attacks are the culmination of his morbidity," the Press Association said.

Hess has been examined by nerve and mental specialists, the account added. For a time he was detained in a well-appointed apartment, it said, but he is "now in the country."

When he and Prime Minister Churchill met on a battleship off a Newfoundland Harbor in August, 1941—the first of their historic meetings—they both wrote out by hand notes which when put together with others prepared by aides, contained the Atlantic Charter declarations.

These were given to radio operators on the Cruiser Augusta and the British Battleship Prince of Wales for transmission to London and Washington and to the press.

Absence of a formal document did not weaken the declarations and he still believed in them, the President said. But it might have been a good thing to have preserved a formal document for museum purposes.

In any event the declarations were contained in the document signed by the 26 United Nations in Washington Jan. 1, 1942.

Not since the war began had Mr. Roosevelt made such a lengthy visit to the Warm Springs Foundation.

At the end of his stay his physician Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntyre, pronounced himself "pleased" with the President's condition.

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

ON THE FUNNIEST HALF-HOUR ON THE AIR WAVES

TALL TALES BY BOB HIMSELF

Music by the Lifebuoy Orchestra.

SONGS... LAUGHS... MUSIC... IT'S A RIOT

TONIGHT AND EVERY THURSDAY!

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8:30 P. M.
WEAF, New York (660 KC)
WBZ, Boston (1030 KC)

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Tomorrow is Forever

by Gwen Bristow

They heard a car. Spratt was coming into the driveway. His voice called cheerily,

Kessler Ready to go?"

"Yes indeed, Mr. Herlong, I was waiting for you."

Kessler stood up and started for the car. Without paying much attention to what she was doing, Elizabeth was following him.

"Hope I wasn't too long," said Spratt. "Why Elizabeth, what are you doing here? I thought you'd be asleep by now."

They had reached the side of the car.

"Mrs. Herlong was just about to go upstairs to bed." Kessler said "She is very tired. She'll be probably sound asleep before you come back."

"I hope she is." Spratt leaned across the door. "Then good night Elizabeth."

He kissed her. For an instant it was as though a stranger had kissed her, and then suddenly it was not Dear Spratt. He was her husband This other man—but he was Arthur Or wasn't he?

"These nights are really cold." Spratt was saying to Kessler as he backed the car." "The days have been bright lately, but as soon as the sun goes down—"

His voice trailed off. Elizabeth turned and went back into the house. Tonight she would say nothing to Spratt. She had promised. Later, should she or shouldn't she? Right now she could not tell. But at least, she would be asleep when he came home, or he would think she was.

Upstairs in her room, she got mechanically through the routine of undressing In her state of turmoil it was easier to move than to sit still. That man was Arthur; he could deny it forever but it would still be true, "Good Lord," she said aloud, "don't I know my own husband?"

Looking around, she saw her bedroom as though she was seeing it for the first time, her fragrant, luxurious room! full of beautiful objects that Spratt had given her. The room was as eloquent of his personality as of hers; Spratt was her husband, he was the father of her children, she loved him, but now it was as though she could hear herself talking as she talked twenty years ago. "What I feel for you—it's strange to call it love, because its so different. I can't give you what I gave Arthur, because I haven't got it to give. It's just not there any more."

Elizabeth stopped in the middle of the room. "What have I done?" she exclaimed in fright. "What would Spratt do if I told him? Shall I tell him? Can I live here the rest of my life and not tell him?

She sat down on her bed and suddenly she felt more tired than she had ever felt in her life. Her body ached in every muscle, her emotions were strained past the point of feeling anything more. She was utterly spent, too tired to know anything but her own exhaustion.

It cost her a great effort even to make even the trivial movements of putting out the light and getting into bed. She lay there in the dark, unable to think coherently of anything except of whether or not she was too nervous to go to sleep. There was some seleping capsules on her bathroom shelf. The dentist had given them to her last year when she was undergoing some painful treatment. Tonight one of them would do her good, but she was too tired to get up and take it. Underneath her thoughts of the sleeping-capsules the rest of her mind was turning in rings, suggesting all sorts of vague fantastic possibilities; herself saying nothing more to Kessler, but telling Spratt that he was Arthur and leaving the rest up to them; Kessler telling her Arthur had had a twin brother from whom he had been separated in infancy, as happened in old romances; Kessler, Arthur, Spratt—she heard Spratt's footsteps in the hall outside.

Elizabeh turned over and closed her eyes and made herself breathe deeply. She could not talk to him now.

Spratt opened her door softly. "Asleep?" he whispered. She lay quite still. He tiptoed over to the bed, stood an instant looking down at her, and carefully drew up the blankets to cover her shoulder. He bent and kissed her forehead, very lightly so as not to wake her, and slipped out again, closing the door silently behind him. Elizabeth moved, covering her face with her hands as though she was going to cry, but she was too tired to cry. She said to herself, "I must get that capsule. I've got to have some rest." Then all of a sudden she was asleep weariness closing her in like a drug.

In the room adjoining hers, Spratt was undressing quickly, opening and closing the closet doors with care so as to make no noise. He was glad Dick had not waited to join the Marines What he was getting into was mighty tough for a kid, but when something had to be done, the longer you waited to do it the tougher it was. And having him actually in it was going to be easier on Elizabeth than these months of looking forward to it had been. Easier on himself too, for that matter. After all, no matter when your youngsters left home it seemed too soon. You knew they were going to find life a lot harder than they expected to find it and you dreaded it for them. But you did your best to teach them to be honest, to have a sense of responsibility and to take what happened with their chins up, and beyond that there wasn't much more you could give them. Dick was a good kid. He'd be all right Elizabeth would be all right too. She sometimes cringed before a hard job, but she always got through it and came up smiling. He was glad this fellow Kessler had turned up. Knowing Kessler had been good for all of them.

Spratt got into bed. He was tired, and was asleep in five minutes.

In his apartment, Kessler had not begun to get ready for bed. He was sitting alone on a sofa, asking himself over and over, "Good Lord, what have I done to her?"

(To Be Continued)

ORWELL COVE W. I.

Mrs. Frank Rooney entertained the members of the Orwell Cove Women's Institute at her home on Nov. 14th for their annual meeting. The meeting opened with the Creed, followed by roll call which was answered by the paying of membership fees. The minutes of the last meeting and the last annual meeting were read and approved.

A letter of thanks for fruit was read and a letter from the T. B. League was also read. A donation of $5.00 was voted for the T. B. League. The secretary reported a balance of $61.62 from last year.

The members decided to hold a dance in the hall on Nov. 14th and to serve coffee and doughnuts. They also decided to send cigarettes to the boys of the district overseas.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers and the following new officers were elected: President, Mrs. F. E. Rooney; vice president, Mrs. Walter McLeod; secy.-treasurer, Miss Alberta Nicholson; directors, Mrs. Wm. Brown, Mrs. Angus. Nicholson, Mrs. Wm. McLeod; auditors, Mrs. Wilfred McLean, Mrs. B. J. McLeod; sick committee, Mrs. J. A. McLeod, Mrs. Wm. Morrissey; school committee, Mrs. Walter McLeod.

Mrs. Walter McLeod invited the members to her home for the next meeting, at which roll call was to be answered by an exchange of Christmas gifts. The meeting was then adjourned and lunch was served by the hostess.

Casualties Reduced Seventy-five Per Cent

IN the war against tuberculosis one of the world's greatest benefactors is Einar Holboell, Danish postal clerk.

As he worked long hours sorting Christmas mail, he thought of a way to put it to work for humanity . . . and in 1904 started the sale of Christmas Seals to combat tuberculosis. The seals have helped cut Canada's T.B. death rate seventy-five per cent.

But T.B. still kills more people between 15 and 45 than any other disease. Your dollars are urgently needed now. Send in your contribution today - please.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS!

NOTICE

Our Plant will be Closed Boxing Day, TUESDAY, DEC. 26th. Until 1 P. M.

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