

AGENT—Mrs. John Pond, 44 Water Street East—Phone 289 SUMMERSIDE AND PRINCE COUNTY

Subscriptions, Advertising should be left with Mrs. Pond The Guardian may be bought daily at any of the following stores in Summerside and Prince County...

ASBESTOS stove and furnace cement; right kind at Braces. L-29-9-21.

HOOK MATS, ANTIQUES, old glassware, large assortment clearing at greatly reduced prices at Kensington. L-15-9-21.

VISITING IN SAINT JOHN.—Mr. and Mrs. Borden Connell and Miss Adeline Borden are spending their vacation on the mainland.

Personals

Miss Vera B. Archibald was a recent visitor to Edgewater. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. Parlee of Summerside are spending their vacation at St. Martin, N. B. —S.

Miss Florence McCarville left last week for Halifax to visit her brother, Mr. Elmer McCarville and Mrs. McCarville. —S.

Mrs. Edward Hogan of St. John, is visiting her son, at Hunter's Lodge, Rosebank. —S.

Miss Hope Rodd has returned to Summerside, from a holiday trip to places of interest in Ontario. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. Gillis who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Johnston, Summerside, left on Friday for Montreal. —S.

Miss Eunice MacCardie has returned to her home in Freetown after spending a delightful holiday in Halifax, N. S.

Miss Olive Rose Sutherland of Sherbrooke, N. S., was a recent visitor to the island a guest at Edgewater Cabins. —S.

Dr. J. A. MacPhee returned on Saturday from Montreal where he was attending the Medical Convention. —S.

Miss Clara MacPhail returned to Halifax, N. S., on Saturday after a most enjoyable visit with her aunt, Mrs. Walter Colbeck. —S.

Messrs. J. C. Hickey, Earle Hickey and Eldon Hickey returned on Saturday from a business trip to St. John and Halifax. —S.

Miss Phoebe Perry of Rumford, Maine is visiting friends and relatives in Summerside and St. Nicholas. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kelly of Cambridge, Mass., spent a very pleasant holiday on the island, stopping at Edgewater, Stavert's Shore. —S.

Mrs. Jack Sutherland of Borden and Mrs. Sherman McAssy of Summerside are expected home this evening from a trip to Quebec City. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Dowling who have been visiting old friends in Summerside and vicinity have returned to their home in Cambridge, Mass. —S.

Miss Marion Woodside is spending her holidays at St. Martin, N. B. —S.

Miss Mildred Burt of French River is a patient in the Prince County Hospital. —S.

Mrs. T. E. Dunning and son Arnold, and Miss Irene Cameron, who have been visiting friends in St. Eleanors have returned to their home in Boston. —S.

Mr. Earland Vaughan returned recently to his home in Waterville, Maine after a brief visit to his old home in Wilmot Valley. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Ewen Clark. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Williams left on Friday on a motor trip to Moncton, Halifax and other places of interest. They were accompanied by Mrs. (Dr.) A. Lockhart and young son Frank Bertram. —S.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Tyler and their two children have returned from a holiday visit to Campbellton, N. B. Mr. Tyler is the Express agent at the Canadian National Express office at Summerside. —S.

Rev. G. A. Christie and Mrs. Christie of Lot 16 left last week for Montreal and Winnipeg. Mr. Christie will attend the General Council of the United Church, while in Winnipeg. A few days before their departure they were accompanied by their friends and parishioners on the occasion of their 25th wedding anniversary when they were presented with an address and purse of money. —S.

Gov.-General Visits Navy At Halifax

HALIFAX, Sept. 8.—(CP)—The Earl of Athlone and the Princess Alice attended divine service today in St. Paul's church, the oldest Protestant church in British North America.

Hundreds of Halifaxians gathered under dripping skies to watch the Governor-General and his wife, who arrived here on the 190-year-old building, Canada's only "Church of Royal Foundation."

The Governor-General devoted yesterday, the second day of his four-day visit here, to the navy. With Rear-Admiral Nelles, chief of the Canadian naval staff, he visited the navy dockyard and inspected the forces there.

Massed on the dockyard officers and crew of naval vessels, in a religious service with the Governor-General present, and then he took the salute as they marched past him.

After that, he went aboard the destroyers that were in port, and was shown through the ships. Then standing on the deck of one of the ships, he addressed a few words to the staff there as they stood drawn up on the vessel.

The Earl also visited the naval establishment ashore, and was taken through the buildings. Commodore H. E. Reid, officer commanding the Atlantic Coast, escorted him on the visit.

After the dockyard inspection the Governor-General boarded a naval craft and was taken on a trip down the harbor.

Meanwhile, the Princess paid a round of calls through the city. She went to Camp Hill Hospital, housing sick veterans of the first Great War, where she met with all most every inmate. Members of the staff there were presented to her. At Cogswell street military hospital, she visited sick and injured soldiers, and was welcomed by mil-

itary officers. Later, she called at the local headquarters of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

Tomorrow the Governor-General will inspect the Royal Canadian Air Force activities in and about Halifax.

HALIFAX, Sept. 8.—(CP)—The Earl of Athlone and the Princess Alice attended divine service today in St. Paul's church, the oldest Protestant church in British North America.

Hundreds of Halifaxians gathered under dripping skies to watch the Governor-General and his wife, who arrived here on the 190-year-old building, Canada's only "Church of Royal Foundation."

The Governor-General devoted yesterday, the second day of his four-day visit here, to the navy. With Rear-Admiral Nelles, chief of the Canadian naval staff, he visited the navy dockyard and inspected the forces there.

Massed on the dockyard officers and crew of naval vessels, in a religious service with the Governor-General present, and then he took the salute as they marched past him.

After that, he went aboard the destroyers that were in port, and was shown through the ships. Then standing on the deck of one of the ships, he addressed a few words to the staff there as they stood drawn up on the vessel.

Death Of Mrs. P. McCloskey On Saturday

The death occurred at the Sacred Heart Home in the city on Saturday of Mrs. Patrick McCloskey, who was well known in Charlottetown and Summerside.

She was born at Summerside 81 years ago, and spent a number of years there before coming to Charlottetown.

Mrs. McCloskey was a woman of staid character and was noted for her kindness of heart. She never turned anybody in need away from her door, and was always willing to lend a helping hand in time of trouble and sorrow.

Before her marriage she was Mary Alice Fitzpatrick. Her husband predeceased her by a number of years. Two sisters, Mrs. Patrick and Mrs. Thomas, both in Charlottetown, survive.

The funeral will be held from Frank Hennessey's Funeral Home Tuesday morning at 8.45 to St. Dunstan's Basilica, thence to R. C. cemetery.

ANNUAL C.W.L.

(Continued from page 1) the convener.

At 2:30 p.m. a meeting was held which was presided over by Mrs. Leslie Ramsay, diocesan president. Besides the recitation of the League Prayer there were special prayers for peace. The roll call was followed by the announcements, adoption of rules of order, minutes of last meeting, business for the minutes, correspondence and the appointment of resolution and nomination committees. During the reading of the correspondence a telegram was read from Mrs. J. A. McCabe, Ottawa, who is the National President of the C.W.L. expressing regret that she was unable to be present at the convention.

Following this meeting the delegates and visitors were presented to His Excellency and clergy, at the conclusion of which delightful afternoon tea was served by the Tighish sub-division.

At 7 p.m. there were special prayers for peace and the Way of the Cross was made, following which Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was celebrated by Rev. Joseph Trainor, Indian River, who was formerly Curate at Tighish.

The formal opening of the convention took place at 8 p.m. in the C.M.B.A. Hall with Mrs. John B. Christopher, President of the Tighish Sub-division, in the chair. She extended greetings to the delegates and visitors. Following the opening chorus an address of welcome was delivered by the Tighish pastor, Rev. John A. MacDonald. Mr. J. A. Bernard extended civic greetings to the women gathered at the convention following which a vocal solo by Mrs. J. E. Cameron, Tighish, was heard. Mrs. Leslie Ramsay, diocesan president then addressed the meeting. The Tighish Girl Guides sang the chorus. "There'll always be an England" following which the assembled delegates and visitors listened to a splendid address by Bishop Nelligan who spoke on some of the phases of the League's work.

The Tighish All Girl Orchestra under the direction of Miss Frances Morrissey was present, and contributed several pleasing selections. They closed the convention with "Holy God We Praise Thy Name," and the National Anthem.

There will be four sessions of the convention today which opens at 7:30 a.m. with a Mass celebrated by Bishop Nelligan for "Our Canadian Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen." The convention closes tomorrow evening.

Commodore Reid will succeed Captain L. W. Murray who is having his post following his appointment as a member of the Permanent Joint Defence Board of Canada and the United States.

Commodore G. C. Jones, senior Canadian naval officer afloat, will take over Commodore Reid's post, which includes command of the naval dockyard here. He has been stationed aboard the gullia leader Assiniboine.

HALIFAX, Sept. 8.—(CP)—Commodore H. E. Reid, officer commanding the Canadian Atlantic Coast, has been promoted to deputy chief of naval staff, it was announced tonight at naval headquarters here.

Commodore Reid will succeed Captain L. W. Murray who is having his post following his appointment as a member of the Permanent Joint Defence Board of Canada and the United States.

Commodore G. C. Jones, senior Canadian naval officer afloat, will take over Commodore Reid's post, which includes command of the naval dockyard here. He has been stationed aboard the gullia leader Assiniboine.

HALIFAX, Sept. 8.—(CP)—The Earl of Athlone and the Princess Alice attended divine service today in St. Paul's church, the oldest Protestant church in British North America.

Hundreds of Halifaxians gathered under dripping skies to watch the Governor-General and his wife, who arrived here on the 190-year-old building, Canada's only "Church of Royal Foundation."

The Governor-General devoted yesterday, the second day of his four-day visit here, to the navy. With Rear-Admiral Nelles, chief of the Canadian naval staff, he visited the navy dockyard and inspected the forces there.

Massed on the dockyard officers and crew of naval vessels, in a religious service with the Governor-General present, and then he took the salute as they marched past him.

After that, he went aboard the destroyers that were in port, and was shown through the ships. Then standing on the deck of one of the ships, he addressed a few words to the staff there as they stood drawn up on the vessel.

The Earl also visited the naval establishment ashore, and was taken through the buildings. Commodore H. E. Reid, officer commanding the Atlantic Coast, escorted him on the visit.

After the dockyard inspection the Governor-General boarded a naval craft and was taken on a trip down the harbor.

Meanwhile, the Princess paid a round of calls through the city. She went to Camp Hill Hospital, housing sick veterans of the first Great War, where she met with all most every inmate. Members of the staff there were presented to her. At Cogswell street military hospital, she visited sick and injured soldiers, and was welcomed by mil-

RESTIGOUCHE

(Continued from page 1)

The destroyer attacked others, and her men are certain they knocked off some more. Asked how they were sure the subs were disposed of, another crew member replied: "You can't very well argue with a dozen or more depth charges when the destroyer's right on top of you."

The ship ran up against a mine, and the destroyer's right on top of it.

Close Shaves With Bombers

There were some dangerously close shaves, though. Some of the bombs dropped within a few feet of the vessel. But not a man on the ship was hurt, the crew said.

"We were mighty lucky" one of them commented. The vessel had been repaired, but even beneath the paint could be seen pock marks from shrapnel splinters here and there.

Commodore G. C. Jones, senior Canadian naval officer afloat, had high praise for the ship and its crew. The seaman showed great merit under fire, he said with a note of pride. "But don't soap them," he warned newspapermen who visited the vessel. "They think they're a bunch of bloody heroes right now. I want to keep them mad. That's when they do their best fighting."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

In turn, the crew were warmly enthusiastic about their skipper, Commander H. R. Lay, a nephew of Prime Minister King and a native of Restigouche. "A real fighter," said one of them, "and a fine man to sail under."

Members of the crew shrugged off any idea of heroism. "You bet there were times when we were scared," said one, "and don't let any one tell you different. When those bombs start dropping, unless you're manning a gun or something, you just swallow your pride and tuck for shelter."

MANY PLANES

(Continued from page 1)

general direction of the Houses of Parliament, but there was no immediate indication where they struck.

A shower of bricks fell on the roof of the building housing the Canadian Press after a heavy bomb exploded 150 yards away.

Some raiders flew in much lower than bombers on any previous attacks.

Heavy explosions sounded repeatedly near the Canadian Press offices.

A photographic plate in the pocket of a photographer on the roof of the building, was smashed by the concussion of a nearby blast.

As the Nazi warplanes laid new horrors of demolition and fire across this ancient city an Air Ministry official commented: "The increasing crescendo of the air attacks has not yet reached a high note."

Even so the great raid was believed to be equal in ferocity of the London raid during Saturday night and Sunday morning killed 400, and injured from 1,300 to 1,400 persons.

The Air Ministry official, calling this "undoubtedly a very critical month of the war," said that "even if we had four times as many or an even greater number of fighters, it would still be impossible to prevent some of the bombers from reaching the capital."

In the early morning hours passed, the Nazi raiders diminished for a while, and dropped to the single-raider type of attack with which Londoners are now extremely familiar.

The raiders made a circular, clockwise run around London from the east after approaching up the Thames estuary. Bombs dropped at opposite points of the compass.

A nurses' home next to a hospital suffered a direct hit.

Toward 11 p.m. A.D.T. Sunday the bombing increased in intensity.

From rooftops the repeated blue and white flash of incendiary bombs could be seen.

The German raiders last night had returned to the heart of the Empire capital.

Guided by still-smouldering fires, they smashed again at London, vast dockland, but the distant hub of bombs and clusters of searchlights showed they were attacking other districts as well.

Homeless and bereaved, poor and rich, men, women and children huddled in air raid shelters as the Nazi raiders swept over the capital, raining up from the Thames estuary with their deadly loads under cover of darkness.

The glow of new fires lit the cloud-flecked sky.

High explosive, incendiary and scream bombs fell at regular intervals in the heart of the city. They rattled office windows and shook the building where this dispatch was being written.

Defences in Action

The whole of London's barrage was in action throwing up one of the heaviest bombardments since the start of the nightly raids.

As I am writing, they are tugging lights into the sky at a low flying plane which has just dropped two screamers.

One raider was believed downed and anti-aircraft observers from rooftops reported the bomber crashed in a field near the city.

Fighters and ground defences accounted for 50 of the 700 aircraft used yesterday in raids on central London and the provinces.

This was not Sunday of rest for Londoners, who worked from early morning clearing debris from ruined buildings and evacuating hundreds of persons from the bombed areas; others worked to repair broken communications and utilities services.

The were pitiful signs where bombs at fire brought death and destruction, especially near the docks. But the people took it all in their stride with typical British bulldog courage.

The raiders came at twilight Sunday after a day of scattered fighting along the coast north of Dover.

TAKES NO CHANCES

DARTMOUTH, N. S., Sept. 8.—(CP)—C. E. Hand, Dartmouth Jeweller, doesn't believe in taking any chances, so when the order was issued that all firearms must be registered in Canada, he appeared before Corporal Harold Johnson, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with a muzzle-loaded musket believed to be 200 years old. It was dug up in the ramparts of the historic French fortress at Louisbourg, N. S., 20 years ago.

The weapon, almost six feet in length, has the initials "GR" on it, as well as the royal British coat of arms.

By J. R. Williams

Officers Look For '41 Drive On Continent

By BREW MIDDLETON Associated Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Sept. 8.—(AP)—Britain, in the thick of the fight against German air power, has not forgotten that a victorious war means an offensive war.

Officers say the British army looks forward to "surely 750,000, perhaps a million" fully-equipped soldiers, supported by a powerful air force, for a 1941 campaign "somewhere in Europe."

"Troops will be the spearhead of the offensive which the army, from recruits to red-tapped staff officers, firmly believe will win the war."

"These front fighters will be backed by a million more troops conscripted in the last year and already well into an intensive training which the officers declare is "as necessary for the modern soldier as for the airman or sailor."

"They have confidence in the army's ability to "assimilate and improve" Germany's technique in the Polish, French and Russian campaigns and in this nation's industrial ability to put an army in the field fully equipped for modern war, with all the equipment, they say, "include an air force attached to the army and acting under direction of the army commander-in-chief in the German manner."

Under the new training, is the biggest problem. Most officers say there is not enough now to permit a major counter-blow against the Germans this fall.

"There's no use saying everything is lovely because it damn well isn't," observed a lieutenant general recently, "we can hold this country from now till kingdom come, but we've got to do more than that. We're going to get equipment from our factories and the United States, I hope, and smash 'em (the enemy) on the continent."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—(AP)—The House of Representatives passed the Burke-Wadsworth Conscriptio Bill Saturday, but with a provision that the actual draft be deferred for 60 days to permit further trial of the voluntary enlistment system. The vote of final passage was 263 to 149.

The vote of 207 to 200 reaffirmed the earlier, tentative decision to defer actual drafting of men. This provision is not contained in the Senate bill.

Today Senate supporters of peacetime conscription expressed dissatisfaction with the House action in adopting the delayed-draft amendment.

Under this proposal, advanced by Representative Hamilton Fish, New York Republican, the registration of prospective trainees would be carried out, but the draft would be applied only to fill out the differences between the number of volunteers and the first quota of 400,000 men.

After next Jan. 1, the President could call for an additional quota of 400,000, and after another 60 days, invoke the draft if there were insufficient volunteers.

SPRINGFIELD, W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Springfield W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Hyatt Haslam with eleven members and five visitors present. In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. Crawford Sinclair was appointed to act.

The President opened the meeting with "O Canada." Minutes of previous meeting were read, adopted and signed.

Mrs. Lionel Ford thanked the members for fruit sent her while sick.

There being no report from the Red Cross committee the remainder of yarn on hand was distributed and it was moved, seconded and carried that fifteen pounds of yarn for sweaters be sent for.

Mrs. Norma Sinclair was appointed to visit the school for September. One member paid her fee.