

E. I. Dr. Croteau, secretary of the League, has been the driving force of the organization campaign. In addition to his teaching activities he spends a large portion of his time lecturing on different phases of Adult Education all over the Island. It is a tribute to his organizing and lecturing ability and to the whole movement here that his services are more and more in demand.

Co-operation, particularly in the credit field, is being achieved in Prince Edward Island. The sacrifice necessary for success in this endeavor is manifesting the true Christian spirit and high social ideals of our people. Day by day more people are recognizing the tremendous utility of the credit union and are becoming enthusiastic supporters of it. Let us hope that this trend will continue and increase so that we may ultimately obtain an improvement which will lead to a more stable economic life. "There will be tough times at first, calling for faith and for work—that indomitable combination which accounts for every successful credit union."



### The Choice

By "Briareos"

Sergeant Sandstone sat down with a groan, and rested his head wearily on his hand. For the past two hours he had been pacing his cell, trying to form some plan, trying to come to a decision—for the offer the French Commander had made him was not a very attractive one.

"A fine choice," he muttered to himself. He looked into the courtyard below where French soldiers were moving to and fro. From there his gaze travelled over the walls of the fort to the blue summer sky, bordered on one side by deep green forests, and on the other blending into the calm waters of Lake Champlain.

The peace and beauty of nature touched him, and soldier though he was, he sighed.

The afternoon before, he and Adams, a private, had been captured near the fort by a band of French scouts. They had been sent out from Fort Corillon by General Amherst to reconnoitre the position and strength of the French force under Bourlamaque, who had retired to Crown Point.



Disguised as hunters, the two Englishmen had successfully passed the outposts and encamped near the fort.

Suspicion fell on them however, as they attempted to return to their own territory. They were captured, taken to the fort and locked in separate cells.

This morning the Commander had visited Sandstone. The Englishman had feared a sentence of death, but he was given one chance of his life: The French wanted information concerning Amherst's forces and intentions. If he gave them that information he would go free—of course, he would be bound to tell nothing of what he had seen at the fort. "And if I refuse,"—he asked. "Then you die as you deserve," replied the Commander in his precise English.

He was given till noon to make his choice. Adams, too, would be put to the test, he supposed. And what of Adams? Would he take the chance? Perhaps he could give false information. But no! An Englishman must show that he places his country first. All these thoughts ran through his mind as he sat and gazed out through the window.

Suddenly he sprang up and went closer to the window. Two guards had appeared from the other wing of the building. Between them he recognized the tall figure of Adams. The courtyard was quickly crossed. They entered a door and disappeared.

For a half hour that seemed an age he sat there staring at the door across the courtyard. Suspense and anxiety showed in his face, sweat broke out on his brow.

Then the door abruptly opened again. Two soldiers emerged. They bore a stretcher on which lay a limp figure. They moved off to the right and passed through the gate of the fort.

Thank God Adams had not played the coward! He squared his shoulders and stood up resolutely waiting for the guards.

The Commander was standing in the middle of the room. Before him on a table were two wine glasses. One contained a red, the other a white, liquid.

The French officer lost no time in coming to the point. "This," he said pointing to the red liquid, "is wine; by drinking this you agree to give us the information we want." "This," he indicated the other "is death."

"Choose, Monsieur."



Without a moments hesitation the Englishman raised the white liquid to his lips and drained it to the bottom.

He stepped back, waiting to be stricken by the poison draught. But he felt nothing but the sharp taste of white wine. The Commander was regarding him with an amused smile.

A puzzled expression appeared on his face. Both glasses, then, contained wine!

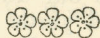
Turning from him the French officer called an aide.

"Give the Englishman," he said, "an escort beyond our outposts; and you, Monsieur, I will trust to tell nothing of what you have seen here.

"But, I don't understand," exclaimed the astonished prisoner. "Why did you kill my companion? Or is he really dead?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Mon Dieu, but you are stupid. You see, your friend drank the other glass."



### **My Thanksgiving Holidays**

F. MacDonald, '41

I eagerly looked forward to my Thanksgiving holidays, for my brother and I had planned to go on a shooting trip. I arrived home Saturday night, and as we intended to go shooting Monday, we stayed up late Saturday night preparing decoys and oiling our guns.

Sunday night we prepared a basket of lunch, and went to bed with the alarm set for three o'clock. During the night I awoke about six times expecting the alarm to ring. When it did ring, although I felt sleepy, I lost no time in getting ready.

After a hasty breakfast, and some trouble starting the old truck, we were on our way to Tracadie Bay. We arrived there in good time and transferred our equipment to a dory which we had procured beforehand for this occasion.

As we rowed across the bay, we could hear in the calmness the quacking of ducks and the honking of wild-geese. The sky was overcast, and, as there were no stars to be seen, we kept our direction by the harbor light.