

BAD BREATH BREAKS DATES!



Play Safe—USE COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

If it's kissin' you're missin', remember this—76% of all adults have bad breath. And unfortunately, OTHERS always detect it before YOU do. Take no chances! Use Colgate's Tooth Powder.

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases Colgate's Tooth Powder instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY! Compare Colgate's leading brands, all of which give you a clean, fresh, minty taste up to the next morning—for not a penny more.

TIP TO SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the only tooth powders that gives you a clean, fresh, minty taste up to the next morning—for not a penny more.



COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER 12 1/2 oz. 25c 40c

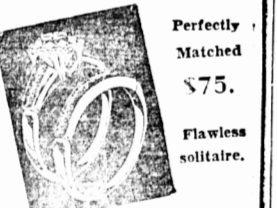


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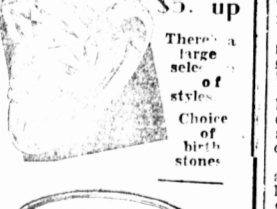
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With Dover Between

By COLIN HOPE

She opened the note, and as she read all colour left her face, then flooded back to it. Although only dimly conscious of it she was at one moment shivering as in a fever.

The light was fading, but she could read without difficulty. If you want to see Lorbrook again go to Charley Monkford's cottage at once. Tell nobody, or Lorbrook will suffer.

Jane looked hastily about her. The messenger had already disappeared. She must decide, now, what to do. If she went home her uncle would ask awkward questions and would try to prevent her from going to the cottage.

Almost certainly the note was luring her to a trap, yet she dared not ignore it. In its way, the idea was elementary, yet it was bound to succeed. Even if it was bluff, it was a bluff she dared not call.

Now she was sure Lorbrook was in danger. She wanted to share his peril whatever it was. Trap though the assignment might be, she intended to keep it.

Only as she hurried down the hill did she begin to wonder. That Lorbrook was playing a dangerous game she was sure, therefore he was likely to be in extreme danger at any time, but why should anyone want to trap her?

Those sufficiently interested would surely know she did not share her uncle's secret. There was nothing she could tell. As a thought struck her she paused. There was, she believed, only one reason why anybody should want to share her into his power—to use her as a lever to force either Lorbrook or her uncle to bend to their will.

She had read of such blackmail in the occupied countries of Europe. It was a device bearing the authentic stamp of the Hun. In a fight for world domination, millions of women might die. How little did the sufferings of one woman matter. Why consider them? Those against whom Lorbrook fought would not think of her as a woman, but merely as an instrument to be used for their purposes.

She was resolved to know what had happened. She went on, and even as she walked, a man rose from a ditch almost at her feet. "Miss Whenbawne," he said, quietly, "You were wise to come. This way, please."

CHAPTER XXII WHENBAWNE IS TO BE "COAXED"

When Bill Lorbrook again began to take an interest in life he thought that night had come again. All around was densely, oppressively dark. There was no window or opening of any kind to show a patch of less intensity.

"Benny," he called quietly. Came a plaintive exclamation from near at hand. "So you're awake. I've been yelling at you for the last hour or more. Well, not exactly yelling."

"What's happened?" Bill went on. "It was much lighter last time I had my eyes open."

"We've been moved. Doesn't the floor strike you as different? Before we were lying on wooden boards, we're on earth now. It's cold, damp. Can't you feel it?"

Bill could. "Cellar of some kind."

"Yes. You're in one of the old tunnels leading out of Neasborough," came a voice from the darkness. Lorbrook recognized that the man who spoke was Charley Monkford. So there were three of them.

"That's interesting," Bill said. "So they've got you, too. I suppose they are trying to force you to tell them where you've hidden the papers you took from that dead man. Have they got it out of you yet?"

"No. They ain't. And they ain't likely to. Nobody won't make me tell somethin' I don't want to tell."

Benny started to say something, but Lorbrook hurried on, apparently over-looking Monkford's tactful admission that he had taken papers from Duranport.

"In a tunnel under Neasborough, are we? Living hereabouts, I suppose you know all about them?"

"Know more'n anybody else. My ol' dad used to take people down to show 'em the tunnels. But 'e didn't show 'em all, 'e didn't."

"Some of the ol' tunnels run all the way to Canterbury an' to Lover Castle. They're all closed up, jades and gents, the ol' man used to say. But they ain't. Leastways, not all of 'em."

"And these people had found one of the old tunnels to hide in, it seems. Are they far from Neasborough?"

"No. They all start round about under the castle, an' run back through the 'igh ground. Couldn't make 'em under the marshes, could they?"

"So we've got the Romans to blame for this mess," Benny said, sourly. "If they hadn't cut the tunnels the Huns couldn't have put us in 'em."

"More important to know how we are going to get about getting out," Bill commented. "I'm not tied up now, what about you?"

Both Benny and Charley Monkford were free, but it did not seem that this was of much use to them. Fumbling about in the dark, Lorbrook was able to make out that one end of the tunnel was earthed up, and that a stout door had been fitted to the other.

"Puzzles me what they hope to get out of us," Benny said. "We can't tell them anything they want to know—unless, like I said—"

"They were not left in doubt for long, for even as Benny spoke there came the creaking of an open door, and a pale light streamed into the chamber."

Bill started forward, but stopped as he saw that the man behind the light held a gun, and that the gun was pointed straight at his middle.

"Get back!" The newcomer spoke English, but the accent was foreign.

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It was chosen because this year FOUR has very special meanings . . .

It is the Fourth year of the war . . .

We fight for Four Freedoms . . .

This is Canada's Fourth Victory Loan!

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Wearing this emblem will mean that you have bought the new Victory Bonds sent your dollars into the fight. It will mean that you, too, can say proudly

"I stand for Victory!"



WEAR THIS EMBLEM where others can see it!

When you buy bonds, you will be given this emblem to wear. Make a special point of wearing it all the time, as long as the Victory Loan drive lasts. This way you can help sell more Victory Bonds.

The "Sign of Four" is something to be proud of—a sign that you have done your bit—a silent reminder to others to do theirs!



The National War Finance Committee 8-4

MARGATE SCHOOL

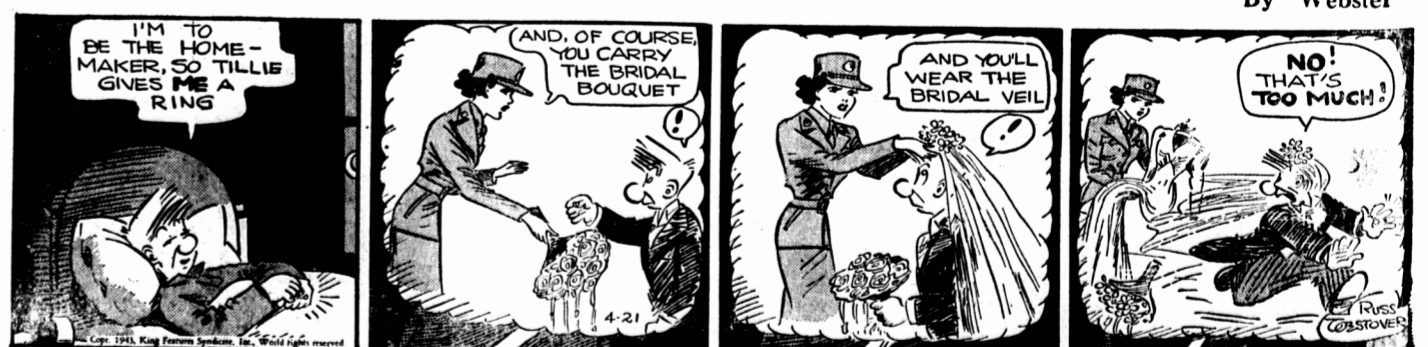
The following is the report of Margate School for the month of March.

Grade X—1, Thelma Adams.
Grade IX—1, Doris Henderson.
Grade VIII—1, Phyllis Henderson.
Grade VII—1, Ruby Henderson.

2, Louise Crane; 3, Ross Woodside, son and Beryl Woodside, equal; 4, Floyd Crane.
Grade VI—1, Helen Semple; 2, Clair Mayhew; 3, Lorne Adams.
Grade V—1, Bayden Dymment.
Grade IV—1, Arthur Henderson; 2, Gene Crane.
Grade III—1, Freda Mayhew.
Grade II—1, Mary Kaye Mayhew; 2, Barbara Woodside; 3, Bonnie Woodside.
Grade I, Sr.—1, Shirley Henderson.

Perfect attendance — Barbara Woodside, Mary Kaye Mayhew, Gene Crane, Arthur Henderson, Thelma Adams.
Highest average Junior Grades—Mary Kaye Mayhew.
Marion L. Bell—Teacher.

TILLY THE TOILER MORE "BRIDE" THAN "GROOM."



By Webster

WHY HAVE SORE FEET? JUST RUB IN MINARD'S LINIMENT