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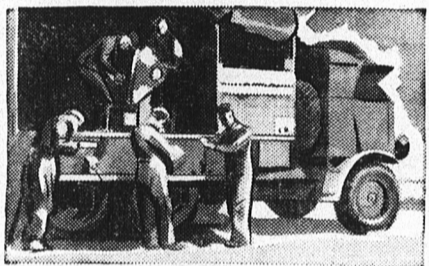
SIGNALLERS



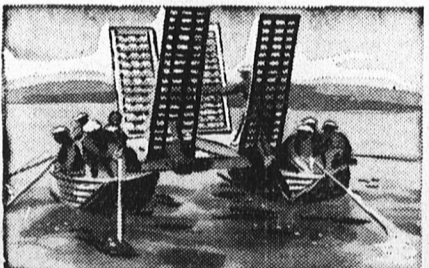
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Apply to Nearest District Recruiting Office or Recruiting Officer, Charlottetown Armouries

## DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE • CANADA

### WHAT HAPPENED AT MONTALBAN

By PETER BENDICT

He paused, and for a moment was silent. His eyes were distant and sad, but he continued to smile; and after a minute he took up the tale again.

"When she came here with Charles I knew her at once. I knew why she had come. I knew what she had come for. I always knew she was rotten. That was one thing I found out just by gazing into her eyes. But there aren't many perceptive moments like that in the world. I knew she had come to have her revenge on us. On Charles? There never was a moment when she loved Charles, or even cared for him in the care, or less way a woman like that might be expected to care. There never was a moment when she relaxed her purpose to marry him, to hold him at Montalban, to come to Montalban herself—so that she could enjoy every day the spectacle of our frustration and humiliation.

"She was clever. It took her no time at all to see that Charles was the embodied hope of every one of us. She was very clever. At first I think she meant only to tease money out of us, keep us on tenterhooks, and finally humiliate Charles by leaving him flat. But on her first visit here she changed her mind. She saw how much better it would be if she married him.

"On that first occasion my father offered her money, and she indignantly refused it. She swore that she loved Charles, and was insulted by the offer of a price for him.

"Well, we had some hope that Charles would grow out of her on his own account. But there was no time. And Charles is glibble. No, the wrong word there. Charles is innocent. And the second time she came she took money, without piety at all, shamelessly. From my father, as I know. From my grandfather, as I thought. He turned his head, and looked at Severn.

"Yes, Sir John paid her five hundred pounds," said Severn quietly. "I was sure of it, but I asked no questions. Neither of them, I think knew of the deal the other had made with her. Each of them, of course, believed he had saved the house from disaster. The Montalbans have done most bad things in their time, but they cannot conceive of breaking this word—most that the word pledged to them can be broken. It's one of our blind spots. They couldn't understand a creature like Mailla, who promised to leave house and family alone, and a month was back again, smiling and sleek and feline, to trouble both. But I, though I'm probably as blind as the old-headed Montalban as any of them, had one advantage. I knew Mailla, knew her through and through.

She came back. You know that, of course. Now we come to the real crux of the matter. Some very unhappy things happened during that visit. Barbara was desperately unhappy. So was Ralph, for he loved his wife and was yet fascinated by Mailla. So was Charles, for he began to see things he had refused to see before. And yet I am quite sure she could have held him. You may well wonder about Charles unless you know Mailla. Dead, she could be very soon forgotten; but alive she was a force which could exclude everything else from your mind.

"Little things happened in her train. Charles fell out with Lawrence here, and with Ralph. Nothing went right. Nothing ever went right where she set her feet. And I was right. It was odd, that. She never tried to draw me. I think she knew it was useless. With Lawrence she was easy, my dear—she talked utterly. With me it was different. She had drawn me once, and the time was not to be repeated. She knew I knew her. She liked to see how I reacted. She loved to see me reacting to every subtlety of her speech, of her bearing, even of her thoughts. Few people have ever understood each other as she and I did.

"On the night of her death, at the time of her death, I was in my room on the second floor. He looked up, and met Severn's startled glance full, and smiled.

"With my own eyes," said Severn, "I saw you come out of the trees on the far side of the lake, perhaps five minutes after she screamed."

"All the same—I am not mad, my dear Lawrence. Miss Balcon, I think, understands a great deal—before I tell her."

Severn looked at Molly. She was sitting with her hands tightly clenched in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon them blankly.

"Yes," she said. "I know—I've known since yesterday. But please go on."

"I was in my room then—my bedroom on the second floor. The time was round about one o'clock in the morning. I had been reading, and I didn't— I don't know—the exact time, but at most this was from five to 10 minutes before she screamed. Let's time it from that. That was the motive moment, after all, the moment that mattered. There was a knock on my door and Mailla's voice asked softly if she could come in."

He caught the sharp gasp of Severn's withdrawn breath. "Do you beguile to see?"

"Yes," said Severn. "Yes, I begin to see. Not her own window on the first floor at all—but the window immediately above it on the second floor—the window of your room. It was from there that she fell."

"It was from there that she was thrown. Let's be strictly truthful. Yes—it was so obvious, wasn't it, to believe that she had fallen from her own window—because the window was open—so was mine, so was every window in the house on that glorious night—because the hour was one in the morning. So much can be taken for granted—and so fatally."

"So very nearly fatally in this case," said Molly suddenly and fiercely. "I'm thinking of Ralph."

"Can you forgive me for that? Later on, perhaps, when you're not so near to the case. Believe me, I held Ralph clear every moment. I could have saved him whenever it became necessary, Ralph was never in any danger. Nor are you, Lawrence. Nor is my father."

Molly put her hand upon his, and found it cold. "I do believe you. Please! I shouldn't have spoken." "You are always justified. I've found that out."

### WOOL WOOL WOOL

The Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association again offers its services in assembling the wool clip of the Province for co-operative marketing through the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Limited, Toronto.

Prompt payments will be made on a graded basis, when wool has been delivered and graded. Any additional amounts received for the wool after sales have been made by the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, will be paid at a later date. The sheep breeder is thus assured of the full value for his product. Breeders should take note that the Sheep Breeders' Association sets the price of wool each year. Very often competing agencies buy wool at lower prices at the opening of the season, but conform to the Association's price as soon as it is announced.

This year, wool will be received after May 26th and the week commencing June 16th will be the Big Wool Week in Prince Edward Island. Shipping tags and paper tissue are available at the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, O'Leary and Montague. Contact Departmental offices for further information.

Do not sell or ship your product until you contact us for further particulars regarding prices, etc. If shipment of wool is made, send freight collect to the address below.

P. E. I. SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

L-399-5-23-27-30-6-3.

"She told me that she was going to stay in spite of everything, to marry Charles and damn him. It was then that I killed her. Not simply because I could not permit her to have Charles. Not for Ralph's sake, not even for my own. I think it was just that she was too bad to live.

"She began to talk about us. I don't know what fancy took her to remember that moment seven years ago; but it came into her mind then and she spoke of it. She said that until she was sent to the Seward Institute because of what had happened to me, she had cherished a feeling that she loved or could have loved me. The thought troubled her then; I believe she would have liked to draw me after her, all the more because she knew most certainly that the time was past. I got up from my chair, and went to her. She was not afraid of me or of anyone. But you must know that."

"I went to her, not saying a word, and I took her by the arms, and looked at her. She smiled at me, and herself leaned into my arm. I turned her to the window, and told her to look how beautiful the night was, and she began to say that it was very beautiful. Then I lifted her in one arm and covered her mouth with my free hand, and threw her down."

He stopped, breathing long and painfully between his teeth, the memory of that night more distressful to him now than ever she really had been. A faint sweat broke out on his forehead.

"There's no need to go on," said Severn.

"For me there is." He closed his eyes for a moment.

"I don't know if I'd somehow in my own mind thought out this murder long before, at least I knew what to do. She was no sooner gone from between my hands than I stepped out on the window sill and dived after her. It was a thing I had never attempted before; but the air was my friend, and the water, too, and I had confidence in myself in those two elements. Besides, I had nothing to lose but half a life. I dived after and over her, and into the lake under water, and out among the trees by the outlet."

When I emerged there were already several other people round her on the terrace. You were there, Lawrence. You saw me come out of the trees by the path. But no one thought to look for a head in the lake, no one noticed a slight splash— I flatter myself it was very slight—on the heels of the scream. It was

(Continued on page 8, Col 3)

#### RIVERDALE SCHOOL

- Honor roll for May:
- Grade I—Jr. 1. Joseph McQuaid, 2. David Lamont; 3. Hazel MacDonald.
  - Grade II—1. Shirley MacPadden; 2. Velda MacKinnon; 3. Kestie Buchanan.
  - Grade III—1. Shirley MacPadden; 2. David Lamont; 3. Hazel MacDonald.
  - Grade IV—1. Ralph McQuaid; 2. Velda MacKinnon; 3. Kestie Buchanan.
  - Grade V—1. Shirley MacPadden; 2. David Lamont; 3. Hazel MacDonald.
  - Grade VI—1. Chester MacPadden; 2. Katherine MacPadden; 3. Oliver MacPadden.
  - Grade VII—1. Florence MacKinnon.
  - Grade IX—1. Shirley McQuaid; 2. Dorothy MacQuaid.
- Perfect Attendance—Shirley McQuaid, Chester MacPadden, Catherine MacPadden, Shirley MacPadden, Ralph MacQuaid and Kenneth MacKinnon.
- Teacher, Erma A. Bain.

#### BANK DEBITS IN APRIL

Bank debits or the amount of cheques cashed in the clearing house centres were \$2,984 million in April as compared with \$2,938 million in the same month of last year. The indicated increase was 1.5 per cent. Recessions were shown in Quebec and the Prairie Provinces from the same month of last year, but advances were recorded in the three other economic areas. Advances were shown in the Maritime Provinces, Ontario and British Columbia during the first four months of the present year over the same period of 1940. The Dominion total was nearly three per cent higher at \$1,331 million. The improvement in business operations and employment was somewhat counterbalanced by the further recession in speculative trading.

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**Scotland Bids In Wool Styles**

Written for The Canadian Press By ALISON SETTLE

GLASGOW, May 31 (CP)—In the silvery north where Scotland and England meet lies Hawick, the stone town which invented the sweater and cardigan, classic women's sportswear.

Hawick, the centre of the knitwear industry in Britain, began its first factory for making knitwear goods during the 18th century. Principally it made warm knitted stockings for men. Now, however, the knitting machines turn the wool from the Cheviot lambs and sheep of the border hills from the dull, grey and brown look of the old knits into rich or tender shades dyed for fashionable women.

Wool comes to Scotland from all parts of the world, while the Cheviot sheep now is reserved for tweeds made so fine that they can be tucked and even shirred. Cashmeres that comes to Hawick from Tibet are styled by London, through London's great style designers, and Hawick's mill workers made them into fashion garments.

Colors in knitwear are dictated by the color blends of tweeds, because knitwear is more often worn with tweeds than with anything else. So much are cardigans and pullovers influenced by tweed colors and patterns that there are whole new ranges which copy every detail and every tone of a good check tweed.

In the pale pastel colors, Shetland knits are probably the best. But as well there are the chenille pullovers and cardigans, long-haired angora sets and lambswool sets in pale colorings.

**Body Found in River**

MONCTON, N. B., June 1 (CP)—The body of Allen Sullivan, 56, Canadian National Railways shops employee missing since March 15, was found in the Petitcodiac River boundary creek Saturday afternoon.

Use Minard's for dandruff.

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

With — Major Hoople

QUICK, OFFICER, TELL ME! HAVE YOU SEEN RUBE? I MEAN A TALL, GANGLING YOUTH WITH A FOX-TERRIER FACE? EGAD, HE IS DUE IN 30 MINUTES FOR A PITCHING TRIVET WITH THE REDS, AND I HAVE SCoured CINCINNATI SEEKING HIM FOR HOURS!

I KNOW THE LAD! HE WAS SOWING HIS WILD OATS ALL MORNIN' IN THAT PENNY ARCADE! HE TOLD ME HE WOULD HANDCLUFF THE CUBS THIS AFTERNOON—SOME KIDS CAME ALONG WITH A BALL AN' BAT AND HE WENT TROOPIN' ALONG WITH 'EM!

THE BIG DAY AND RUBE GOES ON A PENNY GREEN

**PUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. Williams

WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL THING WITHOUT DRAGGING ME ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

NO—YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE PEOPLE CAN BE SO KIND TO THEIR HELP—YOU KNOW HOW GOOD FARMERS ARE TO THEIR WORK-STEAK—WELL, THESE PEOPLE ARE FROM THE COUNTRY!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J. R. WILLIAMS

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

With — Major Hoople

QUICK, OFFICER, TELL ME! HAVE YOU SEEN RUBE? I MEAN A TALL, GANGLING YOUTH WITH A FOX-TERRIER FACE? EGAD, HE IS DUE IN 30 MINUTES FOR A PITCHING TRIVET WITH THE REDS, AND I HAVE SCoured CINCINNATI SEEKING HIM FOR HOURS!

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THE BIG DAY AND RUBE GOES ON A PENNY GREEN

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