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 A "Model" Academy (co-educational) working with University School of Education.
 Girls reside in residence of School of Household Economics and Fine Arts.
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COURSES—University Matriculation, General, Business.

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 WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA
 FOUNDED 1838

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 One-year special course in Education for graduates in Arts and Science to qualify for the Teacher's License of the Province of Nova Scotia and the degree of Bachelor in Education.
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For Information Apply to the Registrar.

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY
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Dr. G. J. Trueman, M.A., Ph.D., D.C.L., LL.D., President
 1944-45 SESSION

Wednesday, Sept. 20—All male students report for military training.
 Monday, Sept. 25—University Girls' Residence open for new students.
 Wednesday, Sept. 27—First Term begins. All residences open.

DEGREE COURSES in Arts, Science, Home Economics, Music, Fine Arts.
 CERTIFICATE COURSES in Engineering, Teacher Training, Commerce, Home Economics and Secretarial.
 PREPARATORY COURSES to Law, Medicine, Theology and Dentistry.

GOVERNMENT LOANS available for MILITARY TRAINING—All students selected students planning to take Medicine; Dentistry; Science; Engineering.
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For 1944-45 Calendar write to Dr. H. Tucker, Registrar
 Mount Allison University, Sackville, New Brunswick

ROTHESAY COLLEGIATE SCHOOL
 Founded 1877

A country Boarding School for boys ages 9 to 18 situated nine miles outside Saint John, New Brunswick.

Courses lead to Junior and Senior Matriculation and the Services.

School re-opens mid-September. For information write to J. F. L. Jackson, B. A., Acting Headmaster, Rothesay, New Brunswick.

Map shows where Soviet forces have trapped approximately 200,000 retreating Nazis in Estonia and Latvia after striking through to the Baltic Sea, west of Riga. The Germans' only hope of escape, by way of the sea, may prove another Dunkirk. To the south, the Russians were reported to have crossed the Vistula River to capture Praga.

French citizens of Caen in Normandy openly celebrated their freedom after four years of Nazi rule. News pamphlets issued by the Allies, bearing first authentic news of the outside world available to them since France fell are in greatest demand and this picture at left dramatically illustrates this craving for news. French hands stretch upward to grasp one of the Allied pamphlets which are eagerly scanned when they appear each day. At right is shown one of the Maquis, French underground troops which carried on the fight undercover while Caen was in German hands, now free to wear his Cross of Lorraine and to assist the Allied Army openly. — (Canadian Army Overseas Photos).

As Long as I Live
 By EMILIE LORING

Lamont stopped the roadster at a gas station in a small white church-spired village near the base of the mountain. From the open door drifted a radioed baritone voice singing:

"Every street I walk on
 Becomes a lover's line
 When I'm with you, when—"
 Abruptly the voice ceased. The man who dashed forward to service the car stopped, regarded the driver with incredulous eyes and approached with out-stretched hand.

"Shucks, but it's great to see you, Craig. How you been?" He nodded and winked at Joan. "The wife?"

"Miss Crofton, this is my old friend, Johnny Nolan. We fought our way through the eighth grade together."

"Pleased to meet my friend of Craig's," Nolan attested heartily. He returned from filling the roadster's tank and stared sociably on the door.

"How far you going?"

"To the mountain."

"The town hasn't got to work on it yet and I'll bet last night's rain and wind raised holes with it. Someone's opened a swell hotel on one of the other peaks. Tain't quite so high as this one. Whoever it is has a pull with the government and there's a big crew making a road."

"And the town fathers have let the road on this mountain go to the dickens, I get you. Have you had any reports on it?"

"None, nary a one. A sedan stopped here for gas—at—well, I'd say 'twas 'bout three o'clock this morning. Three guys in it. The fella drivin' said they was going up the mountain to see the summit. Struck me 'twas a cockeyed thing to do, but as I'm not setting out to run the world nor the hills, I didn't say nothing but except to ask 'em to stop and report on the road when they came down."

"What did they say about it?"

"They didn't stop. They were back in just about the time I allow for the trip up and down. When I heard their car I stuck my head out the bedroom window and yelled, 'Hi, the road!'"

"They didn't stop to answer. I only had time to make out the number—'twas a Mass license—before they took a sharp turn. It may not be as bad as I think it is but you won't find the road leadin' to the peak."

Nolan chuckled and winked at Joan.

"I guess you know Craig well enough, but to knock of his ain't got it in him to turn back. Now that he's started in politics, we fella's ought to be school with him expect to see him Governor one of these days."

Lamont laughed but Joan saw color rise under his bronzed skin.

"Is that a wish or a prophecy? Which ever it is you can see that the fellow's got a right smart head when we come back and report on the road. You have a snappy stick here, Johnny."

"It ain't too bad," Nolan pressed a button and the outlines of the building faded into blue, green and red lights. "How's that for class?"

"A smash-hit! I'll be seeing you, Johnny."

As the car shot forward Joan observed,

"If all your constituents are as enthusiastic as your friend, Mister Nolan, I shall look forward to seeing hands with Governor Lamont on some February of the ty-second. Then I'll be boasting, I knew him when—"

"Johnny's an optimist. Here's the beginning of the mountain road. It winds and winds till it gets to the top. Look at the rule. The rain must have rushed down in torrents. Think you can take it if not, well turn back and go somewhere to get a dose of the sun."

"Turn back! I never turn back. I'm like a rising young politician who's got a tall-light on him."

"Onward it is, Johnny was wrong about my never turning back. I'd turn back a dozen times before I would take you into danger."

After that they were silent till a tremendous jolt bounced Joan out of her seat.

"What a bump," she gasped. "Our progress makes me think of an army tank maneuvering over hill and dale—mostly hill. I thought we couldn't pull out of that hole."

The roadster took the steep sharp rise like a bird on wings. Joan looked at the shabby buildings and airplanes that had plodded along. Years removed from the throbbing world of automobiles and airplanes, she had plodded along in a dingly drawn buckboard on the long, laborious mountain road to the top. Upper windows gazed with glazed lidless eyes at the limitless stretch of sky and valley. The mountain top was patched with rocks and low juniper and scrubby blueberry bushes. In a flaunted one yellow blossom. The hollow tap, tap, of a woodpecker drifted softly from the roof.

The sound set Joan's nerves screech. Curious that it should affect her like that. She wasn't a nervous person. Absolutely she turned and looked at Craig. Lamont who was lifting a hamper from the roadster standing in the curve of the drive before the Inn. Beyond him she could see the chimney of a small log cabin.

FLYTOX
 ALL OTHERS ARE Imitations

He set the hamper down and pulled two cushions from the rumber. "Take these, Joan and your top-coat. We'll picnic on the other side of the house. The view from there is glorious a panorama of east, west, north and south. We'll see the sun set and watch the moon come up. We'll have the world to ourselves and what a world! Take a look through these."

Joan adjusted the field glasses and she saw clearly the valley, fields and foothills; a bridge that hung like a spider's web above the white water of a shimmering river; villages that looked as if they might have been carved from mother-of-pearl; a chain of ponds glittering like polished mirrors and on a distant ridge, two buildings that rested on sky like painted houses on the painted back-drap. She recognized Silver Birch and The Mansion.

"The view from here is even more glorious than I dreamed it to be," Joan exclaimed.

"I'm glad. Help unpack the hamper, will you? Hope I selected something you like."

Joan peered into a covered thermos dish.

"It looks and smells marvelous. Pile's mignon, luscious mushrooms, parsley-powdered snowy potato balls, little bunches of asparagus tips tied with gay red pimento ribbons and the last watercress and a shoulder-knot of perfect touch-infant carrots. You've made a supper, it's a banquet," said Joan.

"iced fruit juice cocktails and an appetizing variety of hors d'oeuvres with sandwiches, thin and tangy. Followed a dessert of maple eclairs with fragrant coffee, rich with cream."

"I've just remembered the special delivery from my sister. Mind if I read it?"

(To be continued)

W. C. T. U. NOTES

SALUTE TO BRITAIN

"Land of hope and glory,
 Mother of the free,
 How shall we adore thee,
 Wife and born of thee!
 Wide thy hills and wider,
 Shall thy bounds be set;
 God who made thee mighty
 Make thee mightier yet!"

LAND OF HOPE?

Can we in soberness and truth think thus of Britain today? Memory can hark back to a time when hopes of gloom were croaking about the decline of Britain. Her star was about to set. She was old, stagnant and decadent. Her pulse had grown feeble and the death rattle was in her throat. No longer could she hope to retain a voice of leadership among the nations. She must sink to the status of a third rate power; a land with something of a past but nothing of a future. But look her today! Listen to her now! What are those voices we hear sounding high and clear above the roar of the bursting bombs the spread desolation through the land? They are voices vibrant with high hopes. Not a note of pessimism can be heard. Not only she is singing—There Will Always Be an England—but she is planning a better England than has ever been.

Yet in very truth that may be said of her. What kind of glory? The glory of loyalty to high ideals of life. "What price glory?" the price of unparalleled suffering patiently and cheerfully endured. Where now is the croaker? Where now is the scooner? Where now are the leering Anglophobes with their prediction that "England will fight to the last Frenchman?" Proudly, yet not boastfully we may claim that Britain is covering herself with glory as she leads the fight, not only for the "democratic way of life," not only for her own national security, but for everything that makes it worth while to live at all, the fight for the soul of humanity. And so, with glad and thankful hearts we acknowledge Columbia's "Salute to Britain." J.D.F.

THEIR RIGHT

Since the last war women have come to the forefront in a multitude of spheres and have exerted their influence in many civic, provincial and Dominion-wide activities. They have received the right to vote, have held seats in Parliament and legislatures, have worked in all manner of industrial concerns; and in this war, have proved themselves very directly, very and in the services and are serving with zeal and devotion. But there is one sphere which concerns them very directly, personally, and which has so far remained closed to members of their sex. That is the field of peace negotiations and treaties. But, more and more it is being urged that women should be included in that important work which will determine the fate of nations and of individuals.

"There is every reason why no man should be represented at the Pan-American Society of the United States declared recently, adding, "and if they press their claims hard enough, they will be."

Certainly, the treaties that men have designed so far have not proved effective in averting wars. Perhaps it would be a good idea now to include women in peace talks. We have always boasted that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules (Continued on page 6, Col. 1)

A Soldiers Enlistment Tabulations Office
 has been opened at
162 Richmond St.

for the purpose of tabulating all enlistments from P. E. Island in the Army, Navy, Air Force and Merchant Marine. Will next-of-kin or friends please call, write or telephone enlistment details here.

TELEPHONE NO. 877

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Out Our Way
 By J. R. Williams

IF YOU LET THAT THING WALLOW AROUND IN MY PANSIES AGAIN, I'LL USE PAWS CIVIL WAR SASSER ON HIM AND YOU'LL NEED A NEW LION.

BOON! THIRTY YEARS RED! BOON!

Our Boarding House
 With Major Hoopie

CLICK YOUR FAST TWIGS WHERE'D YOU GET THE MONEY? WAS IT A DANLIGHT BANK JOB?

OH, NO!—THE FOLKS HERE—ABOUTS ARE HOG WILD AS A LAD I HUNTED CHAMOIS FOR LEATHER COATS— I COULD KNOCK ONE OFF A MOUNTAIN PEAK AND SACK IT UP IN IT ON THE WAY DOWN!—SO THEY DARED ME TO A MATCH, AND MADE A FEW BETS, AND—

BUT MY WORD, TWIGGS YOU HAD NO MONEY EITHER— HAN! YOU SET ME ALL A-FLIGHT— OLD CHAP!

TWIGGS SHOOTS THEIR WAY OUT!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS
 By Edwina

SO IT LOOKED AS IF MESSIE IT WAS ALL UP WITH ME!— AND THEN—

I GOT A LETTER FROM AMOS SAYIN' HE WAS A HIGH IMPROVIDENT WAS AN LIE FOR ME TO COME LIVE WITH THEM—

FORE I WAS ON THE TOWN AN' DISGRACED I WROTE HER A NOTE—

AN' SAID IT BROKE MY HEART, BUT I MUST PART— LEFT THAT NIGHT—

IMAGINE TH' SHOCK WHEN I SAW HER— AN' I REEVER HOUSE TODAY— I TALKIN' TO AMOS—

BRINGING UP FATHER
 By George

DO YOU TELL BOBBY SHE COULD WEAR MY SORORITY PIN? SHE HAS IT ON—

I DID NOT! I'VE GOT TO TALK TO MARGO ABOUT THAT—

NOW! BOBBY BORROWED MY NEW SILK SCARF—I DON'T LIKE THIS IDEA—

BUT—MAGGIE—

OH—SHUT UP! DON'T BE SO STINGY—LET THE CHILD ENJOY HERSELF—

DO YOU MIND? I'M GOING TO WEAR YOUR FUR—AND I THINK YOUR POCKETBOOK GOES WELL WITH IT— WHAT DO YOU THINK?

TILLIE THE TOILER—
 CAUGHT ON THE RUN.

THEY'RE GOT! HAIL'S CHASING HIM!

I HOPE HE CAN GET HIM.

HE'D BETTER!

GET HIM WHEN HE COMES AROUND.

BOB!

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