Sore lips relieved!

Painful Roughness Prevented

Rough, chapped lips are painfully sore and unsightly—the cracked surfaces easily infected by dangerous germs. Get relief the quick, sure way with Lypsyl! Its wonderful emollient action instantly soothes the wounded membranes and seals them against germs and impurities. The firs application gives wonderful relief—lips quickly regain normal smoothness. Get Lypsyl at your store today. Use it regularly to soothe and protect your lips. Sold everywhere in handy stick form.

LYPSYL Natural Red or Invisible White for Men and Women

"KENT" Sea Cadet Corps Chatter

By "HASTINGS"

DIGEST OF VARIOUS TYPES OF BRITISH WARSHIPS

Usually the largest type of warship in the Fleet is the Battleship, with the heaviest guns and capable of withstanding the greatest punishment. These ships form the backbone of the Fleet.

Originally called "Dreadnought Cruisers", Battle Cruisers are the fast warships of heavy striking power and long endurance. Their original name was because of their great size and heavy armament.

Aircraft Carriers were introduced after the outbreak of the last war, and were designed usually with superstructer and funnel on the Starboard side, to leave their top deck clear for flying, although there have been some since then which have had no superstructure or funnel showing at all.

Cruisers are broadly divided into two groups—Heavy and Light. Generally, those carrying 8-inch guns or 6 inch guns note the difference. They are speedy, durable, and are employed usually to protect trade routes.

Although small, Destroyers are the most useful class of ship in naval service, and are used for a multiplicity of purposes, such as convoying, submarine-chasing, and a host of other tasks.

First introduced into the Royal Navy in 1902, Submarines have developed rapidly, until they are now often submersible cruisers of great range. Armed with medium heavy guns, machine gun, and torpedo tubes, they are more than ever a deadly weapon.

Escort vessels are of many types, such as fast Sloops, converted Destroyers, and Light Cruisers, usually refitted and armed for this very special duty.

Trawlers are usually very small ships—often a fishing vessel—used for mine-sweeping, patrol work, and other light duties.

CADETS CHATTER

Quack—Either the Medical Officer or a Sick Berth Attendant.

Queenie—A good-looking sailor.

Rabbits—Stolen Government property.

Raggie—A shipmate friend with whom one shares a rag-bag for polishing gear at a cleaning station. To "Part Brass Rags" is the dissolution of this friendship. To "Part Brass Rags With Jane" means to leave ones lady friend and also comes from this original term.

Rajah—One who keeps company with many of the opposite sex.

Rattle—A Rating is "In the rattle" when he is awaiting investigation; also "In the Jug".

Rattled—A Rating is "Rattled" when he is paraded as a Defaulter for investigation, also "Run In," etc.

Rattler — Nickname applied to anyone with the surname of Morgan.

Red Lead—This has two definitions—Either red lead paint or tomatoes, as in, "Red lead and bacon", for tomatoes and bacon.

Rockies—Personnel of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Room To Swing A Cat—Certainly a nautical expression, this refers to the Cat O'Nine Tails.

Rubber—A loan.

Salt Beef Squire — A Warrant Boatswain.

Scaldings — The warning cry of a man carrying a hot dish from the Galley, or a liquid which will burn a person if it is spilled on them.

Sealybacks—Stokers; also "Dustmen," "Stokes", "Clinkerknockers", etc.

Scarborough Warning — To let something go by the run, and without seeing that everything was clear; i.e., with no warning at all. This expression is of very ancient origin.

Scran Bag — A bag or locker in which articles are placed that have been left lying or sculling about, until claimed. A penalty fine of a bar of soap is usually demanded for reclaimed articles, although at the present time certain ships and establishments fine the owners small sums of money which is turned over to such organizations as the Red Cross.

Scribe—Ship's Writer.

Scruffy—Untidy.

Sculling — Loafing or hanging around doing nothing.

Seen Off—Swindled, gypped, or, stolen from; as in "Someone has seen me off for my new shoes."

Seven Beller—A cup of tea.

Sham Abraham — To malinger. This derives its name from a Ward in Bedlam, which was named "Abraham" which was appropriated for the reception of 'blokes off their rocker' and idiots.

Shifting Backstay — An expression used to denote a person who is made the tool of another. It is sometimes used to describe a fair-weather friend, though "Jack Shilloe" more correctly describes one such person.

Ship A Green One — A heavy wave that washes over the deck top.

Shonkey — A tightwad.

Shoved On The Beach — Discharged ashore.

Show A Leg — Cry in the morning to rouse the Hands. Derived from the days when women were carried onboard ships of war, and slept in hammocks just the same as the ratings; when the 'hands were called', at this cry, the women placed a leg over the side of their mick and were then allowed to sleep in.

Sick Of The Lay — Fed up with everything. Probably derived from the old term "Lay Days", which were a specified number of days allowed for the uncongenial task of loading or discharging cargo or stores.

Skipper — The Captain; also "Old Man" etc.

Skylark — Horseplay.

Sky-Pilot — Padre; also "Bible Tosser," etc.

JOHN BURNS' HOUSE

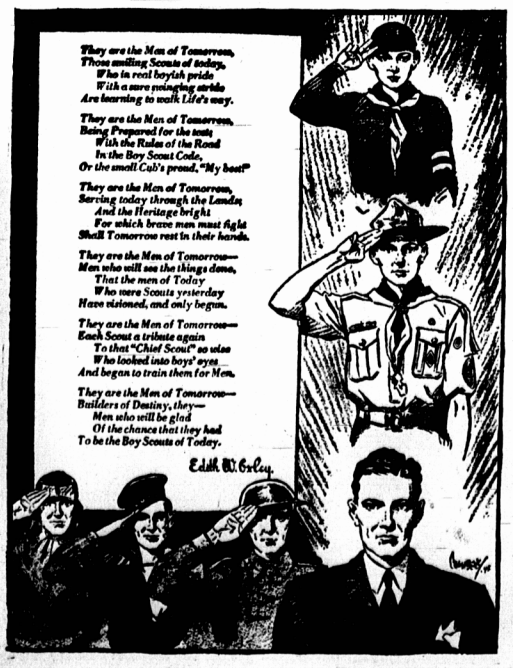
The late John Burns' home at Clapham, England, is to be sold, at the instance of his surviving brother and married daughter, reports a London correspondent of the Ottawa Journal. Mr. Burns acquired this very comfortable small mansion, with nine bedrooms and quite pleasant grounds, when he left the Asquith Ministry over the 1914 war decision, a move which greatly astonished those who knew how, as the son of an army R. S. M., Mr. Burns never lost his interest in soldiering. Together with the Clapham residence will be sold Mr. Burns' considerable library, of which he was extremely proud. Long after he retired so abruptly from public life, late wayfarers homeward bound to Clapham used to see Mr. Burns sitting in his study, and reading some ponderous tome by lamplight.

DO IT NOW!

Every good housewife is well up on the dodges for saving fuel these days. Here's one of tricks. During the daytime turn off the radiator or hot air register in the rooms that are not being used and shut the door. Keeps the heat where you want it . . . where you're working.

LAC. W. Kenneth Murphy has sent a cable to his wife and son of Southport stating he arrived safely overseas, he was formerly of MacNeill's Mills, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Murphy. He has three other brothers in the armed forces in Canada.

Scouts of Today Are The Men of Tomorrow



The Suprising Sanctuary

By Leslie Cargill

That concluded the argument. Mason knew his daughter. Wherever he had sailed in the Eider Duck she had taken the rough with the smooth — and there had been plenty of hectic interludes, though nothing so daring as the avowed objectie of capturing an enemy submarine had figured in her wildest dreams.

Once admitted into the combine, Muriel loyally accepted the small part of standing-by in the motor-boat while the men performed the essential tasks. Ogilvie grumbling continuously, rowed the cumbersome craft some two miles from land, tended the engines until they were opposite the westerly base and finished up with a miraculous feat of oarsmanship. Rowing was an auxiliary source of motive power intended only for emergencies. The tide was against them, and the waves were now running high.

"There she rides," McFergus whispered.

Hugh peered into the night. The U-boat was at anchor a hundred yards from the shore, her dark hull outlined by the breakers.

"Gently does it!"

Ogilvie swung to broadside, eased his oars and barely lost a flake of paint in the faint scrape that signified they were at the crucial stage of the venture.

The skipper leaned over to pass a rope round a metal staunchion, while Muriel placed fenders in position. Ogilvie spat on his hands, helped himself to a crowbar, and handed similar weapons to Hugh, Jessop, and Mason.

"Now?"

"Now it is!"

They sprang lightly on the slippery deck of Lieutenant Baldur von Ellendorf's evil-starred submarine.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BATTLE OF THE BEACH

In the event the capture of the German submarine was a tame affair. Only two men had been left to look after it, and they were fast asleep in slung hammocks. Rudely awakened, they held up their hands, whining "Kammarad."

"Herenfolk!" Mason said disgustedly. "Arrogant in victory, despicable in defeat."

The dejected pair of Germans were certainly unimpressive. One, who spoke a little English, was begging for mercy.

"What are we to do with them?" Hugh asked.

"Lock them in the brig," McFergus advised.

"Will there be one on this tiny vessel?"

"Trust the squareheads for that, mister. Hi! where do ye put your prisoners, Fritz?"

"Gefengener?"

"Ah'll ha'e the hide off ye if ye swear at me."

"He means 'prisoner'," Hugh translated.

"Why can he no' say so?"

"Komm! I show to you the place."

He led the way to a tiny, stuffy, and depressing cell amidships. There they encountered a ragged and unshaven person who grinned feebly at the sound of their voices, a man manacled on hands and feet.

"Thank God!" he said, and it was a prayer of gratitude.

"Who are you?"

"Captain Walsh, ss. Truvona."

"My name is Everard . . ."

"Governor of the Island of Ovarn," Mason interposed, keeping up the whimsy.

"Ovarn? I believed it to be uninhabited.'

"I'd hoped it was," Hugh corrected. "However, we'll have that out later. Find the key, somebody."

"They are the Herr Leutnant von Ellendorf with."

"Very well, Fritz. You and your pal can occupy yourself cutting those shackles."

It was half an hour before Captain Walsh was able to totter to the door. Ever since he had been taken off his ship for daring to resist the pirates, Walsh had been kept in close confinement, half-starved.

"I've had a hell of a time," he ended. "Now I'm living in anticipation of paying back a grudge. We've been over lenient with those chaps, simply bolting them up."

"Well, sir, we couldn't clap them in irons, not having a key, and you wouldn't recommend beating them up!"

"Wouldn't I, Mr. Everard? You haven't been through it, or you might think otherwise. No punishment could be too much. They're all tarred with the same brush; not a white man in the bunch."

Mason, who had been keeping his daughter company on the motor-boat, shouted down to them:

"Look sharp, you fellows. It's getting light."

A thickish fog enshrouded the shore. "Twill lift about five o'clock and come down again before breakfast," McFergus forecast.

Haste was imperative. Ogilvie was for sinking the submarine there and then; hugh had visions of handing it over intact; Captain Walsh favoured turning the armaments on the German invaders.

"I've had a look at the gun," he stated. "The controls are simple, and I can teach the elements of loading."

"Ye'll no' ha'e to teach my mate and mysel'," the skipper retorted. "Ah tek it as being similar to a naval twelve-pounder?"

"With slight variations. But perhaps you could manage one of the quick-firers at a pinch?"

"Aye, if it doesna' jamb. Otherwise 'tis a matter of feeding the belt."

Preparations for the bombardment proceeded. Muriel was brought on board and sent below. The gun crew comprised Captain Walsh, George Jessop, Pewsey Mason and Hugh Everard with the skipper and his mate at the Hotchkiss.

Gradually the mist dispersed and they saw a sentinel pacing the beach, blissfully unaware of what was in store.

"Good thing we didn't raise our voices," Hugh observed. "Sounds carry clearly over the water, especially on a still day. It's a marvel the prisoners didn't attract attention when they squawked."

"These tin-fish are thoroughly insulated," said Captain Walsh. "Those the tents I can glimpse, to the left?"

"Yes!"

"Moderate range for open sights. Visibility is fair." He twirled the controls, laying for line and elevation. The wedge breech dropped, a shell was rammed home, necessary adjustments made, and Walsh snapped "Stand clear!"

(To be Continued)

CHART A SAFE COURSE FOR YOUR CHOICE

"Flash!"
Just Arrived
REVERSIBLES

For rain or sunshine, these smart looking plaid and herringbone tweed coats, loose fitting, with detachable belt have a lining of waterproof Grenfell cloth.

A definite two purpose coat, turn it inside out when the showers come and you're safely dry!

Just arrived, Saturday morning at the Ready-to-Wear Department for ladies.

$19.50

Moore & McLeod Ltd.

Advance Spring Coats

BRIGHT COATS — BIG FASHION NEWS THIS SPRING!

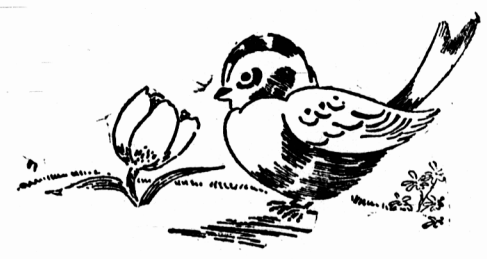
COLOUR — bright colour is big fashion news in advance SPRING coats! Brilliant eye catching reds and greens for example, marvellously flattering and definitely spirit lifting.

Bright colours are not the whole picture though. In the new coats there are plenty of soft quiet colours. Whether your choice is brightness or quiet restraint, you can count on authentic styling and meticulous tailoring in the new coats, brought to you from Canada's foremost producers and leaders in excellence and value.

SHOWN AT

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.



COUGHS, HEAD and CHEST COLDS
T102
DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

Use Minard's for dandruff