

VOTERS!

Ask Your C.C.F. Candidates This One Question:

"Are You or Are You Not Committed to State Socialism for Canada?"

And don't let them evade that question! Insist on a direct "Yes" or "No" answer. If the answer is "No", then they are either misinformed or they are deliberately misrepresenting the facts—because

Every C.C.F. candidate must support the party program or be expelled (as has already been done) and the basic plank of the C.C.F. platform is State Socialism.

In case you doubt that statement, here are the exact words taken from the C.C.F. official "Manifesto":

"No C.C.F. Government Will Rest Content Until It Has Eradicated Capitalism and Put into Operation the Full Program of Socialistic Planning . . ."

There you have it. So, whether they admit it or not, every C.C.F. candidate is committed to complete State Socialism, and State Socialism spells slavery—social and economic slavery—under an Absolute dictatorship!

Hence, even though a C.C.F. candidate be your minister, or your son's teacher, or a member of the Armed Forces, or a personal friend, you simply cannot vote for him (or her) unless you want to forfeit the freedom which our boys have fought so desperately to preserve.

WARNING!

Strong efforts will be made to keep you from heeding these messages. You will be told that these advertisements are the voice of the "vested interests"; that the Public Informational Association is sponsored and controlled by "Big Business"—that B. A. Trestrahl is the "mouthpiece of Capitalism". Such statements are not merely false but are designed solely to divert you from the ISSUE of State Socialism.

We have received dozens of letters from boys overseas, from farmers, women, workers and others, urging that the people be told the truth about State Socialism—before it is too late. That is the sole purpose of this association. Having told our story we will abide by the verdict of the Voters.

\$5,000.00 In Cash Prizes

To encourage Canadians to post themselves on the subject of State Socialism, we are conducting a "quiz" contest open to all Canadian voters. 235 separate cash prizes totaling \$5,000.00, ranging from \$1,000.00 to \$5.00, will be awarded to readers of the booklet "Social Suicide". To get a free copy of this booklet, with full details of the \$5,000 Quiz Contest, simply send your name and address to Public Informational Association, P.O. Box 178, Toronto. Also send the name and addresses of boys or girls in the Armed Forces to whom you would like us to send free copies of the booklet, thereby enabling them to get the story of State Socialism, and also to enter the contest. These booklets will be sent without cost or obligation.

PUBLIC INFORMATIONAL ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 178 - TORONTO, ONT
B. A. TRESTRAHL - National Director

Trowbridge 5080 Est. 1882 Modern Chapel

A. E. LONG & SON, INC.

1970 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

FUNERAL SERVICE

Our Athol D. MacLeod is familiar with your funeral problems for New England. Contact him for prompt and efficient service.

"SERVICE" is a "LONG" Word

Summer Hostess

—by—
Lucy Poate Stebbins

She went downstairs intending to breakfast with Miss Sablin, but she was still vexed with Eric because he had talked to Aunt about Tony. Yet today she couldn't avoid him. He saw her from across the lobby with all the assurance imaginable. It was as if he didn't believe that anyone could be angry at him. Taking her elbow he hurried her into the big empty dining room, and pulling back her chair announced, "It's my birthday, Leslie."

"And you always go fishing, I remember," she spoke pleasantly, feeling that it would be childish to show her annoyance. It was certainly difficult to keep a grudge when Eric smiled.

"I've been hanging around in hopes of a birthday present from you."

"Oh, Eric, I'm sorry! But how could I know? Never mind, I'll buy you any one of Miss Sablin's books you choose. Only it must be tomorrow, for her shop is closed Sunday."

"I want a bigger present than that."

If he meant he wanted her promise to marry him, she would have to disappoint him; unless indeed he had changed his mind and would help her to keep Tony. But Eric didn't speak of marriage. "I want your society of the whole day. I want to go off alone with you on a picnic."

"Man alive, I'm a poor working girl! Do you want to see me fired on Monday morning?"

Except for the evening at a day off, you're stuck to your job like a puppy to a root. Mr. Bingley for some free time," she said, hesitating, "but that will be to visit Tony when he comes."

"Bother Tony!" He looked extremely grim. "You're cross because of what I said to Hunt, he won't see you. He's young, but he's mad about you. We're in a jam. When one doesn't know the ropes, one takes expert advice. We need a first class lawyer. I've made inquiries. He's young, but he can deliver the goods. Besides, The Orslink will be in a jam and tumble to the fact that they can't bamboozle him."

Leslie felt sure she remembered that she had not seen him. "Eric went on talking. They must be made to pay a good fat sum for his maintenance. You've supported him for two years, shouldn't wonder if you'd get ten thousand each just for that."

CHAPTER XVI

Eric had his big elbows on the white cloth and his large hands some face resting between his clenched fists eyed her solemnly. "Don't you see? You're really right or wrong? It's all in the way people look at it. What we want is to have the Orslink realize that they're mighty lucky to get Tony at all. We won't give him up until we have the money. That's where Hunt comes in."

She began to be afraid. She might not know much about business, but she would recognize an unscrupulous man when he talked as this one did. "I shall take nothing from the Orslink family," she said steadily. "I can't pretend it, they shall never have Tony. But if an unjust law makes me give him up, I can't think that the Orslink can save my grief by giving me money."

Eric's blue eyes stopped staring. He broke into a good natured laugh. "You look so bewildered. It's beyond you, darling. You see that don't you? You're simply incapable of understanding what you've let yourself in for. Don't bother about it. Leave everything to Hunt and me."

"Does Humbleigh think I ought to be paid?"

He hesitated. "We haven't touched on all the details. I can't cater affair like this requires finance. We'll stalk the Orslink like deer in the woods. Hunt can do it. He'll have them nibbling from his fingers."

"I don't like the way you repeat that we, Eric, that is if you mean you and me."

"We're going to be married. Nothing can stop us without having its effect on me. We have to share in this."

"I never said I'd marry you. You

laid down a condition. I rejected it. Tony belongs to me and I'll never give him up. He may be with you now by force. Never with my consent."

"I don't want to give ten you, Leslie. But what you've done is pretty serious. It would break me all up to see you in court. That's why I'm raising this rumpus. You see, it happens that I love you. I've taken you to court, but that's meant them from his heart. Much of what he said was only bluster. He supposed. It was incredible that he could wish her to hold Tony to ransom. Yet when he said, 'I happen to love you,' which made a sincerity in his voice which made him mark on her. 'I don't want to see you in court. I'd talk for your birthday,' she replied trying to speak gayly. "Although I can't spend it with you, perhaps we could do something this afternoon—I'll tell you, Eric, I need to see your mother. Why can't you see her with her? Surely it would please her."

"I want to show you my own scores. Up to now, it's been more satisfactory than yours. You remember on the hotel picnic I told you I had something hidden down to see you for the cliff."

"And Hunt asked if it was a corpse but I can guess, Eric. It's a cave."

He looked quite blank. "Who told you? Have you been in it? Has Hunt?"

"No, I guessed. What else would be hidden under a cliff up on a lonely shore?"

His face cleared. "I want a real place. A few potatoes and some bacon. Track on the island. Build a fire. Bathe. It's a swell cave. I used to play smuggler with my boys. My mother never knew where we were."

The mention of his mother reminded her. "I must see Mrs. Sanderson. We'll have a picnic. If you prefer, we can cook supper in the cave and then go to see her."

She was obstinate. If Eric cared so little for his mother, he could see her for her. She wanted to be taken together and she had a generous thought. "Go fishing, Eric. Meet me at five. We'll walk to your mother's, have dinner and be home by nine. When his face did not clear, she decided to cut her own stall in the cave and you can show it to me."

"You know perfectly well that what I should like best is to be alone with you."

She did not answer. It was not his place to lecture Eric on a son's duty, but she was determined not to go out with him that Sunday if he refused to visit his mother. Why was she so reluctant? Mrs. Sanderson had told her that Eric had gone barefooted when the boys were little. She had peeped through the back doors of the village. Was Eric ashamed of her?

"I'll go on my own way," he said suddenly. "I'll be waiting at five."

"Shall we send word?"

"She hasn't a phone. Anyhow she'll see the sign. She ought to be ready."

He spoke so dourly that she wondered if that could be where the picnic lay.

She laughed. "If all your ideas are based on Rocky Point stances, we should never agree. I like simple houses and simple food and simple, homelike ways."

"I could learn to like anything that you like."

Again the sincerity in his tone went to her heart. She wondered at this weakness which made her forgive him time and again when he transgressed against her ideals. "Yet I can't be in love with him," she reflected. "Or I shouldn't see his faults. I catch glimpses of a side he shows to no one else. Others see a handsome, energetic, good-tempered young man. But I see a lonely sensitive nature, a little boy whose guarded treasure and still the wish to get on in the world. He wants everything in life to be as grand as Rocky Point; service, purple and silver uniforms, mistle while you eat, flowers at so much a dozen, made dishes, soundless carpets, money, money. Alas, poor Eric!"

She met Mr. Bingley in the lobby as she was passing through it on her way to meet Eric. Either he fancied he did, and she began hurriedly to explain that she was taking a little time out and would be back at Rocky Point in the early evening. Mr. Bingley made no such objection although his stiff hair Leslie experienced the discomfort of one who has made an unnecessary apology. "You'll never be a successful business woman until you stop acting like a gaily slave," she told herself severely.

Edwin Johnston SAYS:

The big difference between "saving up" and investing in Life Insurance, is this. By the one you save, you have to create an estate — by the other you create one. Buy your first premium, and then save to maintain it. Want your money this ever so often, and then—

LET'S TALK IT OVER

E. O. JOHNSTONE, C. L. U.
Special Manager
111-115 College Street,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dominion Life
ESTABLISHED 1859

REV. CHARLES MACARTHUR

Mr. Garnet Campbell, Rocky Point, has received the sad news of the sudden passing of his nephew Rev. Charles MacArthur of Quincy, Mass., which reads as follows:

"The sudden passing of the late Rev. Charles MacArthur is to the writer who had the extreme good fortune to have known and worked with him for civic betterments, a most tragic and stunning blow. Reverend MacArthur typified to the highest degree that phrase that meets the eye so often: For God and Country."

"His parishioners in the church he served as assistant pastor can testify only too well to his adherence to God. In a few humble words I write the true comment on his adherence to country for years. Reverend MacArthur was president of the Atlantic Improvement Association, and at the same time an officer. I learned from continuous association the kind of man he was. He loved Atlantic and the people, and especially the children. His ideal was to make a better place in which to live which of course means nothing less than good citizenship for Quincy and our country."

"As I peruse the record of the Association's meetings which I have seen, I am struck by the variety of suggestions made by him which bring out his lofty ideals. As an example, president MacArthur speaks at length on better protection for the children attending the Quincy school who cross Atlantic Street. This and numerous other thoughts bring out the fact that consideration of this fellow man was uppermost in his heart. Reverend MacArthur was a real hero in World War I. The general public has no conception of the severe wound he received as a young soldier in 1918 and little did the average citizen who would meet him on the street and perchance noted the limp realize he was trying to reduce almost constant pain by favoring it."

"The community is saddened by his passing and will not recover easily. Truly for God and Country. Reverend MacArthur's epitaph."

Funeral services for Rev. Charles MacArthur, 43, assistant pastor of the Atlantic Memorial Church, who was found dead Thursday night at his home, 148 Billings Street, Atlantic, was held this afternoon at the Atlantic Memorial Church. The Rev. Ralph B. Edwards, minister of the church officiated and burial was in Mount Wellington cemetery.

Born in Cambridge, the son of the late Samuel and Annie Campbell MacArthur, Rev. MacArthur attended the local schools and graduated from Cambridge Latin High School. He then graduated from Gordon Theological College in 1922 and served at the first free Baptist Church, Roxbury, before coming to the Atlantic Memorial Church eight years ago.

Besides his wife, Mrs. Violet MacArthur, he leaves one son, Charles O. MacArthur; two sisters, Miss Lillian MacArthur and Mrs. Ruth Somers, of Arlington; and two brothers, Frank, of Maple Shade, N. J., and Robert E., electrician's mate, second class, Seabees service in Pacific.

YOU MAY NOW ORDER YOUR SOUVENIR PICTURE OF D-DAY

"THE VANGUARD OF FREEDOM"
CANADIANS AT THE NORMANDY BEACH
D-DAY, JUNE 6, 1944

This very fine picture in full colour, painted by Edward Steichen, an ex-serviceman, is being offered to the Canadian people as a tribute to all who went out that eventful day to storm the shores of Normandy and break down the *Impervious* of the enemy.

The picture is being reproduced on a 24" x 18" mount, and will have a written story attached.

It is a true representation of an actual landing operation. Shows Canadian, British and American troops, with their equipment, making their way through the surf from landing craft to shore. Breaks in the Concrete Walls, made by British Naval Gunners, Destroyed and burning buildings, Bombs, Aircraft in Action, and the Rich Landscape stretching back from the Sea make up a very descriptive picture.

BESIDES THE PICTURE a complete Chronological Booklet covering all important events and dates from June, 1939, to Feb., 1945. This book is being compiled now and will be given free with each picture.

Pictures will be obtainable in Leading Stores and through Industrial Plants, and many Branches of the Canadian Legion at 50¢ per copy.

It is expected that the demand will be great. Every soldier's family will want one. Every Legion Member should have one.

You can make sure of your picture by ordering now, direct from the Shaw Printing Co., 214 New Blue Building, Montreal, Que.

Send 60¢ for one or \$1 only for two. Don't send cash. Use postal notes.

BRINGING UP FATHER

MAGGIE— OH! MAGGIE!

THIS WILL BE A BIG SURPRISE TO MAGGIE—ME GETTING UP THIS HOUR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WAKING ME UP AT THIS HOUR?? JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T SLEEP DO YOU WANT TO DISTURB THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD?

HE DON'T CALL TODAY—DADDY—HE GETS DOWN TO SEE MR. DUGAN—HE'S GOING TO WORK!

HE MIGHT BE GON' TO WORK—BUT WHEN HE GETS TO IT—THAT I WILL END IT!

DUGAN—IS IT TRUE MAGGIE'S BROTHER ASKED YOU FOR A JOB?

YES—HE OPENED TH DOOR AND ASKED IF I HAD A JOB OPEN—AND I SAID—YES!

—AND BEFORE I COULD TELL HIM WHAT IT WAS—HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND RAN OUT!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

ANY CHARLES WANTS ME TO KEEP HIS PARACHUTE TILL HE GETS BACK FROM VISITIN' HIS ANTI—

EVERYBODY HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME!

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN SALLY DANCE—THE BELLE OF THE OCCASION—HA HA—

OH, MR. BUDGE—

ANY TIPPY DID ALL HIS TRICKS FOR TH' SOLDIERS AN' WE SANG AN' WE TH' DOOR BELL—

WELL, CAN I PUT IT ON MY LANDIN' THEN?

I SHOWED CHARLES DEAR ALBERT'S PICTURE TAKEN JUST BEFORE HE—DISAPPEARED—I HOPE I CAN FIND HIM—

BUT I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR FATHER HAS MUCH USE FOR ME. OH, FATHER I MISS MARTHA— DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

SEE, CHARLES—WILL YOU PUT IT ON YOUR PARACHUTE— DON'T BOTHER CHARLES—

TILLIE THE TALKER

WELL, YOU'RE NERVOUS! YOU SHOULD SEE A PSYCHIATRIST.

BE I SHOULD, ALAN.

I'D HIRE YOU BACK, BUT YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS. BETTER SEE A PSYCHIATRIST.

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SO NERVOUS, TILLIE. BETTER SEE A PSYCHIATRIST.

THANKS, MR. SIMPKINS.

WELL, YOU CAN'T TELL ME TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST! BUT I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE TRYING TO!

WILL MURPHY GO TO DR. BARR?

YES?

IT'S YOUR WIFE, DOCTOR. SHE WANTS TO KNOW HOW LEWIS CARROLL'S "BARBEROCKY" GOES.

I WAS BRILLING AND THE SLITTY EYES DID EYE AND SIMBLE IN THE WAVE.

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! THE DOCTOR'S WACKY!

NASTY COUGH
due to
BRONCHIAL GRIPPE

Why not start today and enjoy the better health you may secure from Polson's Cough Syrup. What this splendid medicine has done for others, it can surely do for you. Read the following letter.

"My grippy, bronchial ailment met its match when I started to use Polson's Cough Syrup. I don't know what mysterious powers are hidden in this medicine, but I can assure you that it did remarkable things for me. Relief from the Coughing Spell came quickly—that dry, hacking cough ceased. I felt like new all over. The tonic properties in this Syrup restore my strength."

Yes, today I am well—no more trouble at all, and to Polson's Cough Syrup I owe my thanks and gratitude.

(Signed) M.E.G.

A clear road to better health is indicated in the experience above quoted. If similarly affected, you also can turn with benefit to the use of Polson's Cough Syrup which is sold by all chemists in 35c bottles.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP

(To Be Continued)