

PRINCE EDWARD — LAST DAY FOR
The Hilarious Story of the "Brother Rats" of V. M. I.
"BROTHER RAT"
PRISCILLA LANE—WAYNE MORRIS

BIG HOLIDAY SPECIAL — FRI. — SAT.

**MILLIONS IN HIS POCKET!
A HEART FULL OF LOVE!**

Andy... the All-American playboy! Stepping out into new, hilarious adventure, when sudden wealth brings romance, luxury... and troubles... to the beloved Hardys!

6th STRAIGHT HIT!

"Believe it or not, Andrew, I was once in love with a girl or two, myself!"

"Remember, a man can't get straight unless he has the love of a good woman to back him up!"

"I don't believe you ever smoked a cigarette or went out with a chorus girl at all!"

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

with **LEWIS STONE · MICKEY ROONEY · CECILIA PARKER · FAY HOLDEN**

"STORY OF DR. VENNER"—ROBERT BENCHLEY IN
"HOW TO SUBLET"—COLOUR CARTOON—

Join the men without fear on their most thrilling assignment... to wreck a counterfeit ring!

CAPITOL
2:30 - 7:01 - 8:45
TODAY FRI-SAT.
Big Action Hit and LAST of Serial.

CODE OF THE SECRET SERVICE

with **RONALD REAGAN**
ROSELLA TOWNE · EDDIE FAY, Jr.

Musical — Cartoon

LIKED HOLIDAY

NEW WATERLOO, N. S. (CP) — Councilor Angus Gillis reported at a council meeting that 25 school children had called at his house to ask him to thank Mayor Milne for an extra holiday granted during the royal visit to the province.

Listen while You Work!

RCA Victor

LITTLE NIPPER RADIO
SPECIAL FOR YOUR KITCHEN

Only \$14.95

Don't envy your friends who have radio in the kitchen. Now you can make your kitchen work and other housekeeping duties lighter and brighter with RCA Victor's amazingly low priced "Little Nipper" radio.

- Powerful 5-tube superheterodyne circuit.
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- Beautiful plastic cabinet. So small you can hold it in your hand.

SEE AND HEAR IT TODAY!

MILLER BROS. LTD.

The Riddle of the Riderless Horse
By **JEAN & CYRIL CASALIS**

CHAPTER I
WELCOME TO A NEW LIFE

It was in the late afternoon of a September day that Malcolm Green arrived at Bon Espoir, the farm that old Adhemar Recouille had bought when his son Cornelle was born.

Old Adhemar had resolved, almost in the hour of his son's birth, that Cornelle must be a farmer; a trader like himself, but a landowner earning his bread from his own ground. No one, least of all Cornelle, had ever wished to dispute the advice that Cornelle must have a better education than he himself had received, and so school followed by a year in France and three years at Cambridge; and it was there that young Cornelle and Malcolm Green had met.

And it was there, as he listened to Cornelle's tales of life on a South African farm and his glowing prophesies of what he would achieve when he took over the management of Bon Espoir, that Malcolm, country-bred and a lover of all country things, had at once decided for his carefully-planned future in his father's City office to become outspokenly discontent. Cornelle had sympathized.

"If your father will let you have the capital to farm," he had said, "you can come to Bon Espoir whenever you like, and I'll teach you all I know."

But Malcolm's father, with all the confirmed City man's distrust of farming as a profession, would not be persuaded and the end of their time at Cambridge had brought a parting of the ways for the two friends. Cornelle, exulting, returned to South Africa, and Malcolm went dutifully into the hated office. He had endured it for three years. Then, thanks to a providential illness and to a grave-faced doctor's hints of the need for an open-air life, his father had yielded; and so Malcolm Green had come at last to Bon Espoir, not as a mere visitor, but as a prospective settler.

Cornelle had met him in Bloemfontein, and they drove to Bon Espoir together in the car that Malcolm had bought on his arrival. It had been pleasant to meet again. Cornelle seemed to have changed very little from the enthusiastic Cambridge days, and they had at once renewed their easy companionship, talking incessantly throughout the hundred-mile drive, as they bridged the gaps left by letters during the three years since their last meeting.

Cornelle's father was waiting for them on the veranda steps when they drew up before the low stone homestead. Old Adhemar greeted them as was his custom when faced with so unusual an event as the arrival of a visitor at the farm.

"Welcome to Bon Espoir," he said. "It is a very great pleasure to see you and I am happy to welcome the friend of my son."

Then formally broke down. "Those blessed motor cars," the old man said, his eyes twinkling behind heavy spectacles. "I was beginning to think that you were never coming. And how did you like the roads?"

"They're quite good," Cornelle replied. "I've been telling Malcolm what they were like a few years ago—43 gates between here and Bloemfontein, and always a spade in the car in case the sand was bad."

"Perhaps it's a good thing I didn't come out until now," Malcolm said. "I'm just in time to enjoy the national roads. The finest I've ever seen."

"Come into the house," said old Adhemar, shepherding them towards the veranda steps. "You would perhaps like a little drink? We have not much to offer you, but perhaps a little brandy? You must be thirsty after your long drive. The boys—where are the boys? They will bring in your luggage, Maraka!"

"Morena," came an answering voice from inside the house. Then a wire gauze door was thrown open and a native servant, kitchen maid, came swiftly out to welcome the arrivals with beaming smiles.

Maraka had played so important a part in Cornelle's reminiscences of his home that Malcolm had been almost as familiar a character as old Adhemar Recouille himself. He had been in Adhemar's service for over thirty years, and had developed from mere cook to confidential servant and general manager of domestic affairs, and he had always taken a very active interest in Cornelle's amusements and escapades. Under his tuition Cornelle had learnt to swim, and to kill game Basuto-fashion with a skillfully thrown stick, or the flat type of stone known as a "wind-skepper." He had always acted as cook, tracker and gun-bearer combined, on all camping and shooting expeditions, and indeed Cornelle owed him everything that he knew of veldere.

There had been innumerable stories of Maraka, and Malcolm was, in consequence, prepared to see an unusual native. He had, it is true, the typical thick lips and broad flat negro nose, but instead of the usual heavy expression and receding forehead, he had a splendid brow, a clean-cut shapely head; and as he followed Adhemar up the steps, leaving Cornelle to direct Maraka's disposal of the luggage, Malcolm thought that he had never seen a face more radiantly alight with humour and intelligence than that of this tall loose-limbed Mosuto.

MESSAGE FROM MORTIMER

"You will make yourself at home and treat us who are bachelors like... like... a mess," Adhemar was saying when Cornelle followed them in.

"Where's Mortimer, Father?" he asked. "Is my other pupil, Malcolm, a nice chap—you'll like him."

"Oh, he's gone to Brandfontein. There was some fellow one of those professors made too about the plantations of pine and gum trees that hid the road, hundreds of doves were calling, their clear clanging little notes sounding like the beating of innumerable elfin anvils, and in the orchard a pair of bokmakieries, the rain birds, broke suddenly into their dual rapture of song. Across the broken line that Cornelle had pointed out as the unseen Caledon River, the boundary between the Free State and Basutoland, a herd of native cattle that had been driven to the river to drink, was moving slowly up the steep sandy bank, going home to the kraal under a cloud of dust that the last rays of the sun transformed to a halo of molten gold."

Malcolm turned as Cornelle came up the veranda steps.

"The peace of it!" he exclaimed. "Does anything ever happen here?"

"Yet, lots. Locusts and hail, for one thing—and drought; you should have seen it after the big one, three years ago. Come along in to supper."

(To be continued)

Rubber rings from fruit jars are useful to prevent dishes from slipping when standing on ice.

Suffer No Longer From Headaches

It is hard to struggle along with a head that aches and pains all the time.

Wrong action of the stomach, liver or bowels is responsible for nine out of ten persistent headaches, and the cause must be removed before the headaches will vanish.

Burdock Blood Bitters removes the cause of headaches by regulating the digestive and biliary organs, corrects acidity, regulates the constipated bowels, tones up the sluggish liver, and promotes a perfect circulation of pure blood to all portions of the body.

Get rid of your headaches by taking B.B.B.

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CAN ANY GIRL WIN LOVE?

Sally asks **CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

THIS GENTLE CARE WILL HELP YOU KEEP SKIN BEAUTIFULLY SOFT AND CLEAR. TRY IT!

IT'S THE GIRL WITH SMOOTH, ATTRACTIVE SKIN WHO WINS ROMANCE! FOOLISH TO RISK COSMETIC SKIN..

I ALWAYS REMOVE STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER. IT GUARDS AGAINST CHOKED PORES

LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Soap

It's so foolish to lose out on beauty—let choked pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly. Screen stars tell you this gentle soap really works. Use it regularly—before you renew make-up, ALWAYS at bedtime. You want the charm of skin that's smooth, appealing.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program
(All Time in Eastern Standard)

THURSDAY, JUNE 29

BOSTON
4:00 p.m.—Splendor of Literature. WIXAL, 11.19 meg., 25.4 m.; WIXAR, 15.13 meg., 19.8 m.

SCHENECTADY
4:30 p.m.—Science Forum. W2-KAF, 9.53 meg., 31.4 m.

LONDON
6:55 p.m.—Dance Music. GSO, 15.18 meg., 19.7 m.; GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSB, 7.21 meg., 31.5 m.

BUDAPEST
7:00 p.m.—"Harvest Songs." HAT4, 7.12 meg., 32.8 m.

CARACAS
7:30 p.m.—Popular Orchestra. YVBR, 5.9 meg., 51.7 m.

ROME
7:30 p.m.—Opera Selections; Rosina Jemma Wade. "More Menu from Italy." ZRO, 11.81 meg., 25.4 m.; IRP, 9.83 meg., 30.5 m.

SAN FRANCISCO
8:30 p.m.—Edwin Franko Goldman Band on Treasure Island. W6XBE, 15.33 meg., 19.5 m.

HEREDIA, COSTA RICA
9:00 p.m.—Broadcast in English. "Voice of Costa Rica." T14-NRH, 9.69 meg., 30.9 m.

BERLIN
9:15 p.m.—"Blue Smoke Over Cuba." radio play. DJD, 11.77 meg., 25.4 m.

NEW YORK
9:45 p.m.—NBC Forum. W3XL, 6.10 meg., 49.1 m.

CINCINNATI
10:00 p.m.—Musica Classica. W8XAL, 6.06 meg., 49.5 m.

PARIS
10:20 p.m.—Talk by Mme de Gramont (in English). TPB7, 11.88 meg., 25.2 m.; TPA4, 11.71 meg., 25.6 m.

PITTSBURGH
11:00 p.m.—Dance Music. W8-KX, 6.14 meg., 48.8 m.

NEW YORK
11:00 p.m.—Sammy Kaye & His Orchestra. W2XK, 6.12 meg., 49 m.

LONDON
11:15 p.m.—Piping by Pipe-Major Angus Macaulay. GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSC, 9.58 meg., 31.3 m.; GSB, 9.51 meg., 31.5 m.

TOKYO
12:45 a.m.—Current Sketch in Japanese. JZK, 15.16 meg., 19.7 m.

COM-MUN NAN GAIDHEAL

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CALEDONIAN CLUB

WILL BE HELD AT

CALEDONIA

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1939

Games will start at 2.00 P. M. Entries will be taken on the field

EACH EVENT MUST HAVE AT LEAST FOUR CONTESTANTS

PRIZE LIST

1. THROWING HAMMER
1st Prize, \$3.00; 2nd Prize, \$2.00; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
2. PUTTING SHOT
1st Prize, \$3.00; 2nd Prize, \$2.00; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
3. RUNNING HIGH JUMP
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
4. BOY'S RACE 10 YEARS
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
5. RUNNING LONG JUMP
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
6. GIRL'S RACE 16 YEARS
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
7. TOSSING THE CABER
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
8. HUNDRED YARD DASH
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
9. VAULTING WIRE POLE
1st Prize, \$2.00; 2nd Prize, \$1.50; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
10. DANCING HIGHLAND FLING
All Contestants receive a prize.
11. DANCING GILLIE CALLUM
All Contestants receive a prize.
12. STEP DANCE, GIRLS
1st Prize, \$1.25; 2nd Prize, \$1.00; 3rd Prize, 75c.
13. STEP DANCE, MEN
1st Prize, \$1.50; 2nd Prize, \$1.25; 3rd Prize, \$1.00.
14. GIRL'S RACE, 10 YEARS
1st Prize, \$1.00; 2nd Prize, 75c; 3rd Prize, 50c.

The Ladies of The Caledonia Presbyterian Congregation, noted for proficiency in the culinary art, will provide East delicious and copious.

If weather is unfavorable Gathering will be held on Saturday, July 8th.

ADMISSION—ADULTS 25c. CHILDREN 10c.

President, WALTER R. SHAW.
Chief, NEIL McCANNELL.
Secretary, T. M. McMillan.

Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE

OLIVE, HAVE YOU SEEN POPEYE?
YES, MADAM HARRY HE IS ON THE BEACH

HERE ARE YOUR WINGS, BE PREPARED TO FLY OUT TO THE SHIP

DON'T START UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD, MY SISTERS ARE RAIDING THE SHIP NOW

POPEYE YOU ALREADY HAVE YOUR WINGS

YAS, MADAM HARRY

WE SHALL FLY ABOARD VERY SOON, I SUPPOSE

YOU KNOW THAT I HAVE DECIDED TO GO ALONG WITH YOU?

YAS, A COURSE, THAT'S SWELL

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M LOOK- IN' AT THESE THINGS! GOODNESS KNOWS, WE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE— WHAT WOULD WE USE FOR MONEY?

BESIDES, MY LAND! I DON'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE! I'D RATHER SIT RIGHT ON MY FRONT PORCH WHERE I'M COMFORTABLE

WHAT'CHA DOIN', GRAN- MA?

NOTHIN', CAP STUBBS! GO ON AN' PLAY AN' STOP BOTHERIN' ME!

SHE'S LOOKIN' AT THOSE FOLDERS WE GOT HER, TELLIN' WHERE TO GO FOR A VACATION!

By Edwina