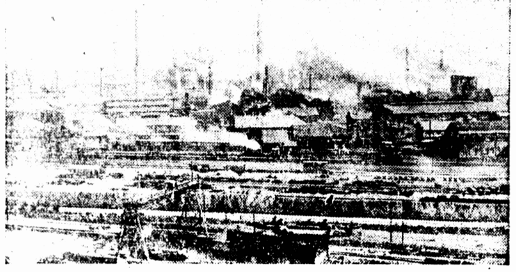

Allied armies smashing ahead around Metz, are looking ahead toward the Saar River basin, famous as an industrial beehive and a rich mining are. Linked to Germny by important railroads and the Rhine River, the Saar is barely 738 square miles in area with a population of about 850 000 people. Map at top is closeup of Saar while smaller map gives Saar's relation to the rest of the area. Bottom picture is industrial skyline of Saarbrucken.

## [illegible]-town R. C. A. F. in Middle East

WITH THE R. C. A. F. IN THE MIDDLE EAST.—There's a bit of Canada way down at the eastern end of the Mediterranean It's the new Canada House opened in Tel Aviv by the Knights of Columbus branch of J.C A F. auxiliary services.

Once a seaside hotel. it now is a [illegible] where ground and aircrew can loaf and eat Canadian cooking and meet Canadians. On a bright, clean street in this lively new city, it is just one block away from the kind of bathing and swimming you read about in the travel posters.

Tommy Rathwell of Winnipeg, auxiliary services chief in the Middle East, negotiated for the hotel. Cpl. Rick Bignell of Ottawa and Cpl. Bob Stewart, of Charlottetown work full time in the establishment and the cooking is handled by Sgt. Fred Smith of Halifax, a former navy cook.

Canadians all over the Middle East visit Tel Aviv Canada House and it has developed into one of the more prominent spots in the city.

(Cpl. Bob Stewart is the son of Mrs. James W Stewart, 120 Cumberland Street and has been engaged in similar work in different parts of Europe.

## *Wedding Bells*

**Miss Hazel G. Ormerod is Bride of L. W. D. Stewart, Montague, P. E. I**

Variegated baby 'mums, large white mums and palms formed the setting in St Paul's church Brockville Ont. Saturday afternoon when at 2.30 o'clock Rev. Canon L. E. Davis joined in marriage Miss Hazel Gertrude Ormerod, third daughter of Frank Ormerod, 109 Orchard street, and the late Mrs. Ormerod and Lieut. William Donald Stewart, of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, of Mon ague P. E. I. second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stewart of Charlottetown P. E. I.

Given in marriage by her father the bride looked lovely in a floor length gown of heavy white taffeta fashioned with a bouffant skirt and bracelet length sleeves with a dropped shoulder line a French tulle yoke, and finger- ip tulle veil with Mary Queen of Scots head-dress She wore a gold locket sent to her from England by her sister Lieut. (N. S.) Leonora Ormerod who is now serving in Belgium. Her earrings were a tiny replica of the groom's unit badge. She carried an arm bouquet of American Beauty roses and bouvardia.

Miss Phyllis Seeley, Brockville, as maid-of-honor, was becomingly gowned in a floor-leng h dress of pastel peach chiffon velvet, fashioned on princess lines, with sweetheart neckline and hat of matching velvet. She carried a Colonial bouquet of baby 'mums tied with blue ribbons.

The bridesmaid, Miss Bernice Hill, Brockville, looked equally charming in a floor length gown of pastel blue chiffon velvet, modeled on the same lines as that of the maid of honour, with a matching blue velvet hat, and carried a Colonial bouquet of baby 'mums tied with pink ribbons.

Cadet George Ross of Tatamagouche, N. S. who is s ationed at the O. T. C. assisted the groom as best man. The ushers were Cadet Ronald Shaw of Nova Scotia and Cadet James Hardimon of London England. The wedding music was played by W. H. Thresher, church organist. During the signing of the register Schubert's "Ave Maria" was played.

A reception followed the ceremony at the Revere Hotel, where the bride's sister, Mrs. Arthur P. LeRiche, in a draped model gown of French black crepe, with black hat, and corsage of red roses, received the guests. A buffet luncheon was served.

The bride changed to a poudre blue wool dress, cinnamon brown boucle fitted coat with dyed racoon collar, brown accessories and corsage of Talisman roses. The young couple left by train on a wedding trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls.

Guests present from a distance included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ormerod, of Kingston; Mrs. James Atkinson, Verdun, Que.; Mrs. Philip J. LeRiche, Westmount, Que.; Mrs. Lloyd H. Smith, Regina, Sask.; Mrs. George Ross, of Tatamagouche, N. S.; and Tpr. **Henry Cousens, of Toronto.**

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL
for CUTS, BURNS and BRUISES

**Home Insulation**

Received carload Johns-Manville Rock Wool — saves up to 30% on your heating costs — keeps your home warmer in winter — cooler in summer.

We will be glad to talk Home Insulation with you — no obligation.

**L. M. Poole & Co.**

Lumber — Building Supplies

Phone 171
172

Charlottetown

## Tomorrow is Forever

by Gwen Bristow

"I told you not to try to answer me. Please don't try. There's no answer, for me or for you."

"Yes there is," he exclaimed decisively. "For a moment, sitting there, you had me almost believing that there wasn't. You said it was too late for you to start over. You are not required to start over. But you are required to keep going. Remember, your responsibilities are of your own creation. You aren't responsible for what's happening in the world, but you are responsible for how you take it."

"I told you I couldn't take it. I can feel myself breaking at the prospect. I can't take it."

"Yes you can," he said sternly, "and you're going to."

His force was like a stimulus. Elizabeth exclaimed, "Do you believe I can, Mr. Kessler? You seem to know me pretty well by now—do you believe I can?"

"You can," he returned earnestly, "because you've promised it by every action of your life. Nobody required you to get married, or to have children, or to live so that you would be essential to their well being. If you had wanted to, you might have been one of these whining creatures who takes to her bed at every annoyance and becomes the center of her little universe by demanding attentions She's too useless to get any other way But you didn't do that. You outlived your own early grief. To do it you had to strip your character down to its core of strength, so that this is what they have seen of you, this is what you have taught them to expect. They believe in you. They need you, and they're going to need you more. In God's name, don't fail them."

Elizabeth drew a long breath. Her chest felt tight After a while Kessler resumed his chair He turned to her saying,

"Right now, you are beginning to fail."

She started. "Is it as obvious as that? Already?"

"Why don't you stop looking at this entirely from your own viewpoint" he asked. "You wonder if you can take it—has it never occurred to you that Dick is taking it very well?"

"Dick? He doesn't seem to think very much about it."

"He doesn't seem so to you, maybe. But he is thinking about it."

"How do you know?" She was startled. "Has he said anything to you?"

"No. But I know he is, because I've been there."

Elizabeth exclaimed, "Yes you have. Tell me what it's like!"

"It's a torment of bewilderment," he returned. "You don't say much about it because everybody seems to understand it better than you do. You don't know the reason other people aren't explaining it to you is that they don't understand it either. You go around wondering how you are going to act like a brave hero because God knows you don't feel like one. You do a little blusterng to cover up how scared you are. You're angry, mad as hell about the whole thing. you think you ought to feel like a killer but you don't—you keep telling yourself you're not a coward, you'll go out and do what you have to do, but all the time you keep wishing to God somebody would tell you why you've got to do it. That's what it's like, Mrs. Herlong."

Elizabeth was sitting forward, her hands tight on the arms of her chair. "My God, that's what's going on in his mind! But why hasn't he told us?, Mr. Kessler, why doesn't he ever say so?"

"I suspect it's because he knows what going on in your mind, a lot better than you think."

"You mean," she said bitterly, "he knows his father and I aren't fit to be told Because we have failed him terribly."

"Have you? Do you know you have?" He asked quietly.

"Yes, I do know it!" she exclaimed. "If Dick has no idea what the war is about its our fault. We were two of the people who thought we could avoid another war just by not wanting it! We always thought we were tolerant, broad-minded persons; we didn't hate anybody, we just wanted to be left alone. We were the people who read about Hitler and hoped we wouldn't have to do anything about him. Then Pearl Harbor, and we were angry. Dick was angry too. I was astonished at how angry he was. But all I could think of that day was 'This means Dick' I supposed I was so engrosed with it that I didn't stop to realize Dick was there at the radio thinking 'This means me.' He was mad. I thought he was mad with the Japs I didn't know then—you're just beginning to make me know—that he was mad at us too, for letting this happen without making any of it clear to him. It's not clear to him now He doesn't understand it and I can't tell him. I'm beginning to see the issues at stake, but I'm still inarticulate about them Maybe I'm so frightened I'm paralyzed" She broke off, and added more quietly, "There now, Ive said it."

Kessler said in a low voice, "I understand."

"You do, don't you?" she pled.

"Would you believe me if I told you I loved your son, Mrs. Herlong? I do love him. He's so much like the son I used to think I might have."

"You never had any children, did you, Margaret told me this afternoon you adopted her after her parents died."

"No, I never had any children," he returned steadily. "That was another of the things that the war made impossible."

"Oh," she said faintly. After a moment she exclaimed, "Yet you have conquered, Mr. Kessler. You have gone on living, living well and nobly, in a world that left you absolutely nothing to live for. How did you do it? It seems strange that I who have everything should turn to you who have nothing, and say 'Please help me.' But I do. Because right now it seems it is you who have everything and I who have nothing. Will you help me?"

He asked. "Do you want me to try to tell Dick what he's being asked to fight for?"

"Yes! Can you? Will you?"

"I'll try. I'll do my best."

"Thank you! You can do it better than I can You've seen it And you are so wise, so gentle, so—how can I say it? I mean you're the only man I know I'd trust to do it well."

(To Be Continued)

NEW BABIES
Many trained nurses use this reliable aid for relieving
DIAPER RASH
Cuticura Ointment soothes, promptly helps relieve. Cuticura Talcum protects baby's skin. Highly successful for generations! Buy today!
CUTICURA OINTMENT & TALCUM
MOTHERS! TRY CUTICURA BABY OIL

Here's Our
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION

If it's a good buy in Overcoats you're seeking, then Mister, keep on reading. The Men's Store has prepared for you a line of coats that will satisfy you in design, in fabric, in tailoring and in price. Please drop in soon and look them over. The Men's Store is confident that they can furnish you with just what you want.

$40
ELYSIANS

A notably handsome overcoat for the more or less conservative business man. Double breasted models, with set-in sleeves, quiet colors of black, grey, navy. They're handsomely tailored of dignified, good-looking Elysian. Your visit is cordially invited.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

## Address and Presentation

On Wednesday evening, October twenty-fifth, friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cudmore, Winsloe, in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clark and family, who were leaving the community.

Mrs. Clark had been organist in the Winsloe North Church, having played at intervals for seventeen years. Mrs. Walter Roberts read the address while Miss Winnie Cudmore prensented them with a well filled purse.

A purse was also presented to Master Merrill Clark from his school chums, by Wilmot Cudmore. Mrs. Clark then thanked their friends in a few well chosen words and all joined in singing Auld Lang Sine. Appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Constable. The remainder of the evening was spent in games, singing and social intercourse. Refreshments were then served by the ladies.

Following are the Addresses:

Dear Margaret and Earl:—We, your friends and neighbors have gathered here this evening, not to say a good-bye as is the case in most such gatherings, but to assure you that the kindest regards and best wishes of all present will accompany you when you leave to take up residence in another community. We are glad that you are not moving far away, and that we will still be able to think of you as neighbors.

Margaret, you have lived among us the longer, and have been a great asset to the community, for both in church and social activities you have given unsparingly of your time and talents to help make each enterprise a success, and you will be sorely missed at all local gatherings; we have no doubt that you will soon be called upon to help where you next take up residence, for capable and willing helpers are few.

With your friendliness and cheerfulness you will soon make new friends, but we trust that you will not forget the old.

Earl, you and the children will also be missed from among your circle of friends. We wish in some small way to express our appreciation of your friendliness and help and so we ask you to accept this gift, not for its value, but because it is accompanied by the love and best wishes of all present.

Signed on behalf of your Friends and Relatives of Winsloe and Community.

Dear Merrill:—We, your fellow pupils also wish to say we are sorry you are leaving us. We will certainly miss you at school because we always had such good times together. We hope you will get over to see us often, and you can bet every chance we get we will call on you.

Your Fellow Pupils of Winsloe North School.

The Institute of which Mrs. Clark was a member, also made her a present of a beautiful handbag.

**QUESTION OF TASTE**

"Utility" beef is just as high in nutritive value as are the top grades of beef.

**Out Our Way** By J. R. Williams

**Our Boarding House** With Major Hoople