

# CANADA'S ATLANTIC AIR PATROL

Quietly, but efficiently, the R.C.A.F. is carrying out its task of guarding Canada's Atlantic Coast. Rotogravure pictures, and an exclusive story by A. W. O'Brien, tell the inside story in this week's Standard. Don't miss them!



## Little Man With A Big Job

On the broad shoulders of New York's Mayor LaGuardia rests the responsibility of co-ordinating Canadian-American defense. An interesting story appears in the Magazine Section this week.



## Hitler in the Caribbean

The extent of the Nazis' refueling network in the Caribbean to serve submarines and the broken neck was discovered by two sea-going reporters. In the Magazine Section.



## Gun Girls of N.B.



This swell feature article by Priscilla Hazen is fair warning to Hitler's parachutists that New Brunswick women know how to handle a gun. Don't miss it!

10c Everywhere

# The Standard THIS WEEK

### Rivals of the Trail

(Continued from page 2)

Claude and old Andrew turned away, when as if in afterthought, McGillivray halted them a moment. "You do not carry your title here, but it seems fitting that we should tacitly recognize it," he told Claude. "Let me introduce you to my cousin Margaret Ross, who is going to Kaminstiquia post with us. Margaret, here is our new Northwesterner, Claude de Bernay, otherwise Claude de Gallinee, Co. A de St. Jean de France!"

Margaret's eyes ran with approval over his strong frame, from his shapely legs to the glossy waves of brown hair on his head, over a frame clothed in a champagne-colored blanket cloth suit, double breasted on front and shoulders by button, cords, and sashed around with "troubled" streamers that matched the red-white-and-blue wool cap he held in his hand. Then with a smile she arose and slipped a warm, soft hand into his palm. "Claude Gallinee I am glad to welcome you into the Northwest company's service," she greeted, simply.

If her gaze had been warming, the touch of Margaret's hand inspired a fire in Claude that was consuming. He could feel the warm flow of blood to his cheeks as he stood, still holding the girl's hand, unmindful of the impatient Andrew, now having open the door behind him. "You're going with us—with the rangers to Kaminstiquia?" he inquired, softly. She nodded, her eyes shining humorously at him. She made a little movement to withdraw her hand, but he clasped it, conclusively. "Then—then," he gulped, "it shall be my pleasure to see you again?"

Margaret Ross laughed, a completely youthful, zestful laugh. "Of course," she said. "It shall be my pleasure!" Claude repeated. Suddenly aware of McGillivray's curious gaze upon him, he dropped her hand and dashed out the door. All the rest of the day Claude toiled among the mob of men in the Northwest Fur Company's warehouse packing the last goods for freighting to the west. Everywhere about him, on floor and counters and shelves, were piled a heterogeneous collection of goods, as well as the indispensable provisions and supplies, there were materials that would be distributed among the Indians of the Pays d'en Haut in barter for their furs—cutlery, axes, guns, ammunition, fishing lines and nets, rope, twine and thread, kettles of copper and brass, mirrors, beads, bales of cotton cloth and woolen blankets, fancy handkerchiefs of silk, carrot tobacco, twist tobacco, and, topping all, the inevitable keg of rum.

It was his task, along with the other Northwest men, to pack the trade goods into packages that a single man could handle on the inevitable kegs of rum. Each package of that laden its distinguishing mark. They began with the letters of the alphabet and when those ran out, supplemented them with numerals. Also they combined the letters themselves, the numerals themselves, and finally both letters and numerals for the endless variety of barkings that was necessary.

With each cargo as marked and apportioned went a list for the officer in charge of the individual canoe to which it belonged. The officer was responsible for the cargo his duty of seeing that it was all loaded on LaCrosse and to check at every portage to prevent any packages straying between Montreal and Kaminstiquia.

It was a mighty task, a furious rush at the last as evening drew on scores of men moiling in the dim depths of the warehouse filled with the rumbling echoes of voices, the swirl of dust, the smell of oiled ers trade goods and the steam of golden candles yellowing all. Claude drew a breath of relief when it was over and he stumbled away through the dark to clear his dusty throat with a draught of wine and to eat a hearty meal at the Beaver tavern. While he ate he was aware of a great commotion in the town and when he came out again into St. Paul street he found the whole place decked for a carnival. There was a light in every window, a bonfire on every street corner, music in the balconies and fias in the air. The spirit of carnival ran riot, the spirit of camaraderie, of celebration.

For in the May dawn of tomorrow Montreal would send its thousands voyagers to the west. So in the May dusk of tonight she gave them gay farewell. The narrow streets were black with crowds that split and eddied around groups of gipsy maidens, maidens with their faces masked by varicolored dominoes, their heads garlanded with new spring flowers, their hands starred with torches to light their hazy way.

Singing, dancing, they came, surrounding any promising young man in a laughing ring, to swell the strength of their cherished fur companies, promising each a young fortune, adventure and romance and throwing mock kisses in his face.

Before he was aware, Claude was surrounded in St. Paul street by a laughing circle. "Whom will you serve?" they chorused. "Northwesters or the XY Company? Look, there is a maiden for each! Which maiden will you choose and wait a kiss for your lips?" "Which maiden?" laughed Claude. "Which is the Northwest maid?" "She is it," they pointed out, indicating one who wore a coat of gray wool and a red domino. "Then she is the one to garland me," Gallinee declared. "But I fancy something better than the waiting of a kiss!" In the spirit of carnival his arms went out and seized the maiden in the coat of gray wool, and laughingly he pressed his lips to the carmine lips under the red domino.

With a medley of mirthful shrieks her comrades pulled her away and ran, but the red domino slipped aside in the crush and Claude stood tongueless, his eyes on the retreating group. "Halt in exultation, halt in fear," he exclaimed aloud, for the face he had seen under the domino was the face of Margaret Ross, and the rapture of that daring moment was that he had left her lips responsive!

What happened to you, Claude?" growled the voice of Andrew Valmore. "Ghost-raising in the streets? By heaven, I hunted for you in the tavern for half an hour. We're late now for a little business I have in mind." Claude quailed his fierce ecstasy and recovered his poise in a flash. "Tell me," he said. "Has it to do with Chavignaud?" "He has offices in the XY company building," Andrew commented with elaborate casualness. "Like to see them?" "Lead the way," Claude murmured. "He wouldn't be in his office on festival night. I'm right behind you."

(To be continued)

month of August. Opened with the Ode, followed by the Creed, and roll call responded to by 15 members. All bills presented and paid. It was decided to have school stove repaired. Acknowledgement of \$5.00 received from Save the Children's Fund, also a card of thanks was read for sympathy extended to Mrs. Layton MacCabe on the death of her sister.

A doctor who sent him to Nottingham General Hospital for the X-ray examination said it was a marvel that Fletcher could walk.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Wilbur Wood, roll call to be responded to with a pickle recipe. Special collection amounted to \$1.95. Meeting closed with "The King."

London, Sept. 3.—(CP)—It was tough going and they nearly crashed but the crew of a Royal Air Force bomber succeeded in bringing their aircraft back to Britain after the port engine failed when they ran into heavy anti-aircraft barrages over Bremen, Germany.

A squadron leader said they dumped all their bombs on the target and turned "with mighty little hope of reaching a friendly shore." They threw out every movable thing except the parachutes and collapsed dinghy.—When the other motor acted up while they were only 400 feet above the sea, they chapped their

door off in case the plane crashed. However, one motor picked up and they managed to reach a British airport "where we were welcomed with breakfast."

His Retort  
An English lady, self-appointed supervisor of village morals, accused a workman of having reverted to drink because "with her own eyes" she had seen his wheelbarrow standing outside a public house. The accused man made no verbal defence, but the same evening he placed his wheelbarrow outside her door and left it there all night.

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By George McManus

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

**THIMBLE THEATRE—STARRING POPEYE**

**YEO THEATRE**

**STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE**

**SPENCER TRACY**

NANCY KELLY - RICHARD GREENE

MONTAGUE - FRI. 6th

MONTAGUE - SAT. 7th

SOURIS - MON. 9th

Dismembered Rumania, bowing to a German ultimatum, Aug. 30, yielded a major part of Transylvania to Hungary and received in return the assurance that Nazi forces would protect her against any hostile move by Russia. The territory given to Hungary, indicated by shading, is roughly half of Transylvania. With the previous loss of Bessarabia and Bukovina to the Soviet, and the probable additional loss of southern Rumania to Hungary, Rumania's area becomes at once to the Russian Rumanian border, where sharp clashes have occurred.