



"But Grape-Nuts Flakes give you carbohydrates and proteins and other food essentials!"

"Yes Chief—and you'll smack your lips till your ear-rings rattle over that nutty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Grape-Nuts flavor!"

"Tight! Sound good! Carbohydrates and proteins, useful quantities of iron for the blood, phosphorus for bones and teeth and other food essentials! Famous Grape-Nuts flavor! Crisp, golden flakes made of two grains—not just one. Climb out, sailor, we're having Grape-Nuts Flakes instead!"

SUMMER Clearance Sale

25% Discount off the following:

- Summer Cloth Coats
- Reversible Coats
- Shower Proof Coats
- Jackets
- Two Piece Cloth Suits
- White Dresses
- AND—
- All Summer Hats

KENNEDY'S LADIES' WEAR



Their fear shown in attitude and facial expression, the three German prisoners, captured by Yanks at St. Lo, France, cringe in a ditch as German shells burst nearby.

By Ken Reynolds



"Guess what, Daddy? Johnny got a job with a Guardian Want Ad an' now we're gonna get married!"

Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

(Continued from page 2)

The memory of the scene in the brickwalled garden brooms, as Craig Lamont's face as he accused, Did you plan this? Why should the thing she would connive with that odious mad? Since that afternoon she hadn't talked with me, for more than five minutes at a time.

Air-mail letter for you, Miss Crofton, the postmaster reminded from behind the brass-barred ticket.

The letter burned in her hand as she walked quickly toward the Country Club, she would find it secluded spot there and read it. It was the first real letter Vivian had written to her. There had been post-cards galore and letters for her mother and father, but even those had been exasperatingly bare of details.

When she reached the Club she skirted the crowd watching tennis and hurried on to the swimming pool which shone like a fragment of turquoise sky dropped into an emerald enamel setting. Not a person in sight. She curled up on a seat which was screened from the house by a windbreak of blue spruce and opened the letter.

Well, now, the letter began. I have been here weeks and this is the first day I have had enough of importance to write about to fill a letter to you. Have I now? Just walk till you read.

I have sent a sort of postcard diary. You know that for a while I stayed at one of the largest hotels here. With Uncle Mark's legacy as my financial backing I don't intend to have anyone think I am in desperate need of a job. Poor policy to look hollow-eyed and eager. No one knows that I am hoping for a change in pictures, that I would snatch at a stand-in if I could get it. I'm hiding my mind behind looking and, what is more to the point, feeling prosperous.

Last week I moved into this hotel. Note the impressive letter began because I learned that many of the movies live here. That's what the actors and actresses are called out here. What you see on the screen is a picture. Each time I go up or down on the lift I see one or two it's thrilling.

I have hired a roadster by the week. I have driven miles and miles to get glimpses of snow-capped mountains, orchards pink and white with bloom, the Pacific, the bluest water I ever have seen, past motion-picture theatres, motels, extras waiting at the gates, smart restaurants, glamorous shops.

I waited until I was settled before presenting the letters of introduction father and mother gave me. Their friend, Mrs. Bankton, called at once and invited me to have luncheon with her today at the most ritzy place in Beverly Hills.

She is charming, made me think a little of mother, but in her mother's way of making a person feel that she is tremendously interested in her and in her life. She is lovely and in her life - and she is too. Perhaps that was why I told her about Uncle Mark's legacy. The Mansions at Stars and Stripes, the Silver Birches, even mentioned the torch-singer daughter-in-law about whom mother had written. You know me, do you? I get started.

Mrs. Bankton wanted to drive me home but I thanked her and told her that after the delicious luncheon, for the good of my figure, I'd better walk. My real reason for declining was that I wanted to loiter and window-shop. I stopped to look at a display of perfectly fine jade when a man's voice beside me said, "Big pardon, but you dropped this under the table at the restaurant."

It really was my handkerchief he was offering. I recognized him as one of the two men who had sat at the table next to us at the restaurant. I thanked him, and turned to look at the man who had indicated that the incident was closed.

The next thing I knew a hand grabbed my elbow and a voice hissed: "Step along with me! You're my girl, s-see? Talk. Talk fast. If you yip, I'll shoot!"

For an instant I stared at the livid face and burning eyes of the man who had returned my handkerchief. Did I yip? I did! I opened my mouth and screamed and screamed and screamed.

If I hadn't been frightened out of my senses I would have shouted with laughter at the stupefied expression on the man's face before he dashed away.

What followed will always remain a jumble of sounds and people in my mind. It seems that a few moments before at a jeweler's shop up the street, a man had grabbed a handful of gorgeous diamond bracelets from a tray. Perhaps he passed them to a confederate and then lost himself in the crowd.

Perhaps they were in the pocket of the man who spoke to me. Evidently he thought if we walked along together talking, no one would suspect him. The first celebration of the shop proprietors and the police was that I was - they call it, the finger girl. The fact that I screamed of course rather shook them in that conclusion. I was personally conducted to the police station where I told the story of my young life. They showed me some photographs and I had no trouble in picking out the man who had threatened to shoot me. I had to drag Mrs. Bankton in to it, but I gave her as a reference. She came at once with her son who is a lawyer in Los Angeles. It seems that the family is of great importance in the community. With many apologies the authorities let me go. You may treat a sensational account in the newspapers of the

7 1/4 HRS.
To NEW YORK
LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN
1403 7:00 A.M.
6:00 P.M.
NORTHEAST AIRLINES

Cpl. Ernest J. Smith Killed in Action

Word was received Monday by George Smith, St. Teresa, P. E. I., that his only brother, Cpl. Ernest J. Smith had been killed in action June 21st, 1944, while serving in France. Cpl. Smith joined the American Army in May, 1943, and went overseas May, 1944.

Address and Presentation

On Monday evening, June 5, 1944, a large number of the residents of New Haven and the surrounding community gathered at the home of Mr. Neil MacKinnon to do honor to Pte. Arthur Pollard who had offered his services for our King and country. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Roland Buchanan.

At the conclusion of his remarks, he then called upon Miss Winifred Campbell, who read an appropriate address. The address was accompanied by a well-filled purse, which was presented by Miss Anna Docherty. Pte. Pollard made a fitting response voicing his gratitude for the appreciation shown him, after which all joined in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Refreshments were then served by a number of ladies present. The remainder of the evening was then devoted to dancing and social intercourse, excellent music being furnished by Mr. Stephen Toole and Miss Viola Toole. At a late hour all departed for their homes wishing Arthur a "safe return."

Following is the address: To Pte. Arthur Pollard, New Haven, P.E.I.

Dear Arthur: This evening we, a number of your friends and folk from the surrounding community have assembled here this evening to express our sincere joy at having you in our midst for the past week, but tonight sadness has interchanged with that joy, as we realize you are to return shortly to your unit in Camp Sorden.

About six months ago you volunteered to serve your King and country, and although we realize your country direly needs your services we know that leaving a home and tried friends is a difficult task at best, and we desire you to understand that we miss you greatly in our community where you are esteemed for your hospitable, cordial and assiduous virtues, which are characteristics not possessed by every individual.

In closing we wish you to accept this purse of money as a token of our goodwill and with it we desire you the best of luck in the years to come.

Signed on behalf of those present, KINGSTON W. I. 7-28-44

The July meeting of Kingston W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Edgar Newson with eight members and three visitors present. One new member joined. Meeting opened with Ode followed by Creed in unison. Minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed. Discussion on crib quilt and it was decided to meet at home of Mrs. Bert Willis to make same. Discussion on selling stove and pipe. A bill of 90 cents was paid Mrs. MacSwain for oranges for school children at closing.

Collection amounted to 74 cents. Next passage of meeting at home of Mrs. Mae White. Roll call answered by something for grab bag.

Meeting closed by National Anthem. After which a delicious lunch was served by the hostess and a social time spent.

robbery, though I doubt if ripples from the theft of diamonds in California, even though these bracelets were worth thousands and thousands of dollars, will spread across the continent.

"Love and more love to all" "Devotedly," (To Be Continued) "Viv."



In the bombed city of Caen, the Canadians joined with the French people in celebrating their national holiday, Bastille Day. Shown here is a view of a church service. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo Through WIB).

In Memoriam

Another Charlottetown citizen passed away on June 18 in Grace Hospital, Windsor, Ont., after an illness of seven months. He entered the hospital on Nov. 22, 1943, had two serious operations, but due to that dread disease cancer nothing helped. Everything possible was done to ease his suffering. Doctors and specialists on that disease were at his bedside when ever they were needed.

Mr. MacRae had been ailing more or less for the last five years. In Jan. 1940 he arrived in Charlottetown and entered the P.E.I. Hospital. After treatments there he was home for a year. In 1941 he left for Toronto where he stayed for some time, leaving for Windsor. His health started to fail. For the last two years he suffered greatly until entering the hospital.

He leaves to mourn his family in Windsor, Ont., several brothers and sisters, his aged mother, Mrs. Mary MacRae, 126 King street, Charlottetown, who has the sympathy of all in her bereavement.

The funeral took place June 20 at 10 o'clock from the funeral home, 250 St. John's street, North Ridge cemetery with Rev. James in charge. The beautiful solo "There'll be a Night" was sung by Mrs. Don, and "Rock of Ages" Organist was Mrs. Blaisy. Flowers from Maidstone United Church, Mr. and Mrs. Keir, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, wreath, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson and pillow from Roy, spray from Manshead Club.

In Memoriam

MR. MARTIN WHITE

In the midst of life we are in death. We are mindful of the truth of the measure of God's love, with deep regret the sudden death of Martin White at the early age of 38 years. Kennedy was a young man who was closely associated with him in his life—yet he was not of it. He possessed an unusually pleasant disposition combined with an unselfish character that was an inspiration to all who had the privilege of knowing him. As one who was closely associated with him remarked: "Martin was too good for this world." God chose to call him to Himself, and he permeated with the world and his vanities. To us his life seems brief, yet it had reached fulfillment. His sudden passing leaves a void—within lives in his friends. His mother, Mrs. Milian, was summoned and performed the last rites of the church. Of him it can be truly said—he was in his life—yet he was not of it.

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OLD HOME WEEK

AND

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AUGUST 15, 16, 17, 18, 1944

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GRAND GALA REVUE with Beautiful GLAMOROUS GIRLS, SINGING COMEDIANS AND BEAUTIFUL LADY SINGER.

REVUE FEATURED WITH GORGEOUS COSTUMES, ATTRACTIVE SETTINGS AND MODERN LIGHTING EFFECTS

BIG UP TO DATE MIDWAY WITH NEW ATTRACTIONS including LATEST MECHANICAL RIDES ON MAIN FAIR GROUNDS

OVER 100 of the Best Horses in the Maritimes battling for honors on 4 afternoons with VAUDEVILLE ACTS interspersed.

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OXFORDS
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PRODUCTION CLASSES
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Plan this for your Holiday Week. Write your friends. Come

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Charlottetown, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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