

Record Blood Donor



Vaughan Favcett, machinist employed in the Moncton Shops of the Canadian National Railway, makes his seventeenth blood donation. He has supplied sufficient blood to give five wounded soldiers enough blood plasma to make a fighting charge for life.

Philosophers' Day Celebrated

Wednesday, March 7th, witnessed once more the traditional observance of St. Thomas Aquinas day by the philosophy students of St. Dunstan's College.

In the morning the Senior philosophers met the Junior philosophers in a friendly game of hockey. The main attraction of the game was the stickhandling of "Speedy" Morris, a former star of the first team.

The following is the program of the banquet: Toastmaster, Cletus Murphy. The King. The Church, proposed by Reverend J. A. Sullivan, M. A., responded by the Very Reverend R. V. Macdonald.

Special Address. God Save the King. The guest speaker for the occasion was Dr. J. A. MacMillan. In his address, Dr. MacMillan stressed the duties which rest upon the shoulders of a man bearing a Catholic education.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

GOD GIVE US WOMEN. God give us women. The time de- Women who not too young in the thought, and not too old.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER. Dear Co-Workers of Quebec:—The Sunday School Educational Temperance course for this year is ended. Many more lesson pamphlets were ordered from the campaign office than were printed.

Army Cadet Corps News

HOCKEY. In an eagerly-contested game at the Forum last Friday, the local Air Cadets defeated the Army Cadets 6-4.

ARMY PICTURE. On Wednesday this week, the local Air Cadets were guests of the Army Cadets for a showing of "The Battle of Russia." This interesting picture, besides giving comprehensive sequences of the current war in Russia, presented highlights in the history of Russia from 900 to the present day.

BADGES OF RANK (Amended 1944). The ranks and distinguishing badges of Cadet Officers, Cadet Warrant Officers, and Cadet Non-Commissioned Officers, etc., are as follows: Cadet Lieut.—Four bars.

For Foot Ailments CONSULT H. J. A. BROWN, D.P. Orthopedic CHIROPODIST. 143 Great George Street CHARLOTTETOWN P.E.I.

Official List of Casualties

CANADIAN ARMY OVERSEAS (Maritime Provinces) Slightly Wounded. Central Ontario Regiment. Pte. Francis Raymond, Lieut. Woodstock, N.S.

Wounded. N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment. Macdonald, Alton Hugh, Sgt. Eureka, N.S.

Wounded. N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment. Hines, Stanley Edward, Pte. Lantz Siding, N.S.

Wounded. N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment. Reeder, Frederick George, Pte. Moncton, N.S.

Wounded. N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment. Wilson, Levi Pearson, Pte. Sussex, N.S.

Slightly Injured. New Brunswick Regiment. Cormier, Rudolph Joseph, Pte. Moncton, N.B.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE OVERSEAS. Killed on Active Service. Powell River, B. C.

Previously Missing on Active Service. Now Reported Prisoners. Fleming, Wallace Eugene, PO, Nelson, B. C.

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Looking Ahead

Knowledge is Power. Are school days nearly over for your boy or girl? Have you realized how fast the children are growing up?

For children do grow up... which leads me to ask if you've given much thought to your children's future lately? I mean, whether they'll go to college to prepare themselves adequately for what life has in store for them.

Let me help you to help your children. Consult: H. C. BOHAKER, Unit Manager, SUN LIFE OF CANADA.

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ALSO THE HILL

Judith looked at her father to see if he could not discover something in his face which would indicate protest. But Dexter was contentedly smoking a pipe, sitting beside her, who was rocking back and forth. Judith longed to escape from this crowd and retreat to some quiet place.

But it was not until late in the afternoon that anyone made a move toward departure. Judith was secretly raging. She had not contrived to get a single word alone with Dexter and she was amazed the others did not seem to realize how she suffered.

Why I thought it was very foolish of me to be afraid of a little pain. You'll never get me to go. But I don't understand why you seem to be actually hoping I'll have a hard time.

It was very quiet except for the sound of a whistling wind, and it was very dark, except for occasional flashes of light beyond the hills. For a moment after she went outside, Judith could see nothing. But she knew that Dexter was there. Apparently he had formed the habit of sitting on this door rock looking out into the darkness.

"I couldn't come before," she said. "It hasn't been possible for me to leave her again, all this time. She's now out completely—that little frail-looking girl and that huge boy. No one has babies that size any more."

"Apparently Alis does," Dexter said. He moved away a little and spoke dully, rather coldly. His voice sounded oddly harsh about the notes of the whistling wind.

"Yes, you would. You wouldn't understand it was Jerome's heart's desire that mattered to Alis, whatever she went through to give it to him. You don't know what it means to love a man like that, you selfish shirker!"

Judith sprang to her feet. If Dexter had suddenly struck her, she could not have been angrier or more amazed. But before she could lead out at him in her rage, Dexter raised his hand.

Your sister Jennie has had twice the rate you have. She didn't have the sense to pick a real man or the strength to fight through to a hard end like Alis. But she did have the sense to take the man for whoever was responsible. I'll give her that much credit. And if you have any credit coming to you for anything, I don't know what it is!

speechless with anger. Judith seized upon the opening. "Don't you dare talk to me like that! Don't you suppose I know why you're acting the way you do? Leaving my letters unanswered all these months, avoiding me ever since I came home! Mocking and insulting me now! You're in love with Alis. You're not contented with letting your silly old sister make a fool of herself over a Jew- ish storekeeper, you won't be satisfied until you've done something much worse yourself! Write your best friend's girl fighting for this country, you're willing to give a chance to step into his shoes. You've had to bite your tongue till the baby was born and you're hoping to hear Jerome been killed so you can marry her and get her money too."

It was very dark on deck. But the darkness was not impenetrable, except in the cove where the ship rode at anchor. Every now and then it was illumined by the flare of bursting bombs and roaring guns.

While Judith was scanning the shore, she learned to distinguish between the different kinds of signals: The bombs thudded; the rifles cracked; the shells whistled; and after the whistle came still another sound as if a stake were being driven into the ground. At first there had been a booming too, but the big guns which theoretically protected the harbor of Arara had been silenced almost immediately. The cove was quiet. Only the distant hills swarberated.

The flaring lights above the tiers of hills had long since ceased to startle her. Eventually they did not even distract her from her thoughts of Farman Hill.

The horror of her last days at home were still a vivid memory. There had been no resort to the outrageous charge she had made that night on the door rock. Alis had called her impudently. Alis was not asleep after all; she was having a hemorrhage. For the next few hours Judith fought not only this unforeseen catastrophe, but her own overwhelming panic. She had never lost her head, but she trusted her own capacities on a case before, not even in her first, stumbling, inexperienced days of nursing; her efficiency in an emergency and her faith in herself had been the twin sources of her success. But now she was overwhelmed with the terror that this sudden calamity was due, directly or indirectly to her. Was it possible that her angry voice, raised far above its normal level, had been the enraged carrier of injury through the open windows?

There was no time and no way to answer the dreadful question. Both Judith and the doctor had their hands full. Through an oversight which seemed to Judith

inexorable, Alis had not previously had her blood typed neither had anyone else who might supply her in such an emergency. This was hurriedly done now. David took sample to the junction for analysis by the aged physician there, while Dr. Barnes and Judith awaited a report.

Meanwhile Alis sank lower and lower; Judith was sure she would die before the essential word could come. But somehow she was sustained and when the message finally came through, she told them that it was Dexter's blood that matched.

(Continued Tomorrow)

HUNTER RIVER UNITED CHURCH W.M.S. The regular monthly meeting of Hunter River United Church W.M.S. was held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Andrews on Thursday afternoon, March 9th.

Members present for part-time work in the Moncton area to help them defray expenses. Write for particulars. MARITIME BARBER ACADEMY Main Floor, 224 Main Street Moncton, New Brunswick

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds. I used to tear my hair out too—then I learned how easy it was to get help by using Guardian Want Ads!

Trowbridge 5080 Est. 1882 Modern Chapel A. E. LONG & SON, INC. 1979 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. FUNERAL SERVICE Our Athol D. MacLeod is familiar with your funeral problems for New England. Contact him for prompt and efficient service. "SERVICE" is a "LONG" Word

GEN. PATTON BUILT BRIDGE BY THE MIGHTY WIDGETS CO. F. 1903 ENGR. SLOW 5MPH

After building the bridge in the photo above, and dedicating it to Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. 3rd Army Engineers decided it ought to have a decoration. And what could be better than a head of Hitler, with a nose around its neck? Pvt. Roy M. Alaman, of Battle Creek Mich., is adjusting the "necktie."

Help the Young People To Health - Happiness. What a common sight to see a young person whose bloodless face and feeble frame are evidences of poor circulation and weakness where bounding health and rosy cheeks should reign.

FERWOOD SCHOOL. Fernwood School, for the month of February, for the month of February, for the month of February.

DOMINION Y'S. Canadian Y.T.C. Secretary, Mrs. Hazel Howard, Cornwall, P.E.I. Dear Young People: The American W.C.T.U. President, Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin sent out the following call for prayer for Sunday afternoon, Jan. 7, 1945, in which we Canadians may well glory.

INSPIRED BY THE FOUNTAINHEAD... Gold, Black and Brown \$1.25