

# "Nazi Eyes on Canada"

## Strange Victory

By FRANKEN MELONEY  
Author of "Call Back Love"



Vincent Price and Canada's Judith Evelyn, stars of the Broadway play "Angel Street", are flying to Toronto Sunday to donate their services on behalf of the International Canadian Victory Loan. They will play the leads in the fifth of the "Nazi Eyes on Canada" radio dramatizations to be broadcast over the coast-to-coast network Sunday, October 18th at 8:30 p. m.

The stirring broadcast will show what would become of the natural resources of British Columbia and what would happen to the individual initiative and enterprise of the Western Canadians under Axis rule. The family depicted is that of Bob Maxwell of Vancouver.

It is said in Vancouver that no one knows as many loggers and fishermen as does Bob Maxwell. He has travelled all up and down the coast in his work installing Diesel engines and owns his own agency. His wife, Holly Maxwell, is a Vancouver girl, is in every sense of the word her husband's partner.

In this Sunday's dramatic high-

A strange expression passed over John Welton's face. "You're right," he said in an altered tone. "I beg your pardon. It was none of my business. For a moment, though, I thought it was... she's a fine girl." He paused, and seemed, Mike thought, to be unpleasantly amused. "You've discovered who she is, I daresay?"

So that was it. So that was what was in the old buzzard's mind. Mike's lips tightened. "I see. You're trying to drag up that unsavoury story about her and Tod Griswold. Well, I don't believe it. And I don't give a darn. And now if you've had your say, get out."

John Welton threw back his head and gave himself up to shouts and raps of laughter.

Mike's fist closed slowly. "Shut up," he ground out, "or I'm going to let you have it."

Welton wiped his eyes. "Well, bless my soul! She's Tod's daughter, you young idiot. And as for my putting into your affairs—sorry we were at cross purposes. I thought it was the other baggage you'd fallen for."

Mike stared at him. Tod's daughter. All once there was so much that was clear to me. All that had been inconsistent and baffling in his picture of her was suddenly explained.

John Welton broke in upon his thoughts. "Let's get down to business. He lighted a fresh cigar. "Your answers for my company were the ones I wanted to hear. I knew most of them before you told me. This is the way things stand: You and those who will stick with you control forty-five per cent of the Atlantic stock. There's an additional ten per cent held by a group of speculators. They'll sell to me or to anybody who pays cash. I'm buying that ten per cent today. If I can guarantee you a full fifty-five per cent majority control, I don't think the Atlantic line will be divided against itself. You resign and get married, have a five-day honeymoon, and then be ready to reorganize this cruise will get off the boat after their crowd to face the biggest surprise of their lives. How about it?"

"I'm with you," was all Mike could say, and reached out his hand to meet Welton's.

"I guess we don't need any more of an agreement than this," said Welton.

"I don't think we do," Mike answered. He rang the bell on his desk. Carter, who had stationed himself just outside the door, appeared before his finger left the button.

"Mr. Welton will dictate something to you. It will be my resignation from the Atlantic Company."

Mike saw Carter's face fall, as all his high hopes of Welton's aid vanished. "It's all right, Carter. We'll be back in the saddle in a few days." Suddenly he had the memory of Paige and Carter on the terrace the night before. It took all his courage to go on. "Carter, there's something you've got to know. I'm going to ask Miss Paige to marry me."

Carter said nothing for a while. "I have an idea that will make her happy, and you, too," he brought out finally in a hoarse voice.

"Thanks, boy," Mike's arm went about his shoulder.

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**W. C. T. U. NOTES**

**ANNIVERSARIES**

Some are sad and some are glad. An anniversary is like a milestone on the winding road of Memory. A birth, a death, a wedding, sacred dates throughout the years—Some recalled with happy thoughts and some with burning tears.

Do not cling too closely to these human reckonings. Time is nothing when we think of deep eternal things. Do not count the bird-days in the fear of growing grey; do not dwell too long upon the griefs of yesterday.

Every day's holy day—and Life's an endless track—Every morn' we're born anew—and there's no turning back. Dates have no significance in God's wide spheres above; there can be no calendars in His own world of Love.—Patience Strong.

**THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE CIVILIZATION MAKES ITS STAND**

In the month of September, 1802, William Wordsworth was standing near Dover, looking across the English Channel to the coast of northern France, there

"Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood," Napoleon was making great preparations for the invasion of England. He had said, "Make me master of that strip of water for twelve hours, and I am master of the world." As Wordsworth gazed upon the narrow strait, looking that day "like a river looking that fair," he shuddered to think how swiftly it might be crossed and what devastations would be wrought if Napoleon could land his legions upon the coast of England. But against his fear faith rose up, faith in the spirit of the British people. In that mood he wrote a sonnet concluding with the words:

"By the Soul and the Hand of the Great God, Only the nations shall be great."

At the beginning of this war Hitler viewed the English channel exactly as Napoleon had done. He planned to cross it with his mighty mechanized troops. A year ago his

By Dr. William F. Quillian in a very clear and strategic sense, the hope for civilization in the world message of the Christian Church. Every intelligent person is concerned as to what may happen within the immediate future.

Approximately 50,000,000 have been uprooted from their homes, and have fled to the west to build a "New China." The whole of China is living in fear of the side enemies, and in the face of what may happen if Communism should make fresh inroads on "New Europe. Millions face starvation and death. They too are refugees, and no one can forecast this places heavy responsibilities upon the Church in America. We must stand by our Christian leadership in other lands. We must GO! GIVE! PRAY!

The great majority of Christian leaders are as individuals hostile to the present liquor sale policy, but collectively there is timidity and caution. From whom are our Christian leaders taking their cue? What bible are they reading? Moses defied Pharaoh. Naaman faced David and said, "Thou art the man." Elijah spoke up to Ahab. Jesus Christ rebuked Herod. Paul troubled the conscience of Festus and Agrippa. Luther took his stand, he could do no other. John Knox made a Queen weep. John Wesley exposed the degradation caused by the slave trade. Wilberforce pleaded for the slaves before a hostile parliament.

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**THE EVILS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC**

John Wesley said: "All who sell liquor in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners; they are murderers. His Majesty's eye is pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? It is not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their groves—a fire burns that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood is there! The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood."—Sel.

**TERMITES ABROAD!**

HULL, England—(CP)—Sanitary experts had their hands full for a time thwarting an "invasion" of crickets which bred in salvage dumps. Houses were overrun by them when they came out at night and swarmed about the streets.

**\$20,000 FIRE**

CULLODEN, N. S., Oct. 14.—(CP)—A \$20,000 fire today wiped out the plant of the Bay of Fundy Fish Company in this village seven miles from Digby. The fire, cause of which was unknown, levelled the main building and smokehouse, destroying 25,000 pounds of salt and a large quantity of fish.

**FIRST POSTAGE STAMP**

The first adhesive postage stamp of Great Britain was made in 1840, and bore a portrait of young Queen Victoria.



# The Drums of Drake are Calling...

"If Freedom be in peril, the drums of Drake shall sound" (Old English Legend)

Today, as in the days of old, your Country and your Empire are calling you to service and to sacrifice—that the world may be free. On distant battle-fronts, in the uncharted skies, and across the seven seas, the sons of Canada are fighting—and dying—to preserve this freedom which is our heritage. Here, on the home-front, can we do less than give of our utmost endeavour and to our last resource?

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turned sardonically. "The trip promises to be far too interesting. I'm glad," he said genuinely, "for a grand time. Connie, and thanks for everything you've done for me."

She ignored his outstretched hand. Her face grew a little ugly and dis-torted. "You're not fooling me," she said slowly.

His eyes were grave. "I don't want to fool you, Connie. I'm very much in love with her..."

Paige tried to forget the cruise.

It was a long, hot afternoon, and Erica grew increasingly miserable. Paige forgot that the doctor had promised that she would feel a lot better, and sat by the bed, fighting the heat, and in the dim light of the darkened room she could see Marcia's picture on the table—smiling and young and happy—and there was born in her the sense that she was very close to sympathy.

**OUT OUR WAY**

By J. R. WILLIAMS

COME ON, ICHABOD—BOOT THAT BARLEY BURNER OUT OF IT! WE'RE HEADING FOR WORK AND HE'S HOLDING US UP!

WELL, YOU'LL GIT EVEN WIF HIM, MISTAH WES—YOU'LL HOLD HIM UP TONIGHT WHEN HE'S A-HEADIN' FER SUPPER!

**THE "HOMER"**

**OUR BOARDING HOUSE WITH MAJOR HOOPLE**

WHERE'S THE MAJOR? I HEARD HIS ILLUMINATED SHAVING CREAM WAS A WORMY APPLE. HE DUCK-CALLED ME OUT OF \$50 WITH A LOT OF WILD TALK, AND IF I DON'T GET IT BACK I'M GOING TO HAUNT HIM LIKE A STRAUSS WALTZ!

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IN OTHER WORDS: GO LONG, GUCKER!