

TO-DAY

THE MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE FILM OF THE YEAR!



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Also Canada Carries On SHOWS AT 7.15 - 9.15 Matinee Tuesday at 3.30

CAPITOL Summerville



Earl MacFarlane of the P. E. I. Highlanders who left recently on return to his unit after spending his furlough with his parents and Mrs. William MacFarlane



LEE D. DARRACH R.C.A.F. Mr. and Mrs. Hector Darrach of Clyde River have received a cable announcing the safe arrival in England of their son Radio Technician Lee D. Darrach R. C. A. F.

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THE WESTERN GUARDIAN

AGENTS: J. Elmer Murphy, 26 Hanover St., and George Gray, 24 Ottawa St. SUMMERVILLE and PRINCE COUNTY News, Subscriptions Advertising

The Guardian may be bought daily at any of the following stores in Summerside: Bell Bookstore, Water Street, Gourlies, Drugstore Toronto Bakery, Water Street, Mark Gaudet, 67 Granville Street

The Guardian will be delivered to any home in Summerside by Carrier Boy at 2¢ per day or 10¢ per week. Phone 289 for this service or give your order to the boy responsible for deliveries on your route.

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

—STANLEY HAMMERS and Disston saws, limited stock at Brace's. 10-26-21.

—OUR RECALL SALE ends Saturday night. Taylor Drug Co., Kensington. 10-26-21.

—RESERVE Saturday afternoon and evening for bazaars and pantry sales under auspices Ladies Aid United Church, Kensington. 10-26-21.

—RAZORS and blades sold wholesale and retail at Brace's. 10-26-21.

—CONTACT CLUB—The Contact Club which is composed of wives of air force personnel held their reorganization meeting at the Town Hall in Summerside last week. As the women were mostly strangers to each other it was decided to postpone the election of officers and they spent the afternoon getting acquainted with each other. It was decided to carry on a campaign of knitting for the Red Cross and yarn was given out for this purpose. Any other women who were not present at this meeting are invited to attend next Tuesday at the Town Hall.—S.

—RETURNS FROM HUNTING TRIP—Mr. Chester Gaudet the general manager of the Olympia Tea Rooms has returned from a hunting trip through the Province of Nova Scotia. He was accompanied on the trip by Sgt. Major Jones, Corporal Nelson, and Frank Lawlor of the R. C. A. P. The boys report "good hunting" and as proof of what they say they brought back a rare specimen of the deer family, a "white deer". Even in the Province of Nova Scotia where deer abound this is a rarity and during their return trip the trophy was an object of much interest and curiosity. Mr. Gaudet said he was offered a considerable sum for the prize by several different sportsmen in Nova Scotia which he refused. At the time of writing it was not known which of the boys brought down the deer and Mr. Gaudet refuses to state just who fired the lucky shot. However he did state that it was his intention to have the skin tanned and keep it for a souvenir of the chase and from this it was suspected the deer fell to Mr. Gaudet's gun although he modestly refuses to take the credit for bringing home the "venison".—S.

Personals

—Calvin Gallant of the Prince Edward Island Highlanders is spending his furlough at his home in Summerside.—S.

—W. O. S. Kaye Hansen, R. C. A. P. is spending his furlough with his wife and child in Summerside.—S.

Debunking Mr. Wilkie

(Continued from page 4)

ed, dive-bombed, shelled and machine-gunned smiled to themselves.

Wilkie returned to his original theme—the importance of the British victory over the Afrika Korps.

"The past two days constitute the warning point of the war," he said. "I can't stress too strongly that it's due to the brilliant tactical generalship of General Montgomery. I want you fellows who write for the papers back home to stress particularly that General Montgomery is a fighting Irishman from South Ireland."

Montgomery is actually an Ulsterman.

With that, Wilkie grabbed his solar topee, slammed it on his head with the chainstrap under the crown, so that it fitted none too well. The reporters wrote what Wilkie had said, with prayers that General Montgomery, a tall, lanky, modest man of few words, wouldn't mind. One of the nuances of that conference, too, was Wilkie's description of how victory was won in the desert. He was talking at one point of the fact that it was a "United Nations victory". He said it had been won by Australians, Indians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Americans—and, of course, Englishmen.—S.

This seemed to be in view of the fact that 75 per cent of the Wilkie's next major public appearance will be in Castro at a cocktail party in the South African Club, arranged by a Free Frenchman named Andre Garner and a Chicago newspaperman, Alec Small.

British press relations officers were at the party. One correspondent told Wilkie that his over-zealous war on the desert had been severely censored by the British. Angry, Wilkie set his chin forward into a group of newspapermen and said in the hearing of the British officers, "God damn it, boys, nobody's got the right to censor anything I say! I'm a responsible man and nobody's got any right to censor me—and I mean nobody!"

Then, raising his voice slightly and addressing his remarks to a non-commissioned lieutenant, Wilkie went on, "You can tell that to anybody, and I mean anybody you like—I mean—"

A correspondent saved the situation slightly by saying that was the way he felt about anything he said, too, whereupon everyone laughed nervously, shook hands with people and left.

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"Speed is necessary to win this war. But most never for a single moment forget that speed, in our language, means the maximum rate at which we can produce the finest equipment. Quality must always keep a jump ahead of quantity on the industrial front. Let's have plenty of both."

A statement by Ford of Canada's President, Wallace R. Campbell.

"NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY Buy the New VICTORY BONDS"

Stranger In Shady

(Continued from page 2)

for thrashing cattle. Radkin, after crossing the first of the creeks nearly two miles east of the stream, turned off the wagon trail and rode south toward Thumb Creek. No cattle grazed on the verdant thick grass of the wide, level valley. They would be grazing on the messes until lack of water drove them down to this dry-season pond.

But what good would do this year, if that line of fence posts visible ahead was soon to be strung with barbed wire, barring them from the waters of Thumb Creek?

Radkin passed the line of posts, which were set a half mile back from the creek. As far as he could see, the posts followed the course of the stream.

A small, one-room shanty stood near the creek, with flimsy pretentious improvements around it. There was a small sodded shed and a two-poled corral fence which would not hold a crippled cow. Other

such pale imitations of homesteads were visible up and down both sides of the creek.

Radkin dismounted before the shanty and peered inside. There was a hole in the roof where a stove pipe had been, but the stove had been removed. He turned and looked at a two-acre tract of plowed ground, long since overgrown by weeds and grass.

A boxed well was ten steps from the front door. He went and looked down into it.

Astonished at what he found, he inspected the last unfinished hole he had dug, when he saw Caesar, a brown and white pointer, sitting perhaps the walls of the well had dug. Then, the dog growled, looking down the creek course.

He followed the dog's gaze and saw a half dozen riders coming at a gallop along the line of creek which were less than a half mile distant, and it was at once evident that they were aiming toward him.

Then, he recognized the blazed horse—the same animal that Duke Hesser had ridden the day before when he had lassoed Caesar.

He was about to ride away from the valley toward the north mesa. (To be Continued)



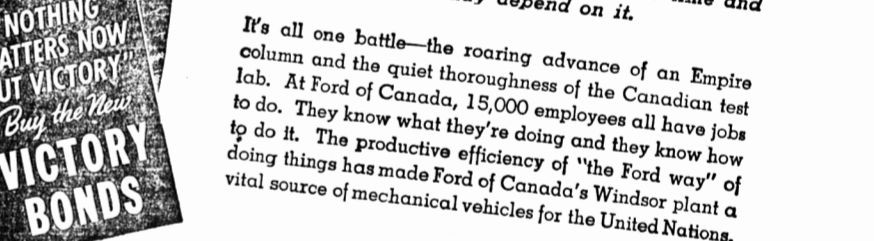
THE BATTLE begins here

In a quiet, hospital-like department in Ford's Windsor plant there's a battle going on every second. Strange-looking machines twist steel as you would twist a telephone cord, stretch solid metal as easily as youngsters pull taffy. A giant X-ray machine shoots pictures through solid steel seeking out hidden defects. Continuous salt spray beats on parts of army vehicles, giving them a "lifetime" test in a few hours' time.

Here you find a machine designed like a guillotine (see foreground illustration) which crashes a weight down on a Ford-built gear. This shattering "kick in the teeth" is but one of the tests through which Ford's fighting machines must pass before they are given an A-1 rating for war.

Down the winding roadway the motorized column sweeps into battle position. Huge 3-ton lorries bring up thousands of men, tons of supplies and ammunition in an endless stream. Mile after mile over rugged terrain these modern military pachyderms roll on—carrying the battle into enemy territory. That Ford gear—and every vehicle—must stay on the job. Precious time and brave men's lives may depend on it.

It's all one battle—the roaring advance of an Empire column and the quiet thoroughness of the Canadian test lab. At Ford of Canada, 15,000 employees all have jobs to do. They know what they're doing and they know how to do it. The productive efficiency of "the Ford way" of doing things has made Ford of Canada's Windsor plant a vital source of mechanical vehicles for the United Nations.



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Makers of FORD V-8, MERCURY FORD TRUCKS

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMSOOR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE



WELL, GOOD NIGHT! GOODBY! GREAT CAESAR! MEFLUG HAS DEMOLISHED THE PORCH! AND THERE GOES BAXTER'S FENCE! SOMETHING JUST WHIZZED PAST ME LIKE A WILD DUCK! THE HERD'S GONE LOCO! PAGE BUFFALO BILL! BUY WAR BONDS MIDGET PLAYS AS IF HE MEANT IT!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY