

Theatre of the Air

ALL TIMES ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

CFNB
FREDERICTON
WEDNESDAY'S PROGRAMME

- 8.00—Musical Clock.
8.20—Canadian Press News
8.30—M.M.A. Talk
8.35—"The Listening Post"
9.00—Morning Concert.
9.15—Canada Cement Program.
9.30—Monitor News.
9.45—The Three Capsules.
10.00—Dan and Sylvia
10.15—Musical Meromies
10.30—Wade Lane's Home Folks
10.45—Enterprise Program.
11.00—Central City
11.15—Happy Warrior Program.
11.30—Noon Purina Program
12.15—The Bell Boys
12.30—Big Sister
12.45—Getting the Most Out of Life
1.00—Frigidaire Concert Hall
1.30—Canadian Press News
1.45—Salada Tea.
2.00—Happy Gang.
2.30—Road of Life.
2.45—Birthday Program.
3.00—Marconi Band Concert
3.30—Building Products.
3.45—Tango Serenade
4.00—The Story of Mary Marlin
4.15—Ma Perkins
4.30—Pepper Young's Family
4.45—The Guiding Light
5.00—Club Matinee.
5.15—Magical Voyage.
5.30—Vic and Sade.
5.45—Burgess Battery
6.00—Sherwin-Williams.
6.15—The Crimson Trail
6.30—Howie Wing
6.45—Macdonald Tobacco Program
7.00—Famous Artists—King Cole.
7.15—Valley Motors Program.
7.20—News.
7.30—Light Up and Listen Club
7.45—Sports Review—"Pop" Donovan
8.00—Musical Scrapbook
8.15—Hollywood Casting Office
8.30—News
8.45—Romance of Medicine.
9.00—One Man's Family
9.30—Choral Group.
10.00—Labor Relations.
10.30—Featured by Faith
11.00—Metropolitan Strings.
11.30—Lloyd Huntley's Orchestra.

WEAF, NEW YORK, 660K.

- 6.00—Dick Tracy
6.15—Your Family and Mine
6.30—Jack Armstrong
6.45—Little Orphan Annie
7.00—Our American Schools
7.15—Malcolm Claire
7.25—News
7.30—Rose Marie
7.45—Father and Son
8.00—Amos 'n' Andy
8.15—Hnman Side of The News
8.30—Revelers
8.45—Sweetheart Soap Programme
9.00—One Man's Family
9.30—Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra
10.00—Town Hall Tonight
11.00—Louis-Lewis Fight.
12.00—Johnny Messner's Orch.

WABC, NEW YORK, 860K.

- 6.00—U. S. Navy Band
6.15—March of Games
6.30—So You Want to Die
6.45—Mighty Show
7.00—News.
7.05—Johnny Hereford
7.15—Howie Wing.
7.30—Today
7.45—Doris Rhodes
8.00—County Seat.
8.15—Lum and Abner
8.30—Colgate Ask-It-Basket
9.00—Gang Busters
9.30—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
10.00—Texaco Star Theatre.
11.00—It Can Be Done.
11.30—Buddy Clark Musical Weekly.
12.00—Evening News Report

WBZ, BOSTON, 990K.

- 6.00—Piano Time.
6.15—Terry and The Pirates
6.30—Don Winslow
6.45—Tom Mix
7.00—Jesse Crawford
7.15—Adrian Rolini's Orch.
7.30—Gluden Serenaders
7.45—Lowell Thomas
8.00—Easy Aces.
8.15—Mr. Keen
8.30—Horace Heidt's Orchestra.
9.00—Roy Shield's Orchestra.
9.30—Hobby Lobby
10.00—Magnolia Blossoms.
10.30—Wings For the Martins.
11.00—Louis-Lewis Fight

CFNB
FREDERICTON
THURSDAY'S PROGRAMME

- 8.00—Musical Clock
8.20—Canadian Press News
8.30—M.M.A. Talk
8.35—"The Listening Post."
9.00—Morning Concert
9.15—Dance Music
9.30—Monitor News.
9.45—The Three Capsules
10.00—Studies in Black and White
10.15—Musical Memories
10.30—House of Peter MacGregor
10.45—Enterprise Program.
11.00—Central City.
11.15—Happy Warrior.
12.00—Purina Programme
12.15—Building Products
12.30—Big Sister
12.45—Getting The Most Out of Life.
1.00—Frigidaire Program
1.30—Canadian Press News
1.45—Sherwin Williams
2.00—Happy Gang.
2.30—Road of Life.
2.45—Birthdays Program.
3.00—Marconi Band Concert
3.30—Tea Dance.
4.00—The Story of Mary Marlin
4.15—Ma Perkins
4.30—Pepper Young's Family
4.45—The Guiding Light
5.00—Club Matinee.
5.15—Magical Voyage
5.30—Tango Serenade
5.45—Burgess aBttery Program.
6.00—Master Singers
6.15—Canada Cement Program
6.30—Howie Wing
6.45—Macdonald Tobacco Program.
7.00—Famous Artists—King Cole.
7.15—Valley Motors Program.
7.20—News.
7.30—Light Up and Listen Club.
7.45—C.C.M. Musical Workshop.
8.00—Cocoanut Grove Ambassadors.
8.15—Major Bill.
8.30—Can. Press News.
8.45—Hobby Horses.
9.00—Montreal Orchestra.
10.00—The Melody Weavers.
10.30—Dance Music from The Chateau
Laurier Hotel, Ottawa.
11.00—Gibert Darissee's Orchestra.
11.30—Slumber Boat.

WEAF, NEW YORK, 660K.

- 6.00—Dick Tracy
6.15—Your Family and Mine
6.30—Jack Armstrong
6.45—Little Orphan Annie
7.00—Metropolitan Opera Guild.
7.15—Malcolm Claire
7.25—Press-Radio News
7.30—Sport Scraps
7.45—Sweet and Low.
8.00—Amos 'n' Andy
8.15—Vocal Varieties
8.30—Schaefer All-Star Revue
9.00—Rudy Vallee Variety Hour
10.00—Good News of 1939
11.00—Kraft Music Hall
12.00—Gliding Swing

WABC, NEW YORK, 860K.

- 6.00—Current Questions
6.15—Let's Pretend
6.45—Mighty Show
7.00—News
7.15—Howie Wing
7.30—Today
7.45—Doris Rhodes
8.00—County Seat.
8.15—Adventures in Science
8.30—Joe Penner
9.00—Kate Smith Hour
10.00—Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.
11.00—Tune-Up Time.
12.00—Evening News

WBZ, NEW YORK, 990K.

- 6.00—Biltmore Boys' Orch.
6.15—Dramatized Stories
6.30—Don Winslow
6.45—Tom Mix
7.00—Jimmy Richard's Orch.
7.15—Patricia Gilmore
7.30—Armchair Quartet
7.45—Lowell Thomas
8.00—Easy Aces
8.15—Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost
Persons
8.30—Maurice Spitalny's Orch.
9.00—Interesting Neighbors
9.30—Rochester Philharmonic.
10.00—Town Meeting
11.30—NBC Minstrel Show
12.00—Artie Shaw

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TO SUPERVISE



GEORGE R. YOUNG

Programme Director of the Maritime Region, CBC, who supervised the Maritime Network broadcast of the Consecration and Enthronement of Very Rev. W. H. Moorhead as Bishop of Fredericton this afternoon. The program originated from Station CFNB in Fredericton, a member station of the CBC. Mr. Young leaves tonight for Saint John where he will supervise a national network broadcast of Hon. R. B. Bennett's farewell banquet Thursday night.

FRANCES JAMES
WILL SING
'ANNIE LAURIE'

TORONTO, January 25.—Scotsmen everywhere will be celebrating Burns Night on January 25. To commemorate the anniversary, Liza Lehmann's arrangement of "Annie Laurie" will be sung by Frances James, soprano, during the programme "Chansonnette", 9:00 to 9:30 P. M. A. S. T. from CBC's Toronto studios. William Morton, tenor, and an instrumental ensemble under the direction of John Duncan, harpist, will be presented in special arrangements of Johann Strauss' "Artist's Life", Rubinstein's "Kamennoi Ostroff", and the "Serenade" by Arensky. "Annie Laurie", published anonymously in "Vocal Melodies of Scotland" in 1833, is attributed to William Douglas of Fingland, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, and is believed to have been written in the year 1688. The music was composed by Lady Scott (1810-1900), nee Alicia Ann Spottiswood, who was the wife of Lord John Montague Douglas Scott.

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Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Cora Millstrom admits she spent the million dollars her husband left her and again urges her daughter Kay to marry wealthy 40-year-old Hennington Blare. As Kay reluctantly agrees, a plane crashes on their lawn in Deweyton and Kay drags Chuck Nourse from the wreckage. She will not let the handsome test pilot, who has a broken leg, be taken to a hospital. He falls in love with Kay but when Adele Sanders says everybody is expecting Kay to marry the millionaire Blare he goes to a hotel. When Cora hears that night that she will lose her home, Kay accepts Blare's proposal. She dines with Chuck the next day, forcing herself to tell him of her engagement. Webb Taylor joins them and she hurries home, to find the sapphirine Blare gave her is missing. On a telephoned tip, police go to a garden party, search Chuck and find the ring but his host, Butler clears him, telling Kay he saw Webb drop it in Chuck's pocket. The jealous Webb says he did it as a joke. Chuck pleads with Kay to marry him. Distracted, she goes for a wild drive, her car is wrecked and her leg broken. Adele makes love to Chuck and tries to poison him against Kay. Cora marries rich Horace Peak of Buenos Aires and goes there to live. Webb, drunk, tells Blare he cannot marry Kay. Webb strikes Blare whose head hits a table and he is killed. Webb found at his club an unmailed letter Chuck lost begging Kay not to marry Blare. This he places beside Blare, and has Kay find it. She is convinced Chuck killed Blare. She burns the letter. When Kay goes to Gloria Sherman's Lake George camp, Webb goes too. Chuck is there. Using the burned letter as a veiled threat, Webb forces Kay to promise to marry him.

INSTALLMENT 25

It was impossible for Kay to sleep and that night, so she spent hours planning a course of action for herself. She was rapidly growing stronger, feeling more and more that she had for a long time. She would be happier if she had a job of some sort to occupy her thoughts. This being a remittance-woman, subsisting on Horace Peak's generosity, even though he was now her stepfather, was not what she wanted. She would go into business. But what business?

In the morning she found Albany newspapers and in them the addresses of employment agencies. She decided to write to one that apparently was able to place any one from cook to executive secretary. She couldn't cook and she'd had no training for a secretaryship. All she had ever done was go to parties and give parties. Hostess? Yes, why not? Many women were acting as hostesses these days. With this much settled, she dropped into deep slumber at dawn.

The idea of becoming a hostess seemed excellent to her even after breakfast, which a maid brought to her room at noon. Gloria came in when Kay was creaming her face and asked her to go with the crowd to a nearby county fair. Kay excused herself on the plea of having letters to write.

"If you don't mind Kay—I'll have to go with the other's" said Gloria, plainly hesitant about leaving her. "Please don't bother about me—I'll be busy," said Kay, running a comb lightly through her hair.

"All right—but I feel hard about deserting you."

Gloria kissed Kay's hot cheek, noted the glint of excitement in her wide eyes.

"I'll wager it's a heavy date you're writing. Who is he?" "You're getting warm," laughed Kay. "Only writing to ask for a date. I'll explain later—if I'm not turned down."

"You old meanie! If he's inspiring—do produce him. This party needs a sensation to brace it up."

"That's a bargain," promised Kay. "But I suspect he's fat, middle-aged, and married to a very jealous woman."

Gloria scowled. She hung out the door with, "Be careful, anyway. You sound—dangerous."

Kay pursed her lips thoughtfully. She wondered what Gloria or any other member of this gay, irresponsible house party would say if they suspected Kay Millstrom's depleted financial status. Oh well, it would be time enough for them to discover it after she secured a position.

Alone now, Kay took pains to remain that way. She locked the door and sighed with brave resolve. She sat down at the little ivory desk and began writing a description of herself, her education, her attainments. She could speak French quite fluently, also Italian and German. She

could put in benefit shows, give parties, act as chaperon. When she wrote down her age, twenty-two seemed young to be doing any of the things she wished to do; although a hostess in some bright night spot should be fairly young.

The letter finished, she slipped into a cool, pink-flowered, short-sleeved frock, and went out toward the garage, looking for Halcumb, Gloria's chauffeur. It was five miles to the post office and she must go there and mail this letter herself.

Suddenly, she wheeled at the sound of a shrill whistle behind her. Her heart leaped to her throat. Chuck Nourse was sprinting toward her.

He stopped beside her, panting for breath, his white sport shirt open at the throat, his gray slacks hugging his long muscular legs. Never had he looked more desirable.

"Hel-lo" he exclaimed eagerly. "This is my lucky day! I thought you'd gone with the others."

"I'm trying to find Halcumb—I'm going to town."

It was impossible for her to keep the tender gladness out of her voice and eyes. If he hadn't been so utterly worried about where he stood with her, he would have noticed.

"Let me take you—I've nothing planned. You'll be doing me a real favor."

She immediately thought of the engagement bracelet and wondered how he could be so irresponsible with women. She said, under her breath, "Thanks—I'd rather not," and began walking away.

He kept pace with her as she went toward the garage.

When they found Halcumb, Kay asked for a car, and he quickly brought out a shining black coupe.

Chuck held the door open for her, saying to Halcumb, "I'll drive."

She flushed, tried to be indignant, and failed. Anyway, it would not do to make a scene before the chauffeur, although Chuck thoroughly deserved it.

The afternoon was perfect. Not too warm, not too cool. Chuck at the wheel, drove out to the main highway, his fine blond hair, which never lay quite smoothly on his well-shaped head, now more tousled than ever. The sun made arid outlines of foliage in the gleaming road ahead, swift-moving clouds in the blue sky were like modernistic boats of temperamental gods. There was a mellowness in the air that was nearly sad. It was a day full of elusiveness. One longed to reach out

and grasp something real to treasure in memory, but all reality fled with the reaching.

Chuck had very little to say to her. They drove the five miles to the village in a few minutes.

Within the village limits, he inquired, "Did I hear you mention your errand? Where do you wish to go?"

She smiled up at him comradely fashion, in spite of herself. He was so big and strong and, yes—dependable.

"The post office, kind sir," she said, on a happy note.

He quickly drew the car up before the small frame building jumped out and offered politely, "I'll mail your letter."

A startled look came into her eyes. "Oh, no, no—I'll mail it myself—thank you."

Crimson crept into his tanned cheeks, "Very well," he returned shortly.

He opened the door on her side, not offering to assist her out. It was strange, he thought, but he never knew where or how he stood with her. It was in fact a maddening position to be in.

She mailed her letter and returned to him wearing a self-conscious smile.

When she settled in the seat again, he pushed down the accelerator and drove her rapidly through the nearly deserted street.

Finally, he slowed the car down, made a turn into a wooded country road. He suddenly switched off the ignition, pulled the emergency.

Kay turned to him questioning, trying to look severe.

He said unexpectedly, "Aren't there a few things, Kay, you and I should iron out?"

"It seems unnecessary—now," she faltered. "Adele showed me the bracelet yesterday. You have excellent taste."

He turned to her uncomprehendingly. "Bracelet? What bracelet?"

"The one you gave her."

"Kay—I never gave Adele a bracelet—or any other piece of jewelry—I swear it!"

Kay bit her lower lip and stared at him.

"How can you say that?" she said, after a tense moment. "Why— it's engraved 'C. N.'—an engagement bracelet. And—I wish you all the happiness in the world."

He laughed loudly. "I remember that bracelet now! Cummings Naylor gave it to Adele last Christmas

No
TURNING
by Kathryn Bemis~

—when they were keen about each other. She told me about him. But it's no engagement bracelet. How did you get that idea?"

It would not do to tell that Adele had said so, and thus stir up a commotion in the house party. Anyway, Adele would deny it. Perhaps she herself would be gone from here within a few days.

"Sorry—my error," she said, trying to be flippant.

He laid an arm across the back of the seat.

She said, crisply, "We—we must get back to camp. You see—Webb will be returning any minute—he must be there."

"May I ask—just what is Webb Taylor to you, Kay?"

"No you may not!" she flared, wondering how long she could keep from crying on his shoulder.

He slammed in the gears and jerked the little car to a start. At last, she had pierced the armor of his pride.

He didn't speak to her all the way back to camp, nor she to him. When the car stopped before the door of the big rambling pile of stone and stucco, she said, "Thank you for driving me." Her gaze was directed at the calm blue of the sunlit lake.

He watched her go swiftly up the front steps, her slim ankles in the shirrest of hose, her dainty white shoes flashing beneath them; the poise of her proud little head, making her white felt hat a rarefied crown of glory.

He left the car on the drive and went to the shore of the lake to sulk—as he never had sulked before.

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To Be Continued

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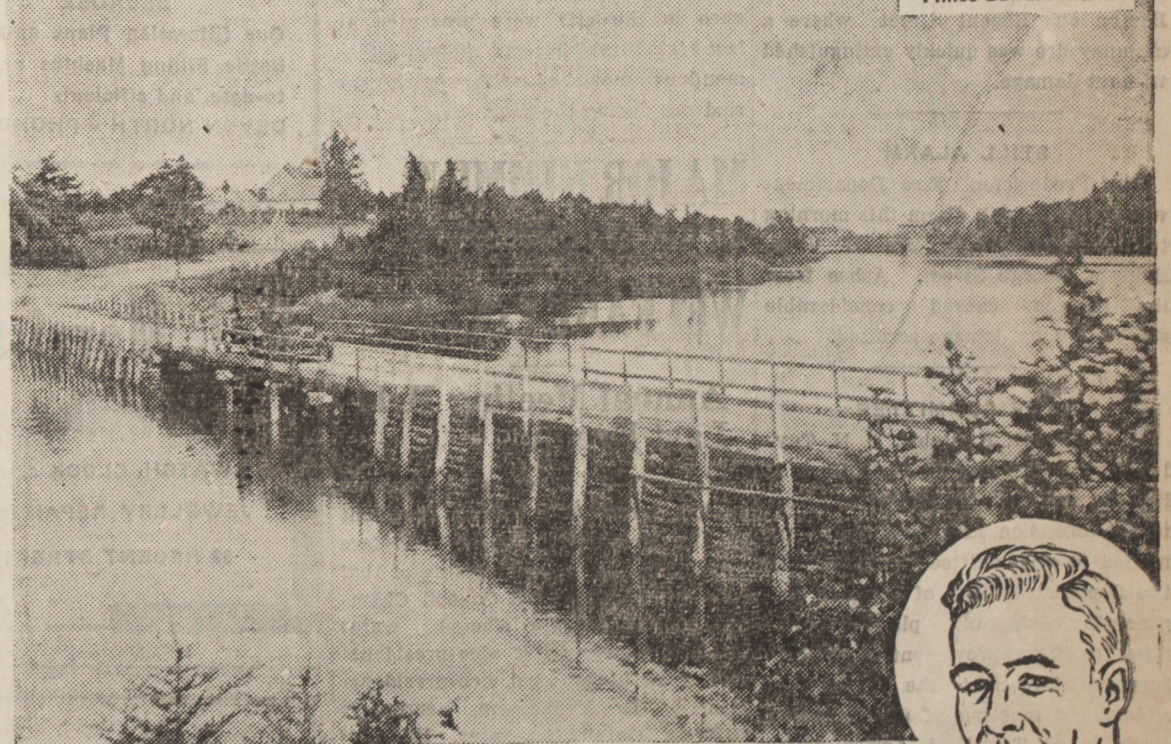
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