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Canadian Destroyer Blasts
German Flak Ship in Channel



The heavily-armed German flak ship in the top picture made a fatal error when she presented this broadside target to the Canadian Tribal class destroyer, H. M. C. S. Iroquois. A few moments later the German ship was destroyed by the devastating explosion of a torpedo fired from Iroquois. The Canadian destroyer was operating at the time with a striking force which included the cruiser, H.M.S. Mauritius, and the destroyer, H. M. S. Ursa, and which destroyed eight German ships. The picture of the flak ship and the remarkable action photograph of the torpedo explosion were taken by Sub-Lieutenant Roy Kemp, R.C.N.V.R., naval photographer, who was on board the Iroquois. The action occurred about 30 miles south of Brest.



Belgian collaborators who bet on the wrong horse find themselves in same spot as fellow Nazi sympathizers in other liberated countries. They await trial and justice, in this case from hands of the Front Independent Namur, Belgian resistance group. Kneeling at left is the mayor of Oilly, who worked with the Gestapo.

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Fortune's Apprentice
BY
Leonard Leslie

Together they went to The Grange. Mrs. Sandley was not immediately available. "She is busy in the nursery," reported the elderly maid who had replaced Helen Matthews.

"In the which?" John demanded.

Phillipa laughed. "She thought that would shake you. Don't let Mother down in front of Alice. She's so used to the situation that she takes it for granted."

"Wonderful woman, the misus," Alice affirmed. "Got a way with the kiddies and turns out nice cake when she lends a hand in the kitchen."

For one thing Helen Matthews would never have referred to her employer as "the misus." For another thing the spectacle of the Admiral's wife baking cakes would have been incredible six months ago.

"Our evacuees have increased," Diana amplified. "There are now five toddlers in addition, and a special wing has been allocated to them. It's a big job with only a skeleton staff left."

"Wonders," John said, "will never cease."

The mistress of the house, in a chin z overall, with a white scarf on her head, shook hands with John and beamed.

"I'm glad you came," she exclaimed. "I do so want you to see my babies."

Pride shone in her eyes. About her was a fresh sense of purpose, and the youngsters evidently had a wholesome regard for her.

"Nice lady," prattled a pretty girl of some four summers, holding out chubby arms in the expectation of being picked up and cuddled. "Nice lady - nice lady. Three times proves it," John remarked.

"They really like me," Mrs. Sandley bragged. "That is because I love to have them. Celia is especially sweet. If he could only let me adopt her permanently I would do so. I shall miss them dreadfully when they go."

"Life nowadays is mostly meetings and parings," Diana sighed.

LAST LEAVE

There came the day which Diana had been dreading. John's leave had flown on wings that had taken her to the heights. There had been halcyon hours in the companionship unmarred by any interference. By unspoken consent Mrs. Sandley had agreed that this embarkation leave should be one free from regrets.

Now they must say "good-bye." For how long they dare not contemplate.

"Don't come to the station with me," John urged.

"I can't, my dear. I can't forfeit a whole quarter of an hour."

"No. Please let me have the memory to carry away of you walking in the lane down to Ingle Brook. Wear your daintiest frock. The one with that crinkly effect at the waist."

"Smoking, you ignoramus!"

"Is that what it is called? I didn't know it looks nice. You must be hatless so that the breeze can ruffle your hair."

"Sentimentalist!" This was regarded in their pre-war friendship as an expression of scorn. But now a slight waver in her voice betrayed a deep, inner emotion.

"I got tired of having to bottle everything up," he said, in defence. "There is a special picture I would like to keep in my mind, and perhaps for ever and a day, perhaps in a proper setting. Railway platforms are so dreary. Even rural ones with prize-winning flower beds in the background."

"But suppose it rains?"

"It will not."

Nor did it. John left in ideal weather, the forerunner of a long spell of dry heat that was to make the year memorable. Those white, whisp clouds in an azure sky might have been painted by an idealistic scenic artist.

"I wish it had been raining," Diana said. "Then I should have had to wear a mac. I wouldn't mind that in more keeping with the collections of the English climate. I am selfish. This is what you wanted, though it seems to mock us. How dare nature be so kind!"

"Please don't make it harder than it is. That is not the spirit I had expected."

"Sorry, my dear. Take no notice of my babble."

"The trouble is," he continued, as though not having heard her remarks, "the trouble is that I find I am even more sentimental than either of us supposed. Do you know how I occupied myself last evening? Of course you don't - not after I left you. I'll tell you. Do - line this."

Pumbling in his pocket he produced two small objects he held out on his opened palm.

"What is it, John?"

"A broken penny."

"Oh!" she was touched by a gesture, the meaning of which she did not miss.

"For a keepsake, Diana," he explained. "The silly sort of thing they used to do in a more romantic age. I thought our generation had given it up, but that was a mistake. Mother still has her half of one given by my father when they were courting. He has lost his piece."

"How like a man," she murmured.

"I shall take better care of mine."

"A courtship token," Diana said, drawing in her breath sharply.

"Courtship! Piers aren't very fond of the word. It has a nice English sound," she remarked holding out her hand. And I don't think at all silly."

He smiled, saying, "You don't know what a job I had breaking the thing."

"You managed to make it very even. When we join them together. Then, very quietly, John don't dawdle any more! Hurry for your train before I kiss you."

They kissed, almost perfunctorily. Farmer Marsh came bustling round the bend and spotted them. With this innate decency so often found in simple people he pretended not to notice, thought he blew his nose violently when he got out of sight.

"It doesn't matter," Diana observed. "I don't matter if everybody sees us. I should have kissed you at the station had you let me come, no matter how many people were about. Piers aren't very many in these parts who do not know that we are in love. That is one of the things you cannot keep quiet in the country. And most of them wish us well in our courtship."

(To be Continued)

Soldier's Idea



No. 3107—This training device grew out of a suggestion box idea and is used to train soldiers in handling of deadly enemy "S" mine but when a soldier touches it instead of being killed he is simply given a quick scare—a grim reminder of what would happen if the mine was actually lethal. — (Canadian Army Photo).

Killed in France



Pte. John Quigley of Alberton was killed in action in France, according to word received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Quigley. Pte. Quigley was serving with the heavy artillery unit at the time of his death.

BESIEGED MALTA

Malta has had more than 3,500 air alerts and 1,200 actual raids during the Second Great War.

Gasoline vapors have been found to have anesthetic effects similar to those of alcoholic vapors.

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By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

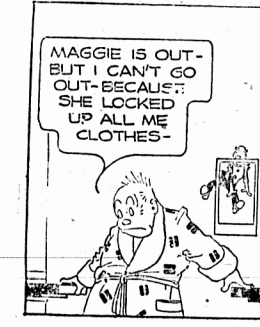


Lone Survivor

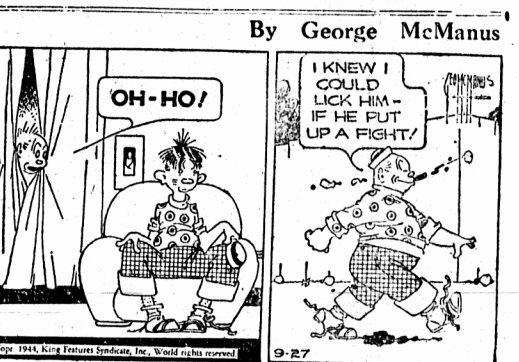


When the U. S. Air Force bombed Cassino in Italy, only three men of 100 men of the 2nd Company, 3rd Nazi Paratroop Regiment of General Heidrick's famous First German Paratroop Division, survived. Since then one was killed, another died of wounds and this Nazi, Senior Private Ernst Markert, 18, surrendered to the Canadians only after his last round of ammunition had been fired. He had seen his entire company wiped out, retreated more than 250 miles, surrendered on the Gothic Line and still believes in Hitler and that Germany will win the war. He is a member of the Hitler Youth Movement and wears the Iron Cross of the Second Order for service at Cassino. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photo).

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



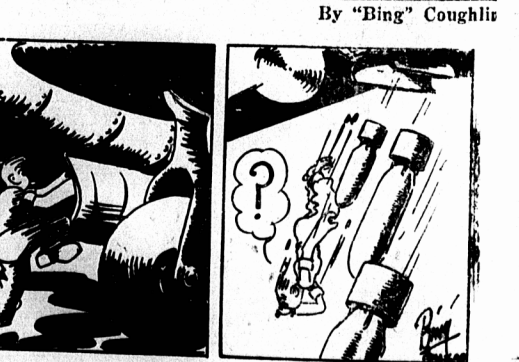
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