

Islanders Homeward Bound



A quartet of fighting men from Prince Edward Island, who arrived in Halifax from overseas Tuesday morning aboard the Canadian aircraft carrier H. M. C. S. PUNCHER and later left by train for the Island and their loved ones.



Gen. Charles Boules, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Chief of the General Staff, Canadian Army, was decorated with two of France's highest awards, the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with Palm by General Charles de Gaulle, Chief of the Provisional French Government at a ceremony at the French Embassy, Ottawa, Wednesday.

M. V. PRINCE NOVA

The Connecting Link between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island 1915 NOVA SCOTIA - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FERRY SERVICE WOOD ISLANDS, P.E.I. CARIBOU, N. S.

Table with columns for sailing dates (May 1st to Sept. 30th, Oct 1st to Nov 30th), destinations (Wood Islands, Caribou), and times.

ADVERTISERS TAKE NOTICE

Advertisements for insertion in the Guardian must be received not later than noon daily for insertion in the following day's issue.

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CHARLOTTETOWN

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margareta Brucker

CHAPTER X

Valerie did not see Terry on Monday morning. He phoned and said that he would be out of town for several days. "Now about money," he said. "I've sent a check for you to Dot's apartment by messenger. I called her this morning and everything is all arranged. Meet her at her place about ten and she'll pilot you over to Models, Inc."

"I can never thank you, Terry," Valerie began. "No thanks. Just be a good girl and work hard." Leaving the phone Valerie debated what to wear. She must look her best on her first visit to the school for models.

The plaid dress was not right. Already she caught the difference between the plain well-tailored clothes of the women she met on the streets and the lines of the plaid, which were all wrong. Finally she discarded the plaid for a simple black dress she had worn in the store back in Pelton, been marked down in the trench. The dress was in good style. It had Room. With a collar and cuff set which she had added, Valerie approved of the whole effect.

"I suppose you do," Valerie answered. Dot rose from the dressing table, and tossed off a filmy negligee. She slipped into a sleek black dress. "Zip me up, will you?" she said.

"Celebrate what?" "Your new home. Come along. I'll introduce you to the best cocktail lounge in town. It's a good place to make contacts." Valerie had no desire to follow this suggestion, but was afraid to cross Dot.

When they reached the place mentioned, she soon found that they needed no money for the drinks Dot ordered, which were quickly paid for by one of the several men who sauntered up to greet them.

Furthermore, she thought un- easily, suppose Terry should see her sitting at a table in a cocktail lounge instead of visiting the school for models and enrolling? The thought made her feel so guilty that she lost all interest in her surroundings. Dot spoke her name twice before she looked up and saw a tall young man with brilliant dark eyes standing beside her.

"Duke Maxwell" said Dot. Valerie, thinking of Penny and how thrilled she would be to have this chance to meet the orchestra leader, smiled up at him. He dropped into a chair beside her. "Who are you?" he asked. It was easy to see Dot's instant disapproval of the open interest in his face. "Valerie is a friend of Terry Sullivan's," she said stiffly. "She has just come to New York and is staying with me for a while."

In Memoriam



In sad and loving memory of my dear son PTE. JAMES MAURICE MAHAR who gave his life on the battlefields of France, September 10, 1944. Sadly Remembered by His Loving Father, Leo Mahar.

TO MY SON MAURICE

You did your duty and did it well. You suffered, fought, mids' shot and shell. You gave your life, and where you fell, A wooden cross doth mark it well. My heart is full, I'm proud, I'm sad, I'm proud that you proved your worth, my lad. I'm sad at the loss of a manly son, Who gave up his life because of the Hun.

You are laid to rest in a foreign grave, You didn't shirk, your life to save But answered the call your country made, You couldn't think of her "a slave."

And some day when this war is o'er I'll set my feet on that distant shore, And then to God, on bended knee, I'll give my thanks that we are free.

Yes, at the cross that marks your grave, I'll thank my God that I'm not a slave. Because my lad, of boys like thee, Who fought and died to keep us free.

lunch together, but Dot replied that she and Valerie had an im- portant engagement and were al- ready late. They must be on their way.

"What about dinner?" he per- sisted, ed, rising with them. Valerie wondered whether he meant to include her in the invita- tion but, if so, Dot ignored any such suggestion and accepted for herself alone.

The two girls left and they stood waiting for a taxi. Valerie tactfully avoided any further mention of Duke. Though he had spoken scarcely a dozen words to her, she was quick to sense that Dot was jealous.

She was aware that Dot had said nothing of her, Valerie's ambition to become a model. Oh Dot was clever. After all, one had to be clever in a city where competi- tion was keen and where the con- tacts about which Dot talked so constantly were not easily secured. (To Be Continued)

Other Countries Buying Cattle Two yearling Holstein bulls have been exported from Canada to the Leeward Islands, British West In- dies. Bought by the Dominion De- partment of Agriculture from Onta- rio breeders for the Government of the Leeward Islands, one bull is consigned to the Superintendent of Agriculture, St. Kitts; the other to the Department of Agriculture, Antigua. Both bulls are out of dams with a milk production of between 15,000 and 20,000 pounds.

Instead of buying Canadian cows for his farmers, the Govern- ment if Newfoundland is trying out a new plan of buying Canadian heifers and raising them to matur- ity in Newfoundland. Recently, the Dominion Department of Agricul- ture brought a representative of the Newfoundland Department of National Resources to St. Francis de Madawaska, New Brunswick, where he sought 25 Ayrshire heif- ers, aged from three to six months. Many of these were by outstanding bulls in the St. Francis de Madawaska. The Newfoundland official brought a four-month-old purebred Ayrshire bull.

LITTLE LULU



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HOUSE TO LET

HAUNTED, HA-HA! IT'S JUST SOME BATS HITTING THEIR WINGS AGAINST WIRES STRUNG HERE IN THE ATTIC. I'D SLEEP IN ANY HAUNTED HOUSE FROM NOW ON!

I TELL YOU IT TAKES MORE NERVE TO RUN THAN TO STAY. LOOK IT UP, DISGRACED FER LIFE. WE'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!

OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! I'D SAY IT MADE US JUMP-- BUT WE CAN'T HELP WHERE WE LANDED!

STEADY OLD BOY/DON'T BE APPREHENSIVE! EGAD, SIR, THIS RECALLS THE TIME I EXTRACTED AN INFECTED MOLAR FROM A BLACK PANTHER IN INDO-CHINA. WHOA, BARNEY!

WONDER EF MIGHTAH THIS HOGGS' SINE OR EF HE ONLY EXPERIMENTIN'?

I FEEL AS JITTERY AS A MAN TOTIN' ONE OF THOSE ADAM BOMBS!

LOOK, MARIO, AT YOUR AUDIENCE!

JOE PALOOKA

THINK IT OVER

BY HAM FISH

WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER SPECIAL SERVICES WOULD HELP, BUT I SUPPOSE IF YOU SAY SO IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'D RATHER JUST REST UP, SIR, TELL THE TRUTH.

AM-OF COURSE THAT'S UP TO YOU, M'BOY. THINK IT OVER.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

DADDY-YOU'D BETTER GET READY-MOTHER WANTS YOU TO GO WITH HER TO THE BIG FASHION SHOW AT LADY FITZGIBBON'S MODEL SALON!

REALLY?

I'M GONNA BE ALL READY AN' WAITIN' BEFORE SHE CAN CHANGE HER MIND--BOY! I HOPE THOSE MODELS SHOW TH' LATEST IN BATHING SUITS--

SHUT UP AND DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

I'LL BE OUT IN ABOUT TWO HOURS!

MAMMA!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina

HONEST, JEAN-IS AINT MARRIA REALLY GOIN' TO MARRY OLE PERKINS?

YES, CAP SHE IS.

BUT CAN'T SHE WAIT TILL CHARLES FINDS UNCLE ALBERT?

I DON'T THINK CHARLES IS INTERESTED IN FINDING UNCLE ALBERT.

OH, SURE HE IS! HE'S BIZZY LOOKIN' THAT'S WHY HE HASN'T TIME TO WRITE--YES, YEAH, THAT'S LIKELY.

WELL, CAN'T SHE WAIT TILL I GET MY AIRPLANE BUILT, SO'S I CAN GO LOOK--? SHE'S BEEN WAITIN' TWENTY YEARS NOW, CAP.

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster

TILLIE, PLEASE HOLD BUT I MY JOB, TILL I GET A BACK FROM MY VACATION MONEY MOON.

GEE! WORKING IN A NEWS- PAPER OFFICE WOULD BE EX- CITING, THOUGH.

BUT, HILAT I NEVER WORKED IN A NEWS PAPER OFFICE IN MY LIFE.

I NEVER WENT ON A HONEYMOON IN MY LIFE.