

R. C. A. F. Ground Crews Fly to France



Servicing ground personnel for the first Canadian Fighter Unit to move into an advanced base were taken in by Dakota aircraft of the Transport Command, manned by mixed Royal Canadian Airforce and R. A. F. crews.

Stories Older Than the Setting



The ruins of Rome's ancient Colosseum look down upon a scene older than they are. A man and a girl are seen in the foreground, but they are not the main attraction.

"Who'll Be The Next" . . . . .



Remnants of an old washing machine pinch hit as a bath tub for Riffman J. C. Sackfield of Oakville, Ont. Rifleman E. Deblais of Cochrane, applies the soap.—(Canadian Army Overseas Photo Through WIB)

Montague

Miss Helen Clarkson, nursing member (VAD) with the R.C.A.M.C. St. John, N. B., recently visited Montague, guest of Miss Edna Fraser.

Mr. E. H. Stewart, returned from Sackville N. B. where she attended the conference of the Maritime Branch of the Women's Missionary Society held there last week.

Miss Thelma Larter, Charlottetown, spent the weekend in Montague.

Miss Ruth Clements, Charlottetown spent the holiday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Clements.

Miss Ariens Yeo, Charlottetown, spent the holiday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Yeo.

Miss Doris Vickerson, Charlottetown, visited her grandmother Mrs. D. J. MacLean, over the weekend.

Miss Grace Crozier, Halifax, is visiting with her mother Mrs. L. Crozier Lower Montague.

A miscellaneous shower was held at the home of Mrs. H. Davidson, Thursday evening, June 29th, the guests of honor being Miss Francis Coffin and Miss Edna Coffin. The many gifts showered upon these two young ladies testified to the esteem in which they were held in Montague. A short program was presented consisting of readings by Wilna MacLure, solos by Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. Ralph Douglas, sister of the guests of honor; and a prayer by Miss Jean Adams. The pianists were Miss Agnes Annear and Miss Jean Adams. The girls were opened by Miss Mary Fraser and the accompanying verses were read by Mrs. D. M. MacDonald and the gift, were nicely arranged by Mrs. Marshall Reynolds. Miss Coffin and Mrs. Dennis graciously thanked those present for their gift and good wishes after which "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" was sung. A delicious lunch was served and an hour spent in a jolly sing-song. The "Goodnight Ladies" and "God Save The King" brought an enjoyable evening to a close.

Prize List of Souris Convent

GRADE X
Governor-General's Bronze Medal for General Proficiency, Catherine Campbell.
Prize for General Proficiency, donated by Rev. D. P. Croken, D. D., Catherine Campbell.
Prize for General Proficiency, donated by Rev. L. McKenna, Helen McIsaac.
Prize for Christian Doctrine, by the Children of Mary, Marion McDonald.
Prize for Domestic Science, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Clemmie McCarron.
Prize for Punctuation, by Dr. A. A. McDonald, Helen and Eileen McEachern.

GRADE IX
Prize for Highest Aggregate, by Rev. L. McKenna, Phyllis Landrihan.
Prize for 2nd Highest Aggregate, by the Catholic Women's League, Mae McKinnon.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. St. Clair Paquet, Mary McInnis.
Prize for Application, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Gertrude Peters.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. A. P. McDonald, Hazel Sanphy.

GRADES VIII & VII
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade VIII, by Dr. A. A. McDonald, Irlay Arling.
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade VII, by Rev. D. P. Croken, D. D., Valeria Quinn.
Prize for Christian Doctrine, by Rev. L. McKenna, Mary Ellen McIntosh.
Prize for Attendance, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Edith Meurant.
Prize for Punctuation, by Mrs. A. P. McDonald, Edna McDonald.
Prize for Domestic Economy, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Barbara McDonald.

GRADES VI & V
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade VI, by Dr. A. A. McDonald, Catherine McDonald.
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade V, by Mrs. Reginald McDonald, Claire Paquet.
Prize for Christian Doctrine, by the Children of Mary, Joan McDonald.
Prize for Application, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Jean McIntyre.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. St. Clair Paquet, Norma Creamer.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. A. P. McDonald, Eleanor Keays.
Prize for Domestic Economy, by Mrs. Peter McPhee, Anne Cheverie.

GRADES IV, III & II
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade IV, by Dr. P. Croken, D. D., Joan Cheverie.
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade III, by Mrs. Frank Paquet, Ruth McDonald.
Prize for Highest Aggregate, Grade II, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Catherine Mooney.
Prize for Catechism, by the Children of Mary, Marina Malone.
Prize for Spelling, by St. Mary's Alumnae, Anne McDonald.
Prize for Spelling, by Mrs. Arthur McDonald, Jenny Heartz.
Prize for Arithmetic, by Mrs. George Peters, Joyce Paquet.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. A. P. McDonald, Eileen McDonald.
Prize for Application, by Mrs. Reginald McDonald, Jenny Gilbert.
Prize for Application, by Catholic Women's League, Betty Cheverie.
Prize for Application, by A Friend, Jenny Carter.

GRADE I
Prize for Catechism, by Rev. D. P. Croken, D. D., Eleanor Clinton.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

CHAPTER XXII

ARRESTED

In spite of having the best of intentions, Richard Harkness seemed foredoomed to make a mess of the affairs since that fateful day when Mr. Cooper summoned him to his presence. The last dream of personally spiking the guns of the enemy faded while he was in the way to meet Inspector Tyrrell.

Instead he was invited to interview a strange divisional superintendent. The innocently termed "question" Mr. Philip "Chetwood"?

The inquiry, so politely made, pulled him up in his stride. Would you mind accompanying me to the station, sir. There are some questions they would like to ask.

Later on, if you please, Harkness said. Actually, I am on my way to see Inspector Tyrrell.

The refusal of the Superintendent Graham felt that he must get on with the job at once. He had to get to the station in the "toils of Chetwood's" past offences that were now in the process of being proved after months of patient investigation.

The innocently termed "question" was plainly a preparation for charges to be preferred.

Harkness was driven to pleading then to finding Graham returned an uncompromising negative.

Wont you get in touch with Inspector Tyrrell at headquarters? implored the unhappy prisoner.

All in good time, Mr. Chetwood. I'm not Chetwood. My name is—

Oh, never mind. Anyway, I'm not the man you think I am.

The superintendent permitted himself an incredulous smile. Anything you have to say will be taken down in writing and will be used in evidence, he continued. I shall make a note that you deny your identity. Where is your National Registration card, please?

Richard gave up the unequal struggle. He had plenty of leisure time in which to approach himself for anything that he had done and what he had left undone.

Detention was not made arduous. An appealing lunch was sent in at his own expense and a request for another interview with the superintendent was readily acceded to. The constable took him to a bare furnished waiting room.

Make yourself comfortable while I finish the report, the superintendent is ready, he instructed.

Some uncontrollable impulse prompted Harkness to walk out of another door at the side of the room. He was in an office, with books and papers littered about.

This room was a short passage with several people walking about, some in uniform and some in plain clothes. He was not alone. He was not alone. He was not alone.

He did not think he had done and what he had left undone. He did not think he had done and what he had left undone.

I'm in such a hurry to catch a train, I risked it, he apologized. Where from?

The train? Oh, Liverpool Street. She giggled. Might we save yourself the trouble, Mister. This bus don't go within miles.

The driver had picked up speed so he travelled to the next authorized stopping place. He had stepped down. Near by was a tube station, so he dived underground.

So far, so good. The liberty he had instinctively snatched was likely to be of short duration. While he waited he intended to make full use of it.

That ingrained urge of friendly counsel took him, by devious stages, to Joyce Barlow.

Have you seen the Inspector? was her first remark.

No, anybody keeping watch on this house?

She peeped through the curtains. Not to my knowledge. You seem a little agitated.

And no wonder. Chetwood has been arrested.

But I don't understand. Surely Perry is dead?

I'm not. They've arrested me in his place.

Whatever for?

A list of offences as long as your arm and dating back several years. Some didn't surprise me; others did.

They couldn't have been so dreadful or you wouldn't have been released.

Escaped?

It happened on the spur of the moment. I was waiting for an interview with a high official, and as there was no one to stop me, I simply wandered into the street.

Yes but . . .

Don't you see I had to? Being locked up prevented me making any further effort on my own behalf.

Inspector Tyrrell would have put matters right.

You're a greater respect for his powers than I have. He's looking for a murderer, and was very definite about that. I'm not so sure it would have been any good going to him this morning, though.

I was on my way when a Bobby escorted me to the police station.

What are you going to do?

Get hold of Cooper and write a confession out of him.

Bishop Attends Ordination at St. Peter's

On Sunday, July 2, before a congregation which taxed the capacity of St. Peter's Church, St. Peter's Bay, to the utmost, His Excellency the Most Reverend James Boyle, D. D., Bishop of Charlottetown, raised to the Holy Priesthood the Reverend Emmet McInnis, a native of that parish.

The fine architectural lines of the sanctuary, embellished with decorations, made a perfect setting for all the colorful ceremonial of the rite of ordination.

His Excellency the Bishop, entered the Church in procession, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, the attendant sanctuary boys and assisting priests. He was met at the main entrance by the Right Reverend A. McAulay, P. C., the venerable pastor of St. Peter's.

The procession passed up the main aisle, the choir sang the ancient hymn of greeting, "Veni Sancte, Pater Bonus," to welcome the new Chief Pastor. After a brief visit to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament the Ordination Mass began.

The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Reverend Emmet O'Hanley, P. C., also a native of the parish, who took for his text the ancient Christian greeting, "Dominus vobiscum," the Lord be with you. The preacher's forth in language as beautiful as it was forceful the place of the priest as the bulwark of the civilization of his people. The conclusion of the sermon was a prayerful wish addressed to the young priest.

At the end of the Mass an address of welcome was read to His Excellency by R. J. McDonald, M. D.

Assisting His Excellency at the Ordination were: Rev. J. A. Sullivan, Rev. G. MacDonald, Rev. Patrick McMahon, Master of Ceremonies, and Reverend Pius Murnaghan, Ecclesiastic, assistant Master of Ceremonies.

Reverend Louis Dougan assisted the newly ordained priest. Other priests assisting in the sanctuary were: Reverend Emmet O'Hanley, Reverend Phelan McKenna, Reverend Bennett McDonald, Reverend L. J. McDonald, Reverend O. P. Wood, Reverend Emmet Dougan.

Father McInnis, the newly ordained priest, will celebrate his First Solemn Mass at St. Peter's next Sunday, July 9, at 10:00 a.m.

The following is the text of the address read by Dr. R. J. McDonald to His Excellency the Bishop: "To the Most Reverend James Boyle, D. D., Bishop of Charlottetown."

"Your Excellency:—

"To us, the people of this venerable parish of St. Peter's, this is, indeed, a day memorable and significant in our history; a day of rejoicing and of thanksgiving to God; for today we have not only been blessed with the presence of your Excellency, our new spiritual Father in Christ and later on, link with the throne of Peter, but have also witnessed the elevation of yet another of our Holy Monks to the Priesthood. That such a dignity was ever conferred on man is a signal honor to the whole human race; that it has been conferred on one so near to us is of great rejoicing to us all.

"Deep as was our sorrow to learn that your great and good predecessor, Archbishop McInnis, was to depart from us, yet we knew that Christ's promise to His Apostles, 'I will not leave you orphans,' would not long remain unfulfilled. That the Holy Father in His wisdom has seen fit to ordain to the high office of a Bishop from a vineyard so near and so like our own is indeed a double blessing. Therefore with hearts filled with joy and in the spirit of filial devotion do we offer you a hearty 'ead mille falite'—a hundred welcomes!

"It is, in a way, fitting and proper that the greatest and most inspiring of your episcopal functions should be performed first in this ancient parish. Our roots are buried deep in the ecclesiastical history of this province. Where our boundaries lie the spot where Jacques Cartier is said to have landed. 'To the St. Jean', in the years that followed, flocked many sons of France. Numbers of them settled along the shores of this bay; to the sea and till the day stood beside the baptismal font as proxy godfather for Louis XIV, King of France, in memory of this occasion the brand Monarch presented to the church a chalice and ciborium each of gold, since, unfortunately, lost for many years for long was this happy community left to their peaceful pursuits. The dreadful dogs of war were unleashed upon them; they were uprooted and scattered throughout many lands. In later years, seeking freedom from the poverty, persecutions and intolerance of their native land, came our ancestors, the Scotch and Irish immigrants. In their faith and by their labor the parish grew and prospered. Here too was born perhaps your greatest predecessor, the Most Reverend Peter McIntyre of ever blessed memory. From here, throughout the years, sons and daughters have gone forth to join Christ's Apostleship in many lands. Disappointments and great disasters have sometimes been our lot, but this parish has remained through the years, in scarcity and plenty, in war and peace, is a tangible reminder of our Holy Mother's enduring mission.

"This then, your Excellency, is our history. We are a simple folk and have our problems, spiritual, temporal and economic. War's terrible scourge has left its mark among us. War's awful aftermath has still to be undergone. Your counsel and guidance and that of our good pastor of thirty years shall be needed sorely many times. We have noted with interest your many lifelong labors for the social betterment of the common man. In your keeping we feel that many of the difficulties which now beset us will be surmounted.

"In conclusion we offer you our allegiance and loyalty in the words of the ancient hymn 'Vivat, Vivat Pastor Bonus!'

Nazi Robot Bomb—And How It Works

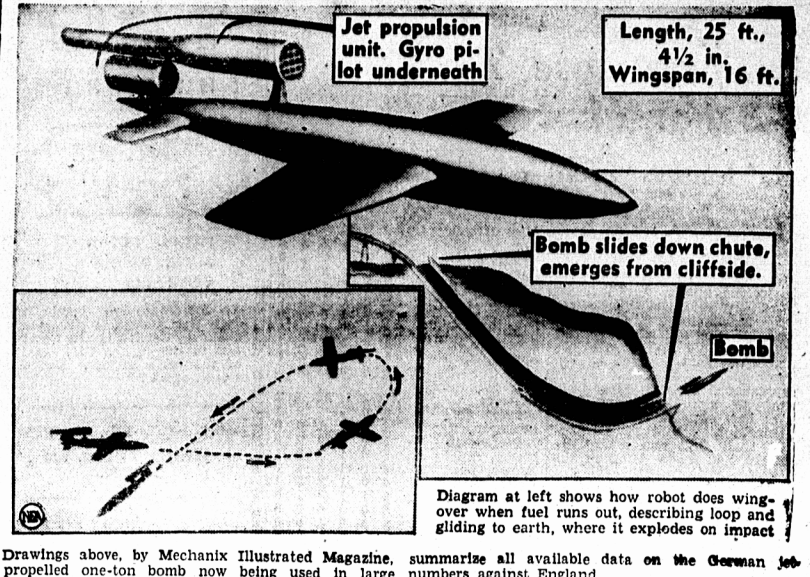


Diagram at left shows how robot does wing-over when fuel runs out, describing loop and gliding to earth, where it explodes on impact. Drawings above, by Mechanix Illustrated Magazine, summarise all available data on the German jet-propelled one-ton bomb now being used in large numbers against England.



Major General F. F. Worthington, C. B. M.C., led a demonstration of driving tests on army mobil M.M. Canadian tank expert, chats with Robert Grant, (left) Ben Murphy and William Kerr; the shot was at Camp Borden. — (Canadian Army Photo).

HOME IS NOT LIKE THIS



Following capture of Bayeux, in Normandy, by Allies, troops went sight-seeing. Above, British soldiers stop to stare at the French gowns on display in one of the town's shops. London stores haven't shown evening gowns like those for many a month.



These troops of a Western Canadian Infantry Brigade which has distinguished itself in the Normandy fighting entered this shell-battered French village after bitter fighting under cover of an intensive artillery barrage. Dazed and shaken German prisoners spoke with respect of the Canadian artillery barrage and complained of their own lack of artillery support in advance. — (Canadian Army—W. I. B. Radiophoto).