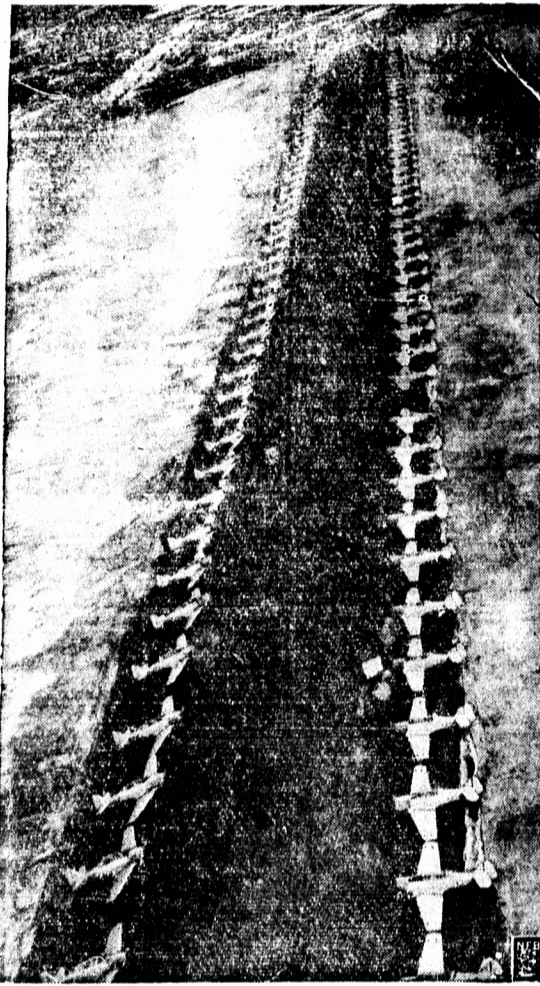




This attempt to symbolize the Japanese soldier as a grimly efficient fighting machine—in a pre Pearl Harbor propaganda picture—has not been borne out by the enemy's performance on Attu. True, most of the Japs died fighting, but first they abandoned prepared battle positions and fled until cornered and killed.



More than 100 Harvard advanced trainers—built in Canada—await "fly away" on the plant airfield of one of the Dominion's largest aircraft factories where 8,000 men and women are employed. Canadian aircraft program is now concentrated on four types of service planes, and four types of training planes, as well as a general utility and transport aircraft, the Norseman, of Canadian design, which is being manufactured in the same plant as the Harvard for both Canada and the United States.



Too weak to stand and able to sit erect only by hooking his arm over the rail, this old covered British merchant seaman makes a dramatic symbol of the drama of the war at sea. He's pictured on deck of vessel which rescued him after his tanker was blasted by Axis U-boat on the Gulf of Mexico.

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Girl of the Turf

By Mary Douglas Stoval

CHAPTER XXXIV

Hope welled up in Cary as she unlocked the door of the apartment and went in, followed by Anthony. Lucretia was still there, she knew by the airplane engine that sat in the middle of the floor. But Lucretia's door was closed. Cary started toward it, but Tony's hand closed on her arm and his fingers bit into the soft flesh. "Wait, Cary."

His voice stopped her more than his hand and she looked up into his eyes, puzzled by what she saw there. "Tony—what is it?" she whispered. He put one arm about her and drew her close to him, cupping her chin in his hand. "Oh, Tony, it's a goodbye."

His voice was husky and low and definitely shaken. "Tony—oh, Tony, no! It can't be!" She clung to him frantically. "It has to be. Oh, my darling, what would I have given you not to hurt you like this? Why couldn't I have given you up weeks ago and let you have your chance of happiness with someone else? Why did I have to love you like this?"

He bent his lips to hers tenderly at first and then hard, almost cruelly. She tried to pull away a bit and she struggled slightly in his arms and then was quiet. "Well—well—Cary—how very touching." Lucretia stood in the doorway, her eyes like blue flames, a cigarette half-smoked in her hand. Tony released Cary instantly and stood back from her, his face white now, his eyes burning. Cary could hear him breathing hard.

"You might at least wait, Cary, until I'm out of the house to start making a complete fool of yourself." "Mother—please—Cary's voice was half command, half prayer. "Perhaps it is you, Tony, who is making a fool of yourself," Tony said almost casually. Lucretia opened her eyes in wide surprise and stared at him. "I presume you are making reference to my marrying Mr. Constance?"

"Exactly," Tony replied. "It seems you have been making a lot of things your business lately and why should you, may I ask?" Her words were evenly spaced and her voice was warningly low. "Because I'm not going to stand here and let you heap any more unhappiness on Cary's shoulders than you already have." "I was not aware that Cary was particularly unhappy over the situation," Lucretia said. "Perhaps you should be told that I shall do as I please about my own affairs."

"If that means marrying Jim Constance, then you aren't going to do that when I've finished with what I have to say." Tony stood for a moment uncertainly. He looked at Cary as if to say, "Darling, I don't know what I'm about to do to you. Then he turned back to Lucretia and faced her squarely, his eyes unwaveringly on her face as he spoke slowly. His voice was threaded with sorrow, regret and hopelessness. Cary had the impulse to put her hand and stop him in the middle of it, but she found that she could not.

She stood as one paralyzed and heard him through and knew all the time that her world was crumbling about her. He was wounded and sick at heart, bewildered beyond knowing what to say or do. "I haven't wanted to tell you this—either of you. I wanted to spare Cary because I love her and want her more than I will ever love and want another woman. I wanted to spare you, Mrs. Tyle, because I guess you are her mother. I guess you are her mother."

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CHAPTER XXXV

Jim Constance stood in the doorway, uncertain what to do, obviously surprised to find Tony there. His gaze covered the entire room. Suddenly he said, "What is this? Oh, home week? Lou, my dear girl, you look as if you had been for a free ride—once around." He laughed loudly.

Tony said, his voice jutting and hard, "Come in, Jim, and cut the comedy. Cary and Mrs. Tyle know who you are and what you are." Jim's face became choleric. "I suppose you've been shooting off your mouth, but I'm sure Lou here knows better than to pay any attention to you." He looked at Lucretia, but she returned the look as to a total stranger.

"Now, Jim," Tony said quietly, "you're going to listen to me for once whether it's good for you or not. You've played every game crooked that you've ever been in. You've broken every rule of sportsmanship. You've lied and cheated and kept your word to no one." "Those are broad statements, my boy." "Call them anything you like, Jim, but get this straight. I know you planted that buzzer on Cary's home this afternoon—and I'm not one of your pals. Half-Pint Benson. With a little encouragement, he talked to the stewards. He was too badly scared and anxious to show his own hide. It seems that, in the conversation, he also mentioned other shady tricks. You know as well as I do, Jim, that that means you're finished—washed up for good. You'll be barred from every track in the country. You're best, so you'd better dust and never show your face around another racing stable as long as you live."

Jim's face was now white with fury. He looked toward Tony as though he were about to strike him. "Tony stood his ground. "Anger won't do you any good," he said tersely. "I'm warning you—get out and stay out!" Jim wavered a moment. Then, with a curse, he turned abruptly and strode from the room.

When the door slammed behind him, Lucretia swayed gently as a willow and crumpled into a pitiful heap at Cary's feet. "Lucretia!" Cary dropped to her knees and bent a thoroughly frightened face close to the small white one that showed no evidence of life. "Tony knelt quickly on the other side of Lucretia and reached for the frail wrist and its pulse. "Better get a doctor in a hurry," he said. "I'll carry her to her bed."

He lifted the inert form in his strong arms and started toward the bedroom. Cary flew into action, surprised at her ability to move so fast. It seemed an endless time before she could reach a doctor and get back to Lucretia. When she did, she found that Ivy had slipped in unheeded and as usual had taken the situation in hand without asking a lot of questions. Tony stood back when Cary came into the room and for a moment his eyes held hers in desperate unhappiness. Then, without speaking, he walked past her and into the living room. She made no move to stop him. (To be Continued)

Shall Greece Perish?

These garbage tins could not save these Greeks from help prevent that that Canadians are now being death. Today it is a common sight to see men, women and children searching garbage piles for scraps that as much food as possible can be sent direct to Greece.

FREDERICTON, June 4—(CP)—Graduates at the closing exercises of the Provincial Normal School today numbered only 144, the smallest class in many years. Attendance decreased steadily from 300 in 1939 to 148 at the opening of the last fall term. The war and small salaries paid rural teachers were given by acting principal F.F. MacDiarmid as the main reasons for the sharp decrease.