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CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Army and Navy Decorations

Operations over a period of three years have brought the Royal Canadian Navy and the Royal Canadian Air Force an impressive group of decorations.

In proportion to their strength, the forces of the sea and air are well ahead of the land forces in decorations earned in the present war, despite the impressive total of 178 decorations won by soldiers in the one operation at Dieppe last month.

A total of 200 decorations has been won by men serving in the Royal Canadian Air Force, and officials estimate that almost as many more have been won by "direct-entry" Canadians in the Royal Air Force. This latter group includes a large number of Canadians who went to England and joined the Royal Air Force on the outbreak of war. The total includes a number of awards to Canadian airmen based, in part at least, on their services in the air force arm of the battle of Dieppe.

Yesterday the Royal Canadian Navy also announced several decorations for Canadian naval personnel who served with Royal Naval units at the battle of Dieppe. The total of naval decorations stands at 108.

The Army contributed the one Canadian Victoria Cross winner of the war to date, Lt.-Col. Cecil Merritt of Vancouver, who won the distinction at Dieppe, and has 12 officers who have won the Distinguished Service Order, and 16 who won the Military Cross. The Distinguished conduct medal was awarded to 12 men and the military medal to 45 while 92 officers and men were mentioned in dispatches.

The Royal Canadian Air Force collection of decorations includes one Distinguished Service Order, 99 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 53 Distinguished Flying Medals, 13 British Empire Medals, nine Air Force Crosses, four Air Force Medals, one George Cross, three George Medals, one Distinguished Flying Cross, and 16 mentions in dispatches.

The following decorations have been won by members of the Royal Canadian Navy: one Distinguished Service Order, one Order of the British Empire, 20 Distinguished Service Crosses, one of them with bars, five Distinguished Service Medals, three George Medals, two of them with bars, one British Empire Medal, one Albert Medal, four Polish Crosses of Valor, 54 mentions in dispatches, 13 commendations and one testimonial of the Royal Humane Society.

Enemy Seeking Information On Air Activities

Activities in Canada increase and the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan continues turning out increasing numbers of combat aircraft. It is growing interest in the enemy's intelligence people about what goes on in Canada.

The importance of keeping from the enemy bits of information which, harmless in themselves, add up to something when placed together, is steadily being impressed upon personnel in their services as well as on newspaper and radio men who have to do with the transmission and publication of information.

It now is known that the enemy is keenly interested in learning all he can about the character and location of air stations and facilities in Canada, the type of equipment used in training as well as in operations, the capacity of factories and their actual production, and activities of the Air Force Ferry Command.

Any information on these subjects may help him size up what sort of defence he can expect or what sort of attacks in a particular area. While the information may be of no immediate use it will help him to plan for the future.

If, for example, the movement of a squadron from one place in Canada to another is reported in the Press, the information in itself does not mean much. But if from another source the enemy learns what type of plane the squadron is using he may have something, particularly if he already knows the range of the plane and the load it can carry.

These three bits of information put together may warn the enemy that submarines off the coast that the squadron is using and better keep under water or stay more than 500 miles from shore.

That an officer is moved from one place to another may appear of little consequence, but if it is known that the officer has been engaged in a particular type of duties it tells the enemy that forces are being moved. If the forces concerned are hunting submarines it may tell him that one place which was safe before now is dangerous, or that another place which was dangerous before now is safe.

The existence and purpose of a certain piece of equipment may be well known to the enemy but a photograph showing it in a particular type of plane may give him new information.

WHY SUFFER PILES

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MECCA PILE REMEDIES

CENTRAL GUARDIAN!

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

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE

L-978

FUNERAL TODAY—The death occurred at New Perth on Sunday night after some months of delicate health, of Mrs. Isabella MacLaren, a lady highly esteemed by her family and neighbors among whom she was dearly beloved. The immediate family is her son Mr. Douglas Duvvar MacLaren with whom she resided, and the following brothers and sisters: Mr. J. A. Dewar, New Perth; Dr. G. F. Dewar, Charlottetown; Mrs. George Parker, Georgetown; Mrs. E. S. Norton, Brudenell; Mrs. Shirley Snow, Brockton, Mass., to whom sympathy is extended. The funeral takes place today at 2 p. m.

Personals

WATER RATES. We wish to remind consumers that rates for the present quarter are now overdue. 10-13-42.

Miss Mabel Sinnott and Miss Margaret Kelly who are attending Prince of Wales College, spent the week-end at their homes in Morrell.

Strange Victory

By FRANKEN MELONEY
Author of "Call Back Love"

CHAPTER XXV

Paige knocked at Connie's door one afternoon and found her seated at her desk in a lace negligee with her hair inconspicuously rolled in a gleaming regiment of curlers and her face covered with a brittle layer of orange cream.

"I look a sight," she said, moving her lips carefully so as not to disturb the beauty mask, "wants up?"

Paige said, "I came to tell you that I'm going away."

"You mean you're going to leave?" In her surprise Connie forgot the mask, and it crumpled into tiny crumbs around her eyes and mouth. "What, for heaven's sake?"

"I'd like to get away as soon as possible. It will be rather good for Erica to be on her own for a while."

Connie frowned. "That may be, but you've got to stay on for a few weeks anyway. Wait until I get this damned suit off my face," she broke off. She rose hastily, tripping a little over the long robe, and returned in a few minutes with her cheeks flushed and mottled from the astringent. "I'm planning a big party and a new party suit."

Paige couldn't help smiling. "There isn't any party so important that I couldn't be dispensed with."

"This one is," said Connie. "I've just got my last two acceptances. Do you know whose coming? Look here, you're no fool; you probably know about the whole thing. I mean with the Atlantic Shipping Company."

Paige remained silent.

"Well, anyway," Connie continued, "I'm one of those plucky girls that Mike has lost control and is going to give over, and this dinner party is designed as a neat little hint to show that you're not quite in the humor, what he's sitting on top of us world."

But Mr. Herron doesn't like parties. How did you get him to agree?"

Connie smiled slyly. "He doesn't know about it. It's a surprise. I must show wisdom on earth to invite—Mike doesn't seem to care for a living soul except that old patient, old Mike. I thought—so I got hold of Carter. If Mike could go to a half dozen important people for backing, I asked him, who would they be? He didn't catch on to what I was after, and he told me, 'I'm a writer, I'm very cordial, diplomatic little notes, asking them to have dinner with us to celebrate the new ship the night before the cruise—' all very simple, very logical—and they're all coming, my friends."

Connie spread her hands. "It stands to reason that if Mike roars around begging for help, he'll be turned down, but let him put on a show, let him get these men to believe that he can buy them out, and they'll fork over, it's the most elementary psychology in the world."

"I see what you mean," said Paige slowly, "but I don't think it would ever have occurred to him."

"I know it wouldn't," said Connie. "He doesn't know how to make use of his own power. Now get back to you, Mike and I aren't married, and it would look a lot better to have you and Erica at the table, even though I don't believe in youngsters at parties. Also I'd counted on you to take Erica off my hands on the cruise."

"Erica's very self-reliant."

"That may be, but there won't be any other children on board, and she'll expect to hang around us the whole time. Frankly, it's really not cricket for you to barke off without sufficient notice and leave us in a jam. Besides, you wanted to go on the cruise yourself, and why shouldn't you have that holiday before you leave?"

Yes, Paige had wanted to go, for she had some wild idea that Connie would drop out of the picture as soon as she knew that Mike was headed for the rocks and she, Paige, would stay around to pick up the pieces. Well, it wasn't going to happen that way. Connie was buckling down to business and putting Mike together again.

"Erica's silver mule impatiently tapped the floor"—"will I want to be a lamb and stay on a few weeks, or not?"

"Of course, matter," Paige assented dutifully.

Connie blew her a kiss. "You're an angel. I'm planning on the board, and I laid one of last year's evening gowns across a chair."

"What's the dress for?" Paige asked curiously.

"Because it's a lovely day. We're about the same build, and I want you to look nice tonight. Mike's never seen this gown on me," she added delicately.

At luncheon Connie's hurt feelings were entirely forgotten with the threat of utter fiasco. The butler announced that Mr. Herron had telephoned that he would be unable to be at Roslyn that evening. The look that came over Connie's face was comical in its horror. She got to her feet.

"Oh, he's got to come. I'll talk to him."

You've got a job, but...



YOU'VE GOT A JOB; SO HAS EVERYBODY ELSE. But what about after the war? You and everybody else will want a good job then.

Well, there is one way that you and everybody else can help to insure a good job after the war. That is for you and everybody else to save as much as you can out of your present earnings and buy Victory Bonds. Then you will have money to spend after the war for things that you can't buy now, or that you shouldn't be buying because they are not absolutely necessary. We refer to all luxury goods, and a host of other things that cannot honestly be called necessities in time of war.

Many firms that manufactured these goods in peacetime are now making munitions or other war supplies. After the war, the quicker they can switch back to making their peacetime goods, the sooner they will be able to carry on with peacetime employment.

So, you see that, quite apart from the patriotic appeal to save and Buy Victory Bonds, there are sound business reasons for doing so.

Authorize your employer to set aside a definite sum from each pay envelope to buy Victory Bonds. **DO IT TODAY.** The repayment of every dollar you invest in Victory Bonds, plus a fair rate of interest, is guaranteed by Canada.

WORK - SAVE - LEND FOR VICTORY

National War Finance Committee

PL-5

Paige felt the slow color mount her cheeks.

Connie mistook the blush for gratitude. "Erica," she anticipated. "But it's a darling dress. I've worn it only a few times. That is worth of green ought to look awfully well on you. Try it on and come to my room and let me see how stunning you look."

"I'll do as you say," Paige fended for time. "It's awfully kind of you, but I really don't need an evening gown. It was very thoughtful of you just the same."

Connie gave a short laugh. "Oh, that's all right if you don't want it. She swopped the gown up over her arm and flounced to the door.

"I don't know—and stop being a small skunk."

In a few minutes Connie stalked back into the room, triumphant. "I got him. He was just leaving the office. Said he knew I was expecting birthday."

Erica's dark eyes filled slowly. She pushed her plate away. "I'm not hungry, and I don't want presents, and I hate people who lie." Before Paige could stop her, she was out the door.

Connie's lips set. "That young woman and I are going to have a set-to in the very near future."

"To be continued."

BRINGING UP FATHER

MAGGIE—WHY DON'T YOU GO TO WORK? AT LEAST YOU MIGHT TRY TO WORK—

DON'T TALK SILLY—HE'S IN THE LIVING ROOM NOW—LOOKING AT THE WANT ADS IN THE PAPER—GO SEE FOR YOURSELF—

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB IN THE WANT ADS?

I KNOW—BUT THAT'S FOR "FEMALE HELP!"

WELL—MY WIFE IS A FEMALE—ISN'T SHE?

I GIVE UP!

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