

PRINCE EDWARD :- TO DAY ONLY

BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO

"IN HOLLYWOOD"

Plus - News - Cartoon - Victory Caravan

MATINEE 2:30 - EVE. SHOWS AT 7 and 9

COMING - Mon. - Tues. - Wed.

It's Dynamic! Set to music! AND IT TOPS THEM ALL...

GEORGE RAFT

Rough, tough and tender!

JOAN BENNETT

Bold, blasé and beautiful!

VIVIAN BLAINE

Smooth, sultry and terrific!

PEGGY ANN GARNER

Of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"

NOB HILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA! MARCH OF TIME

CAPITOL :- TO-DAY ONLY

THE CISCO KID South of the Rio Grande DUNCAN RENALDO

PLUS - NEWS - COMEDY - CARTOON

Matinee 2:30 - Evening At 7 - 8:45

CAPITOL :- MON. - TUE. - WED.

DEATH CASTS A SHADOW OVER

DARK MOUNTAIN

ROBERT LOWERY ELLEN DREW

ALSO NEWS - MUSICAL - SCIENCE

ORANGES FOR LONDON

TOWN-PLANNERS NEEDED

LONDON (CP) - Twenty-three and a half million South African oranges - largest consignment to reach Britain in five years - unloaded at the London docks

BRISTOL (CP) - Britain needs 1,000 town-planners, architects, engineers and surveyors at once and 2,500 soon, said Lewis Silkin town and country planning minister, adding: "At present it is hard to find 1,000 with experience or qualifications."

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

COOKS For Photographs

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE

MEN OF THE P. E. I. LIGHT HORSE see notice which appears elsewhere in this paper. 10-10-13-11

ST. JAMES CHURCH - Mrs. G. W. Hammonds, of Boston, (nee Rachel Reed) who is visiting relatives in this city, is to give a soloist in St. James Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning.

ENGAGEMENT - Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Williams announce the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor Marian to Fl. Leuk. Walter Joseph Hurst, R.A.F., son of Mrs. M. Hurst of Reading, England. 10-13-11.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE Annual Meeting, October 18th. Will delegates attending our Annual Meeting please advise the League office at the Sanatorium, telephone 2230, or write immediately. 10-13-11.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA - Brookfield Charge. Services: Lord's Day as follows: Brookfield 11 A. M. Leuk. Walter Joseph Hurst, R.A.F., son of Mrs. M. Hurst of Reading, England. Donald Nicholson, Student Minister. 10-13-11.

POLICE COURT - At the City Police Court yesterday morning three cases dealing with the unlawful possession of spirits were adjourned for trial. A fourth case of unlawful possession of spirits the accused was fined \$200 and costs or three months. A drunk, his first offence, had his \$5 bail estreated.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED - Collections have reached "flood tide" in the Clothing Collection drive in the City. The call has gone out for two or three additional volunteer male helpers to assist those already giving freely of their time and labor at the City Depot, Wednesday and Thursday afternoon, three tons of clothing handled at the depot and yesterday local officials were coping with the work. It is expected that the drive will reach a climax the first part of next week.

YORK UNITED Churches. Rev. J. A. Nicholson, minister. Services Sunday, Oct. 14: 11 a.m. Central Church; 3 p.m. York, Dr. John C. Burn will speak. Sunday School at York at 1:30, 7:30 p.m. Crusade for Christ service at Brackley. Special soloists, Mrs. Arthur Roper and Mr. Roy Smallman, both of Charlottetown. The choir of the churches in the charge will combine and the service will be for the whole charge. Visitors and all are cordially invited and are asked to be present early in order to obtain seats. 10-12-21.

BIBLE SUNDAY AND BIBLE WEEK - This year "Bible Sunday" for the P. E. I. Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society will be held on October 20th, and "Bible Week" will start October 29th. During this week special offerings to the great cause of the Bible Society. Eighty-two Branches throughout the Auxiliary are engaged in this work. Help is given whenever you can by contributing life membership or bequest to Branch or Auxiliary Office 142 Prince Street, Charlottetown, Phone 82.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH - Services on Sunday, October 14th will be conducted by the Rev. W. T. Mercer of Mount Stewart, who will also deliver the morning sermon. This is the regular Presbyterian Exchange at the evening service. Rev. Roy E. Webster, B. A., missionary to China, recently returned from that country, who will have many interesting events to tell. In the morning the choir will render "The Anthem" by Rogers in the evening there will be a Men's Sing, the Church School will meet in regular sessions. In the evening at 8:30 there will be a special public meeting at the Memorial Hall, when motion pictures will be shown by Dr. John Coburn, Dominion Secretary of the Canadian Temperance Federation. All are cordially invited to these services.

EMPIRE TO-DAY

Shows 2:30 - 7 - 8:45

NO MAN ALIVE...

JOHNNY MACK BROWN 'LAW OF THE VALLEY' HATTON

SERIAL - CARTOON COMEDY - SPORTS

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

CHAPTER I

Phoebe Overton knew she ought to be taking her bath and getting dressed for the party. The water boiler by the kitchen stove had been hot right down to the bottom an hour ago; the new bath crystals were sparkling—the first she had ever owned, her birthday present from Mother. The new dress with its long rusty skirt of white tulle, the new pale chiffon stockings, the wreath of white flowers for her hair were waiting, spread out carefully, on her bed. But on an eighteenth birthday a person needed to get away from the stir and bustle of making ready for a party. Phoebe needed to be alone with herself to think her own private thoughts. And besides, the stray cat had to be fed.

When the spring rain which had been drenching Long Island all day let up at half-past five Phoebe slipped out of the house with a pan of food—two left over meat balls and a bone for the cat who hung about her feet—and her kittens in the empty front porch. The house next door—and started across the lawn.

Under the tall hedge which divided the Overton and Prentice lawns Phoebe paused to look up. The new gray sky. There was a fresh persimmon on the ground, a green sweet, drops fell in little pattering showers from the eaves. The air was cool and the moon shone brightly. Phoebe began to feel the real excitement of the day when she had felt as she helped her mother party. Aunt Bea got ready for the party when she had heard Phoebe suddenly through the clouds she stood in the flood of bright warmth. She felt the beauty of life, the significance of it, stream through her like the sun. Everywhere bright rays of light twinkled on the branches, trembling and shining. Above, the wide sky was slowly being poured full of blue. Washed clean by rain the brown earth was ready for spring. It was waiting. And Phoebe herself, was part of it all. She was happy. She was breathlessly waiting too.

Phoebe went on, following the line of the tall hedge. Sometimes she felt a pang as if she would have to wait forever. That life would pass her by. She had felt this especially since last August when her father had told her she couldn't go to college after all. He had been so sorry, so apologetic because there wasn't enough money. She had hidden the bitter disappointment as best she could. But it hadn't been easy to put aside the dreams of college and settle down to just staying home, to helping around the house and practicing on the little piano two hours each day. Sometimes of course it seemed sweet and peaceful—staying home. But the last seven years had been down to the ground. Phoebe had time in real estate and who now was returning to Long Island with the village that Prentice had told would mean a good deal to the town; he was a rich man, he would be able to give the community. Daily in the post office she was sure to ask, "Well, hear anything from Ed yet? Ought to be here by now, it's getting on toward April."

Phoebe thought about it a good deal these days. Wondering how it would seem to see people next door on the scarp of shore which was occupied only by the Overton and Prentice houses. And she wondered what Benjamin Prentice, the little boy she had played with years ago would be like now. But most of all she wondered with acute concern what would happen to the family of cats which had taken up its abode in the empty carriage house, abode in the empty carriage house.

She walked across the wet lawn to the carriage house and knelt down by it in the foundation to call coaxingly, setting the pan of food on the ground. Presently a thin gray and white cat poured herself out of the opening and then came the kittens, crowding each other, tumbling out at Phoebe's feet. Phoebe picked up the little black one, her favorite, and cuddled him against her cheek. Her heart trembled and she hugged and then Phoebe put him down, and he sprang upon his three brothers and sisters who were lined up close together, round-eyed at the spectacle of their mother gnawing a bone.

Phoebe laughed, loving them.

Request Performance

YOU REQUEST, THE STARS PERFORM \* Frank MORGAN \* Rudy VALLEE \* Diana LYNN \* Jimmy LYDON \* Hoagy CARMICHAEL AND OTHERS PRESENTED BY Cammell, Ltd. CFCY 10 P.M. SUNDAY

When the pan was empty she leaned down to pick it up, and her hair fell forward and brushed across the black kitten and he, thinking that some monster was attacking him, made a fierce dive at it. Amused Phoebe did it again and then again, laughing as the kitten reared up on unsteady little legs, bounced, lost courage and backed away spitting expensively his mouth a wide open pink. Phoebe caught him in her hands to soothe away his fright and stood up. And saw for the first time that a young man stood watching her a few feet away.

She was too startled to gather more than an impression of tall, neat, and gray-wreathed and sandy hair in the first glance. She hadn't imagined there was a soul around—how on earth could he have got there? And she was embarrassed too. Whoever he was he had been watching her and how silly she must have looked bobbing up and down like that to amuse the kitten! And she could feel a damp sheen on her cheek from a muddy paw. Unable to think of anything to say she regarded him in silence.

He looked back with an interested, puzzled expression. At last he said, "Where have you seen you before?" and Phoebe was more astonished than ever. "Somehow the fact that he was a southerner made her feel quite a bit better. "I don't believe you have," murmured.

The young man shook his head. "It's strange—the minute I saw you I thought, 'I've seen you before.' But I can't remember something. Then he added, "Excuse me for not introducing you to my friend Benjamin Prentice. We came," he explained, "rather suddenly. We hadn't planned to get here until April, but Mother was restless and said she wanted to start right away, so we did. But aren't you going to tell me who you are pretty?"

Phoebe glanced into the earnest, blue eyes. "I'm Phoebe Overton," she said. "You mean you're the little girl who used to live next door?" "Yes," she nodded, "and I still do."

"Then that explains why you looked familiar. But—" he shook his head and his eyes measured the young Phoebe from the tips of her gaiters to the top of her brown head, "well, gosh."

There was a little silence while they stared at each other in excited concentration. Phoebe searched Benjamin's face for traces of the boy she had played with years ago and found them. He was so tall and so darkly tanned and his shoulders were no more. She had never supposed he would grow up so.

"You—your—grown up so," Phoebe said. "Well, so have you! You've grown awfully—out pretty."

Pretty! Phoebe glanced quickly away, not knowing what to do with the direct compliment. But Benjamin continued to study her. He looked as pleased as if he, himself had created Phoebe's sweet, flushed face and her dancing hazel eyes and her brown hair. "And I like your hair," he said. "My—my hair?" Nothing could have surprised her more. She laughed and dispensed her hair. "Yes, it's sort of—straight. I hate curls," he said. Benjamin then he added, "You've got a smudge down near your chin."

Phoebe blushed. Digging her handkerchief into her jacket pocket she scrubbed her cheek and peered down at the ground, feeling a very strange mixture of emotions.

It was too fantastic! A few minutes ago she had looked up to see what appeared to be a perfect stranger and now he had turned into Benjamin Prentice. And he was telling her things just like he used to. "Your knees are all dirty. You better not make a face like that, it might freeze."

Only of course this was so different! The bright eyes of the kitten peeped out from the hole under the carriage house, offering a more impersonal subject of conversation which Phoebe promptly seized. "Those kittens," she said in a breathless voice. "I wanted to ask you. Do you think you'll keep them? You see the cat just came around and I fed her. And then she came over here and had her kittens and—and I just kept on feeding her. And I'd like to take

MUTUAL LEADERS HONOURED



H. W. Pletch, Branch Manager



J. C. Cullen



E. H. Monkley



A. Gallant



C. Ellis

The Mutual Life of Canada has released its Honours List recognizing five members of the Charlottetown Agency for outstanding service to their community in the Club Year recently closed. They are: Messrs. J. C. Cullen, Charlottetown, who recently returned to Halifax; E. H. Monkley, Summerside; A. Gallant, Rustico, and C. Ellis, O'Leary, members of the Leaders' Century Club. Mr. H. W. Pletch, Branch Manager, is an Honorary Member.

Qualification for Club membership is based not only on the large volume of protection underwritten, but also on a high personal standard of confidential service to policyholders.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont. Est. 1869 Branch Office—Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown, P.E.I. H. W. PLETCH, Branch Manager

them myself but we already have two cats at home and Mother was annoyed because I bothered with a stray cat at all. So I don't know what will become of them." The young man frowned. "I should think," he said, "that if you didn't want them and nobody else wanted them it would be better to do away with them in the first place." "Do away with them!" "Well, it would probably be the kindest thing." "It wouldn't either," Phoebe's cheeks grew pink. "Those kittens enjoy life just as much as anybody." Benjamin shook his head. "That's just false sentimentality." "False sentimentality," Phoebe became fiercely resentful. She didn't like the way he was talking at all. She suddenly remembered that Ben Prentice had been a bossy little boy. "The trouble is," she said hotly, "you just don't like cats!" "Yes, I do. I do like cats. But I was just looking at it as a case, and you see if you look at it as a case you—"



Continued on Page 9

IT'S AUTUMN The Temperature Drops

It is time for a new outfit. Every morning there are new shipments of Coats, Dresses, Suits, Skirts, Blouses, Jumpers, Purses, Gloves, etc. All Budget Priced at

THE FASHION SHOPPE

Gt. George St. Phone 58

