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Sullen-faced Irma Greer, in charge of death cells at Belsen, Germany, and Joseph Kramer, known as the "Beast of Belsen", are shown in the yard of their horror camp, as they await trial as war criminals.

EXTRA LIGHT BREAD!



BAKE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S ACTIVE FRESH YEAST

Full-strength yeast acts faster because it's fresh! Fleischmann's fresh active Yeast goes right to work—makes sweeter, tastier bread... insures tender light texture. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—use Fleischmann's active, fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. Dependable—Canada's time-tested favourite for over 70 years.

Always fresh—at your grocer's

MADE IN CANADA

This Army



"The Sargint Major sez yer soup stinks,—an' how aboot 'em! someone else t'wait on tables!"

Fire Shot Up 10,000 feet from Atomic Bomb

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9 — AP — A pillar of purple light shot 10,000 feet into the skies over Nagasaki Aug. 9 from the burst of the second atomic bomb dropped on Japan, according to a graphic eyewitness account released Saturday by the War Department.

The account was written by William L. Laurence, a staff writer for the New York Times and a special consultant to the Manhattan engineer district, which developed the atomic bomb.

Laurence flew in one of two Superfortresses accompanying the B-29 "Great Artiste" which tossed the bomb on the strike ship about a half mile in front of us," Laurence writes.

"There she goes!" someone said. Out of the belly of the Artiste what looked like a black object came downward.

"Capt. Bock (Frederick Bock, pilot of Laurence's bomber) swung around to get out of range, but even though we were turning away in the opposite direction, and despite the fact that it was broad daylight in our cabin, all of us became aware of the strike ship broke through the dark barrier of our arc welder's lenses and flooded our cabin with an intense light.

"We removed our glasses after the first flash but the light still lingered on. A bluish-green light that illuminated the entire sky all around. A tremendous blast wave struck our ship and made it tremble from nose to tail. This was followed by four more blasts in rapid succession, each resembling like the boom of a cannon fire striking our plane from all directions.

Giant Ball of Fire

"Observers in the tail of our ship saw a giant ball of fire rise as though from the bowels of the earth, belching forth enormous white smoke rings. Next they saw a giant pillar of purple fire, 10,000 feet high, shooting skyward with enormous speed.

"By the time our ship had made another turn in its direct path of the atomic explosion the pillar of purple fire had reached the level of our cabin. Only about 40 seconds had passed. As we watched it shoot upward like a meteor coming from the earth instead of from the bowels of the earth, we were all more alive as it climbed skyward through the white clouds, or even a cloud of fire. It was a living thing, a new species of being born right before our incredulous eyes.

"At one stage of its evolution, covering millions of years in terms of seconds, the entity assumed the form of a giant, slimy totem pole, with its base about three miles long, tapering off to about a mile at the top. Its bottom was brown, its centre was amber, and its top was white. But it was a living totem pole, carved with many grotesque masks grimacing at the earth.

"Then just as it appeared as though the thing had settled down into a state of permanence, there came shooting out of the top a giant mushroom of fire, beginning at the height of the pillar to a total of 40,000 feet. The mushroom top was even more alive than the pillar, seething and boiling in a white fury of creamy foam, sizzling upwards and then descending earthward, a thousand Old Faithful geysers rolled into one.

An Elemental Fury

"It kept struggling in an elemental fury, like a creature in the act of breaking the bonds that held it down. In a few seconds it had freed itself from its gigantic stem and floated upward with tremendous speed, its momentum carrying it into the stratosphere to a height of about 60,000 feet.

"But no sooner did this happen when another mushroom, smaller in size than the first one, began emerging out of the pillar. It was as though the decapitated monster was growing a new head.

"As the first mushroom floated off into the blue it changed its shape into a flower-like form, its giant petals curving downward, inside. It still retained that shape when we last gazed at it from a distance of about 200 miles.

"Of the preliminaries to the flight, Laurence wrote:

"I watched the assembly of this man-made meteor and was among the small group of scientists and army and navy representatives privileged to be present at the ritual of its launching in the Superfort against a background of threatening black skies torn open at intervals by great lightning flashes.

"It is a thing of beauty to behold, this 'gadget.' In its design went millions of man-hours of what is without doubt the most concentrated intellectual effort in history. Never before had so much brain-power been focussed on a single problem.

"This atomic bomb was different from the bomb used with such devastating results on Hiroshima.

"I saw the atomic substance before it was placed inside the bomb. By itself it is not at all dangerous to handle. It is only under certain conditions, produced in the bomb assembly that it can be made to yield up its energy, and even then it gives up only a small fraction of its total content. A fraction, however, large enough to produce the greatest explosion on earth."

On Laurence's plane were two distinguished observers from Great Britain, whose scientists played an important role in the development of the atomic bomb. One was Group Capt. G. Leonard Chesaire, famous R.A.F. pilot, who now is a member of the British Military Mission to the United States. The other was Dr. William G. Denny, professor of applied mathematics,

Coal Supply Problem Heard By Commission

Exorbitant transportation rates on coal to this Province and the threatened serious coal shortage during the coming winter were emphasized in statements made before the Royal Commission on coal yesterday morning by several coal dealers of the Province.

The Commission met at 10 a.m. in the Law Courts Building. The chairman, Mr. Justice W. F. Carroll of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, presided. The other members of the Commission, Mr. Justice Morrison, Mr. Justice W. C. MacLaurin of the Alberta Supreme Court and Mr. Angus J. Morrison, Calgary, Alta., were also present.

After being introduced to the Commission by Mr. R. B. Howland, wits, the Commission secretary, Premier J. Walter Jones presented the following brief:

Government Brief

"To the chairman and members of the Royal Commission on Coal: The following is a summary of the problems of the Coal Dealers of the Province of Prince Edward Island.

"The consumption of coal in Prince Edward Island is divided as follows: domestic use, public buildings — hospitals, churches, schools, etc.; public utilities — rail, light and power, water and sewerage commissioners; factories — Bruce Stewart & Company (foundry), pasteurized milk factories, butchers and cheese factories, fish and meat canneries; bakeries; laundries; dry cleaning plants and woollen mills.

"During the war period there were 183 oil burning furnaces in operation. This number will now be increased by 28. In the City of Charlottetown the following public buildings are also heated by coal: Provincial Building, Law Courts Building, Prince of Wales College and the Provincial Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

Other Statements

Mr. A. Pickard, representing the coal company of A. Pickard and Company Ltd., the Commission could be much improved if the Dominion Steel and Coal Company would furnish the Island coal dealers with their winter's needs during the months of May, June and July. "If 'Doso's' were willing to do this at a reduction in price of approximately 50 cents a ton, the coal dealers would be glad to order the supplies then," Mr. Pickard said. Such an arrangement, Mr. Pickard added, would also benefit the railways since they would be freer during the fall months to give their attention to the transportation of potatoes from the Province.

Mr. Donald Baker of R. T. Holman Ltd., told the Commission that in the pre-war years it was possible to land Yorkshire coal from England in the Province at a water rate of \$1.50 a ton while the freight on a ton of coal from Sydney amounted to \$2.10. Moreover, Mr. Baker said, the British coal was a cleaner product costing them \$1.50 a ton less than the Cape Breton coal.

Wood Islands Ferry

Before leaving the sitting, Premier Jones informed the Commission that the farmers in the Murray Harbour area were hauling their own coal by trucks direct from the Pictou mines via the Wood Islands ferry. The Premier said he envisaged the day when improved transportation across the Strait, a great many people would secure their coal supply in this direct and economical manner.

Yesterday morning's brief hearing concluded the Commission's sitting in Charlottetown.

SAVE BUTTER... MAKE BETTER CAKES!



CAKES made with little butter—or with shortening instead—are outstandingly moist, soft-textured and delicious, when you use Swans Down. For Swans Down's tender gluten and remarkable fineness make every cake velvety-crumbed and meltily delicious—help it stay moist and fresh for days.

Swans Down is made expressly to make better cakes. Milled from the choice inner portions of good Canadian wheat, Swans Down is sifted again and again through silk, until 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Gives sweeter success every time. See tested recipes on the package.

If a cake's worth making it's worth making with

SWANS DOWN

CAKE FLOUR

585 A Product of General Foods

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 8)

From Rob's we called at another farm home, where in pleasant company one is apt to forget that night deepens and time is passing. When we made an effort to come away we were begged to "sit still a minute 'till we have a cup of tea." Perhaps it was as well we did have a stimulant—Julie and I. This Alderlea road was a deserted, lonesome trail tonight. No sound but the rippling mill stream, and the wind moaning a bit, I thought in the tree tops. No light in any window. No dog barked. No car went in or out the road. Julie clung desperately to my arm, reversing my usual form of travel

on similar occasions, when I can persuade James to match his step with mine. I am then the clinging vine. "Wh-o-o-o" an owl inquired eerily from the woodlands, Julie tightened her grip. "There's nothing to be nervous about, on this road," I assured her. But was there? Strange things happen. Two trees in close contact cracked. I, who should remember to hasten slowly, increased my step. "O-o-o-o-o" its dark here." Julie shivered, this where trees protected us on either side and almost arched above us. "We're all right now, Julie," I said more bravely when we came to our own farm. Strange how the home acres reach out encouragingly to her ain folk. "Shall we turn the light out now?" I asked her when we came presently to our own gang-way bridge. I like to stop a moment to see the reflection of the stars in the water. "My goodness, no! We might still meet a cow. Wouldn't that be sim-

ply awful." But we came within the light, safely up from the hill. The residents side of the lane, past the patch of turnips with rustling leaves and potatoes, wherein cows durt and wander and we are at home again.

Lights were out at both houses at Alderlea, as well as at the house on the hill. The residents side of the lane, past the patch of turnips with rustling leaves and potatoes, wherein cows durt and wander and we are at home again.

I suppose when I make my way open an eye to say "James, he are the potatoes holding up there?" and then more close. "Did you see Jamie?" Both these are subjects I am fairly sure read up on. Julie is at the now with her night light to the country. Is lovely—if it were not quite so thrilling. That, course depends mainly on one's "fellow-traveller." With James can be both "lovely" and thrilling. Until tomorrow — Diary—Good night.

If you'd seen the room you would have been pretty dismayed, too!... the colors were nice... and the furniture was in pretty fair shape... but somehow it just didn't look right!

"First thing we do," I said to Jim, "is to get new drapes for the window. Then we'll put up the prints your Aunt Sue gave us... In no time at all the room started to take shape... but there was still something important missing!

"It's the floor," said Jim. "is to get new... I will never look right with a floor like that." "Don't be so sure," I said. "I've got just the idea for the perfect floor—and it's inexpensive, too." We got a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. It will last years, one the very next day. It will last years, too. The extra deep and durable wearing layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is actually equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint, applied by hand. It's smooth, easy to clean, and comfortable underfoot. Who could ask for more?

New drapes... three new prints... a pint of paint... and a stunning New Rug



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