HOWARD'S FINAL MESSAGE TO THE NAZIS —DON'T MISS THIS.

PRINCE EDWARD — FRI. AND SAT.

EXTRA — NEWS and "PLUTO AT THE ZOO"

TODAY ONLY — SHOWS 2.30 — 7.00 — 9.00

Michele MORGAN — Alan CURTIS

"TWO TICKETS TO LONDON"

Sports — Cartoon — Snapshots — Sing Reel

"WRECKING CREW"

A Paramount Picture starring

RICHARD ARLEN · CHESTER MORRIS · JEAN PARKER

with Joe Sawyer · Esther Dale · Directed by Frank McDonald

Plus — Chapter 4 — "Adventures Of Smiling Jack"

Sports Reel and Musical Jamboree

TO-DAY — FRI. and SAT.

CAPITOL — SHOWS 2.30 — 7 — 8.45

"Wrecking Crew" Based On Actual Escape From Peril

"Real life happenings make the best movie incidents," declares Darrell Shane and Richard Murphy, who collaborated on the screenplay of Paramount's "Wrecking Crew," starring Richard Arlen, Chester Morris and Jean Parker, which opens to-day at the Capitol Theatre.

The authors were moved to the statement in a discussion which revealed the origin of a dramatic sequence in the film. Last year a huge 3,500-pound iron ball was being used in Los Angeles by a wrecking crew demolishing a house. Somehow the ball broke away from the derrick and began rolling down a hillside street. A friend of Shane's, who later reported the circumstance to him, was driving down that street when a yell caused him to look back. There was the great ball of iron directly in back of her car.

By speeding up and cutting into a side street, the car averted the ball and she narrowly missed disaster. The near-accident is used as the basis of one of the many thrill-highlights of "Wrecking Crew." Several other dramatic incidents were worked out after long, careful and note-filled discussions and observations on demolition sites with hard-bitten wrecking men. A nerve-tingling rescue sequence is credited to no man's imagination, but is actually a narrow escape lived through by a well-known employee.

The film is the eighth action film produced by William H. Pine and William C. Thomas for Paramount. Frank McDonald directed.

Melodious Movie

"Hi, Buddy," timely melodious comedy-drama pertaining to the adventures of Army camp entertainers, is now playing at the Empire Theatre. Robert Paige, Harriet Hilliard, Dick Foran and Marjorie Lord are the featured players.

All popular songs of today and yesterday are contained in the musical score of the new Universal picture which was directed by Harold Young.

Tut, Tut, Mr. Roosevelt

(Saint John Telegraph-Journal)

Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, of Washington, seems to have let us down rather badly. We in New Brunswick were prouder of him than of any other summer visitor. We were pretty good to him, too—contributed a lot to his education.

When he was a wee bit of a boy, and his great and gracious mother was the only person in the whole world who believed he would be president of the United States, we taught him how to swim, how to sail, how to fish. We thus endowed him with the three sports he still enjoys most. And it was on our own lovely island of Campobello, when he was a shy youth nobody hesitated to address as "Frank," that he made his first appearance on the public platform, a debating team composed of summer residents having taken on a debating team of permanent residents. We thus helped lay the foundation that has made him one of democracy's finest orators.

And now what has Mr. Roosevelt done but desert New Brunswick to vacation in Ontario!

Of course, it could only have been some wartime circumstance that turned his trail inland this season. And we'll bet dollars to doughnuts that as he sweltered in the heat, catching such undistinguished fish as pike and pickerel, he sighed for the cool salt breezes of Campobello.

Nor are we very indignant about the fondness he is reported to have shown for Ontario blueberries — this after having been brought up on the incomparable blueberries of New Brunswick. After all, Mr. Roosevelt has been long in public life, and has had much practice in diplomacy.

No, Mr. Roosevelt, we won't hold your Ontario jaunt against you. Come back to New Brunswick as soon as you can and we'll give you the same old welcome, even though you strayed this once. We still regard you, in these parts, as one of our favorite sons.

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 Photographs

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

OLD HOME WEEK AND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION August 10—13 inclusive. 7-13-tf

I.O.D.E. MILE OF PENNIES for the British Aircraft Fund will be held on Friday. 8—11—2i

RECENT ARRIVALS.— Blouses, dresses, two-piece suits and hats. Kennedy's Ladies Ready-to-Wear. 8-10-3i.

SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES on an assortment of ladies coats and dresses at Kennedy's Ladies Ready-to-Wear. 8-10-3i.

LADIES helping in I. O. D. E. penny parade please get their stations 9:30 o'clock Friday morning at S. O. E. Rooms above Provincial Bank, Richmond St. 8—11—2i

SEASON TICKETS FOR OLD HOME WEEK and Provincial Exhibition are now on sale at all Drug Stores and Old Spain. See the whole show from start to finish for $3. taxes included. 7-13-tf.

OLD HOME WEEK AND PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION. Season tickets are now on sale at Drug Stores and Old Spain. Buy yours now. Price $3. all taxes included. 7-31-tf.

DONATION TO RED CROSS. — The guests at Gregor's Hotel, Brackley Beach have contributed generously each Summer to the Red Cross Unit of the district. This year the splendid sum of $50.00 has been donated for which the members of the Unit are deeply grateful.

NEW LONDON PRESBYTERIAN CHARGE. —August 15th. The Sacrament of The Lord's Supper will be observed in Geddie Memorial Church at 11.00 A. M. with the Thanksgiving Service in the evening at 8.00 P. M. Regular service will be held at New London at 3 P. M. Preparatory services in French River Hall on Thursday and Friday evening at 8.30 P. M. Rev. H. M. Buntain, Minister. 8-12-1i.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. H. Roy Cromwell of Glen Rock, New Jersey, have arrived on a holiday visit and are guests at the Charlottetown before going to their cottage at York Point.

EASTERN GUARDIAN

*BETTY'S BEAUTY SHOP, Montague, will be closed till August 20th. 8-12-1i.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Father Malcolm MacNeil who departed this life August 10th, 1942.

We little knew when you left home
That you would not return
That you in death so soon would sleep
And leave us here to mourn
With memory of a loved one gone before
Sleep on dear Father take your rest
They miss you most that love you best

Lovingly Remembered by
Mrs. Donald MacFadyen and Family.

8-12-1i.

TO-DAY—FRI.—SAT

EMPIRE

Also Chapter 7 of "GANG BUSTERS" and Comedy

Shows 7.00 — 8.45

Matinee Sat. Only 2.30

The Mystery of Religion

By Rev. T. H. Russell Somers, M. A. S. T. M.

Preaching in St. James Church Sunday on the Mystery of Religion, and taking as his text I Corinthians 15.51—"Behold I show you a Mystery," Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers, M.A., S.T.M., spoke as follows:

There may be people unconscious of mystery, who ask no questions and feel no wonder, whose earth has no sky, who live in a little house built of "now" and "here"; who are content to eat, sleep, work and play until shoes are worn out and breath is spent. There may be such, but a nickel risked on it would be a poor risk. Even the most matter-of-fact people are aware sometimes of a strangeness in their dust; even the most foolish are struck silent by silent stars; and the most wise know that all their knowledge is a tiny candle in a vast night.

Take that word "now." It is a pin-point in time. But what is time? We print on it our checkerboards called "calendars", "histories", "ages and aeons"; but what is time itself? Is it, as Plato said, "the moving image of eternity"? Take the word "here". What does it mean? "Somewhere east of Suez", says the song. East is where the sun rises. But if the earth revolved in counter direction east would become west. If there were pitch blackness how would we reckon any direction? "Now" and "here" are mysteries. There is a nebula in the sky, called Andromeda. When we look at it in a telescope, the light we see is light which started out a million years ago, and has ever since been travelling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, and has just reached us. Blot out every event; blot out every object you still cannot blot out even in imagination a void called "space-time". And the void is meanwhile, almost completely, beyond our comprehension.

We are no better with the small than with the great. A human cell, microscopic speck of living matter, is a whirlwind of billions of electrons. They spin in the orbits about 7,000 million times in the millonth of a second; and the nerve-cells of the brain alone number about nine billions to an inch. How does the cell become the man? How does the man become conscious of himself? "I stand terrified," wrote Pascal, "to see myself, here rather than elsewhere." He might well have been terrified at the mere fact of his existence. People withhold faith in God because He is a mystery. They have reason then for withholding faith in anything or anybody — and in their own life and identity first of all. No man can take a step or think about taking a step, without stumbling on mystery.

Not yet have we mentioned the profound enigma of evil. Behind every war lurks the question of why there should be hatred and cruelty in this world or any other world. Who made them? Where and what is their fountain-head? Bring the question home; why is there perversity in you and me? An African tribe holds that God is good, and does only good; but that unfortunately God has a half-witted brother who keeps interfering with God's creation. We smile whimsically, wistfully; but we have no much better answer. If God is good, wherein and wherefore is evil? If God is, whence came God? How can we imagine an uncaused Cause, a Beginning unbegun? We are encompassed by mystery. The scientific knowledge about which we boast is a tiny clearing in an impenetrable forest—a half-light in the midst of a fog, a light which is now brilliant, now black. It is almost pathetic that we should brag about our science. The Bible has more wisdom: "Canst thou by searching find out God?.. It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" All our science and theologies are poor step-ladders—to reach the sun.

What attitude shall we take to this omni-present fact of mystery? We shall never overcome it; for as knowledge grows mysteries multiply. The new conceptions of space, while they increase our knowledge, simply bristle with enigmas which never trouble the Scantier understanding of our fathers. As our light advances, it shows vaster realms of bafflement to be subdued. Mysteries will not be resolved in our time—or in any realm of time. How shall we act toward them- Mystery, is for most of us, pain—the torment inflicted by some Manipulator out of sight. Has it occurred to you that mystery has its uses? Our light would take on light and strength if we would see and believe that mystery is itself an angel.

Mystery Is The Zest of Life

Suppose there were no area of the unknown. Suppose everything were as methodical as a timetable, as accessible to our mind as an encyclopedia. You open a book, and instantly close it; for what is the use of opening it? You know every word in it before you begin to read. You go to the theatre, and instantly return home; for why see the play? You know every turn in it before the play begins, nay, before the author began to write it. And what would be the use of proposing to the girl you love? You have always known what she would say, and she has always known that you would ask her; and you both know everything that will happen in the coming years of your married life. Why should Beethoven struggle to compose his sonatas? Anyone could have composed them, for everybody knew them before they were composed. Why should Jesus die on a Cross? for what would come of it was all clear before the sacrifice was made.

Now do you see? A "dead certainty" is just that; it is as dead as Queen Anne. A known fact is deadly dull—or would be if it did not point beyond itself to a new unknown. "If only we knew!" If we knew, there would be no wonder, no suspense, no surprise, no sorrow, no joy, no hope, no disappointment, no life, no world. Mystery brings zest.

Mystery Brings Challenge

A favorite question in our debate is this: does goodness pay? If we were wise, we would be tremblingly afraid of finding the answer. "Yes goodness pays," suppose some celestial messenger should tell us; "and by being honest you will profit. If you do not profit at first, you will ultimately profit. If you are denied on earth, you are sure to have heavenly treasure. You cannot lose, you see." What then? Then goodness would perish, and prudential shrewdness would take its place, and earth would become the anteroom of hell. The unknown is always the spur in the climbing of mountains in the research of medicine, in the mystery of suffering, in the enigma of evil, in the crusade of redeeming love. We respond to the challenge. We overtake the mystery — only to touch the fringe of deeper mysteries. But in the process we have grown in mind and heart. By means of a mystery God has brought us to some measure of fulfillment, and has led us along His road. Enigmas of mind draw me and I learn to think; enigmas of evil leave me still sure that evil must be overthrown, so I grow in moral clarity and courage. Enigmas of suffering still require of me my sympathy, so my compassions are enlarged. If God is good, there will be radiant mysteries beyond death; and we may climb from grace to grace.

Mystery Brings Reverence

It is the mother of worship. Can a scientist watch a cell, eye glued to microscope, without emotions closely akin to awe? This is not the moving of a machine, he says to himself: this is the primal miracle of life. Can an astronomer watch the sky without some sense of reverence? Can any man hear great music without being cleansed? Can any see Christ die—without being pierced with everlastingness? These mysteries may not all constrain us to worship; but one or another will find us, and bring us to silence. Mystery brings reverence. We live in a world where space runs out into infinity, and time into eternity—and life into God. We do not understand the paradox of good and evil; nor the terror and loveliness of life; nor, there before every man, the black night of death. But we know that we must give obedience to truth and all praise to Jesus; and by some instinctive movement of the spirit we know that we must kneel before the Mystery. Mystery brings worship and worship brings peace.

"But there will be many times when the Mystery is a burden and a pain?" someone asks. Yes, many times. To explain the war politically is fairly easy, at least in its main factors. But to explain war itself, to explain what perversity it is that teaches men to smash each other's flesh and choke each other's lungs — that is an impossible venture and an agonizing doubt. Mystery grants zest, challenge, worship. But at long last it drives us to cry in the night: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" And then? Then we find that the Mystery is not a blank wall of fog, but a moving Spirit. The Mystery is then alive for us—and alive eternally. The Mystery has outgoings and invasions and secret mercies. The Mystery takes form and face. The Mystery grants revelations. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us. God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son. No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, He hath declared Him."

Christianity is essentially faith in the Mystery, the staggering, redeeming faith that when men cannot search out the Deeps of Life, the Deeps search out in Christ Jesus. The blackness becomes the outlife of a black Cross; the heavens gather into the outlines of stricken Love. Then man finds new zest, new challenge, new worship.

"Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling".

That is the ultimate wisdom, wiser far than the probings of the mind. How do we know? That faith is too splendid and sublime ever to have come of man: Christ found us! That faith is far too searching — like a flash of light cleaving an abyss—ever to be untrue! The faith proves itself in the living, by lighted mind and sinew of soul.

Thus we say with Eliza Scudder:

"I cannot find Thee; still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell
I wander lost thro' all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy light ineffable."

Then, looking on Christ, we reply to ourselves:

"I cannot lose Thee! Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam,
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my Home."

"Behold, I shew you a mystery." But the New Testament word "mystery" means, not a dark enigma, but a revealed Grace. "Behold, I show you a mystery"—even Jesus Christ our Lord.

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—25¢.

Gay's Vegetables

Our vegetables fresh from our gardens seem to meet with the approval of our customers. They know that the essential vitamins are not lost by wilting, and again our plan, selling direct from our gardens, saves us the delivery expense, and passes this saving on to the consumer, and is appreciated by them. As the season advances, a greater variety will be in supply. Farmers who have on account of labor shortage, been unable to plant a garden, should not stint themselves of the vegetable diet so necessary to health. J. J. Gay & Son, Head of Prince St. 8—6—4i

LIBERAL CONVENTION

A Liberal Convention will be held in Souris Court House, on Friday, August 20th at 7 p.m., to nominate candidates to contest the First District of Kings at the next Provincial election. Poll directors are requested to hold poll meetings on Monday, August 16th at 8 p.m. to appoint five delegates to attend the convention, the delegates to be elected by ballot.

T. J. KICKHAM, District President.

Canadian Legion Funeral Notice

All ex-service men of past or present war are requested to meet at 58 Bayfield Street, this morning at 8.40 a. m. to attend the funeral of our late comrade, Major James J. Leightizer.

IRA M. BROWN
Secretary Charlottetown Branch

1868 "BONESHAKER"

With candid courage, the manufacturer of this rugged model called it from the first, "The Boneshaker". Rugged, even primitive though its design may seem today, this was a leading quality bicycle in the early seventies of the last century. The chain and sprocket drive was not to appear until some years later.

THROUGH the changing cycles of the 75 years since 1868 (31 years manufacturing in Canada) Libby's has sought to serve faithfully and well, whatever the stress of the times might be. Each year brings us all new problems. To Libby's September 1939 was another startling challenge to use the lessons and experiences of the past.

Libby's has weathered other wars. The problems of this one are different, more acute, but not unsurmountable.

Some Libby's products — perhaps your favourite among them—have had to be withdrawn from civilian distribution. On others, the available quantity is curtailed.

On still others, Libby's production is as great or greater than ever—for instance, Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice and Libby's Prepared Mustard—but steadily mounting demand quickly depletes your grocer's shelves.

To meet this situation as effectively as possible, Libby's strives constantly to increase production and daily endeavours to distribute available supplies on an equitable basis to every community. Meanwhile, Libby's uniformly high quality continues to distinguish every can and bottle that bears the Libby's Label.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Chatham Ontario

LA-6-40

BINDING