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Today's streamlined models combine every modern feature with the rugged construction typical of Enterprise. Gleaming enamel finish and rounded corners make the new Enterprise so easy to clean. Generous cooking surface and roomy, even-heat oven with heavily insulated, spring balanced door make meal preparation rapid and simple.

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No. 6140 Enterprise Table Top Electric Range. The same dependable quality is built into Enterprise Coal, Wood, Oil, Electric and Gas Ranges; Heaters for Coal and Oil; Warm Air Furnaces and Winter Air Conditioning Equipment.

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SEE THEM TOMORROW

HOLMAN'S 2 BIG STORES SUMMERSIDE & CHARLOTTETOWN

"Where Old Friends Meet"

York and Vicinity

Mr. Gordon Crockett was a visitor to the city on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis, York, spent Friday in the city.

Mr. Tom Knox, City, spent Monday in York trying his luck at the duck shooting.

A large congregation attended

the special service in York Church on Sunday evening, which they all enjoyed very much.

Much sympathy is being extended to Mr. Earl Ling, York, on the death of his mother Mrs. T. D. Ling.

Little Florence Vessey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Vessey, celebrated her first birthday last Sunday, by having a birthday cake with one candle on it.

Dr. and Mrs. Benson Auld of Halifax, N. S., spent the weekend at Mr. Auld's home in West Covehead, the guest of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Auld.

Monday morning was the opening of the duck shooting season and quite a few shots were heard in the early morning, but everyone reported the ducks as being very scarce.

OHIGWELL, Essex, England (CP) — One of many schemes in different areas for accommodating visitors to the 1951 Festival of Britain is a 40-acre camp for youngsters here. Weekly cost of accommodation is under \$3.00.

Brightens your Furniture... Brightens your Home

Just a few drops on a damp cloth removes dullness, finger marks, etc. Polishes quickly hard and dry, leaving no sticky film to catch the dust.



Slow Boat From Marseilles

By Michael Hastings

continued

"Who else should I mean? What was he up to last night?"

For the first time, Lacoste showed signs of being ill at ease.

"I sent him on shore to do a little job for me," he said.

Zakas smiled grimly. His voice dropped to a husky level. "And suppose I explained all this to Dr. Prinz? Perhaps he would not be pleased with you, eh?"

"Why bring him into it?" the Frenchman cried. "It will not help you. Setting him against me will not do you any good."

"Quite," said Zakas. "I know that. And that being the case—why did you not tell me that Max had not returned?"

Lacoste stared at him.

"Not returned? But I did not know. Look, captain, I will tell you all about it. I did send Max and one other."

"Augie," Zakas prompted, secretly glad to be able to display his knowledge.

"Augie," Lacoste admitted, "I gave them orders. No doubt you can guess what they were. Augie returned and came to my cabin. He was badly knocked about. He told me that just as they went for Oliver three other seamen turned up. Evidently they took Augie and Max for local gangsters and beat them up. That was what Augie told me. He said nothing about Max. I, naturally, assumed that Max had returned with him."

Zakas considered this for a minute. Then he said: "I think you will have to be very careful how you deal with John Oliver. You may find him more dangerous than you imagine."

"I shall be most careful," Lacoste assured him. "There must be no mistakes next time."

THE FUGITIVES

Stealthily, like so many hunted creatures, the passengers came aboard. They approached the quay by narrow, shadowy ways. They came in pairs walking slowly as if penetrating hostile country. Then, when they came in sight of the gangway, with its invitation to safety, they broke into a run.

John Oliver watched from the deck. It was his task to keep a look-out and use his discretion in the event of any trouble. Lacoste was below, receiving the passengers as they arrived, making sure that they knew their cabins. Oliver was glad when he heard the slow, heavy steps of Lubbe, the engineer. Lubbe was a fat Dutchman who surveyed life stolidly through a pair of heavy-rimmed spectacles. His english was limited, and he spoke thickly. His favourite adjective was "goddam," and he over-worked it. His nickname in the engine-room was "Old Goddam."

He came to the rail and leaned against it, sucking away at his short curly-stemmed pipe, the bowl of which bore an astonishing likeness to his own shape.

"This is a goddam business," he said, without irritation. "Why do we not bring them all on board at once and get started?"

"Secrecy, I suppose," said Oliver. He made the answer sound as lightly as possible. He was still uncertain of the Dutchman's position on board. Behind his stolid exterior was he in the same category as Zakas and Lacoste?

"It was always the goddam same," said Lubbe. "Only the engines go right. But in the rest of the ship there is no order."

"I can't say that I think much of the crew," said Oliver deciding to take a risk.

"Then, my friend, you should do what I did. I came on board and I looked at my engines. They were good. I looked at my men. They were lousy. So I kicked them out and signed on some others."

Oliver smiled.

"Wasn't there trouble?" he asked.

"A little," Lubbe admitted. "Until I said that they could run their goddam engines themselves. After that, I had my own way." He sucked jukily at his pipe and added: "I always do have my own way."

It was a statement of fact, not a boast. "I interfere with nothing," he went on, "and I do not have any goddam tinkering with my engines. I make that plain at the beginning. It saves trouble..." "But this is a

Little Theatre Opens With Major Production

By Michael Hastings

Citizens of Charlottetown have little opportunity to view and appreciate the live theatre, which always has a greater audience appeal even with local talent, than the moving picture with the best talent and means of production.

On October 16th in the Empire Theatre, Charlottetown and vicinity will have the opportunity of witnessing an excellent three-act comedy drama entitled "Paper Is All."

This play is directed by one of Little Theatre's best directors, Mrs. (Dr.) J. P. Miller and the cast is made up of some of our best actors and actresses, including Mrs. H. W. (Esther) Petch, Mrs. (Dr.) E. S. Giddings, Miss Hilda Pickard, H. Barry Bugden, Arthur MacLean and Stirling Walker.

This play, which promises a good evening's entertainment, is open to members of Little Theatre, only. If you have not yet obtained your membership card, you may do so from the Abegweit Gift Court, or any member of the Executive. The modest fee of \$2.00 will entitle you to attend all plays produced by Little Theatre during the season.

"goddam business," he grumbled. "They seem to think that at a minute's notice I can pull a switch and start the engines." Holding his pipe in his hand he waved it impatiently. "So much for their ideas," he said, "I have my own. We will sail when the engines are ready. And I am the engines." He moved slowly away, still grumbling to himself.

Oliver, at the rail, saw Prinz coming towards the ship. He hurried towards the gangway and was on deck in surprisingly short time.

"Everything in order, Mr. Oliver?" he asked.

"Yes, doctor."

"That is good," Prinz appeared to be in an excellent humour. "I want you to send two men to the end of the quay in about 20 minutes' time. Dr. Rutter will be arriving, and he will have a certain amount of luggage."

"Very good, doctor."

Prinz hesitated. "Select the men yourself," he directed.

"I can accompany them, if you desire it," Oliver offered.

"No. It would be better for you to remain here." With a sudden touch of bitterness, he continued: "I must have one reliable officer on board—just in case anything unforeseen happens. By the way where is Captain Zakas?"

"In his cabin, doctor."

As soon as Prinz had stepped ashore, Oliver went forward and down the companionway leading to the forward deck. By order, lighting had been reduced to a minimum. They did not wish to advertise the fact that the "Connecticut Lass" was ready for sail-leave. Likewise, they did not wish to cast any more illumination than



was necessary upon the embarking passengers.

The hatch covers formed a black square. Parts of the deck were equally dark. And from one of these shadowy regions came a sudden cry of pain, followed by a low "Quiet, you brat."

Oliver did not hesitate. He reached the spot and saw two figures. One was slight, the other stocky and animal-like. Certainly, there was mistaking the second one.

To be continued

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The Neighbors By George Clark



"Listen, Doctor, any cold my husband has is serious! I'm ready to collapse right now."