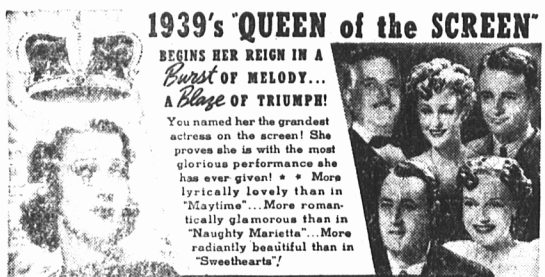


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AND MONDAY & TUESDAY ONLY!



1939's 'QUEEN of the SCREEN'

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MRS. BENSON WEATHERS

She fell asleep in Jesus, July 23rd, 1939 in Watsonville, California.

After a good deal of suffering the end came peacefully as she slept.

The following are left to mourn their loss—her husband Bronson Weatherble also one son Ross W.

At your service with years of experience and a thorough refracting service.

G. F. Hutcheson

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W. C. T. U. NOTES

"CANNON FODDER"

(Suggested by seeing a picture of Mussolini's "Civil Army" training.)

With dark war-clouds hovering over Europe—with internal warfare in Italy—with memories of a horror that blasted joy for four war-torn years—with these things in mind we bring the following lines to our readers.

Dear God in Heaven, Thy holy Son has said of little ones to come to Me

My Kingdom shall belong to such as these.

And then, selfish man forget He added this brief

"Twere better that a stone bind round his neck, and in the sea His wretched body cast, than one offence against a Child Be laid to man's account."

And now—and now? Lo, twice one thousand years have passed away—and childhood now

By war-mad despots has become a thing to train

To fear and rend and maim and will pay every hellish means

War-funkers (minds devise) those other lads that other men will train

In self-same fiendish ways. And not content with this, sweet girlhood too

Must get the deadly weapon 'gainst the tender breast

God meant to be the dearest refuge of some loved one, (hurt In life's cruel storms) or rest for some sweet babe.

Mad! MAD! God have Thy people then become

Less human than the beasts that roam the fields

THEY only fight when hunger, fear or anger drives—

THEY hold no grudges that will make them set their kind

To plan mad schemes whereby their offspring shall avenge

Their fancied wrongs

If fight they must, 'tis only that they may not be themselves destroyed. But MAN—

Man made in Thy image, sets his own son, fruit of his loins

To the grim horrid task of learning how to cut, stab—to blast

With devilish shrapnel, strangle with vile gases—maim with bombs—

Spew rain of death from God's own smiling skies—

To kill, and kill again, till all their brethren are dead

Are sealed and marred and damned by that most damned thing, Engendered by the very act of killing—a wild blood lust.

Will Mussolini tell these tender boys he now enrolls

That when the day of battle comes, in that dread Armageddon

And we go waiting for the sons that are not?

Oh, Christ of Peace—let not this horror come again!

Let not these dra. young lives be "casualties" only.

They are Thine own, and Thou didst die for all.

Keep back the nations from this ghastly wrong, Oh, God!

Or, in Thy pity, take these boys and girls by kindly Death

Sad victims of cruel gain and puny national pride.

Hear Thou the agonizing cry of fearful hearts—

"God, for Thy dear Son's sake, give PEACE to this torn world!"

G. M. C.

A BETTER WORLD

"A house divided against itself cannot stand; no, nor a world divided, as is our present world, into races that despise one another, nations that fear one another, and classes that distrust one another.

A world which economically has become a neighborhood must spiritually become a brotherhood

if civilization is not to give way to chaos. I for my part," says Ernest Fremont Tittle in the Christian Century, "do not expect that Englishmen and Indians, Americans and Japanese, will ever be brought into a single political structure comparable to

BOYS WANTED AT ONCE

New customers needed to replace old ones who have lost their jobs, or all their money through drink.

We don't care whose boy you are. If you have the cash. Once we get you, you'll be a regular patron.

Come early and stay late. Never mind the folks at home.—The Reverend Room.

RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

CHAPTER I

TO DISASTER, WITH A ROAR

The red car rocketed between blurred green walls down the long stretch of straight white road. It was low built, with a bulbous rear and a snarling front.

The red-headed mechanic who was squeezed into the bucket seat beside the driver peered at the quivering needle of the speedometer. He would have whistled if the wind had not been there to tear his breath away.

"Blimey!" he said instead. "Touching 80, guv'nor. Better ease down. The young man whose deft, muscular hands were on the big steering wheel as lightly as though he were driving a sedan at 25 laughed into the hurricane of his own creating.

"Scared?" he asked. "Yes!"

A toe pressed the accelerator harder by the merest fraction—and the needle quivered over the 95 mark.

"Suppose we burst a tyre?" asked the nervous mechanic.

"Must a tyre my foot!" said Frank Carter.

There was an explosion, and the car squeaked like a live thing. She sizzled across the road. She rose up like a horse taking a fence. They smashed through the low green hedge as though it were a paper hoop. The car went over sideways and her occupants were shot violently out. They lay still, side by side, in the ploughed field.

A hand, directed by a brain that had been taught to reckon in split fractions of a second, had cut off the ignition in the moment of disaster. The car coughed twice and the peace of the English countryside was restored.

Nothing moved in the long white road. Or in the field.

The white road went past the field and over a bridge spanning a swift flowing stream. On the other side of the bridge the road was joined by a path which wandered through trees and thereafter broadened out into a gravelly area in front of a large house—the sort of house which, if really ideally situated in the heart of the English countryside, nowadays likely to be the property of a retired American manufacturer, or of a middle-aged foreigner who professes to call himself an English name and is something vague but nevertheless influential in the City of London.

It was all the more odd, therefore, that this house should have belonged to a man who held commerce in the liveliest contempt. Nor was he even an aristocrat of the race and dying order. He was, in fact, a scientist.

Leonard Ellington was in more ways than his unexpected affluence the scientist of his time. He was popularly believed to be either poverty-stricken, or pretentious frauds—a rather odd sort of scientist.

A hand, buried in a hard black head and a bristling black moustache, he looked like something between a practical industrialist and a rugged gamekeeper. The hair of the gamekeeper was probably conveyed by his clothes. He habitually wore a rough tweed shooting jacket (one glove of which was actually torn away) and a pair of old and stained flannel bags. His shirt cuffs perpetually shot beyond the confines of his jacket sleeves.

He was standing in his stud-gazing gloom at a skull like a large brown stone which rested on top of a bookcase when a manservant entered with what Professor Ellington cursed, in moments of irritation, as a catlike tread.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man.

"Well, Tomkins?" said the occupant of the Chair of Anthropology at Maxton University. "And stop gapping at that poor chap's cranium!" he added sharply. "You're always doing it, Tomkins. Dashed rude of you. The fellow's been dead for 80,000 years at least—Jackson says only 30,000; but these Americans are so untrustworthy."

"Sorry, I'm sure, sir," said the man; and without stopping to take breath, "There's been an accident."

Professor Ellington clutched at his high forehead. "If the cook," he began, "has ruined my dinner again—"

"Not that sort of accident, sir," said Tomkins hastily—between him and the mangled cook there was an understanding—"a motor accident. Sir. Two young fellows in a car smash down in Potter's field. Potter's son was cyclone past and he was killed. He thought they were dead, so he didn't stop, but came right on here, sir, hard as he could peel."

THE PROFESSOR INVESTIGATES

For the first time Professor Ellington showed some signs of real interest.

"Potter's field, eh?" he said. "That road's a death trap. I've always said so. It's an accident, tempting any young chap in a car with a bit of sporting instinct to have a crack at setting up records. But of course the surface is rotten. All right, Tomkins. His voice had taken on the brisk note of authority which had been heard some years before in France, when Professor Ellington forsook his Chair and curious studies to join the infantry. "Ring the doctor. No use waiting for the ambulance, though. Hour before it gets here, at least, I'll drive down to Potter's field myself."

He stopped half way to the door. "Oh, Tomkins! Call Miss Dorothy, tell her what's happened, and ask her to stand by to do a spot of first aid. She'll know what's wanted."

Professor Ellington hurried round the side of the house to the garage

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He disdained chauffeurs. A minute later a large, black, rather prehistoric monster was rumbling on the drive. It went sharply into reverse and shot off with a screech and in a mist of blue smoke which far outdid the noise and smoke of the red car.

The big man drove violently through the screen of trees which overhung the path of his domain, jerked violently on to the main road and sped across the bridge.

In a matter of minutes he was pushing through the broken hedge and bending over the sill forms that lay beside the silent red car. He ran skilful hands over the body of the little mechanic and grunted, "Nothing much wrong with him! He turned to the other form, and noted with approval the tanned features, now a little pale, and the clean, square-cut jaw. All the time his hands were busy.

He straightened up. "Pair of lucky young devils! Not a bone broken between them!"

"A nice job!" his Maxton students might (and might not) have been surprised to hear him murmur. "A sweet bus!"

Professor Ellington would not for his own lumbering "bus" of old vintage; but he had an eye for stream-line.

The road was still utterly deserted. The pleasant afternoon was passing into cool evening. Professor Ellington had no intention of standing idly by and waiting for help. He was accustomed to going ahead and doing things in his own way.

Now, without perceptible effort, he

sloped and along the unconscious mechanic over a broad shoulder. He strode back on to the road and laid the little man gently in the capacious back seat of his big car.

(To be Continued)

NORTH WILTSHIRE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The July meeting of the North Wiltshire Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Bertram Lane. The meeting was opened in the usual way and the committee's reports were received.

The new lunch committee is Mrs. Coady, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Balderson. The correspondence was read by the secretary and plans were made to hold the dental clinic in the hall on Saturday, July 15th and Monday, July 17th; also the annual picnic to the beach, to be held on July 14th. A report of the annual convention in Charlottetown was given by the secretary.

A contest was put on and a humorous reading was given by Mrs. Deacon. Mrs. Bertram invited the members for the next meeting, roll call of which is to be answered by giving the name of Your First School Teacher. The meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

MINEHEAD, Eng.—"I hate the weather and I hate your boat," Mrs. J. Pennington told her husband three months after they started their attempt to canoe around the British Isles. That ended the attempt.

SOUTH AFRICAN CORN CAPE TOWN—South Africa

hoping to seize the Canadian-American maize trade from South America. Shipments to Montreal clearing port for the United States market have this year exceeded the Argentine mark.

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With Major Hoop

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE WORRY WART

WHOA! DANG YE! CLOSE



WHOA! DANG YE! CLOSE