

### ROTHESAY COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

Founded 1877

A country Boarding School for boys ages 9 to 18 situated nine miles outside Saint John, New Brunswick.

Courses lead to Junior and Senior Matriculation and the Services.

School re-opens mid-September. For information write to J. F. L. Jackson, B. A., Acting Headmaster, Rothesay, New Brunswick.

#### CHANGE OF DIRECTION

During the great earthquake of 1811, the Mississippi river temporarily flowed north.

#### BUCOLIC HEADRESS

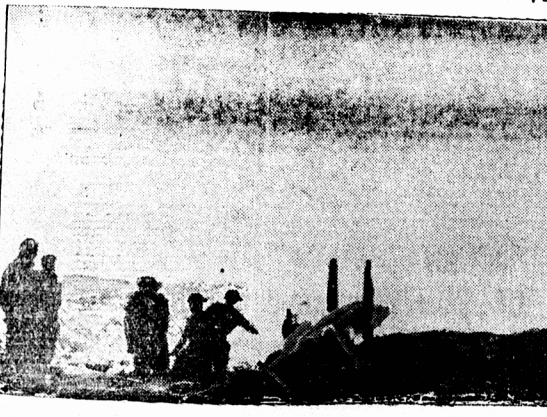
Its most famous Egyptian goddess wore the horns of a cow for a headress.



A Canadian soldier advances and is silhouetted against the night sky by a powerful searchlight on the Normandy front. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).



First item of business on hitting a new position is the digging of trenches. Here Sgt. "Rusty" Forsythe (Edmonton, Alta.) and Capt. R. W. Armstrong (Victoria, B.C.) wield tools, digging. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo Through WIB).



Canadian Artillery is seen here in action in the bombardment of German machine gun nests, mortar positions and other strong points, which preceded the new British-Canadian action south of Caen. — (Canadian Army—WIB Radiophoto).



Marines leap from an amphibious tractor and scramble for cover behind a sand dune, as they hit the beach at Okinawa, August 17. — (Associated Press).

### As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

Joan colored bluish-rose pink. "I'm sorry. They were lovely. But you did accuse me. And—" "Forget it. My mistake. I should have the sleeping dogs lie. Friends again?" He held out his hand. Joan laid hers in it. Said with a perfect imitation of Peggy's voice and manner she whispered, "I'll tell you. I'd recognize that voice were I to hear it coming from an igloo at the North Pole. I didn't know that shabby sedan in the curve of the drive. It's the shaw family pest, Druella Dodd."

Patty Crofton, in a dashing black hat and brilliant green print frock, greeted them from behind the tea-table as Joan and Lamont entered the candle-light drawing room. She spoke to the woman humped in a chair. "Miss Dodd, have you met our daughter, Joan?" "No, but I've heard a lot about her from Phil Bard and others. I've heard that you were charming. The rumor, dear Joan, it's a treat to see you but too amazing to see you with a girl," she cooed ingratiatingly. "How are you, Druella?" Lamont rejoined curtly.

He took the cup of tea Mrs. Crofton prepared and stood back at the mantel. Had the presence of Miss Dodd cut the lines deeper between his eyes? Joan wondered. She remembered what Craig Lamont had said about the sharpness of her pen and tongue and wished that she could warn her mother who was impulsively inclined to tell all. "Where's Father?" she asked to break a silence which threatened to become permanent. "Your father has gone plain garden mad, honey," said Miss Dodd, and remembered some seedlings — that must be called them — that "damping-off" disease would attack them, if you know what that means. I don't know, dear Joan, when the young people came in, it, it."

Joan disciplined a chuckle. Her father had escaped. Was Craig Lamont straining at the leash? He didn't have to stay. She switched her attention in time to hear Miss Dodd say, "There will be a very exclusive list of patronesses, dear Mrs. Crofton. I hope you will allow us to use your name. Sally Shaw has promised her help. Your mother has changed since the last time I saw her, Craig."

"What do you mean, changed?" "Grown older, of course. Even sally, marvellous youth-preserver that she is, couldn't grow younger, I suppose. It can't be too pleasant for her to have her former daughter-in-law at the Inn calling herself Senora. Madia Donesea. And now that the woman has started the fight for possession of her child — she's doing it for the notoriety as well as money, if you ask me. I happen to know when the case is to be heard. I'll be there. There'll be a lot of splash for headlines. Why shouldn't I get the money for it as well as any other writer?"

Jerry Slade breezed into the room, seized Patty Crofton's hand and lifted it to his lips before he put down the paper. "What a difference a hat makes."

### Graduates



Warrant Writer Eldon A. Darrach, R.C.N.V.R. of Charlottetown, P. E. I., who graduated recently from an Officers' course at an Eastern Canadian naval training establishment. An accountant in civilian life he joined the Navy as a writer at the outbreak of hostilities and advanced to the rating of Petty Officer Writer before being promoted to his present rank in April this year. An athlete of note he gained prominence in naval sports. His wife lives at 300 Fitzroy Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I. — R.C.N. Photo.

### Keep Letters On The Move

BY HENRY BANNERMAN  
Canadian Forces Headquarters  
OTTAWA, Aug. 1. — (CP) — "I'm glad to hear you've returned from your visit to R.C.A.F. stations in Britain, the fat letters with return address of mother or wife or sweetheart are still the top morale boosters" for Canadian fighting men overseas.

"I saw the boys in the briefing room of the bomber and fighter squadrons, waiting for their cue to go over Fortresses Europe again, and I saw how good those letters made them feel," the Toronto man said. One of the two R.C.A.F. members of the "Dependents' Allowance Board," Wing Cmdr. Lee has visited air force stations from the Aleutians to Ceylon. And as sergeant and later lieutenant of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in the First Great War, he knows his soldier at first hand.

"I don't think some of the people here at home even yet realize the importance of the right sort of letter," Wing Cmdr. Lee said. "The 'right sort of letter' is a stumpy blend of assurance to the fighting man that he still has first place in the hearts of those he left behind, and family and neighborhood news — so long as it is not a list of minor disasters. "In the work of the board we see so many cases where the right letter would turn the trick — in cases of estrangement or pending divorce — where there may be an English girl in the picture and matters worse. The serviceman, from private to general, is lonely for the people and places he has left behind. Even the most charming bit of news is not the wheatfields of Saskatchewan nor the pines of Muskoka which keeps in his mind's eye. Tell him about his favorite piece of scenery, how the fish have multiplied since he left, and tell him how proud you are, and that is Wing Cmdr. Lee's advice. — I might come up and see the Bus Ling folders you promised to show me. As Joan crossed the room two sentences which Peggy had quoted popped up in her mind with the unexpectedness of a Jack-in-the-box. "When are you going to start pushing that lad off the Crofton map, Joan? We need her in our business." Undoubtedly that had been the

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KENNETH A. PARKER, M. A., Headmaster.

### Out Our Way



### By J. R. Williams Our Boarding House



### With Major Hoople



### BRINGING UP FATHER



### By George McManus



### WHAT'S ALL THAT RACKET AT THE KITCHEN DOOR?



### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



### THINK CAP KNOWS WHERE MR. WELBY'S BROTHER IS, GRANMA BAILEY!



### ALWAYS SNOOPIN' AROUND! WHY DOESN'T ETHEL MIND HER OWN BIZNESS!

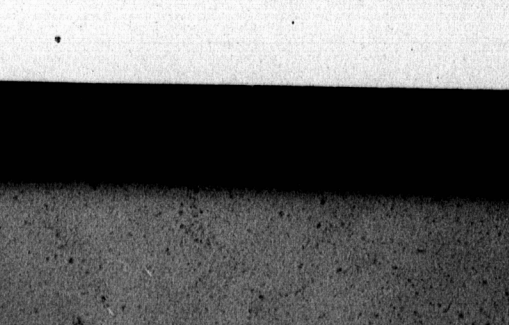


### Pte. H. Koebe, Winnipeg, found himself a new head dress when war blasted Carpiquet.

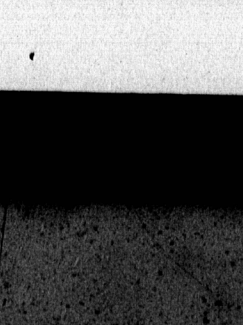


Pte. H. Koebe, Winnipeg, found himself a new head dress when war blasted Carpiquet.

### TILLIE THE TOILER - NOT A WELL-DRESSED MAN!



### SOMETIMES A PERSON GOES HAYWIRE AND DOES THINGS LIKE THAT



### HAL I COME BACK HERE!

