

TO-DAY: PRINCE EDWARD: SHOWS 3.15-7-9

SCOTLAND YARD CARRIES ON!

Neither blackouts nor bombings nor sandbags nor "syreens" can slow up the world's most famous detective system!

See them solve their most amazing case when a charming gentleman burglar steals a missing banker's face!

SCOTLAND YARD

NANCY KELLY
EDMUND GWENN
JOHN LODER

—EXTRA—
News—Soldiers of the Sky—Rookie Revue

TO-DAY -- CAPITOL-- Fri. and Sat.
MATINEE 3.15—NIGHT 7 AND 8.45

DRIVING DEATH'S HIGHROAD... THAT MILLIONS MAY LIVE!

Bombed from the air! Shelled from the ground! Twisting... Dodging... with Disaster at every turn!

BURMA CONVOY

with
CHARLES BICKFORD EVELYN ANKERS
FRANK ALBERTSON KEYE LUKE
CECIL KELLAWAY

LEADS—Fetters of the Slave—Cartoon—Jungle Girl Ep. 12

Three Traveled East

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

(Continued from page 2)

This was exasperating, this feeling that she'd stolen the glory right out from under J. J. Patterson without his lifting a hand.

"Jim Bardley said you were on your way to put through a long distance call," she sputtered.

"Yes, that's right."

She wanted to shake him. She had a fierce wish to hear him talk again in his same cocksure, bumptious way. She knew now that she'd misjudged him, figured him out all wrong. It was disturbing. If it hadn't been for the clips in her hand, she had a strange feeling that she'd have liked to put her arms around the Christmas Spirit, Inc. But she was a fliers girl—she was in love with Jerry Marsh and must reach him.

Pat said slowly, "Funny thing, but all the life I've been writing pieces for the paper. Collecting news items—getting a crack at a big newsbreak two or three times. I'd never had a chance to live a story before. And when I had, sending in the story didn't make me as being half so important as well, other things. Guess I was being just one of the bus passengers instead of a reporter."

She might have known. If a homespun boy from the Rockies with a peculiar philosophy all his own.

She noticed for the first time his face was very white and the twinkle had gone out of his blue eyes—for keeps. He wasn't the Pat who had shared the seat with her on the bus. He wasn't the J. J. Patterson she had been when three had been traveling east—together.

Yes—she had been the opportunist, not he. "Well, we were rivals," she smiled. "We can still be. I haven't clinched the assignment yet."

"That's all yours," he said emphatically. "Of course it is. You deserve it. I've never met a real girl reporter before, but now I know they're tops." Pat held out a hand. "Good-bye, Connie. Good luck. You were a swell trouper."

His lips twisted in half a smile, crooked, a bit unsteady. "Only wish you'd told me before," he said. "Maybe I could have given you one more 'item' for your story."

He left her standing there alone in the kitchen with the little old lady who believed in Providence.

The woman who lived in the farmhouse and put her faith in Providence and the nun at Mercy Hospital who trusted in prayer. They shared something very much akin.

The nun came down the corridor to the ward where Lila Ernst sat tucked in bed. Lila heard the footsteps and the rustle of the starched habit. "You have news for me?" she begged.

The nun nodded and the way her eyes smiled told that the news was happy.

Deep inside Lila, the heart which had been so labored quickened with a sudden spurt.

She put up a chair and sat down beside the bed as if she had all the time in the world. "What's this young man, Pat Patterson?" she asked.

"Pat Patterson—he's the one who promised to take my little boy home to Connecticut for me."

"He telephoned from a little town a hundred miles away, in the Alleghenies. Cut through all the red tape of hospital routine and demanded to talk with the sister in charge of this ward. A persistence that Jerry would have been proud of."

"Yes, sister, and Skippy—tell me, is he all right?"

"It was a fiddle," the nun said. "The bus was marooned in the snow all night and the passengers took refuge in a schoolhouse. Road ploughs have reacted it now. Everyone is safe and well."

Lila leaned back, letting the snow sink in, warming her, comforting her. "What's that, what else did he say about Skippy?"

"He said the little boy had been making snowmen. And he wanted you to tell Skippy he—"

Lila and here she hesitated for just an instant as if to say the phrase was not hers but the persistent young man's—that Skippy is a swell trouper."

Lila smiled. "Of course he is."

The nun went on, "They'll be on their way soon. Mr. Patterson promised that he and the girl will see little boy right to the door of the house in Connecticut."

"Everyone's so good," Lila closed her eyes. She knew now what the sister had meant by prayer.

The nun was brisk, professional again, taking the pulse and smoothing the sheets. "If you want to be with your son for Christmas, you must try to get well right away."

Lila nodded. She would get well! But it was as if her heart once it had started to hammer in relief, couldn't stop. She gripped her hands under the blankets.

"Guess you don't want to hear the radio no more," the woman in the next bed said.

"Why, sure. I'll be wonderful to hear it now. As if she could ever hear enough of the news reports that the bus passengers were safe and on their way!

The woman tuned and dialed. There was a soft whirr as the radio warmed and then a small burst of sound into the ward room. It wasn't a news broadcast. It wasn't a Christmas carol. Instead, someone was singing sweet, familiar words—"The world is waiting for the sunrise."

Lila Ernst, fighting back the swift job of pain, smiled. Yes, the world had been waiting for it and it had come, unseen, through the snow. Not the sunrise, but the whole sun itself flooded through the window in the ward.

CHAPTER XIX

When Pat Patterson walked out the door of the farmhouse kitchen and out of her life, Constance Dawson stood uncertain for a minute and then was herself again. She must get started at once—

SOLDIER OR CIVILIAN... He'll appreciate one of these Gillette Gift Sets!

At 98¢ to \$2.50, Gillette Gifts Bring Thanks Worth Many Times the Price You Pay!

Gillette Tech Razor with 15 Blue Gillette Blades

When you give him this Gillette Tech Razor, he's all set for the world's smoothest, most refreshing shaves. And he'll get plenty of them with 15 long-lasting Blue Gillette Blades. This set comes in an attractive gift package at a price that fits even Junior's budget. **98¢**

Gift Pack of 25 Blue Gillette Blades
Regular \$1.25 Value for only \$1.00

Here's an ideal Gift and bargain all in one. 25 super-keen Blue Gillette Blades will give month after month of shaving comfort to the men you want to remember. This inexpensive present will be especially appreciated by men in Service. In holiday package with handy comb. **\$1.00**

One-Piece, Gold-plated Gillette Tech Razor with 25 Blue Gillette Blades

This is the gift for the man you want particularly to remember. The new One-Piece Gillette Tech is the most convenient model of the easiest-shaving razors on earth. 25 super-keen Blue Gillette Blades assure him of smooth shaves aplenty. Complete with handsome, durable case in tasteful holiday **\$2.50** package. This is one of Gillette's finest.

Improved New Valet AutoStrip Razor

This welcome gift assures him "new blade" comfort every time he shaves. And he'll warmly remember the gift throughout the year. It's thrifty in price and thrifty to use. The new improved Valet AutoStrip Razor... complete with selected leather strap and contained in a durable plastic kit... plus 12 Valet **\$1.50** Blades...all in a handsome gift package for only

Gillette RAZORS AND BLUE BLADES

TO-NIGHT—EMPIRE—FRI. and SAT.
SHOWS 7.00 AND 8.45—MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY 2.30

A FIGHTIN' FOOL... with the odds at three-to-one! Big Brad Henderson, wildcat from Wyoming pulls a personal blitzkrieg on a high-riding bandit band... to clear his name and cement a threatened friendship!

GEORGE O'BRIEN
TRIPLE JUSTICE

with **VIRGINIA VALE**

Headin' for TROUBLE!

ALSO SHORTS—"QUIET FOURTH"—"WONDERS OF THE SKY"—"BAGE BRUSH AND "SILVER AND THE OAKEN BUCKET"

Gestapo Vs. Chinese Extra Scotland Yard Players Refuse To Be Traitors

Slick screen mystery at its best is blended with romance and comedy in "Scotland Yard," 20th Century-Fox's fast-moving thrill drama which opens to-night at the Prince Edward Theatre with Nancy Kelly, Edmund Gwenn and John Loder heading a powerful feature cast.

Bomb-wrecked, blasted-out London is the pulse-pounding background for the mystery challenging the world's most famous detective system. A missing banker's face is stolen by a charming gentleman-bank robber who plots the greatest robbery in history.

Here's the perplexing and interesting situation. Plastic surgeons unwittingly reconstruct the face of a soldier-bank robber and reconstruct according to a photograph of a banker in a locker he had stolen. Thus, on his return to England the charming bank robber discovers among his newly found possessions a lovely and charming wife, Nancy Kelly, and an honorable and very tempting position as head of Britain's greatest bank!

Thrill is heaped on thrill as the drama speeds toward a spine-tugging surprise climax. The humorous side of the situation isn't forgotten either with Edmund Gwenn "Scotland Yard's" dogged ace operator attempting to get to the bottom of the mystery.

Then, when the long arm of the Gestapo stretches across the Channel, the drama grows even more tense, and the suspense rocked last night's audience with excitement and surprise.

Fast pace, clever dialogue, mounting suspense and expert direction by Norman Foster make all of the tense situations and thrilling action in "Scotland Yard" ring true.

RADIO

TRANSMISSION
Eastern Daylight Saving Time
W. L. G. Y. H.
Throughout

(10.30 pm.) Western Canada-23.52
(to 10.00 pm.) 49.10 m. (from Canada and U.S.A.—31.32 m. 25.53

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18

8.15 London Calling.
9.30 "Front Line Family" — Episode 179.
9.45 Talk: "Books and Shows."
10.00 "Hello, Children!"
10.15 "Ships of the Royal Navy." H. M. S. Orian.
10.30 "Calling the West Indies." "Things that Endure."
10.45 "The News."
10.55 News Analysis by Kevin O'Carroll.
11.00 War Commentary: "The War in the Air." Talk by Oliver Stewart.
11.10 London Calling.
11.15 News in French.
11.30 "Canada Calls from London" (in collaboration with CBC): "Les Voz Francaises."
11.45 "Cahiers Francaises."
12.00 "London Calling."
12.15 "Who Gags Polly." — Part 1.
12.45 "Democracy Marches." Talk by William Holt.
1.00 The News.
P. M.
1.00 "Listening Post."
1.15 "At Your Request."
1.30 "Britain Speaks." Talk by J. B. Priestley.
1.45 "Front Line Family" (Repeat).
10.00 Headline News and Views and Flashback.
10.15 "My Life in the Theatre" — (Repeat).
10.45 "Talking of Science" by John Langdon Davies.
11.00 Music.
11.00 The Daily Service.
11.05 "London Calling."
11.15 "Britain Speaks." (Repeat).
11.30 Radio News-Reel.
A. M.
12.00 Music for Strings.
12.15 "Democracy Marches." (Repeat).
12.30 Headline News and Views.
12.45 Close down.

Milk Fed Chickens For Sale

In the next few days we have about three hundred capons for sale. Capons sell at a premium above ordinary fat chickens and, if you have never enjoyed eating them, this is your opportunity. We will accept orders but will not deliver; price is 30c per pound; 2c per pound less in case lots. This is a splendid opportunity for the boys who plan raffles to book their requirements or to have a box placed in cold storage. Call the office, 212.

FRANK B. CLARKE,

We Suggest Hair Brushes As GIFTS

Our NEW LADIES HAIR brushes are works of art in brush making. The handles are transparent in Pastel shades each in Gift Acetate box. Prices up to \$4.50

FOR MEN

Hair brushes come mostly in singles some with handles others just regular, in rare woods and best ones in Gift Acetate boxes. Prices up to \$4.50

JAMIESON'S DRUG STORE

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

DEC. 18, 1916—French captured 11,387 German prisoners, 115 guns and 107 machine guns at Verdun. Official text of German peace note delivered to British Foreign Office.

It's DIFFERENT!
Mildly medicated super-soft talc with fragrant Oriental bouquet. Buy today—all drug stores.

CUTICURA TALCUM POWDER

records today on the white and chain-linked wheel graded on Connie Dawson.

When she finally reached the airport she stood puzzled for a moment.

It might have been another Smithton, Ohio. There was the same small terminal—the same flurry of excitement. And the plane which had been held over on account of the weather might have been a duplicate of the one which had come down in Ohio yesterday.

She had the twenty-four hours from the time she'd alighted at the Smithton field and this moment now when she was again boarding a plane really happened at all!

She bought her passage and stepped into the plane. As the last of the snow was cleared from the runway, the ship taxied and then started to lift slowly.

"Don't look back," something warned Constance Dawson, and she didn't.

But she did look down after a while, far down through the late winter afternoon. There was a highway which seemed from this height like a lane through the snow. Something moved along it, slowly, steadily. A bus!

Connie closed her eyes quickly. The drummer would be aboard, a fresh cigar lit.

The middle-aged woman probably had her knitting needles flying again. The parolee would be

there, face pressed to the window, eyes expressionless. Janet Gregg, the school teacher—was she still sitting beside the young man? Two others would be among the passengers—a redhead and a little boy named Skippy.

It wasn't quite as Connie Dawson pictured it.

Jim Bardley wasn't aboard the bus. He'd stayed behind to have the injured ankle dressed and bandaged. Just as well, too, he knew. For when he had seen Pat Patterson, he'd spilled the whole story about himself. Oh, he knew the secret would be safe, but after he'd told he felt embarrassed, uneasy. Much better not to have to face the other passengers again.

And Janet Gregg wasn't on the bus, still traveling eastward, she'd explained quietly to Egan that she had changed her plans and wanted to return home.

"Yes, it can be arranged all right," the man answered sympathetically. "But I'm afraid you're going to have a long wait for the west-bound bus."

"It doesn't matter."

Her nose was red with the on-coming cold and now her eyes were

(Continued on page 12, Col. 3)

GIFT TIPS DIRECT FROM SANTA

SANTA SAYS: this Christmas give the youngsters what they want—wearable gifts! Choose them here from our complete stock of girls' dresses, skirts, pull-over and coat sweaters, smart coats and ski suits for junior girls. Do your shopping for the kiddies at the Girls Store and they'll say "Santa knows where to get the gifts we love."

THE MISSES HOLMES & BRADLEY

159 QUEEN ST. PHONE 92