IF YOU SOMETIMES CAN'T GET

Weston's

GOLDEN BROWN SODAS

IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE SENDING SO MANY TO OUR FORCES

Navy Minister McDonald In Heated Altercations Over St. Lawrence Losses

OTTAWA, March 18 — (CP) — Submarines had sunk ships off the American coast and American submarines had sunk enemy vessels close to Japan.. Navy Minister Angus Macdonald stated in the House of Commons yesterday.

Mr. Macdonald's address made during the budget debate, was interspersed with brisk clashes with members of the opposition. At one point, Mr. Macdonald demanded that J. Francois Pouliot (Lib. Temiscouata) be required to observe the House rules of order.

The loss of three tons out of every 1,000 tons of shipping was "something better than average," Mr. Macdonald said, taking into consideration losses at sea everywhere.

Mr. Gagnon had denied truth of the Minister's statement that only 20 merchant ships had been sunk. Newspaper headlines had featured the claim that more than 30 ships had been sunk, said Mr. Macdonald.

He had asked Mr. Gagnon to produce the names and details but Mr. Gagnon had not done so "and cannot do so" because there were not 30 ships sunk.

To settle the whole question he now proposed to give the names of all vessels sunk in that area in 1942, although knowing that it was in contravention of the policy adopted by other United Nations.

Cites Names

The Minister read the names of 16 merchantmen and two ships of war, the Corvette Charlottetown and the patrol ship Raccoon.

The former was known sunk by enemy action but the Raccoon had merely disappeared and was presumed sunk by enemy action.

These sinkings were in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, including the Strait of Belle Isle up to Belle Isle, and the waters west of a line drawn from Scatarie Island, Cape Breton, to Taylor Bay, Nfld.

It would be impossible for Mr. Gagnon or any other person to know accurately everything that happened inside that great area. But the department, knowing the movement and fate of shipping could have a fairly accurate picture.

Naval coastal service officers and naval reporting officers were scattered throughout the area, with full knowledge and control over the movements of all shipping.

In view of this, the Minister said, he was in a better position to know about these sinkings than Mr. Gagnon, Mr. Roy or "the member for Temiscouata" (Mr Pouliot).

Challenges Statements

He was telling facts, obtained from official sources. Mr. Gagnon was speaking of what he had heard in the form of gossip. He challenged Mr. Gagnon to name the additional ships he claimed were sunk.

"If he cannot do that he is discredited before the people of this country. Perhaps some others will be discredited, some people sitting in this House."

Finding that he could "not make good on his statement" the Minister said Mr. Gagnon now said he was willing to have his claims investigated but that "he must have 13 other matters investigated at the same time."

Mr. Gagnon wanted an investigation into why steps were not taken to protect shipping in the Strait of Belle Isle.

"He knows that every naval unit at sea, no matter where it is, is helping to protect the Strait of Belle Isle and the whole country," said the Minister.

At a secret sitting of the House Mr. Roy, who demanded it, had "made certain statements" and in every case had admitted that he had made "no investigation to ascertain their accuracy."

Mr. Graydon and Joseph Harris (Prog. Con. Toronto Danforth) protested that no reference could be made to anything that happened at a secret sitting. Speaker Glen agreed that no such references should be made and the Minister said he would agree that such references as he made should be expunged from the record.

Reads Affidavit

He referred to Mr. Roy's comments on reports that a corvette escorted the steamer Jean-Brillant with a party of sportsmen from Rimouski, Que., to the north shore last June.

The Minister read a sworn statement sent him by Jules Brillant, member of the Quebec Legislative Council, declaring that the Jean-Brillant was not escorted, and a similar affidavit from Seraphin Mousette, agent of the owners, Rimouski, and from Capt. William Tremblay, Commander of the Jean-Brilliant, also denying that the steamship was escorted as claimed.

Mr. Macdonald said he had asked Mr. Brillant if the vessel had been escorted at any time and the answer was in the negative.

In the face of those denials, the Minister said, little credence could be placed upon any of the charges made by Mr. Roy.

Mr. Graydon rose to a point of order, to say that Mr. Macdonald attempted to prove that certain statements of Mr. Roy's were wrong, but to say that the same was true of all Mr. Roy's statements was a definite reflection upon a member of the House.

Speaker Glen ruled that a suggestion from the Minister that all Mr. Roy's statements might be judged by the ones he had just declared to be wrong, was not permissible.

About Mr. Roy's claim that no planes assisted a convoy attacked off Cap Des Rosiers last September, Mr. Macdonald said the convoy was preceded by an airplane which passed when the U-boat was submerged. The break went to the submarine.

A telephone warning had failed to reach the naval authorities before the submarine struck and the Minister said he could not say where the delay, if any, occurred.

Aircraft Attacks

Aircraft had made eight attacks on U-boats in that area and while there was no concrete evidence of success the officials believed some damage was caused.

Commenting on reports of submarines being sighted, Mr. Macdonald said the records proved that 80 per cent of them were errors.

Mr. Macdonald denied Mr. Roy's statement that the "battle of the St. Lawrence" had been lost.

Some members seemed to think the St. Lawrence was a River that could be screened or buoyed to give it complete protection but at the farthest point up river where an attack was made last year the width was 30 miles, wider than the Strait of Dover which the British Navy, with all its might, had been unable to render completely safe.

Mr. Graydon asked the Minister to comment on the newspaper report quoting Premier Godbout of Quebec as saying that "every one knows there are spies along the St. Lawrence and possibly in Newfoundland."

Mr. Macdonald said the French version of that speech indicated that Mr. Godbout had said there "may" be spies in those places.

"That is quite true. I have said so myself," the Minister added. So far as could be learned there were no submarine bases hidden in that area.

Handling Of Spies

Handling of spies was traditionally a secret matter and nothing was heard of the publicity, even in Britain, except possibly a report of their execution, Mr. Macdonald said.

"I believe the defences against submarines this year will be stronger than ever," the Minister went on. There would be more ships to patrol the St. Lawrence area and every effort would be made by the army, air force and navy to protect shipping.

"But I am not saying that even if we could double or treble the defence units that we could guarantee complete immunity from submarine attack," he added. "Not even if we had the whole Canadian Navy there."

Mr. Roy had said the people along the Gaspe Coast were worried about the submarine menace. Mr. Macdonald suggested that if Mr. Roy had ascertained the lack of basis for reports he had repeated and had gone among his people to reassure them, he would have been playing a "more loyal" role.

This brought Mr. Harris to his feet with a demand that the Minister withdraw any reflection upon Mr. Roy's loyalty. The Minister said he was referring only to degrees of loyalty and although there was much cross-fire he was not asked to withdraw.

T.L Church (Prog. Con. Toronto Broadview) was on his feet with some remarks directed to the Minister which could not be plainly heard from the gallery.

Mr. Macdonald replied that he would, when his estimates are up, deal with "the jibes the Honorable member from time to time has been directing at the Canadian Navy," and declared he was "heartily sick" of Mr. Church's jeers."

Victory For Love

By PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER XXXI

All the way down stairs Alfred was repeating to himself the words of Odette's letter. And late that night he repeated them to John Wynter as they crouched in the shelter of a rock. It was raining, and the news that Alfred had brought had given John a sinking in his heart such as he had not known for years. For Odette's duplicity were appalling, and he dreaded the severity with which he would have to deal with it. Then there was always the chance she would refuse to recant, in which case the results would be too awful to contemplate. For he would have to deliver her up; the girl he loved and hoped to make his wife.

"Put the wire," he said, after Alfred told him about it, "There is always the chance that Leiter himself may trip over it and go headlong."

"Yes, sir. When shall I fix it up"

"Not tonight, tomorrow. I have permission to put up wire where and when I like. You know where the roll of it is, behind that rock under the cliff. Have it so that the whole thing will collapse with anything falling against it."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, wondering what was the matter with Mr. Wynter and deciding it was the letter that had upset him.

"Good night," They had reached the gate of Pole Star House and John only whispered the word. Opening the front door with his key, he hoped everyone would have gone to bed. He crept upstairs after hanging up his wet coat and hat in the back hall, smoothing his hair as he went. Switching off the light in the hall he opened his bedroom door. "Good gracious!" he gasped as he saw Odette sitting there.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't come back!" Shaking and weeping, she was in his arms. "I had a frightful feeling . . . I couldn't go to bed. I felt I must know . . ."

"Tell me, my darling." He held her close to him. Surely now, with her fear, and the hour, she would make a clean breast of it. "Odette," he said desperately, "it's so frightfully important to have confidence between you and me. Especially just now. Tell me all that frightens you and makes you as you are, terrified of a sound. There must be something . . ." For a brief second he wondered if he should choke her confession out of her. He almost felt his hands on her throat. It would come to that in the end if she continued to behave like this. Only two more nights before she committed the supreme crime against her country and her soul and, although infinitesimally less important, her crime against the hospitality that had been extended to her.

"I haven't anything to tell," said Odette hardly. Her eyes were dry again, and sensing the antagonism in him she stiffened. "Men always think women are on the verge of some ridiculous confession or other," she said, and walked out of the room. Did he or did he not wish he had never met her, he wondered, feeling cool and detached as he moved about his bedroom. While Odette, flinging herself face downward on her bed, began to sob again. Hopeless terrified sobs that brought no relief and only made her feel ill and desperate.

Mrs. Manvers - Pollock, with straining ears, heard Odette creep out of Mr. Wynter's room and go to her own. Switching off the light, Mrs. Manvers-Pollock drew the curtains back. Pressing her white face to the glass, she felt it cold against her skin. Shivering, she started back and drew the curtains again.

Alfred made an excellent job of the wire. He uttered a little scream as a voice spoke at his elbow.

"Made a good job of it, Alfred?"

"Yes, sir." Alfred stood to attention. That slimy brute, creeping after him to see he was playing fair.

"Yes, that's all right," Fergus grinned. He had had an idea while he was having his before-dinner drink. He would send this boy home and put it into effect at once.

"I should get along home if I were you," he said. "I'm going on a bit to see if I can see anything from the head of the cliff."

"Yes, sir," said Alfred, thankful to be off. "Hell Hitler." He whispered the words.

"Heil Hitler," Fergus was still grinning. He was pretty certain the boy was to be trusted, but all the same it might be a good thing to find out. Not that it would follow that Alfred was double-crossing him if Wynter answered to a signal. He might be on the alert on his own account for any signals. If only he could put that man out of the way. Fergus suddenly felt reckless. He would get down to the beach, a nasty job in that pitch dark, but he knew the way pretty well. At last, he stood with the sea close up to his heels. The tide was coming in; all the better. If he could get that devil down there to drown by inches, it would be the best job of work he had ever done in his life. Standing there, he sent out a low continuous whistle. And then he stopped and waited, and whistled again.

And Mrs. Manvers-Pollock heard it, hurried across the room and was creeping down the stairs. From the drawing room came the sound of the wireless. On a sudden impulse she opened the door and peeped in. They were dancing; Odette and Mr. Wynter, and Monsieur and the novelist were looking on. They saw her and called out to her to come in.

"Come in and join us, Mrs. Manvers-Pollock." Mrs. Manvers-Pollock only smiled, shook her head and looked mysterious.

"I'm busy," she said, and let herself out of the front door. The wind was furious and tore her hair out of its net, but Mrs. Manvers-Pollock did not care. In her dazed mind she only thought of the sea. "Coming, coming." As she ran she whispered the words. "Coming, coming . . ." She gasped out the words as, brought up short, she struck out wildly and then went headlong. Down over the crumbling cliff to fall with a thud at Fergus Leiter's feet. And in his sick terror he did not wait to look. With criminal speed he fell over the stones to regain the path. Arrived at the top, breathless and panting, he tore at the grass to find the incriminating wire. Ah, here it was. He picked it up and flung it wide over the cliff in the opposite direction. No one would find it there. In fact the sea would have dealt with it long before the morning. As though death itself was at his heels, Fergus Leiter made for the hotel.

He arrived there with his usual nonchalance. Walking into a crowded lounge, he smiled at the welcome he received. What had just happened would teach young Alfred to keep his mouth shut, thought Fergus Leiter, accepting the offer of a drink with alacrity.

And later he hinted at this.

"Your wire has done the trick, he said. "And if you don't want to hang for it, keep your mouth shut."

"Sir!" Alfred went deadly white.

"We shan't hear of that beggar for some time," said Fergus Leiter. "Good night, my boy, sleep well."

"Good night, sir." Alfred was standing outside the room. He wiped the perspiration from his top lip. Gone—Mr. Wynter gone! Dead — killed by him. He, Alfred Cummins, was a murderer. Tearing off his white coat he rushed to his bedroom behind the kitchen. Out of the back door, with the wind driving him back, To Pole Star House, careless of consequences. Beating at the front door of Pole Star House, he shouted at Grace. "I must speak to somebody."

"Who do you mean somebody?" The wind was sweeping through the hall. "Come in." She shut the front door. "What do you want? You're always round here," she spoke angrily.

"What is it, Grace?" and now here was Mrs. Maturin coming out of her sitting room.

"It's Mr. Wynter. Someone must come quickly." Alfred was gasping.

"Mr. Wynter. He's in the drawing room," said Joan, surprised. She went to the door and opened it.

"Somebody wants you, Mr. Wynter," she said. "He's just coming," and saying this Joan went back to her fire again.

"Hallo, Cummins," John's eyes were calm. Taking the shaking boy by the shoulder, he shepherded him into the empty sitting room, and shut the door. "This won't do," he said. "You mustn't show your feelings like this. What's the matter?"

"I thought you were dead," said Alfred, with staring eyes.

"Dead, why?" John's quick brain leaped. The wire; something had happened. "Quick, what is it?" he said.

"Mr. Leiter, he came home pleased. Done in the beggar," said Alfred.

"Done in the beggar. Half a second." Wrenching open the door, John took the stairs two at a time. The empty, pitch-black, windswept bedroom told him what his terrified brain was trying to deny.

(To be Continued)

ANGLO RUSTICO W. I.

The Anglo Rustico Women's Institute held a very successful and enjoyable social in aid of the Red Cross at the home of Ernest Bulman. Mr. John L. Clark acted as chairman and the following program was carried out:

Opening Chorus Reading, Mrs. James Stevenson. Duet, Gladys Parkman and Doris French. Reading, Mrs. Rendal Houston. Share the Wealth. Duet, Mrs. Walter Buntain and Roland Buntain. Reading, Mrs. Stewart Parkman. Solo — Harold Chandler. Reading, Mrs. Roland Buntain. Trio, Herbert Wyand, Harold Chandler, Roland Buntain. Closing Chorus.

A contest was then enjoyed by all. A delicious lunch was served by the Institute members and the remainder of the evening was spent in cards and social chat.

An interesting feature of the evening for the younger set was the fishpond.

The goodly sum of $28.10 was realized, which has been forwarded to the Red Cross Campaign.

COST OF STRIKE

TORONTO, March 22 —(CP) — Salaries, travelling expenses, hotel bills and other costs of sending provincial police to Wallaceburg for the strike in the Dominion Glass Company plant there cost Ontario $7,499.70, it was shown in a return tabled in the Ontario Legislature today. The return said that 75 men had been sent Wallaceburg Feb. 2, 3 and 4 and that the number was gradually reduced to 11.

RED CROSS SHIPS

LONDON, March 22—(CP)—Two Swedish Red Cross ships have arrived at Piraeus, the port of Athens, with food from Canada, the Swedish radio announced today. The report, heard here, said another two Swedish ships have left Greece for Canada to pick up more supplies.

ST. PATRICK'S PLAY AT KENSINGTON

Indian River Players presented "The Little Clodhopper" a three act comedy in the King George Hall on St. Patricks afternoon and evening and were greeted by capacity audiences on both occasions. When the curtain rises Miss Julietta Bean, a highly middle aged Maiden is celebrating her birthday and preparations for a supper party are almost completed Miss Bean doesn't appear to worry about Ocey Gump, her hired man, falling asleep occasionally as she thinks he's "the cutest thing". Ocey apparently is very slow to take a hint but the lady finally wins and they appear in the second act as Mr. and Mrs. Gump, living in the city where Ocey makes the grandest policeman.

The part of Miss Bean is admirably portrayed by Mrs. Kenneth McLean while Mr. Roddie Cameron plays the role of "Ocey" to perfection.

Among the guests at the birthday party is Judy Elliot, the little clodhopper," who lives at the poorhouse. This part was played in a natural and charming manner by Mrs. Vina Higgins.

Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs, a former matron at the poor-house, learns that Judy Elliot will soon inherit a large sum of money and decides that her delicate son George must marry Judy to save them from the poverty which is soon to be their lot. Accordingly Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs and son George come to board at Miss Beans and persuade Judy to return to the city with them. Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs domination over son George supplies lots of comedy. The thankless part of this female villian and fortune hunter was cleverly handled by Miss Lucille McQuaid. The equally unpopular part of the "sissy" son tied to his mother's apron strings was realistically played by Mr. Billy Shea.

George proves himself a man and not so delicate when he marries the penniless "Charmien Carter" the girl of his choice, and they make plans to work for an honest living. The role of "Charmien Carter" played by Miss Loraine McMahon making her debut in amateur theatricals, was interpreted in a natural and pleasing manner.

"Septimus Green", a book agent boarding at Miss Beans, plays an important part in showing up Mrs. Chiggerson-Boggs designs on Judy and wins the heart and hand of the heiress himself. The part of Septimus Green was played by Mr. Glen Cotton in his usual capable manner.

Irish airs were played by Mrs. Hubert Gillis piano, Mrs. Alonza Cameron guitar, Cedric Owen banjo and Roddie Cameron, violin. Specialties between the acts included in the afternoon stepdancing by Wendel Mill and Irish songs by Edgar and Arnold Hickey. Edgar Hickey also played the violin with Mrs. Hickey accompaning on the piano. In the evening through the kindness of their C. O. three airforcemen from St. Eleanors Airport entertained between the acts. They were L. A. C. Jerry Lobb with his guitar, L. A. C. Bill Fraser with his accordian and Corp. Massey in vocal numbers. The entertainment was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

SOUTH LAKE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for month of February.

Grade IX. A.—1. Beth Fraser.

Grade IX. B.—1. Wallace E. MacDonald; 2. Margaret MacDonald.

Grade VIII.—1. Lealand MacDonald.

Grade VII.—1, Eleanor MacDonald

Grade VI.—1. Waldo MacDonald; 2. George Gillis.

Grade IV.—1. Frank Rose.

Grade III. A.—1 Francis Stewart.

Grade III B.—1. Leo MacAulay.

Grade II.—1. Aneta MacDonald.

Grade I. A.—1. Bernard MacDonald.

Grade I. B.—1. Anna Mae MacDonald.

Grade I. C.—1. Edwin MacDonald.

Perfect Attendance —Beth Fraser Wallace E. MacDonald. Margaret MacDonald. Eleanor MacDonald. Francis Stewart Aneta MacDonald. Bernard MacDonald. Eileen MacDonald—Teacher.

During a sudden gale which swept the Isle of Man, Feb. 15, Edmund R. Taylor, 55, was blown off his bicycle in Douglas. He hit his head on the gable of a house and died in hospital.

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Because they're the perennial favorite — because they're tops for smartness — you'll want a classic suit this Spring. Navy and Black; also high shades in Tweeds and Plains. These suits are carefully tailored to give seasons of wear! We have them in styles you'll love—many with matching topcoat.

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Comes Spring, you want to look your prettiest, and we've just the Dresses for you.

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