PRINCE EDWARD — TO-DAY and SAT.

SHE RISKED EVERYTHING TO GIVE AMERICA THE JUMP ON THE JAPS!

The story that had to be hushed before Pearl Harbor... of a girl's daring flight over forbidden Jap islands...and what it cost her!

Flaming adventure that shows what a woman will do for love ..and will give for her country!

"ONLY YOU CAN DO THIS JOB FOR THE NAVY!"

Rosalind RUSSELL in Fred MacMURRAY

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

with HERBERT MARSHALL

PLUS NEWS OF THE DAY and DISNEY COLOR CARTOON

SHOWING AT 3.15 — 7.00 and 9.00

ADVANCE SALE OF EVENING TICKETS AT OUR BOXOFFICE EVERY AFTERNOON FROM 3-5 P.M.

EMPIRE — TO-NIGHT and SAT.

PLUS — WAR BIRDS — COLOR CARTOON SECRET SERVICE IN DARKEST AFRICA No. 7

SHOWS TONIGHT AT 7.00 AND 8.45 MATINEE SAT. ONLY AT 2.30

CAPITOL TO-DAY -:- SAT.

SHOWING TODAY AT 3.15 7.00 & 8.45

ADDED SNAPSHOTS KINGS OF BASKETBALL DON WINSLOW OF THE COAST GUARD NO. 4

KEEP LIQUOR FROM YOUNG

NORWICH, England —(CP)— In an attempt to halt drinking among young people, Norwich police charged 11 women and girls either for buying intoxicants for young people or for aiding or abetting this offence. Most of the women were fined the equivalent of $1.

Love And Life Sacrificed For Country's Welfare, In "Flight For Freedom"

A great romance and an inspiring sacrifice are the twin themes of "Flight for Freedom," the unusual new feature picture which co-stars Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray now playing at the Prince Edward Theatre.

MacMurray plays the part of a famous flier whose career has inspired Miss Russell to become a pilot also. The two fall in love, but MacMurray's erratic ways and the counter attraction of a quieter but steadier man make the girl hesitate in her choice.

Before coming to a final decision she prepares for one last record-flight, a round-the-world solo hop that will take her over the Japanese mandated islands of the South Pacific. On the eve of her departure, high U. S. Navy officers come to her with a strange request—that she deliberately radio that she is lost while in the mandated area and actually come down on an out-of-the-way island from which she will subsequently be rescued by a cruiser.

The apparent accident will enable Navy planes while ostensibly merely hunting for the lost aviatrix to photograph the secret fortifications the Japs have been illegally building in the mandated region and thus get information of huge value to this nation in the event of war. The girl agrees to the plan, but at the last minute she finds that the Japs know all about it and are prepared to "find" her themselves so as to keep our planes out of the forbidden area.

How she takes a dramatic and unexpected step in order that this country may secure the knowledge it needs, forms the climax of the RKO Radio film. David Hempstead produced and Lothar Mendes directed the stirring picture, with Herbert Marshall heading the featured cast.

MORE FARMS NEEDED

It takes 43,000 acres of food to supply the workers who build one battleship.

KISS YOUR TIRED FEELING GOODBYE!

Pepless Many Suffer Low Blood Count—And Don't Know It.

The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can weigh about as much as you ever did—even look healthy and strong, yet —you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and pepless.

Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.

Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. They are world-noted for the help they give in increasing the number and strength of red corpuscles. Then with your blood count up, you'll feel like bounding up the stairs as if you were floating on air. Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams Pink Pills today.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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

COOKS for Photos.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

BEGINNING JANUARY 26th the office of G. F. Hutcheson & Son will be closed all day Wednesday until further notice. 1-21-1i.

CHURCH SERVICES for January 23rd. Wiltshire 11.00 A. M. Hampshire 2.30 P. M. Hunter River 7.30 P. M. 1-21-1i.

CENTRAL PARISH SERVICES.—Sunday, January 23rd. Churchill 2.30 P. M. Clyde River 7 P. M. T. W. Goodwill, Minister. 1-21-1i.

HAMPTON UNITED CHURCH. —Minister Rev. Roy E. Vessey, B.D. Services Sunday, January 23rd. Hampton 11 A. M. Appin Road 3 P. M. Victoria 7.30 P. M. 1-21-1i.

NEW LONDON PRESBYTERIAN CHARGE. — January 23rd. 11.00 A.M. South Granville. 2.30 P. M. Long River. 7.30 P. M. Clifton. Please note the change in hours of service. Rev. H. M. Buntain, Minister. 1-21-1i.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.—Brookfield Charge. Divine worship will be held next Lord's Day as follows: Glasgow Road 11 A. M. Brookfield. 3 P. M. Hartsville. 7.30 P. M. Donald Nicholson, Student Minister 1-21-1i.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.—Services on Sunday, January 23rd will be as follows: Wood Islands 11.00 A. M. Wood Islands East Hall 3.00 P. M. Caledonia 7.30 P. M. Rev. T. A. A. Duke, Minister. 1-21-1i.

CHURCH NOTICE. — Winsloe United Church Services, January 23rd. Winsloe North 11 A. M. Winsloe South 3 P. M. Highfield 7.30 P. M. The annual congregational meeting at Winsloe South on Monday, January 24th at 8 P. M. Rev. T. Constable, Minister. 1-21-1i.

BRADALBANE United Church Services on Sunday, Januard 23rd as follows: North Granville 11 A.M. Rose Valley 3 P.M. Bradalbane 7.30. Rev. D. J. Morrison, Minister. 1-21-1i.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SERVICES, Sunday, January 23rd. St. John's Church, Crapaud, Evening Prayer 7.30 P. M. St. Elizabeth's Church, Springfield. Morning Prayer 11.00 A. M. Rev. G. R. Hartman, Rector. 1-21-1i.

MARSHFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHARGE.—Services for next Lord's Day, January 23rd will be held as follows: Mt. Stewart 11 A. M. Harrington 3 P. M. and Marshfield 7.30 P. M. Rev. Henry P. Baak, Minister. 1-21-1i.

TRYON - BONSHAW BAPTIST CHURCH.—Sunday, January 23rd. Tryon 3.00 P. M. Bonshaw 7.30 P.M. The pastor will conduct the services and will preach on the subject: "A Call to Rest." 1-21-1i.

CORNWALL PASTORAL CHARGE.— Services Sunday, Jan. 23rd are as follows: Kingston 11 A. M. New Dominion 3 P. M. Cornwall 7.30 P. M. S. School 11 A. M. Rev. J. R. Skinner, Minister. 1-21-1i.

MOLYNEAUX — STEVENSON— A pretty wedding was solemnized at the Baptist Parsonage, Charlottetown, on Jan. 14 when Hilda Grace Stevenson of North River was united in marriage to Lawrence Melville Molyneaux of Inkerman. Rev. A. E. Todd, North River, was the officiating clergyman. Miss Stevenson looked charming in a dress of blue georgette with accessories to match. She wore a corsage of pink roses and was attended by Mrs. William Nelson Molyneaux, sister-in-law of the groom and friend of the bride. The groomsman was Mr. William Nelson Molyneaux. Before their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Molyneaux had both been employed in Charlottetown. They will make their home at Inkerman. On Thursday night, Jan 13, a large gathering of friends met at the home of the bride-elect, North River, when a presentation of gifts in great number and variety expressed the esteem of the community towards Miss Stevenson. The well-chosen remarks of the chairman were courteously responded to by the young lady of honor on the occasion. The bride and groom were the recipients of a large number of additional gifts from relatives and friends.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my wife Mrs. Frank P. Stevenson who died January 21st, 1940.

I think of you in silence,
And oft repeat your name
But all that is left to answer
Is your photo in a frame.
Though parted by the hand of God
In Christ united still
In God's own time we'll meet again
For Jesus says we will.

Inserted by Husband.

1-21-1i.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our daughter (Elizabeth) Mrs. Frank P. Stevenson, who passed away January 21st, 1940.

Gone is the face we loved so dear
Gone is the voice we loved to hear
But oh so sweet the promise given
We'll meet again with joy in Heaven.
How gladly shall she greet us
When all our journey's past
We'll reach the better country
Our Father's home at last.

Father, Mother, Mr. and Mrs. Rennie.

1-21-1i.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my sister and our Aunt Lizzie, who passed away January 21st, 1940.

The happy home we once enjoyed
How sweet the memory still
But death has left a loneliness
The world can never fill.

Mrs. Catherine Nicholson, Randolph and Catherine.

1-21-1i.

Sore lips prevented!

Roughness Quickly Relieved

Sore, chapped lips make life miserable in cold weather. Painful and unsightly, their cracked, rough surfaces are easily infected. Don't run this risk! Prevent chapping with Lypsyl. Its wonderful emollient action protects the delicate membranes. Lips stay smooth and soft in all weather. When lips are already chapped, Lypsyl gives quick relief, seals the wounded membranes against dangerous germs, hastens natural healing. Get Lypsyl at your store today and use it regularly. Sold everywhere in handy stick form.

LYPSYL Natural Red or Invisible White for Men and Women

Trinity United Church

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21st

7.00 P. M.—Choir Rehearsal.
8.00 P. M.—Young Peoples' Union.

POLICE COURT—In yesterday's Police Court one person received $200. and costs or three months for keeping intoxicating liquor for sale.

LEGION AUXILIARY DANCE at the armouries Friday, Jan. 21. Don Messer's Orchestra. Admission 35 cents. 1-18-3i.

HELD BY POLICE—A 15-year-old youth is being held by police in connection with the theft of money from pocket books in the choir room of a city church last Sunday.

THE REGULAR MEETING of the Nurses Alumnae, P.E.I. Hospital will be held at the Cundall Home Friday, January 21, at 8 o'clock. The group hospitalization certificates will be distributed. 1-20-2i

GRANTED CITIZENSHIP — The following residents of this province have been granted certificates of Naturalization. Daniel Patrick Dalton, Elmsdale; Frank Martin, Tignish and Frederick Lyman Newson, Kingston.

CALL AT A. E. TOOMBS Music Store, 167 Queen Street, and get your Syllabus for the 1944 May Festival to be held in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Open to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Dr. J. Frederic Staton, Adjudicator. 1-18-3i.

YORK UNITED CHARGE.—Rev. J. A. Nicholson, Minister. Services January 23rd, 11.00 A. M. York. 3.00 P. M. Brackley. Mr. Grainger, R. A. F., will assist the Minister and speak. 7.30 P. M. Central Church. 1-21-1i.

SERIOUSLY ILL — The scores of friends of George Scott—known throughout Amherst and Cumberland County as "Scotty"—will regret to hear that he is seriously ill at his home. He left the hospital some little time ago following an operation that confined him to that institution for some months. But other complications have since set in and his condition is regarded as serious, although Scotty is retaining all of his old time cheerfulness. He was a veteran of the first Great War and wounded overseas. Mr. Scott is a native of Prince Edward Island. He and F. J. Elliott gained fame when they made a trip across the continent in a motorless Ford—being towed all the way from Halifax to Vancouver. —Amherst News.

Miss Ruby Scott, of 6 1-2 Elm Ave., Charlottetown, is resting comfortably at the P.E.I. Hospital after undergoing a successful operation. (Patriot please copy.)

Mr. Daniel Whitty, Souris, has returned home from the City Hospital, where he underwent a serious operation. He was accompanied by his friend J. D. Dougan who returned to the City yesterday.

Feed Poultry After 4 p. m. In Winter

Warmth is an important factor in egg production. Correlated with warmth is feeding and the time of feeding. Nature has equipped poultry with ample storage space which includes the crop, gizzard, and stomach. The gizzard with its strong muscular walls may be likened to a power-plant. It generates heat in the bird when the crop is full of reserve feed. Thus the bird is kept warm, while the feathers keep the cold out. But the internal heat is dissipated during the night and in the case of poultry not fed after 4.p.m. the store of fuel is exhausted before the time it is most needed during the coldest hours of the night in the early morning.

Late feeding is a good system. An example is quoted of a poultryman, who with only a medium flock, was able to maintain good egg production by feeding late. He had no electric light in the poultry house but the birds came down to feed by the light of a lantern. Late feeding of hard grains in conjunction with the use of light in poultry houses stimulates poultry to produce more eggs. More egg production is urgently required to meet wartime demands.

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store, sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth, and apply gently —every blackhead will be gone.

Cloud Over Coraton

BY T. B. BRIDGES

Derek thanked him, said goodbye, and made for the bank. He took £260 in pounds from the toolbox of the car, explained the situation to the manager, and paid in the money, then went about his business in the market.

Before leaving the town Derek paid a visit to the Stanburys. The girl herself opened the door and smiled at sight of Derek.

"You're looking fine," he told her, as he shook hands, "and what a charming frock". She flushed.

"They're so kind to me, Mr. Martyn. They declare that they are going to adopt me. They have even found a name for me. I'm Ruth."

"That suits you well," said Derek as he followed her into the old-fashioned drawing room, where plump Mrs. Stanbury rose to greet him. She insisted that he stayed to tea, and Derek spent a very happy hour before he felt it necessary to tear himself away.

Before he left the town he looked in again at the police station, but Coker had no news for him.

"They have nearly a hundred warders, out and can't find hair or hide of him," he said. "He's gone to ground somewhere. As you know well, there are dozens of hidy-holes on the moor. But he can't eat money and it's only a question of time before hunger will drive him to break in somewhere. Then we'll have him, and your money, too, we'll hope, Mr. Martyn."

Weather was kinder on the way home. It had stopped raining, but it was a chill and dismal evening, and Derek thought longingly of the glowing peat fire which would be burning in the sitting room at Coraton.

Peter was at the door as he drove up and Derek was about to burst out with his story when Peter put a significant finger to his lips. It was a sign Derek knew well, so all he said was:

"Help me out with the things and I'll put the car away."

As they were transferring the groceries Peter whispered a word of warning.

"Don't talk until you're upstairs," and Derek, who knew there must be good reason behind this request, nodded agreement and presently went up to his room. Peter followed and closed the door.

"You've had trouble," he said in a low voice.

"How the deuce did you know?" demanded Derek in surprise.

"I didn't know. I guessed. See here, Derek, I've made a discovery. The Farrels have been listening in to very word we said".

"The devil, they have!" exclaimed Derek.

"It's true. It was too wet to do much outside and I was reading in the sitting-room when I noticed that old picture over the fireplace was all cock-eye. Must have been the blast from the last bomb. I got on a chair and was straightening it when I noticed two thin wires running up behind it to the picture rail. They were wound around the thick wire that holds the picture, and ran all along the rail to a hole over the inner door."

"I thought it was fishy, and, sure enough it was for the lower end of the wire was attached to a little microphone no bigger than a large button, the sort you could buy for five bob before the war, and it was hidden at the back of the picture. Now do you get it?" Derek drew a quick breath.

"You bet I do. Then the Farrels must have heard all we said last night. Now let me tell you my story."

He told it, and Peter listened with the greatest interest. But when Derek got to Coker's identifying the thief as the escaped lag Peter shook his head.

"This beats me Derek," he broke in. "I took it for granted that the fellow who tackled you was Joe, the same who tackled me by the quarry. But it can't be. Derek we're in deep waters."

CHAPTER XIX CONSERVATION PIECE

There was a moment's silence while Peter quickly searched the room. "All safe here," he said. Derek nodded then spoke.

"You didn't move the microphone downstairs, Peter?"

"My dear chap. I may be an ass but I'm not a congenital idiot—think of the way we can stuff them up". Derek chuckled softly.

"Exactly what I was thinking. In the first place we must make them believe that the lag got away with all the cash."

"How was it he didn't?" asked Peter quickly. "What put it into your blessed old head to hide the notes in the tool box?"

"I happened to listen to the six o'clock news last night. You were not in the room. The announcer said that a lag was loose. That's a lonely road and I thought I'd be on the safe side."

"It was sheer inspiration," said Peter. He frowned thoughtfully, then went on slowly. "It seems to me that the whole business was deliberate. No one knew there was anything in the money-box except you and myself. It follows that the Farrells must somehow have got in touch with the fellow who held you up. You can't get away from that."

"You can't," admitted Derek. "Yet how the Farrells could get hold of an escaped lag and do it in so short a time leaves me guessing." Peter considered.

"There must have been some tie-up between them. The Farrells must have known this man before he was sentenced." He paused again. "I say I wonder if he came straight here from the prison and was hidden for the night in our out-buildings!"

"I almost believe you must be right, Peter," Derek said. His eyes widened. "In that case he might still be here."

"They'd hardly take that risk," Peter answered. "But let's go down. It's pretty near supper time. You'll be careful what you say!" Derek eyes twinkled.

"My first name is Care. I'm not missing such a heaven-sent chance."

Watching Mrs. Farrell as she laid the table, Derek found it hard to believe that this handsome, well set up, neatly dressed woman could be plotting as heartlessly as he well knew she was plotting.

Presently she brought in supper —fish which Derek had bought in Taverton, delicately fried in breadcrumbs, potato chips, and a farmer's shape made of whortleberries, with a glass dish of real custard. Derek helped Peter and waited until the door was closed and the woman back in the kitchen. He winked at Peter and Peter spoke.

"So this means good-bye to the rams and the tractor, Derek."

"I may manage the rams but not the tractor."

"Two hundred and eighty pounds! What rotten luck," groaned Peter. "If I'd only been with you." He paused, then went on. "Are you sure that darned robber wasn't the fellow they call Joe?"

"How can I tell?' returned Derek ...... "I've never seen him. I've only heard his voice."

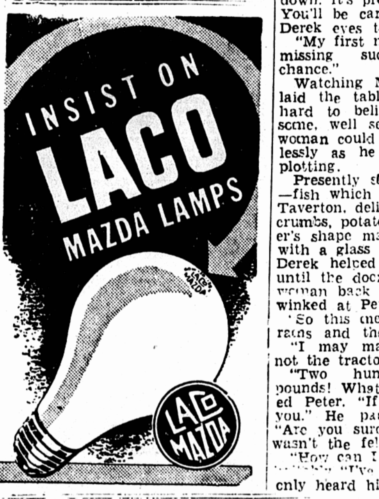
"Could you recognize the voice?"

"No. I don't think it was the same but I can't swear to it."

"We must find out who this Joe is," said Peter. "We'll enquire at the quarry."

"There are a lot of men there," Derek answered doubtfully, "he may have left."

(To Be Continued)



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Heartz Memorial Hall, Richmond Street.

1-5-12i.

Legion Auxiliary Dance at the ARMOURIES TONIGHT

Don Messer's Orchestra Old Time and Modern Dancing

9.00 to 1.00

Canteen — Checking

Admission 35c

National Film Board

Movies. (Hilda W. Gillis)

Montague — Thursday.

Cardigan — Friday.

11-17-5i.

Greetings Sent From England

The following letter has been received by Mrs. W. P. Cameron of Albany, who has written to say that it was not intended for her as she had not corresponded with the writer. As a means of reaching the rightful correspondent the contents, which are most entertaining are reproduced:

Victoria League
81, Cromwell Road,
London, S W 7.

Dear Mrs. Cameron:

It is a long time since I wrote, I am afraid, and the delightful letters I have had from overseas make me feel ashamed, for if busy people find time to write to me, I can equally find time for them, so the first thing I must ask for is to be forgiven.

This also comes to bring my Christmas greeting. I have been wondering what form it should take, and then I read the enclosed lovely poem in the Sunday Times, written by a Canadian airman, and I felt at once that all my friends, especially those in Canada, must have a copy in case it is not reprinted, or they happen not to see it. It is so gloriously robust and comforting too because it lacks any note of regret.

I suppose the war has reached a stage when we can feel great confidence, and with that dreadful weight lifted from our hearts, yet at the same time there is more private anxiety and sorrow as more and more boys leave home I wish all the mothers overseas (and the fathers too) could mount their wishing carpets and come and have a look at their sons, for they look grand; such a splendid force of young men, fighting fit with happy, ruddy faces. God bless them and bring them safely back.

One thing which has kept me silent is the absence of anything very interesting to tell you. The real news reachs you as quickly as it reaches me, and my own happenings certainly don't amount to news, and might be described as the adventures of a cabbage. My spot-light was a lovely visit to the Border Country in Scotland at the beginning of July, with golden weather to paint it all the more gloriously for me.

I belong to a different A R P Post now, as ours was a sub-post, and as such was done away with, and we were taken over by our "mother post". We have an amusing menagerie there as besides the usual kitten there is a colony of rabbits in the back garden, and upstairs in a front bedroom a hive of bees! Apparently one of the newest ideas is to keep them indoors like that by an open window. They float in and out most happily, but I suppose because of the unusual warmth at night of their home they refuse to go to sleep and are still coming in with great bags full of pollen, so the winter store would no doubt horrify Lord Woolton.

All my best wishes for a happy Christmas and New Year. One brings its own happiness always; and the other, one feels may have great things in store for us—anyhow it is a legitimate hope.

Yours sincerely,
VICTORIA A. L. BRIDGEMAN
Hon. Secretary, Book Committee
(enclosure)

FIGHTER PILOT

I think that it will come, sometime, somewhere,
In shattering crash, or roaring sheet of flame;
In the green blanket sea, choking for air,
Amid the bubbles translent as my name

Sometimes a second's throw decides the game;
Winner take all, and there is no re-play.
Indifferent earth and sky breathe on the same,
I scatter my last chips, and go my way.

The years I might have had I throw away!
They only lead to winter's barren pain,
Their loss must bring no tears from those who stay,
For spring, however spent, comes not again

When peace descends once more like gentle rain,
Mention my name in passing, if you must,
As one who knew the terms—slay or be slain,
And thought the bargain was both good and just.

SEAMUS HAUGHEY,
(Royal Canadian Air Force.
Killed in Action, Sept 28, 1943).

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CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

BRINGING UP FATHER By GEORGE McMANUS

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