MORSE'S Standard TEA

65c
per pound package

MORSE'S STANDAPD TEA — "the good old family tea of the Maritimes" — gives pleasure to countless Maritime tea drinkers. Blended specially to suit the critical Maritime taste.

**Orange 12th. of July Celebration**

AT MYRON McARTHUR'S RACE TRACK

Kensington, under the auspices of the L. O. A. and L. O. B. A. Grand Lodges

Parade 2 P. M. Sharp. Special Speakers Pipe Band, and Sports

Grand Stand Seats 15c

Meals Adults 40c—Children 25
25 per cent net proceeds for patriotic purposes

EVERYBODY WELCOME

L-73-7-3-4-6-9-10-11.

## W. M. S. Rally At Montague

A very successful W.M.S. Rally was held in Montague United Church on Friday July 5th.

The Rally which took in Eastern Kings County was well represented by delegates from the different Auxiliaries. Both sessions were ably and capably presided over by Mrs. John Sterling, of Georgetown, a Presbyterial officer, and in her gracious way never allowed interest to wane during the meetings.

The opening worship service was taken by the Valleyfield Auxiliary. Mrs. Roy Fraser, Montague, acted as secretary. Mrs. S. E. Hayward, Montague graciously welcomed the delegates and was responded to by Mrs. W. MacLean, Georgetown. The Question Box was taken care of by Mrs. Coffin and Mrs. Bruce. The Presbyterial President, Mrs. A. J. Matheson was unable to be present but sent a written message which was read by Mrs. Sterling. Mrs. Ferguson, Supply Secretary, was present and gave her report stressing the need for clothing for Labrador and Trinidad.

Mrs. J. A. Nicholson the Financial Secretary was present and gave a very encouraging report.

Written messages were read which were from the different departments. A paper on Mission Bands and Baby Bands by Mrs. Gough of O'Leary was read by Miss Doris Sterling, Miss Enid Coffin was present with her C.G.I.T. group who gave two musical numbers which were much enjoyed.

Mrs. George Murray of Trinidad then gave a short talk on her work in that place. This was especially interesting as Mrs. Murray is home on furlough and a personal note from one who has lived and worked among a people is a treat.

Mrs. W. I. Green brought the afternoon session to a close with the Quiet-Half Hour, leaving a sweet message of comfort with her listeners.

Supper was then served in the class room by the Montague ladies. The evening meeting was at 8 o'clock and the opening service was conducted by Rev. George Murray of Trinidad.

The Cherry Valley ladies who have given of their talent so generously in Montague in times past, sang two beautiful quartettes during the evening. Mrs. Ralph Douglas of Montreal, then favored the congregation with a solo and a reading by Mrs. Harry Davison was very pleasingly given. The report of the Resolution and Courtesy committee was given by Mrs. W. McLaren. Mrs. George Murray then took the audience to Trinidad on a Travelogue of pictures and story. The hymn "We Have a Story to Tell to the Nations" was thrown on the screen and was sung by the congregation. Rev. S. E. Hayward pronounced the benediction, and a very full day came to a close.—L.

### PAY AND SMILE

They are looking now for money
Lots of money now they need
They are asking us to help them
Let us be their friends indeed.

They are sending out taxpapers
Full of empty dotted lines
Fill them out, or else we'll get you
With a jolly bunch of fines.

This is how they put the matter
And its up to you and me,
Sign it quick and say you like it
This is best you will agree.

There's no right for anybody
Earning money at this time
To complain against the levy
Or to pay an extra dime.

We can't go and fight the Nazis
But this one thing we can do:
Pay the lads who do the fighting
All the bloody battles thru.

Pay and like it, is the motto
We will follow to the end.
Back cur country to the finish
Work, and earn, and pay, and lend.

Then, when all the war is over
And the victory has been won
We'll be proud we helped to win it
Every bloomin' mother's son.

— B. B.

J. M.'s MEATS
SPECIAL
Dried Beef Ham Per lb. ........ 40c
For YOUR Order, Phone 81
J. M. ROOP, Prop.
Market Building

TONIGHT
BIG
BINGO
Holy Redeemer Hall
$25
Freezeout
Split 5 Ways
8.30 P.M. sharp
Daylight Saving Time
400 Seats.
L-40.

## Gov't. Appreciation of Film Industry's War Savings Campaign

The following communication from former Finance Minister J. L. Ralston, now Minister of Defence, is self explanatory:

Ottawa, June 24, 1940

N. L. Nathanson, Esq., President Famous Players Canadian Corporation, 1200, Royal Bank Building, Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Nathanson:

On behalf of the Government, I should like to express to you, and through you to the Motion Picture Industry, our warm appreciation of the effort now being put forward by the Industry to contribute to the success of the War Savings Campaign.

The special film showings which are to be held throughout Canada on Monday evening, July 15, will have, I am sure, a very wide appeal and will serve in a striking way to focus public attention on the campaign. The proceeds from the showings themselves will be a most helpful contribution.

As the project will involve a great deal of work and of sacrifice on the part of a large number of people. I should be grateful if you would convey to all concerned, both in Canada and the United States, our sense of obligation to them.

Yours very truly,
J. L. RALSTON.

(Local theatres are co-operating in this Canada-wide movement and Manager A. R. Cooper announces that at both the Prince Edward and Capitol Theatres a special free show will be presented on Monday, July 15, starting at 8.30 p.m. All the prospective patron has to do is to prove that he is a loyal Canadian by purchasing a minimum of two 25 cent War Saving Stamps from the theatre or its special sales representatives. Stamps already purchased from other sources do not entitle the bearer to admission. When two stamps are purchased in this way, a special free admission ticket will be issued the purchaser entitling him or her to attend this gala patriotic performance.)

### R. A. F. CAMERAS DO GREAT WORK

LONDON, July 9 —(CP) —Deadly effectiveness of Royal Air Force raids on military objects in Germany has turned to admiration the scoffing remarks of those people who in the earlier weeks of the war treated lightly the daily reports of R. A. F. reconnaissance flights.

These flights, as shown by pictures frequently released gave the R. A. F. a complete pictorial record of places of strategic and military importance in Germany. Thanks to information brought back by their "camera guns" on those daily flights, the British airmen are able to fly accurately to appointed targets. There is no unnecessary mileage and no wastage of ammunition.

### CAKELESS DAY

LONDON — (CP) — The Food Ministry is considering "cakeless days" to conserve sugar, and deliveries of condensed milk and milk powder are cut in half. Regulations governing milk will not apply to infants' foods.

SPACIOUS DINING ROOM
Where the Choicest of Food is Served
QUEEN HOTEL
ROOMS WITH BATH
HOT AND COLD WATER
Private Phones in All Rooms
Queen Street
Moncton, N. B.
Canada
One Block North Of Main St.

## The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at 5 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. L-9789-7-21-311.

NO DISCOUNT on second installment City Taxes after July 15th. L-324-7-10-51.

DON'T MISS BLACK HORIZON The Guardian's new thrilling story which begins Friday, July 9th.

SECOND INSTALLMENT City Taxes must be paid by July 15th to receive discount. L-324-7-10-51.

MR. AND MRS. H. L. SMITH of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, announce the engagement of their daughter Dorothy Carol MacCannell to Mr. E. Dewar MacNeill, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. MacNeill also of Charlottetown. Marriage to take place last of July. L-374-7-11-11.

CENTRAL PARISH July 14th Community Service at Churchill as follows: Thursday and Saturday 8 P. M. Sabbath 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Monday morning 10 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Thompson (Brookfield) will conduct the evening service. Rev. T. W. Goodwill, Minister. L-368-7-11-11.

VISITING OLD HOME — Mrs. Emma P. Carson and Mrs. George Gamble and two sons, Stanley and Gordon of Cambridge, Mass., arrived on the Island Sunday night on a visit to their former home in Kingston, P.E.I. They spent Tuesday in the city visiting their two sisters, Mrs. Fred Ward and Mrs. Hammond Johnson. It is four years since they last visited the Island.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.—Brookfield Charge. Services next Lord's Day. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed at Brookfield 11 A. M. Preparatory services Thursday 7.30 P.M. Post Communion service Sunday 7.30 P.M. Rev. Wm. Verwolf of Summerside guest preacher. Hartsville Sunday School 2 P. M. Worship 3 P. M. The Daily Vacation Bible School Glasgow Road, Ebenezer School Monday to Saturday 9 A.M. 12 noon. All children are welcome. L-341-7-11-11.

THE SUMMER Sacrament in Valleyfield, Sunday, July 14th. Visiting preacher, Rev. J. A. Nicholson of York, P.E.I. Services as follows:—Thursday, July 11th, 8 p.m.; Friday, July 12th, 11 a.m., 8 p.m., Preparatory Service and Dedication of Communion Table; Saturday, July 13th, 11 a.m.; Sunday, July 14th, 11a.m., Communion, 5 p.m.; Monday, July 15th, 10 a.m.. Note—All services will be in Valleyfield Church and in English. Owing to the special services August 4th, in connection with the Hundredth Anniversary of Valleyfield Congregation, the Gaelic service has been postponed until then, and will be held Sunday, August 4th, at 3 p. m. L-346.

### ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL NO. 172 QUEENS

Grade X—1, Aubin Doiron.
Grade IX—1. Edward LeClerc, 2. Eugene LeClerc.
Grade VIII—1. Ronald Blacquiere, 2. Alma LeClair, 3. Irene LeClair.
Grade VII—1. Evelyn Gauthier, 2. Marion Gallant, 3. Rosena Buote.
Grade VI—1. Regina Gallant and Clara Pineau, equal, 2. Helena Blacquiere, Augustin Gallant and Edouard LeClair, equal.
Grade V—1. Juliette LeClair, and Freda Gallant, equal, 2. Robert Doucette, and Joyce Gallant, equal, 3. Edna Blacquiere.
Grade IV (a)—1. Bernice Doiron, 2. Margaret B. Gallant, 3. Mathilda Pineau.
Grade IV— (b)—1. Lorraine Doucette, 2. Alyre Pineau, 3. Eleonore Pineau.
Grade III—1. James MacDonald, 2. Alyre Gallant, 3. Louis Peters.
Grade II—1. Kathleen Gallant, 2. Hazel Gallant.
Grade I—1. May LeClair, Beatrice Doucette, equal, 2. Louis Blacquiere Joany Blacquiere, Clara Doiron, and Earl Gallant, all equal.

#### PRIZE LIST

**Christian Doctrine (English)**

Grade VIII—Yvonne LeClair.
Grade VII—Beatrice Peters.
Grade VI—Regina Gallant.
Grade V—Merited by Joyce Gallant, Freda Gallant, Joan Blacquiere, Eric LeClair, Edna Gauthier drawn by Eric LeClair.
Grade IV—Bernice Doiron.
Grade II—Merited by May LeClerc, Earl Gallant, Alfred Blacquiere, Margaret F. Gallant, Kathleen Gallant, Hazel Gallant, and Jeanette Gauthier, drawn by Margaret F. Gallant.
Grade I—Merited by Georgina Pineau, Beatrice Doucette, Alvera LeClair, Joany Blacquiere, Louis Blacquiere, Jas. Saulnier, drawn by Georgina Pineau.

**Christian Doctrine (French)**

Grade VIII—Alma LeClerc.
Grade VII—Leo LeClair.
Grade VI—Merited by Edouard LeClair and Clara Pineau, won by Clara Pineau.
Grade V—Merited by Yvonne Gallant, Robert Doucette, Edgar LeClair, Juliette LeClair, drawn by Robert Doucette.
Grade IV—Larette Buote.

Prize awarded to leader in Grade VIII P.S.C. Exams given to Ronald Blacquiere.

Prize for English — Irene A. LeClair.

Prize for Arithmetic — Elmer Buote.

Prize for Nature Study and Hygiene — Alma LeClair.

General Efficiency Prizes awarded to in:

Grade IX—1. Edward LeClair, 2. Eugene LeClair.
Grade VII—1. Evelyn Gauthier, 2. Marion Gallant.
Grade VI—1. Clara Pineau, 2. Helena Blacquiere.
Grade V—1. Freda Gallant, 2. Yvonne Gallant.
Grade IV (a)—1. Bernice Doiron.
Grade IV (b)—1. Lorraine Doucette.
Grade III—1. Alyre Gallant, 2. Louis Peters.
Grade II—1. Kathleen Gallant, 2. Hazel Gallant.
Grade I—1. Beatrice Doucette, 2. Clara Doiron.

### SMUT FROM FRANCE

EASTBOURNE, England — (CP) —Flowers, vegetables—and white shirts—were spotted with soot when millions of particles from the burning of oil on the other side of the Channel fell on southeast coast towns.

## Southern Atlantic Legacy

BY SYDNEY PARKMAN

With the island looming blackly ahead in the starlight he touched down on the water perfectly, and thirty seconds later the floats were grounding on the sand of the beach.

Toby had snatched the belt off, and was over the side and splashing through the shallow water almost before the machine had come to a stop. He had seen the girl's figure silhouetted on the nearest ridge against the faint glow in the sky, and as he plunged up the beach she came running down the slope to meet him.

In another moment, she was in his arms—sobbing with relief and pent-up emotion.

'Oh, Toby! Toby! I knew you'd come somehow!" she managed to articulate. "I knew it all the time! And then when I heard the plane pass over, I thought you'd gone! I was just starting to light that fire and—and I thought it was too late!"

He soothed her as he would a child, holding her tightly in his arms and stroking her hair gently; but his heart was singing within him in spite of the pity he felt for her.

It was not till a plantive voice hailed him from behind that he even remembered Cranwell.

"Say! Am I allowed to come ashore yet?" the pilot wanted to know. "I'm getting kind of tired of sitting here—and anyway I want to meet the girl friend!"

By the time he joined them, Diana had recovered sufficiently to greet him with relative composure, but he laughed away her stammered attempt at thanks.

"That's O. K. Miss Salter!" he told her. "You've just got to look on me as the transport guy—and one who likes the job! Now let's get down to business. Where's the rest of the folks?"

"Yes, where's your father?" Toby put in, suddenly coming to earth again. "And the two darkies? What's happened to them all?"

"There's only Daddy," she returned. "And he's — he's ill. The others ran off with the sloop, but I don't know what's happened to them. Andthen Becker came in a motor launch with three other men . . ." Ad she gave them a hasty and somewhat disjointed account of all that had happened.

"Great Scott!" Toby ejaculated, when she had done. "The ghastly swine! And they left you marooned here while they bolted with the cash!"

"Becker said he'd arrange to have someone come out for us when he got back to Antilla," she said. "But I wasn't building any hope on that."

"That fire will give me light enough to examine your father, if you'll lead the way, Miss Salter . . ." Cranwell began when the situation had been explained by Diana.

"But he's nowhere near the fire," she explained. "I couldn't carry those heavy timbers, so I set fire to them where they were. He's only just over this ridge here."

"Well, I daresay I can make out by starlight," he said. "Anyway, let's have a look at him."

They followed her up the beach and climbed the loose sand of the ridge. The glow of the fire threw the further ridges up in hand silhouette, but the valley below them lay in darkness. Their eyes had become accustomed to the gloom, however, and they could see the two black forms lying below them—the dead man sprawled face downwards to the left, and the Major lying on his back where the girl had left him when she set out to light the signal fire.

"All right; you two stay up here," Cranwell told them, when she had pointed out her father's figure; and he plunged down the slope alone.

They watched him reach the Major's side and drop on to his knees and Toby passed an arm round the girl's waist and gave her a reassuring squeeze.

"It's all right now, darling!" he told her. "But what a time you've been through! Not that we've been exactly joyous. When we found you'd disappeared, we naturally thought you'd come to grief with the sloop, and we spent hours tearing round to the different villages along the coast trying to get news of you. Father Maloney pulled every string he could think of, but it wasn't till we got back to Carbonaras at midday that we first heard of the Major's tete-a-tete with Becker yesterday afternoon, and began to suspect real dirty work."

"Poor Daddy!" she said, with a rather wavering little laugh. "This man had got such a complete hold on him that he wouldn't believe . . ."

She broke off suddenly, for Cranwell had risen to his feet and was slowly coming up the slope towards them.

"Well?" she asked, with a note of sudden doubt in her voice at the brevity of the examination. "Do you think he can be moved?"

The American made no reply till he had joined them. Then: "I'm afraid it's no longer necessary, Miss Salter," he said gently.

### CHAPTER XXIV

#### LOSSES AND GAINS

"Well, sit down, me boy, and have a cigarette," said Father Maloney as he ushered Toby into the living room of the priest's house. And he fumbled under his soutane and produced his own disreputable pipe.

"Well, that's the worst of it over!" the priest went on with a sigh of relief as he got the pipe lighted and subsided into the second shabby armchair. "I wish there was some way of making funerals a little less depressing!"

"That would be a pretty hefty job, wouldn't it?" Toby returned with a wry smile.

"I suppose it would," the priest agreed resignedly. "The trouble is that it's not ourselves we're burying, or we might be able to put a more cheerful face on it. Not that the little girl didn't stand up to it well," he added thoughtfully. "She's a fine courage of her own, has Miss Diana."

"I'll say she has!" Toby confirmed emphatically; and there followed a brief silence.

"It's queer the way things work out," his host observed slowly, after a while. "Who'd have thought when I was burying Captain Salter that I'd have been laying his own brother to rest in the same wee cemetery a bare three months later? And he a couple of thousand miles away at that moment!"

Toby nodded.

"Both murdered by the same gang, too!" he added grimly. "And what's more, the brutes have got clean away with it!"

"It begins to look like it," Father Maloney agreed. "We've not heard a word from the American police, at any rate. But of course it was only a guess that they'd make for the States, wasn't it? They may have headed for Hayti or Nassau—or even doubled back to some other part of the Cuban coast like those two negroes did."

Toby shook his head.

"I shouldn't think so," he said. "That fellow Becker had his head screwed on the right way, and I expect he'd got everything fixed up in advance. The Florida coast offers any number of good landing places, and once he'd got the stuff safely ashore, he'd know how to dispose of it where no questions would be asked. As for the negroes, it was just plain ignorance that made them head back for Cuba. It was the only coast they knew and they thought that as long as they didn't come back to Carbonaras, they'd be safe. I expect Becker told 'em that when he put 'em up to the trick. He wouldn't care what happened to them once they'd played their part."

"Well, they'll have plenty of time to regret their folly now," Father Maloney said. "They'll be working in the chaingang for the next few years. But unfortunately they did their work only too well, and it's thanks to them largely that those scoundrels were able to get away with the money. Not that it's certain that they have got clean away with it yet," he added hastily. "There's still a chance that the American police might pick them up somewhere."

"There's still a chance, I suppose," he admitted. "But it's a mighty small one, it's three days since they pulled it off, and they could have made the Florida coast in thirty hours. We'd have heard before now if the police had had any luck—and as we haven't, we can pretty safely say that we won't. Anyway, Di's made up her mind that we've heard the last of Salter's cache—and I don't think she's altogether sorry about it. It's cost three lives, and that's enough to put her off hankering after it."

"Well, that's true enough, too," the priest said musingly. "But it isn't everyone would look at it in that way. How d'ye feel about it yourself, for example?"

Toby shrugged.

"I hadn't any direct interest in it," he said slowly. "But as far as it does concern me I can't say that I'm altogether sorry about the loss of it either. I hate to think that those toughs have got away with what really belongs to Di, but—"

"But ye think she'll be just as happy without it?" Father Maloney put in as he hesitated. "Well, maybe ye're right." He was silent for a moment or two, and then he asked: "And what d'ye plan to do now?"

"I suppose we'll have to get back to England as soon as we can," Toby replied. "You see, Major Salter's death has complicated things badly, and if it should turn out that he made no will either . . ."

He broke off abruptly, for at that moment Diana entered the room, closely followed by the housekeeper bearing a tray with the tea things. The girl was still looking a trifle pale and drawn, but she smiled bravely at the little priest as he rose and led her to a chair.

"Well, now, let's be drawning our troubles in a cup o' tea!" he said briskly. "It's an odd thing, when ye come to think of it, that we poor mortals are for ever flying to a drink of some sort for comfort—even if it's only physic!"

He kept up a cheerful vein of conversation, interspersed with an occasional piece of drollery which set them laughing almost in spite of themselves, and by the time the housekeeper came in to clear the table again, the atmosphere of the little party had lightened considerably.

It was then however, that there came a sudden interruption.

There was a knock at the front door, and a moment later Maria appeared with a blue envelope in her hand, which she handed to her employer.

He glanced at it and asked a question in Spanish.

He nodded at her reply, and then turned to Diana.

"It's a telegram for you, me dear," he said, handing it to her. "It went to the construction camp on their private wire, and they've sent a messenger down here with it."

She tore open the envelope and scanned the flimsy sheet. Then she looked at the others.

"It's from the Consul," she said. "It says: "Launch found empty and abandoned sixty miles east Florida coast. Have notified State police keep look-out for men."

No one spoke for a moment, and then Toby gave vent to a short laugh.

"Well, that's that!" he remarked with a note of finality in his voice. "I suppose they landed the stuff and then set the launch adrift—probably with her engines running, seeing that she was picked up sixty miles out at sea. So we can say good-bye to any chance of setting eyes on either the men or the money again!"

"I'm afraid ye're right," Father Maloney agreed gravely. "If they headed straight for the coast when they left the island, they must have reached it the following night. And that means they'll have had nearly two days' start of the police. No, it doesn't leave much room for hope."

Diana crumpled the telegram into a tight ball and tossed it into the wastepaper basket beside the desk.

"It makes no difference as far as I'm concerned," she said quietly. "I don't think I'd like to have the money now, even if I could. And I certainly hadn't built any hopes of getting it back, so it's no disappointment to me." She glanced down at her wrist watch. "I think we'll have to be going now, Father. That car's been waiting for us for nearly three hours!"

"Well, if you must," the priest agreed reluctantly. "But I suppose I shan't be seeing much more of ye now, shall I?"

"I—I suppose you won't," she said, with genuine regret. "We haven't decided anything yet, but it looks as though we ought to go home now, as quickly as we can. Don't you think so, Toby?"

"There doesn't seem much point in remaining here in Cuba now," he returned. "But we shan't go without coming back here to say good-bye, Father. You can be sure of that!"

"Ah, well, I'll be sorry to see the last of ye," the priest told them, as he followed them out through the door into the sunlit garden. "But it's only au revoir this time?"

(Continued on page 6)

Please Accept 2 Giant Bars of P AND G White Naphtha Soap for only 1¢ with purchase of One Large-size package of NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL the Amazing New "No-Scrub" Laundry Soap

Offer made solely to induce you to try New High-Test OXYDOL—the improved "No-scrub" soap that washes as much as 9 to 11 shades whiter, yet is REALLY SAFE.

ACCEPT TWO GIANT-SIZE BARS OF P AND G See how P and G, with its active dirt-loosening ingredient, helps remove grease, caked-in mud, soot and other stubborn dirt. Yet is so safe for washable colours they fairly sparkle. Far more women use it on washday than any other bar soap made in North America.

TO GET THIS BARGAIN Registered Trade Mark
To Have Faster, Whiter, SAFE Washes

SIMPLY DO THIS: Get a large-size package of High-Test OXYDOL at your dealer's. And—for 1¢ more—receive two giant-size bars of new, improved P and G White Naphtha Soap. Try High-Test Oxydol. If you don't agree it's the best package soap you've ever used, return unused portion to your dealer, Get Your Money Back!

ONCE you see the amazing washing results you get with new High-Test OXYDOL—we believe you'll never go back to less modern package soaps.

So accept this 1¢ bargain — and try High-Test Oxydol for your next washing. Use it in tub or machine. If you don't agree it gets clothes marvelously white, yet with the SAFETY you've always wanted, return the unused portion to your dealer, get your money back!

High-Test Oxydol can offer astonishing results because it contains a new SAFE ingredient—and does these amazing things:

First: Gets white clothes as much as 9 to 11 shades whiter than a large number of popular soaps. Actual Tintometer shades, shown by our laboratory tests.

Second: Cup for cup, gives up to three times the suds. Rich, energetic suds that stand up as much as 2 to 3 times longer.

Third: Yet is SAFE for washable colours and fabrics. So safe, that even cotton prints given the equivalent of more than a full year's washing—came out looking bright as new. And Oxydol's safer for hands than a whole group of popular washday soaps.

In tub washing—High-Test Oxydol soaks out dirt in 10 minutes! No scrubbing, no boiling—just a good douse, rinse, and you're through! Even grimy spots come clean with a few quick rubs. Thus you can save up to an hour or more on a big wash, compared to old-fashioned scrub-and-boil methods.

In washing machines—High-Test Oxydol soaks out dirt while the washer is running, gives DOUBLE-ACTION wash.

High-Test Oxydol can save money, too. Penny for penny, it goes so much farther than less economical soaps—it can cut laundry soap bills as much as one-fourth!

So, no matter what package soap you've been using, try new High-Test OXYDOL —and see for yourself. Get a large package today—while you can get TWO giant-size bars of new, improved P and G White Naphtha Soap for only 1¢ more.

MADE IN CANADA

THE WAR IS OVER, for them at least, as these German prisoners trudge along Quebec railway station after arrival from England as prisoners of war to be interned, "Somewhere in Canada." It was a boatload of such Nazi and Italian troops that was torpedoed by U-boat off Ireland, which sent over a thousand to watery graves. Prisoners include airmen and captive parachutists.