

Theatre of the Air

ALL TIMES ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

CFNB
FREDERICTON
FRIDAY'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
9:30—Monitor News
9:45—Three Capsules
10:00—Dan and Sylvia
10:15—Musical Memories
10:30—Wade Lane's Home Folks
10:45—Enterprise Program
11:00—Central City
11:15—Happy Warrior Program
12:00 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 Program
2:00—Happy Gang
2:30—Road of Life
2:45—Birthdays Program
3:00—Marconi Band Concert
3:30—Building Products
4:15—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—Crimson Trail
6:30—Howie Wing
6:45—Macdonald Tobacco Program
7:00—King Cole
7:15—Valley Motors
7:30—News
7:45—Light Up and Listen Club
7:55—Sports Review
8:00—Cocanut Grove Ambassadors
8:15—Major Bill
8:30—From a Rose Garden
9:00—Chansonnette
9:30—Miss Trent's Children
10:00—Campbell Playhouse
11:00—Graham Spry
11:15—Scrub Oak Hollow
11:30—Fanfare

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—Relaxation Time
7:25—Press Radio News
7:30—George R. Holmes
7:45—Father and Son
8:00—Amos 'n' Andy
8:15—Hollywood Gossip
8:30—Revelers
8:45—Sweetheart Program
9:00—City Service Concert
10:00—Waltz Time
10:30—Death Valley Days
11:00—Lady Esther Serenade
11:30—Uncle Ezra
11:45—Story Behind The Headlines
12:00—Johnny Messner's Orchestra

WABC, NEW YORK, 860k.

6:00—Nan Wynn
6:15—March of Games
6:30—Men Behind The Stars
6:45—The Mighty Show
7:00—News
7:05—Manhattan Serenade
7:15—Howie Wing
7:30—Today
7:45—Jack Berch
8:00—County Seat
8:15—Lum and Abner
8:30—Jack Haley
9:00—Campana's First Nighter
9:30—Burns and Allen
10:00—Campbell Playhouse
11:00—Grand Central Station
11:30—Barry Wood, Songs
11:45—To Be Announced
12:00—News

WBZ, BOSTON, 990k.

6:00—To Be Announced
6:30—Eddie Rogers' Orchestra
7:00—El Chico
7:25—Press Radio News
7:30—Renfrew of the Mounted
8:00—Message of Israel
8:30—Uncle Jim's Question Bee
9:00—Ben Cutler's Orchestra
9:30—Original Play
10:00—Alka Seltzer Barn Dance
11:00—NBC Symphony
12:30—Organist, George Crook



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LORD TWEEDSMUIR
TO BROADCAST AT
CANCER MEETING

OTTAWA, Jan. 27—His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, will be one of the speakers to be heard on the opening meeting of the Canadian Society for the Control of Cancer, which will be broadcast over the national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Wednesday, February 1, 10:00 to 11:00 P. M. A. S. T. Other speakers will be Sir Lyman Duff, Chief Justice of Canada and also chairman of the King George V Silver Jubilee Cancer Fund; Dr. Wm. Boyd, Professor of Pathology at the University of Toronto, and Napier Moore, Editor of MacLean's Magazine.

It was in view of the suffering and hardship occasioned by the spread of this most dreadful of modern diseases, and the subsequent loss of thousands of valuable citizens, still in the prime of life, that the Canadian Society for the Control of Cancer was first formed.

It was created through the efforts of the Canadian Medical Association which was endowed by the King George V Silver Jubilee Cancer Fund, and was granted a federal charter from the Dominion Parliament on March 28th, 1933.

Arturo Toscanini To
Conduct Selections
Operas and Ballets

TORONTO, January 27—Operatic overtures and ballet music based upon Greek, Spanish and Swiss legends, and a symphony that sings its own abstract message, will be broadcast over CBC's nationwide network Saturday, January 28, 11:30 to 12:45 P. M. A. S. T. (Limited network from 11:00 P. M., A. S. T.) Conducted by Arturo Toscanini, the NBC Symphony Orchestra will be heard in the following programme:

Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis" Gluck
Symphony No. 8 in F Major, Opus 93 Beethoven
Ballet-Pantomime, "El Amor Brujo" De Falla
Overture, "William Tell" Rossini
With the production of "Iphigenia in Aulis", Gluck's first opera to be staged in Paris, the composer became the storm centre of the French capital. This work departed widely from the style of French opera established by Rameau, and it is recorded that heated arguments about it in court circles as well as Parisian music groups almost created a political crisis. The plot deals with the journey of the Greeks to war on the Trojans.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 was one of his pets. He frequently referred to it as "the little one in F" to distinguish it from the Sixth, "Pastoral", which is in the same key. Though Beethoven was physically ill, and otherwise tormented during the time he wrote it, this is the gayest and most jovial of the nine monumental symphonies.

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Synopsis of preceding instalments:

The million dollars her husband left her is gone and Cora Milstrom again urges her daughter Kay to marry wealthy 40 year old Hennington Blare. As Kay reluctantly agrees a plane crashes on their lawn in Deweyon and Kay drags Chuck Nourse from the wreckage. The handsome test pilot's leg is broken but she will not let him 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 sapphire ring Blare gave her is missing. On a telephone tip, police search Chuck at a garden party and finds it but his host's butler tells Kay he saw Webb drop it in Chuck's pocket. Webb tries to turn it off as a joke. Chuck pleads with Kay to marry him. Cora marries rich Horace Peek of Buenos Aires and goes there to live. Webb drunk, tells Blare he can't marry Kay, strikes him, Blare's head hits a table and he is killed. Webb had found a letter Chuck did not mail them to, pleading with Kay not to marry Blare. This he places beside Blare and has Kay find it. She burns it. At Gloria Sherman's, Lake George camp Webb forces Kay to promise to marry him, using the burned letter as a threat. Chuck, whom she feels she is shielding, is there. An Albany employment agency writes her it has a job for her. Webb goes along, demanding immediate marriage.

INSTALMENT 22

The train slowed down and crept smoothly into the Albany station. Furious, Kay hunted in her mind for an immediate, clever solution to this cobweb of circumstances in which she found herself. Webb held a cruel, insidious power over her. She was powerless to defend herself against him and he knew it. She must move cautiously, perhaps treat his arrogance altogether differently from the way she had ever treated it before. She must have her way, yet at the same time pacify him as she would a dangerous animal about to spring.

When they were gathering their belongings preparatory to leaving the train, she said sweetly, "You know, Webb, how very sentimental I am. I agreed to marry you—and I'll keep the bargain. Why shouldn't I? We've grown up together—it's natural that we should be fond of each other. But let's go home—we married there. Invite a few close friends to our wedding. Your father and mother—my mother and stepfather—they'd be hurt if we eloped. Honestly, I don't like to do it. It might look as if in some way we hustled Henna off—in order to marry each other. Of course, if the murderer had been found—we wouldn't have to worry."

Webb swallowed hard, got to his feet, beckoned a porter to come for their bags. His bearing was that of a man playing for time. He suddenly became concerned with the business of getting off the train. He snapped at her, "We'll talk in the taxi," and led the way down the aisle.

For some inexplicable reason, a sense of release surged through her. She felt as if she had won a battle. But she never could be sure which way Webb would jump, so she held herself in readiness for anything he might do or say. She wondered how she could put him off if he still insisted upon marrying her today. Wild plans of running away from him dashed through her mind, only to be rejected as futile. The only weapon that momentarily kept him in line was fear—fear of becoming involved in the mystery of Hennington Blare's murder. This was peculiar, she thought. And the more she considered it, the more she wondered about a great many things.

She got into the taxi, praying to be able to exercise every wit she possessed.

He slumped down beside her, heaved a sigh, and said moodily, "You win, Kay. We can't have our marriage looking messy."

She felt nearly happy, tried to speak calmly. "I'm glad you're seeing it my way," she murmured, a trifle unsteadily.

"But you'd hunt no job here. I think there's a train for Deweyton this evening. We'll get some lunch and I'll do some inquiring."

"I'd be so much better off if I were busy—for two months," she insisted, bravely defiant, when they were riding through the hub-bub of the city streets.

He whirled on her angrily. "It looks to me like a plan to avoid keeping your agreement to marry me. How do I know you're not meeting Nourse here—even marrying him?"

"Chuck Nourse and I are not on speaking terms," she declared truculently.

No
TURNING
by Kathryn Bemis~

He brightened, tried to take her hand.

"Atta girl!" he exclaimed. "Now we're getting somewhere!"

He took her into a crowded air-conditioned restaurant where a well-known orchestra was pouring lulling strains through an ornately decorated long, low room. Tables for two were set at an intimate angle under subdued lighting. They followed the head waiter to one and sat down.

"The sea food here is marvelous," Webb said with his old confidence.

The waiter gave him the bill of fare. He made quick selections and ordered without consulting her. She wondered how she was to endure his deliberate rudeness the remainder of her life. "But then," she thought, grasping at slim hope, "I'm not married to him yet."

In the next instant, however, her spirits drooped again. She was certain that fate was irrevocably closing down on her. She picked disinterestedly at the choice bits of lobster on her plate, watched Webb drink old-fashioned cocktails one after the other. Half exultantly, she managed to drink two glasses of iced coffee. It might clear her brain. If Webb drank himself into stupidity and she could leave him here asleep in his chair, oblivious to her going, how swiftly she would disappear!

Yet apparently, no such escape was to be her lot. Webb was slightly unsteady on his feet, but he managed to telephone for train reservations. Then they went to a movie, had dinner in a Chinese restaurant, after which he escorted her to her drawing room on the train with elaborate deference.

She pleaded a headache bade him a curt good night, and managed to escape his kissing her. After the door closed upon him, she turned the bolt, feeling as if she had won some sort of victory. It was good to be rid of him until morning, at least.

The snowy whiteness of the bed linen looked tempting, and she undressed wearily, cleansed her flushed face with cream, and got between the agreeable starched smoothness of the sheets. She switched off the overhead light, a complexity of emotion enveloping her with dreadful insistence. Her dream of being an independent wage earner was not to be fulfilled. The die was cast. She must marry Webb Taylor to prove her love for another man. This didn't make sense. It would sound too melodramatic if put into words. Well she wouldn't put it into words, although talking to herself might bring a certain release from all her pent-up rebellion.

Deep in her heart there nestled a slim ray of sunshine. She was re-

turning to Deweyton! She would be near Chuck, within call if he needed her. Yet why should he actually need her. He had shown her plainly enough that she didn't and she had shown him that she didn't need him. Their ways were parted for all time.

She tossed and fretted on the bed for several hours, finally settling into heavy slumber, too deep for dreaming.

She was awakened at dawn by a streak of lightning zigzagging across the heavens. Its flare made the hills leap out clearly and recede into shadow again as the train dashed across the country. She sat up in bed, her jangled nerves atune with the banging battle of mighty clouds overhead.

Ordinarily an electric storm frightened her, but now she was frightened so much more by her personal problems that this terrific upheaval in the sky was negligible. She watched it in avid fascination, this battle in which, apparently, no foe was vanquished.

Morning proper was ushered in to the accompaniment of a steady rain, lifting her with foreboding. She finally got out of bed and dressed, too nervous to lie brooding any longer.

She managed to close the heavy window beside the bed without calling the porter. She would hide in here as long as possible. The rumble of the swiftly revolving wheels over steel rails somehow lulled her despair into reconciliation. If she married Webb, it would be for the sake of the one big love of her life, Chuck! What greater sacrifice could she make for him?

Another hour dragged by and gradually the heavy veil of clouds lifted, revealing the broad beauty of the blue sky, lighted by a jolly, squinting sun.

Chin on hand, Kay leaned back against the window-sill, and watched the landscape fly by. The summer was rapidly drifting—and with it her heart. Here and there in a wooded lot were reminders of fall color among the mean firs, many fields had been parched by long hot spells and orchards showed only stunted leafy branches. Little streams had all but dried up, and the ground beneath the trees was showing brown. All nature was slowing down to winter repose.

And she—she was passing through it seemed so unreal it was terrifying.

She walked down the window shade against the sun's sudden scorching rays. She leaned her head against the back of the comfortable seat and closed her eyes.

A knock came on the door. Webb Taylor called. "Kay! Kay! Ready for breakfast?"

Her day had begun.
(Copyright, 1938, by Kathryn Bemis)
To Be Continued

TOWN PLANNING

Routine business is scheduled for the regular monthly meeting of the Fredericton Town Planning Commission tonight in the City Hall. Alderman W. Raymond Crowdsom will preside.

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