

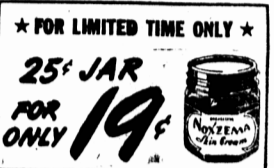
SPECIAL OFFER to prove you can have a better complexion!



ARE YOU embarrassed by rough, dry, "broken-out" skin? Then try the secret that has helped thousands improve their complexion—Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream!

Nurses were among the first to discover how grand Noxzema is for the skin. That's because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also helps help dry pimples and blemishes.

and see if it doesn't help make your skin softer, smoother, lovelier. Take advantage of this Special Offer—a 25¢ jar for only 19¢. Get it any drug or department store and start using it today!



"She Serves That Men May Fly"

Movie short depicting the interesting work that is being done by many girls and women throughout Canada is being shown on THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 11, at 8 p.m. IN THE PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

Arrangements have been made through Mrs. Thomas Fullerton, Phone 1299-L, Charlotte-town representative of the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. An officer from the Women's Division of the Recruiting Centre in Moncton will be present.

Plan Now if You Want Chickens This Year



Raising baby chicks is a big business, the youngsters being hatched to order and shipped in special containers. A seller and purchaser here check over a future flock of poultry.

Prepared for NEA Service by the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry

The backyard flock of chickens may be started at any time of the year by the purchase of mature birds. If of a good laying strain, such birds, however, involve a much greater financial outlay than the purchase of day-old chicks which commercial hatcheries produce in

FOR GOOD HEALTH AND INNER FITNESS

ENO IS THE ANSWER

During these strenuous times, no day will be too long or its problems too burdensome, provided you have the zest and energy which come from inner health. Start each day with a sparkling glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'.

Eno's gentle but effective action helps to cleanse the inner system of the poisonous wastes and excess gastric acids that bring on constipation, headaches, indigestion and that listless out-of-sorts feeling that slow a man down.

Eno is sparkling and pleasant to take, gentle and dependable in its action. It does not contain upsetting purgatives or harsh, bitter salts such as Glauber and Epsom—entirely free of sugar or artificial flavouring of any kind. Yes, Eno is safe for young and old alike. Buy a bottle today.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' FIRST THING EVERY MORNING

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new way of advertising at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE L-978

WINSLOW UNITED CHURCH SERVICES March 14th, Highfield Street, Hantsville, on March 14th, 11 A. M. Winslow South S. P. M. Winslow North 7.30 P. M. Rev. T. Constable, Minister. 3-11-43.

BONUS FOR FARM LABOURERS

A resolution recommending a bonus for farm labourers is to be forwarded to Mr. Arthur MacNamara, Director of National Selective Service by the Char- lottetown Advisory Committee of the Unemployment Insurance Commission. This was decided upon at a meeting of the committee held yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Wellington. Present: Dr. I. J. Yeo, Chairman; Mr. E. Sterns, Leo Corcoran and George F. Dewar.

AMONG GRADUATES

In the list of graduates of No. 16 Service Flying Training School of the R.C.A.F. at Hantsville, on March 5th, appears the name of Ralph C. Herring, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Herring of Hamilton, Ont. who graduated with a commission. Pilot Officer Herring is grandson of Mrs. John Herring of Murray Harbor and of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Jardine of this city.

Large numbers, especially in the spring months, especially in the young chicks now are so well classified according to standard breeding, potential laying ability, and health that there is reasonable assurance of obtaining chicks that will breed into excellent birds. Moreover, the purchase of young chicks involves a very small expense for transportation.

Another advantage of establishing a flock in the spring is the abundance of sunshine, which helps to secure fine chicks. Also, even under backyard and suburban conditions, waste and surplus products from the home garden provide supplementary feed, and gardens are most productive while the spring chicks are growing. Whatever four- birds—the stock should be from a reliable hatchery or breeder.

START EARLY, RAISE MORE

When a decision has been made to begin the enterprise in the spring, no time should be lost in ordering the desired chicks, or adult birds. An early start will help get young chicks well advanced in their growth before the hot months of summer. If day-old chicks are purchased, one may expect to have small broilers, sometimes known as "squab" broilers, in from six to eight weeks. About two weeks later the remaining birds of the same brood will weigh from 1 1/2 to 2 pounds.

By still another two weeks, by the time the oldest birds are 12 weeks of age, the average family will have secured a brood of broilers and fryers. If the start was made early in the spring, there is still time to raise another crop of broilers and fryers. However, the second lot, if raised in hot weather, require more attention to their comfort, especially in regard to shade and the control of insect pests.

COLD GROUND FATAL

Artificial heat for young chicks should not be neglected, especially at night, even in seemingly hot weather. Chicks or or near the ground often become chilled and die. The cause of death may be a mystery to inexperienced poultry keepers who do not realize that the ground can be cold at night even in mid-summer.

When chickens are to be raised for eggs as well as meat, it is visible, also, to make the start early in the spring. The cockerels will be used for food. Except for a few culled pullets kept and into a good growing ration so they will be ready for egg production in the fall.

The backyard flock also may be started in the fall with satisfactory results, by the purchase of well-grown pullets. But this plan does not provide young broilers and fryers and it involves a greater investment.

Victory For Love

By PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER XX

John Wynter had gone up to London quite prepared to throw in his hand and determined to do it moreover. And now he would not have to do it. He gave a long sigh of relief as the taxi drove to a standstill outside the white gate.

"Thank you very much indeed, sir. From long experience Piper knew he was being well overpaid. "Good night, sir." Under the clear blue-black bowl, pin-pricked with stars that was the sky, Piper touched his cap respectfully.

"Good night," and John walked up the path, easy enough to see the electric light that was the key to the front door he hesitated. No key, of course; he would have to wait for the maid to bring the key because someone might have had him. Yes, the chain was being slipped back from the door.

"Oh, it is you," Manvers-Pollock was still fully dressed. Her shining hair gleamed under the electric light that was the key to the door behind him.

"Good evening, surely you didn't wait for me?"

"No, sir. I said you wouldn't come; I knew that you would. I have made tea for you," said Mrs. Manvers-Pollock. "I have prepared a little tray into your room."

"What is that?" Manvers-Pollock lifted her face like a war horse scanning the horizon.

"Down the stairs, Grace! Grace, who had never liked her Grace, the family servant who smiled and watched and talked! "Oh, Grace?" There was a note of interrogation in her voice.

"Yes, mum. The mistress said that if I was still awake it would be wise to listen for a taxi. Mr. Sholto has some things come by the five to twelve train." Grace, in cap and apron, wore the expression that she always wore when she was going to have her own way.

"I have made tea for Mr. Wynter," said Mrs. Manvers-Pollock. "My tea is here."

"So I hope it is mine, mum," said Grace respectfully. "For tea or coffee, which Mr. Wynter prefers. And sandwiches, all set out in the library where the fire is still burning brightly."

"There was no need for you to have troubled at all. Everybody said that Mr. Wynter would not arrive tonight," said Mrs. Manvers-Pollock. "There was a high color in Mrs. Manvers-Pollock's face. John stood there feeling wretched.

"Well, as Mrs. Maturin has so kindly provided for my comfort, I think I'd better accept tactfully across the hall. A smile that would do for both of them, he decided.

"Yes, sir, I'll see to it at once." Grace having now could afford to smile. "I shall wear this dress, which would like to take a cup of tea or coffee with you, sir. Which would you prefer, sir?"

"But what shall I do with mine?" Grace had gone off into the kitchen. Mrs. Manvers-Pollock stood tense and furious. The big clock ticked its usual rather metallic tick in the dark hall. "I'd better go back to my room."

"Well, . . . John was hanging his head over the cupboard. "It's late, isn't it?" he ventured. He hated to hurt anyone, but he wanted to be alone.

"Yes," and then without saying anything to Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, turned and went back to her bedroom. And Joan, lying in bed listening to the ticking of the clock on the wall, came to the conclusion that Grace had won and was pleased. Because, after all a hotel must be run properly. You can't have a man waiting up for other people and brewing tea in their rooms for them without upsetting the servants.

Meanwhile Mrs. Manvers-Pollock blew out the methylated spirit underneath the already boiling kettle and turned her eyes away from the little tray she had got ready. "No fool like an old fool." The bitter words rushed into her head as she set about getting ready for bed. Thwarted in her preparation of what was to have been a joyful little feast.

The next day was cloudless. One of those divine days, sometimes handed out by a good God who sees his people in need of a little sunshine. The first of April; the year was getting on. Mrs. Manvers-Pollock, to the gentle closing of his door that meant his tea had come. He walked to the window and dragged back his curtains. What should he do? Go and see his love first of all and look at her with eyes full of treachery for ever. And then rest down to his work.

Netta wondered what it was that was making her wake up so different from what it had been for the last few years. The feeling of anticipation had come back. Why did she feel like this? Knowing the answer Netta tried to pretend that she didn't. Monsieur Victor was coming to tea. If only the Foreign Office would reply to the letter she had written them a fortnight ago. She had not told Monsieur she had written because it was of no use to raise his hopes again. They had replied courteously to her enquiries as to the whereabouts of Madame Furry saying it was impossible to tell. An informant in the Foreign Office would communicate with Monsieur Victor again.

Netta had a young nephew at the Foreign Office—a very young one certainly—but he would be better than nothing. Netta wrote him to him and he replied fully in his turn. He would do what he could and would let her know directly he had done something.

And now Monsieur was coming to tea. Why was she so delighted at the prospect? With a pale early morning sunshine streaming in at the window, Netta faced the question. Because she cared for him? It was silly to dodge the question. His tragic melancholy laid hold of all her maternal instinct, she longed to comfort him as the first of those whom he spoke so tenderly had comforted him. But, liked her or not, she would not have comforted in her. Netta knew that very well. She smiled as the telephone shrilled at her elbow. No Monsieur to say she couldn't come to tea that afternoon! No, it was too early.

"My dear, are you awake?" It was Joan, of course. Netta could see her eager face and bright eyes. There was something eternally youthful about Joan difficult to describe.

"Yes, wide awake," said Netta, smiling. "Isn't it a glorious day?"

"Frightfully so. I wish I could see you this morning." I've loads to tell you. Hugh has gone to Breton to some conference or other. May I come at about eleven?"

"Of course, and I'll have coffee ready. So at eleven o'clock Netta sat by the beautiful fire, pushing her typewriter to one side. Enough writing for that morning. Now to hear what Joan had to say.

"My dear," Sunk in her chair, Joan smiled contentedly. "Perfect coffee, of course. I hope mine's as

SALE OF SUBSTANDARD SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

Thursday Morning March 11th

We were fortunate in picking up this interesting special lot of "sub-standard" sheets and pillow cases . . . in these days of scarcity. If the sheets were "perfects" they would sell at about \$5.50 per pair.

The quantity is limited, all are slightly flawed but all are usable.

- | SHEETS | PILLOW CASES |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 76 x 86 inches 90c each | Plain hemmed or hemstitched, slightly flawed— |
| 81 x 96 inches \$1.29 each | Plain hemmed |
| 81 x 96 inches \$1.49 each | 42 inch 49c pr. |
| 81 x 100 inches \$1.69 each | Hemstitched |
| 72 x 103 inches \$1.39 each | 40 and 42 inch 60c pr. |
| | Hemstitched |
| | 42 and 44 inch 79c pr. |

On sale Thursday at 9 A. M.



MOORE & McLEOD Limited

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

good, only one can never tell oneself. Well, . . . pour it all out. Netta was smiling over the rim of her cup. "Well, to begin with, Monsieur has got all his clothes laid out on the bed choosing what he shall wear this afternoon. I helped to advise him; it was like telling a very nice baby what to wear to a party. I believe that Monsieur, if not entirely engulfed, is well on the way to being in love with you."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Could you like him in return?"

"The question is superfluous. I shan't have to try," said Netta firmly.

Joan smiled tenderly. "Now then, my dear, if he were to ask you to

Victor most awfully. And I do feel that if he really cared for me and said so I could love him back. But he hasn't said so and very probably won't, and it's awfully difficult to discern the feelings of a Frenchman. Time enough when he asks me, if he ever does. What else has happened? How's that girl that you like and I don't—Odette Hannan. How's she getting on with her saving activities? One of these days she'll be caught red-handed, and I for one shall be extremely glad."

"Yes," Joan was silent, staring into the fire. "I wasn't going to tell you," she said, "but I think I shall because you're perfectly safe. John Wynter has fallen in love with Odette Hannan, and she has fallen in love with him."

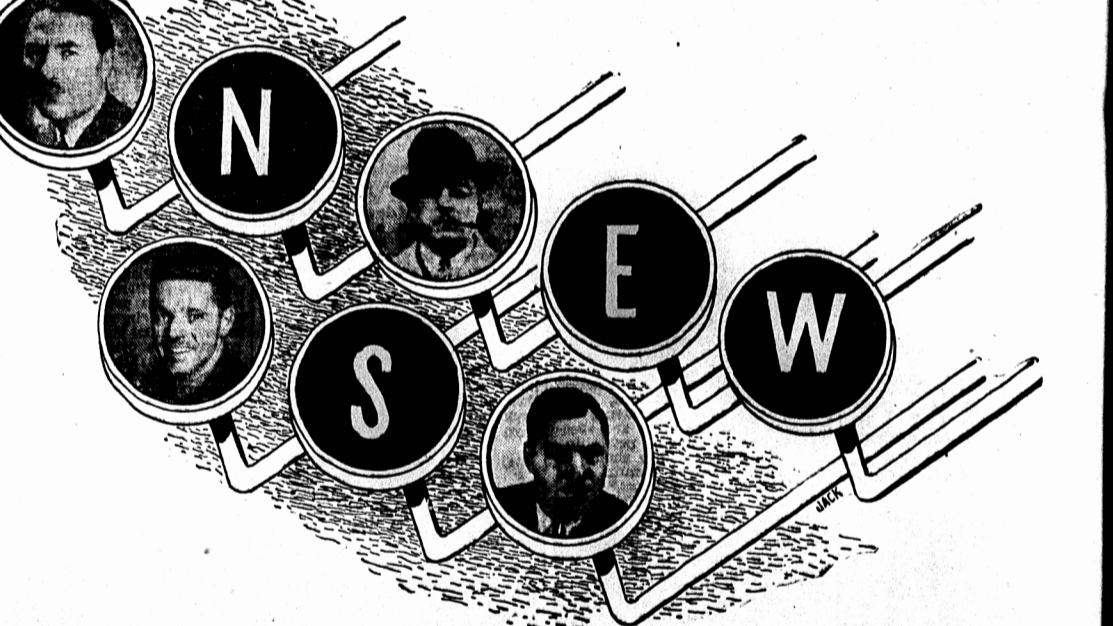
"My heavens!" Netta sank back in her chair. "Another of them! Joan it is an obsession of yours; do get a grip on yourself!"

"It's true," said Joan seriously. "And in time you'll find that I'm right."

(To be Continued)

RIGHT WITH RIGHT

A recent survey showed that about 70 per cent of the people with dominant right hands also have dominant right eyes.



These are the men who bring you the news!

All of them are Standard correspondents. One of them, Wallace Reyburn, is located in England, from where he cables his epic description on the Dnieper raid. Another, Gerald Clark, reports from Ottawa, giving you an insight into Canada's Government, explaining regulations and policies that affect you. Lawrence Earl, and A. W. O'Brien, are only two of the many Standard writers and photographers who travel thousands of miles every year, covering Canada from coast to coast, to bring you eye-witness stories of happenings and events. Top-ranking foreign correspondents located on all war fronts, complete The Standard's coverage. Together, these trained experienced newsmen provide Standard readers with complete, authentic news. Together, they help keep Standard readers among the best-informed in Canada.

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