

In Memoriam

HILLAIRE H. GALLANT

There passed away at his home in Oyster Bed Bridge, on August 16, Hillaire H. Gallant, at the advanced age of 81 years.

He leaves to mourn 6 sons, and 4 daughters, and 33 grandchildren, who will long cherish the memory of a kind and loving father.

The sons are: Camille and Johnny, of Buffalo, N. Y., Vital and Edmund of Oyster Bed Bridge, Albert of Quebec, and Donny of Miscouche.

The daughters are: Mrs. Emile Arseneault, Mrs. George Buote, Mrs. Leo Arseneault, and Miss Stella, all of Boston. The late Mr. Gallant's wife predeceased him several years ago.

He was buried on August 18, at Rustico.

(Patriot please copy)

MY P. E. ISLAND HOME

That big yellow house and little green garden Is the place where I long to be But I am needed by this good old country For duty has called upon me.

Wherever my country may need me Wherever my heart may roam Not one thing will ever take the place Of that good old Island Home

As over this country I may travel A lot of beautiful homes I may see But none will ever look so grand As that dear old Home does to me.

When I think of the coming battle Be it on land, on sea, or in air I will also be thinking of Home And the ones that are waiting there.

I hope when the battle is over That each one of us will return But nothing save victory will satisfy us Until the Hun and his gang we burn.

Oh what a grand day that will be When I walk through that back gate once more And see those brown eyes of my mother Who has been waiting so long at the door.

Composed by: Bdr. Hughes M. E., Petawawa Mil. Camp, Ont.

PARTING

To the Garden of the Gulf we said good-bye, a week ago. It was the kind of parting that filled our hearts with woe.

The verdant fields we left behind the flowers and the trees, The shining sands, the free large shores, And the wonderful salty breeze.

We went to spend our holidays. At an ideal place as there everything was so beautiful Seemed to breathe forth a prayer.

We'll never forget our childhood days, So happy and so free, In summer swimming at the shore, In winter with skates and skis.

God bless our little Island, And keep it free from harm, Nature's gifts so well displayed, On our million-acre farm. —Mary E. Buger.

THE BUGLE CALL

As I watch the golden sunset Slowly sinking out of view, All the wondrous law of Nature Illuminates my soul anew.

While I stood in wonder gazing At the Beauty all around, Overhead the apple blossoms Cast their petals on the ground.

Then upon the evening clearness Wafted by the scented breeze Came the sound of bugles calling, Calling from across the seas.

Wanting sons to march to victory As their fathers did before— Leaving home and leaving kindred For the blood-soiled fields of war.

Far across the foaming billows I could see the great ships roll, While the night-birds lonely calling, Cast dark shadows on my soul.

Then in fancy I could see them, Khaki-clad for freedom sweet, I could hear the sobs of mothers And the sound of marching feet.

Many true, brave sons of Britain, Now have left their native shore They will fight and die for Justice What can mortal men do more?

Oh, the cruel pangs of heartache In this war-torn world of strife While relentless foe advances, Fighting hard against the right.

Standing on the fields of battle Crimson red, like sunset glow— Where our heroes lie in slumber 'Neath the crosses—row on row.

Bravely have our gallant soldiers Caught the torch that once was flung On land, on sea, and in the air They fight the treacherous Hun.

For freedom's cause they march along With hearts so brave and true Beneath the colors they will stand The red, the white the blue.

While far above the planes sail on And below the poppy's nod While our heroes rest in their last long sleep Safe at home in those mansions with God. —Mrs. W. H. Cudmore, 78 Douglas St.

New Appointment To Facilitate "Economy Drive"

OTTAWA, Aug. 29 — (CP) —The federal government turned its eyes inward in an economy drive today with announcement of the appointment of a director of government office economies control under the direction of War Services Minister, Thorson.

It was indicated that the first task of the appointee, Col. John Thompson of Ottawa, would be to ascertain the supplies and requirements of all the branches of government.

Censors Withhold Names of Missing as Safety Measure

OTTAWA, Aug. 27 — (CP) —Censorship authorities explained today why the names of missing Canadian soldiers are withheld from publication until it can be assumed safely that they are either prisoners of war or have been killed in action.

Fishermen Boldly Face Storm Hazards

Example 1.—Not long ago a heavy gale struck in from the sea on one section of the Cape Breton coast of Nova Scotia. When it had blown itself out the fishermen of the district, not a big district either, found themselves some \$15,000 poorer. They got their boats ashore but nearly 11,000 lobster traps were destroyed and half a dozen herring nets while the storm also carried away a number of crates filled with lobsters ready for shipment to market.

TO ORGANIZE WOMEN

FREDERICTON, Aug. 28 — (CP) —Members of the Fredericton Women's Volunteer Corps left for St. Stephen today to help in organizing a similar women's auxiliary fire-fighting corps at the border town. Karl A. Walker, Fredericton fire chief, accompanied the group.

IS GRANTED RANK OF SECOND LIEUTENANT

TORONTO, Aug. 28 — (CP) —Miss Alice Patricia McGuigan, daughter of Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, has been granted the rank of second lieutenant in General Hospital Unit No. 10, Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps at London, Ont., it was announced here yesterday.

SUEDE COATS

Top-coats of suede will be popular for fall "freshettes." Nineteen vessels were reported as making up the Lusenbury sail fishing fleet which sailed to the Grand Banks for the 1942 fishing trip.

THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WHO WILL BE INTERESTED IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

DON'T BE A WELSHER

LET'S be brutally frank. The man or woman who buys a Victory Bond or Certificate to save face, then sells it—except in case of dire necessity—is a welsher.

True, there is no law which says you cannot sell your Victory Bonds or Certificates. It is not a legal obligation that you keep them for the duration. But there is a moral promise to make a loan to your Country for the War period. To evade that undertaking through sale, at this time of great need, is to welsh—it is the denial of an obligation which you admitted and accepted by your act of purchase.

Your Country does not ask you to deny yourself those necessary things which make for decent living, that you may buy Victory Bonds and Certificates. But the voice of Public Opinion does say that those persons who now insist on the unnecessary luxuries of life are not themselves decent.

Of course—you have no immediate cause for worry: No one will ask you to cross the beach and climb the cliffs of Dieppe. You are not in a slit trench with Stuka Dive-Bombers showering death about you. The blazing sun of Africa—the wind-driven sands—will never cut and blister your skin until every exposed part of your body becomes a festering sore. No—you will never feel the vibrant crash of a torpedo—the tilt of a ship's deck under

your feet as it slides to Davey Jones. No one is asking you to leave your favorite chair tonight and fly over Germany. None of these things is asked of you.

All you are asked to do is to lend to your Country—Canada—lend at interest all the money you can possibly spare to provide the tools for those men who are fighting your fight. You are not expected to deprive yourself to the extent that you must live below the level of ordinary decency.

But if you think you are doing your part by buying Victory Bonds only to sell them—then, you had better take yourself into a dark room and ask yourself some soul-searching questions. Ask yourself what you are doing to protect your loved ones, your Country, and your way of life.

If you do this we know what the answer will be. We know because the men and women of Canada are inherently decent people. They value the good opinion and respect of friends and neighbors. But most important is the fact that we Canadians value our own self-respect. We ask charity from none—we assume our obligation to work and lend. So there can only be one answer—you will hold your Victory Bonds and Certificates for the duration except in cases of extreme necessity.

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

for Canadian tables and making big catches for shipment overseas to meet Britain's food needs. TORONTO, Aug. 28 — (CP) —Miss Alice Patricia McGuigan, daughter of Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, has been granted the rank of second lieutenant in General Hospital Unit No. 10, Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps at London, Ont., it was announced here yesterday. Miss McGuigan received a B. Sc. degree from St. Vincent Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N. S. Minard's kills pain

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