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HE'S GOT A NOSE FOR NEWS... BUT SHE'S GOT AN EYE FOR ROMANCE!

**CAROLE LANDIS ALLYN JOSLYN**

**IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG**

20 CENTURY-FOX

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The Girl From The Double R

By BETTY BLOCKINGER

CHAPTER X

"Oh, no," protested Rusty. "Why these ranchers and the association men have lived here always."  
"And does living here make them immune from thievery?"  
Doctor Westmore was away that night and the next morning, and Adelaide presided at the hospital in his place.  
Rusty shopped for the house that morning. At the butcher's she eyed the meat counter thoughtfully. "I'd like that tenderloin but," she told the butcher "but first I'd like you to show me the side from which you took it. I want to see the government stamp."  
"A lot you know about it!" scoffed the blonde. "These cattle barons can stand it. Why say, the money they make — well, what's so funny?"  
Rusty was chuckling. "I happen to be one of the cattle barons," she explained.  
"Here you are lady," said the butcher in a bored voice, and heaved a side onto his block. "Or would you like me to prove that, but come off this—"  
"She'd know," laughed the blonde. "She says she runs one of the big ranches."  
The butcher scrutinized Rusty, then grinned. "Well, I'll say she does! Didn't recognize you, Miss Rowland. Any chance you selling the school? I could sure handle some of that Double R beef."  
"Get thee behind me!" begged Rusty. "But no — I'd rather wait until my stock is in the prime."  
"Well, did I tell you?" demanded the blonde. "If this doesn't prove the cattleman are holding out—"  
"It doesn't," Rusty flashed. "Our men overseas are going to need food next winter. If all the cattle, and sheep, and hogs, and what's left of the third of its potential size, they'd be cutting the needed supply of beef just two-thirds."  
She took her package and left. Westmore returned home that afternoon looking grim and very tired. Adelaide literally drove him into the house to rest, saying that she could do the hospital work.  
"I'd like to tell you," demanded the blonde, "I wish he could go off on a hunting trip, far away from telephone bells."  
"If only he were a surveyor," mused Rusty. "I could fix up a trip for him."  
"But he is!" exclaimed Adelaide, sitting up. "Or he was. That's how he happened to become a veterinarian."  
Rusty blinked, trying to fathom the relation between a surveyor and a veterinarian.  
Adelaide laughed, then explained. "He graduated from college as a civil engineer and immediately joined a crew building a highway across a section of the Rockies. He was in the advance group, which had to ride in on horses. The rain was impossible. Everything that could happen happened to their mounts and their pack horses. It was a nightmare to any one loving animals. All they could do was kill the unfortunate beasts."  
"Herb realized that, if any of them had had even the rudiments of veterinary skill, many of the animals could have been saved. And so, the next year he enrolled in the school I attended. At that time I believe, he intended to return to engineering, using his veterinary training merely as a supplement. However, for some reason, he later decided to make a profession of it."  
Rusty sat silent, considering the possibility of asking Doctor Westmore to act as her surveyor on the written her to be careful whom she chose. But surely Herb could be trusted not to tell any one of her project.  
In the end, she told Adelaide about it and about the importance of keeping it secret, so that the rustlers would not learn of the new pasturage for her yearlings.  
"If I could induce Doctor Westmore to do the surveying for the trail into the valley," she said eagerly. "It would be wonderful! It would solve my problem, and though it wouldn't exactly be a vacation for him, it would get him outdoors and give him a change. He and Uncle Jed and Hank and I could make the trip, leaving Piney to handle the ranch. . . . Then the light died from her eyes. "But I suppose we couldn't persuade him to take the time off. We'd be away for at least two weeks."  
Adelaide was staring into space, a speculative expression on her face.  
"If I were to tell him that his work was suffering because he was nervous," she murmured, "we might — well, we'll see. Let me talk to him. . . ."  
The next morning, Doctor Westmore conducted his first class in elemental veterinary training for

the outlaws of the surrounding ranches. The first week was devoted to lectures. The next week, the group made the rounds of the near-by ranches, first watching the doctor give subcutaneous injections to cattle, then giving them themselves under his watchful eye.  
That completed the short course but after the rest of the class had been dismissed, Rusty decided to stay on at the Westmore place for a while longer for there was more that she wanted to learn.  
Then, one day, while the doctor was out, Decker came to see her. He wanted to know when she was coming home.  
"You said you were coming here for only a week—" he said.  
"Two weeks," she corrected.  
"Well, anyway this is the third. Have you any idea how your ranch is being run in your absence?"  
"With you as a next-door neighbor," she returned, "with one eye over the fence, nothing serious could happen."  
He frowned, then blurted. "It isn't the ranch I'm thinking about Rusty. It's the idea of you in here where the fellow who made love to you every hour of the day!"  
"Make love!" Rusty jumped up angrily. "Why, you— you idiot! If you'd spend just one day in this place you'd learn that a veterinarian isn't a time to think of anything but grief. Love indeed!"  
Yet she turned away quickly to hide the flush on her cheeks.  
"I'm sorry," he said. "But listen, Small Fry, there's a reason why I don't like your being here. There's something queer about this place. I've heard rumors about association headquarters, look-on-the-nights of the raids, is the doc ever in?"  
"He was here the night your ranch was raided, wasn't he?"  
"I've never said my ranch was raided!" he objected. "Another time, the francs I've never got to the bottom of it, but I believe that Slim Jack had been playing a crooked game of poker with some of the other boys who got back to the point. I wish you'd come home. Why don't you pack up and come home with me now?"  
"No," Rusty said firmly.  
"But if you insist on staying, keep your eye peeled, will you? I mean take in all you can and if you see or hear anything suspicious let me know."  
"The idea!" she protested angrily. "So you want to make me a super-snooper — a guest spying on her host!"  
"Isn't it justified if it means learning the doctor broke off? But my mind — forget it. It's just that I've been singled out by the association to run down certain things."  
He left soon after that and when he was returned Rusty sat for a long time considering what he had said. She couldn't believe that there was any truth in his implications, and yet his words left her disturbed.  
"The idea!" she protested finally. "She'd better go home, after all! She'd leave tomorrow."  
Then she thought of his outburst about Westmore making love to her and again a flush came to her cheeks. Her retort had been sincere but, nevertheless, she realized that there had been times when she had caught the doctor looking at her in a way that had made her heart pound. Could it be that she had been lingering on here because she was falling in love with him? But no — that was ridiculous!  
That evening, after dinner, Rusty wandered over to the hospital to find Westmore working over a dog and muttering to himself.  
"If only pet owners would use a little sense!" he complained. "Look at this dog, inflamed to the shoulder. A foreign object in the paw. If the owner had brought the dog in at once, it could have been removed. But no — some idiot had to make love to her like dissolved in pus, so he let the infection travel while he waited for the cause to dissolve."  
For no apparent reason, Rusty began to laugh.  
Westmore looked up. "Why the hilarity?"  
She couldn't tell him what Decker had said — that he didn't like the idea of the doctor having a chance to make love to her every hour of the day. If this was love —  
"I just remembered something," she evaded. "No connection. By the way, I've decided that I'd better return to the ranch tomorrow. I've been away long enough."  
His reply surprised her. "I expected that, after Mr. Decker's visit today. His dislike of me is qualified only by my dislike of him."  
"But I came for only two weeks," she reminded him.  
He turned away from the dog and looked at her. "I know, but having you here, though I haven't had time to see much of you, has meant — well, it has meant quite a lot to me —" he floundered.  
Rusty saw again that look in his eyes and her heart was beating like a trip-hammer.  
Then, Adelaide came in to tell him he was wanted on the phone in the house — and the spell was broken. Immediately, his manner became businesslike again.  
"Adelaide," he said, as he turned to answer the telephone "our assistant is leaving us tomorrow."  
"Oh, I'm sorry! Must you go, Rusty?"  
"I'm afraid so," said the girl.  
"We'll miss you. However, if you must go, you'd better come into the garden and help me select those herbs your mother wants."  
In the walled garden, as Rusty bent over the herb plants, she thought of that floundering little speech that Herb had made. Had

Completes Writing Of Peace Treaties

PARIS, Oct. 14—(AP)—The Paris conference tonight completed its task of writing peace treaties for five former Nazi satellite countries after Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov of Russia assailed portions of the pacts as "unsatisfactory."  
Mr. Molotov accused the United States of attempting to dominate the conference and said he would insist that the big four foreign ministers, who will meet in New York Nov. 4, reconsider parts of the treaties with Italy, Finland, Romania, Bulgaria and Hungary. The ministers also will take up the treaty with Germany.  
A French spokesman said the big four would devote two weeks to completing work on the satellite treaties, then would start consideration of the German pact.  
He added that the fundamental aspects of the German problem would not be tackled in New York, but that the ministers would try to discover whether there was enough ground for agreement to justify the holding of a later meeting in Europe.  
The French spokesman said that Mr. Molotov brought up the German question at the hour-long council session, suggesting that the final work on the pact be done in Europe. He was supported by Foreign Secretary Bevin of Britain.  
The informant quoted State Secretary James F. Byrnes of the United States as saying that he would not go to Europe for a simple discussion of procedure on Germany, but that he was willing to make the trip for a full-fledged conference.  
French Premier Georges Bidault was quoted as having told his colleagues that he could not be in New York for the council session, and that France could not agree to any fundamental discussion of German problems unless she were represented properly.  
Mr. Molotov's attack on the work of the conference was delivered at a plenary session on the eve of the adjournment of the "satellite" part. The issues he raised suggested a possible showdown between the east and the west at the New York meeting.  
Dr. Guo Tai-Chi of China, who presided over the plenary session, said the conference would hold its last session tomorrow afternoon. M. Bidault is slated to deliver a farewell address.  
Mr. Molotov, in criticizing the work of the conference, said that "one cannot consider satisfactory" the action of the delegates on questions which had not already been decided by the Foreign Ministers Council.  
The conference has no power except to recommend to the council, which in turn will submit the treaties to the United Nations General Assembly for final ratification.  
Mr. Molotov said the conference had yielded to pressure of certain large countries in voting on those portions of the treaties on which the big four had failed to agree.  
Mr. Molotov declared that part of the reason for the "failure" of the conference was attributable to "a certain group of states" which "desired to take a dominating position and dictate what they thought essential."  
Mr. Bevin, in a directly opposite vein from Mr. Molotov, said the conference had accomplished the task assigned it.  
"I can only hope that our work may lead to a lasting peace and economic recovery and that the people may feel that they live and move and have their being in absolute security."

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submarine although the aircraft in which he was attacking was badly damaged. Lt. Hornell, fatally injured in the attack, was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.  
There is scarcely a major action described in the narrative in which a Canadian corvette or destroyer did not take part—the surrender of the U-boat 801 to the corvettes Chamby and Moose Jaw while they were on a shake-down cruise, successes in the Mediterranean and the tragic loss of the St. Croix whose survivors later were lost in the sinking of rescue ships, are but a few.  
The book traces the development of the convoy system and air-sea measures to counter U-boats. It also recounts developments and improvements of submarines which remained dangerous to the end.

Soldiers Families To Be Housed  
OTTAWA, Oct. 15—As a first step in providing married accommodation for the post-war Army, the Department of National Defence announced today that certain emergency shelter for serving soldiers and their families is to be provided in the near future in Army Camps across the Dominion.  
Under the plan, spare buildings in camps still being used by the Army will be speedily converted into emergency quarters to accommodate serving soldiers and their families during the present housing shortage. The numbers to be so accommodated will vary in different camps and in different provinces, but it is anticipated that in some centres as many as 150 families will relinquish their present abodes in order to move into military quarters. This accommodation, in turn, will then become available for civilian occupancy.  
This action, as well as being the first step in the long term plan for married quarters, is also one phase of the Army's continuing effort to alleviate the housing shortage wherever possible, and was worked out in cooperation with the emergency shelter authorities of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

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