

CHAPPED HANDS

Here's why hundreds of Doctors use Noxzema on their own hands!

IN WINTER, doctors have real trouble with their hands. Cold weather—frequent washings—hands in strong antiseptic solutions—and bad Chapped Hands develop. And what do doctors use for Chapped Hands? A survey shows that hundreds of doctors are using Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. That's because doctors know that Chapped Hands are CUT HANDS—scores of tiny cracks or cuts in the skin which need medication rather than a perfumed cosmetic.

Quicker relief for YOUR hands
See for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for Chapped Hands. Apply Noxzema tonight on the sores, reddest chapped hands—as much as the skin will absorb. Note how wonderfully soothing Noxzema is—how much better your hands feel and look in the morning! Remember—Noxzema is greaseless, stainless, non-sticky. Try it on this special trial offer.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Take advantage of Noxzema's Anniversary Offer—a large 2 1/2 oz jar for only 15c. Limited time only. Offer for limited time only. On sale at all drug and department stores.

SAVE 10c
Clip this coupon as a reminder to get your special 2 1/2 oz jar of Noxzema for only 15c. Offer for limited time only. On sale at all drug and department stores.

FOR A SOFTER, CLEARER COMPLEXION—USE NOXZEMA CREAM SOAP. (Medicated)

FOR SALE

Building Lot, 90 ft. Front, 165 ft. Back. Formerly Lowe Garden, situated Kent St. Apply L. M. POOLE & CO. L-267-3-64

FOR SALE

At Winsloe North, fifty acre farm in good state of cultivation, forty acres clear, balance wood and nursery with buildings, good spring in centre. Also pump at house. Apply to HEBER HORNE, York Point, P. E. I. L-824-3-24-31.

FOR SALE

Royal Britton, 5508 Standard Bred Stallion 4 years old, Canadian and American Register. Royal Britton is by Great Britton 205 1-2, Dam Margaret Gratian by Gratian Royal. One of Royal Britton's foals may be seen in Charlottetown. This horse will be sold with the money. Also a newly freshened milch cow, Reg. Ayrshire. Apply J. P. HOOPER, Charlottetown, L-850-3-24-21.

Professional Cards

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Chartered Accountants
140 Richmond Street
Phone 47. P. O. Box 12.

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Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

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H. F. McPHEE, B. A., K. C.
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BARRISTERS, ETC.
Bank of Nova Scotia Chambers
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
MONEY TO LOAN
Phone 85. P. O. Box 127.

Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by public auction in front of the Court House in Souris in King's County in Prince Edward Island on Monday the nineteenth day of April, A. D. 1937 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon at the King's County in the said County in the East boundary of the said William Herbert Jackson's land and being a parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-three in King's County in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—By a line commencing on the Main Road Eastwardly to the place of commencement containing FIFTY ACRES of land a little more or less, and being the land for many years in the occupation of the late Daniel Burke also ALL THAT OTHER TRACT of land situate lying and being on the North by the farm now or formerly owned by John A. Dingwell; on the South by the Rollo Bay Road; on the East by the farm formerly owned by Edward McKie now occupied by Alexander McClumpie; and on the West by the farm of Alexander Webster now in possession of Hector McMillan containing, by estimation FIFTY ACRES of land a little more or less agreeably to a plan on a deed from the Government of P. E. Island to Peter McClumpie.

This sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the second day of May A. D. 1925 and made between William D. Burke of Postville Bridge in King's County in Prince Edward Island, Farmer and Nolle Burke his wife of the one part and John McLean of Souris in King's County in Prince Edward Island, Merchant of the other part and because of default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to Arthur F. McQuaid, Solicitor, Souris. Dated the sixteenth day of March A. D. 1937.

Farm for Sale

Three and half miles from Charlottetown. 3 1/2 acres of land. Good buildings. Apply C. G. PICKARD, West Royalty. L-866-3-25-31.

BIG STOCK SALE

AT UNION
MARCH 31, 1937
at one o'clock

1 Standard Bred Mare in foal to Peter Frisco, 1 good work Mare in foal, one work Horse, 1 Filly 2 year old this Spring, one Horse Colt 2 years old; also 30 head cattle, 12 milk cows, 8 fat cattle, 1 pure bred Gunsey Bull, balance is young cattle and feeders, 10 fall pigs; also two light driving wagons and several cars will be offered.

Terms Cash.
L. ESSORY & SON.
J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

L-717-3-20-23-25-37-30.

NOTICE

Paved Highways Closed to Motors

Until Further Notice all paved Highways in this Province are closed to motor vehicles when the combined weight of load and vehicle exceeds 4,000 lbs.

Dated this 18th day of March, A.D., 1937

By Order P. S. FIELDING, Clerk of the Executive Council

L-661-3-19-17

We'll Meet Again

By MARGARET GORMAN NICHOLS

(Continued)
Gay's face was crimson. "Do I get the job or don't I?"
"No need to get angry. Being a professional model is a trying business. Models are supposed to have neither brains nor feelings." He quipped at her flaming face. "I'll give you twenty-five dollars a week to begin and commissions when you go out with out of town buyers. That's part of the business. Buyers have to be entertained."
"I can't support my mother on that," Gay said wretchedly.
"Only modestly, of course. But you're untrained. He shrugged. "Take it or leave it. I can get plenty of models, and they'll be trained."
"I'll do my best. I have no choice."
"Begin to work tomorrow. Miss Anders, will you introduce Miss Van Avery to the other models? He held up a cautious finger. "I warn you not to make scenes with the other girls. Don't make them your enemies."
When she and Penny went out, she heard Marchand's dry, chuckling laugh—a note of triumph in it. Penny opened the door of a long room. It reminded Gay of a theatre dressing room with the various dressing tables, negligees here and there, and dresses to be modeled.
Four girls looked at her critically. She heard Penny say their names but she was too confused to remember them. Gay said, "I'm very glad to know you. But their eyes were hostile."
"Let's go, Gay," said Alan. "In the store the saleswomen avoided her and stared. Before today they would have bowed and brought out every gown in the shop for her!"
Penny said, "It was pretty horrible."
Gay pulled her mouth into a grateful smile. "Well, you'll be here, Penny. I won't feel so utterly lost. Good-bye—and thank you."
The sunlight blinded her when she was on the street and she felt weak from pent-up anger and humiliation. She looked up when a man put himself in her way.
"It was Chris who hated himself for coming and who had been unable to work all morning thinking of Gay's facing Marchand and asking for a position. Poor kid, he thought, poor frightened, bewildered kid forced to grow up too suddenly, forced to swallow his pride."
CHRIS GRINNED. "I was thinking of lunch. I'm always hungry, you know. Come and eat with me, Gay."
"I could drink. My throat feels parched."
In the restaurant he saw that her hand was shaking when she picked up a glass of water.
"You had a bad time, didn't you?"
"Chris, I'm afraid of tomorrow and the other tomorrows thereafter. I wish they'd never come. Marchand, the models resenting and hating me, and Mother's bravery—that breaks my heart."
"And Alan," said Chris.
She could not talk of Alan, could not think of him without that tight aching feeling in her throat. But as they sat eating and she looked at Chris's dark eyes and his unruly black hair, she felt curiously safe with him. She had to play no alluring part with him as she had played with Alan. With Chris she could be, miraculously, yourself.
As he leaned back and lighted a cigarette, she said, "Tell me about yourself, Chris. Who are you really?"
He toyed with the ash tray. "I landed in New York with prairie mud on my shoes. I haven't any people. My father was a clergyman. I've had to fight for everything I have. I had to work my way through college by waiting on tables and working in the registrar's office. I'm just another newspaper man who is going to write a play one of these days when I get the time." He frowned through the smoke. Don't let Marchand know what it is costing you to work for him."
"I can't help it."
"When I was in college, I wanted to play football. More than anything else on earth I wanted to play football. But I couldn't I had to work in the afternoons. When I'd hear the fellows who played talking football in the fraternity house, I felt—well, I felt as you do now. It hurt. I can laugh at it now. But it was awfully serious to me then. I never let them know how much I wanted to play."
She looked at him. "You're a surprising person, Chris. There's so much kindness beneath the hard top layer." She smiled faintly. "What do you want from life, Chris? I'm walking in circles. Everything is scattered and squandered. My roots have been torn up. What do you want?"
When she spoke offhily, he wanted to be a fool over her. He wanted to take her hands and say in accompaniment to the music, "I want you. I'm so much in love with you. I love everything about you, Gay."

His voice came from the depths when he spoke.
"I don't want to be important," he said. "I don't want possessions. But I don't want to miss anything. I want to see and feel and experience."
He walked a little way with her. It was strange with Chris beside her, very tall, with his battered old hat pulled over his eyes, that she wasn't so afraid. And she was conscious of the sun shining and people passing. It was a safe, dependent feeling. With Chris beside her, she thought, you felt that no matter what happened, you had just to look for him and, finding him, you knew that everything would be all right.
When she left him, she said, "If you'll give me your key, I'll take Sandy for a walk."
When she opened the door of the apartment, she saw Diana and Lucia. The confidence that being with Chris had given her snapped for a moment when she saw a ring, her own engagement ring, sparkling on Lucia's long, slim finger.
But she pulled up her head defiantly. Even the red curls flung a challenge.
"Congratulations me!" said Gay. "I have a job! I'm going to model clothes for Marchand at twenty-five dollars a week plus commission when I show out-of-town buyers the night spots! Don't look so shocked, Mother!"
"Why don't you come and live with me?" Lucia asked.
Gay pulled off her hat and gloves. The gallant little speech about her job was to postpone Lucia's announcement of her engagement to Alan. She had been right in thinking that Alan would go back to Lucia and what had abruptly ended the night he had met her, Gay, would be taken up again.
Diana said, "I'll fix tea. Excuse me."
Lucia, in a new black suit, turned to Gay. What a horrible little hole they lived in! The apartment had a damp musty odor. Already Gay and Diana had altered. Poor Diana had a bit of court plaster on her burned hand and her nails were broken.
Gay felt estranged. Had they ever been friends?
"I'm perfectly honest with you," Lucia said, "about Alan. He came to me, sympathizing when you refused to marry him. A bond of sympathy has a way of bringing people together, you know. I was a good sport about him, Gay. I didn't let you know how deeply I was hurt when he dropped me for you. Last night he asked me to marry him. But I had to see you and tell you first. I don't want you to think I've done anything secretive or wrong, darling..."
What polite masks civilized people wore, Gay thought! Just as Marchand had laughed in her face, so was Lucia humiliating her with a terrible "niceness." Alan had spared himself with his usual civility. It was not sympathy from Lucia he wanted. It was her money and the position in society that would be his as her husband.
"I hope you and Alan will be very happy," Gay said finally.
"I'm so glad you're taking it this way," Lucia said, relieved. "People ask for you everywhere I go. We all miss you so, darling. Of course, Alan and I won't be married for some time yet. You know Father. He insists upon long engagement."
Diana brought in the tea. Conversation was stiff and formal with Lucia's affected little laugh breaking the awkward silences. Finally she pulled white gloves over the square emerald gave Diana and Gay a kiss on the forehead, and walked to the door. Her eyes were pitying toward mother and daughter. She would be glad when she was out of this room. Alan was waiting for her in the lobby of a hotel. They'd go somewhere for a cocktail and the girl Alan had loved would pass out of her mind completely.
(To be Continued)

Railways Offer Special Easter Excursion Rates
MONCTON, N. B., March 23—In preparation for the Easter holiday period, when many people wish to take advantage of the spring weather for travelling to visit relatives and friends, the railways of Canada will place in effect special low round trip excursion fares consisting of fare and one quarter for the round trip, according to R. J. S. Weatherston, General Freight and Passenger Agent of the Canadian National Railways here.
These fares will be good going between Thursday, March 25, up to 2 p. m. Monday, March 29. For the return movement, passengers will be permitted to leave destination up to midnight, Tuesday, March 30.

Grim Discovery Revives Mystery
WINNIPEG, March 23—(OP)—Search for the slayer of six-year old Julia Johnson, who disappeared from her home here nine years ago, was intensified tonight as bones found in a disused building boiler were definitely identified as the remains of the girl.
Old police files were scanned for clues that might lead to uncovering the identity of an aged man, with a brownish beard and moustache, seen with Julia the day she vanished while playing in the yard of her home.
Efforts were being made to determine if the man was the one whom Julia a few days earlier had

FARM FOR SALE
AT ALBERRY PLAINS
Containing 100 acres, with good buildings, 75 clear, remainder covered with wood and lumber, brook running through farm, large orchard, conveniently located, 3 miles from Vernon River Station. Sell reasonable. Apply MRS. JOSEPH DUFFY, Emysvale, P. E. I. L-254-3-23-25-27.



HERE'S THE SECRET
How Oxydol Soaks White Clothes Snowy White So Fast ... Yet Is So Safe For Colors, Hands
There is absolutely no need in letting washday "get you down!" For science now brings you this new and amazing "15-minute-soaking" soap that works on an utterly new principle!
A soap that makes "back-breaking" scrubbing and rubbing unnecessary, and cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine! A soap that soaks clothes snowy white so fast it is the wonder of all who try it... yet so safe you'll be amazed!
Developed by the makers of gentle Ivory soap, OXYDOL does these 4 amazing things: (1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy neckbands wash snowy white with a gentle rub. (2) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (3) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter, proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (4) So safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, fresh.
Give Oxydol a trial—see for yourself how much easier and faster the washing job goes—and how much whiter your clothes come out. Get a package from your dealer today. Procter & Gamble.
MADE IN CANADA



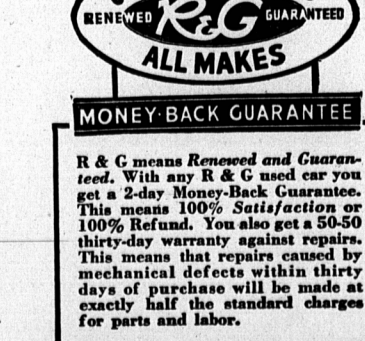
called the "boogey man." She had run home breathlessly that day. The man had been sought or questioned ever since Julia's disappearance.
BEAUTY RESTORER
The less leisure she has, the more important it is for every woman to figure out and make use of a pick-me-up beauty routine. It is important to have at fingertips two or three tricks which make one not only look but feel refreshed and ready to carry on for a few more hours.
The average business woman finds that a luxurious bath, with bath oil and all the trimmings, generally relaxes muscles and nerves and provides a fresh outlook on life. As soon as you get home from work, bath in a tub of perfumed water until muscles stop aching and nerves are less taut. Finish with a cool rinse, fresh powder or cologne. Put on fresh makeup and a more comfortable dress than the one you have worn all day.
If you have to go direct from the office to tea or dinner, you might substitute a cologne rub-down for the warm bath. Spray it on neck, arms, shoulders and

chest and remove with a coarse towel. Clean face and hands thoroughly and put on new makeup. It is a mistake, indeed to put a fresh layer of powder on over a stale one.
A mask is a perfect restifier. It doesn't matter whether you use commercially prepared variety or one made from ingredients on the kitchen shelf. Both types tend to stimulate circulation, tighten skin and make it look cleaner and prettier. If your complexion is dry always use cream after a mask.
If you are a busy homemaker plan your daily pick-me-up late in the afternoon just before the children get home from school or your husband from business. If you haven't time to take a bath and change your dress, how about a cup of steaming hot tea and ten minutes of complete relaxation? This may sound all too simple to be efficacious, but try it every day for a week and see how much you and lovelier you will look.
NOTED CRICKETER DIES
WORTHING, England—A. W. F. Somerset, 82, president of Sussex County Cricket Club and captain of two M. C. C. teams that visited the West Indies, died at Castle Goring, near here.



EXTRA

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