Extra Good!
RED ROSE TEA
ORANGE PEKOE
Canada's largest selling fine QUALITY tea!

TELLS OF BEATINGS IN INTERMENT CAMP

MONTREAL, March 24 — (CP) —Margaret Burns, Montreal Salvation Army Adjutant who spent three years in a Japanese internment camp at Singapore, said in an interview here following her arrival from overseas, "Never trust a Jap—not a single one of them is decent."

Miss Burns, who suffered a spinal injury eight months after her internment, spent the rest of the three years on an iron cot, her body encased in a plaster cast—the same one because the Japanese refused to give British doctors any more plaster.

She told of the indignities, the torturings, the daily beatings and slappings suffered by her friends. She also told how life was made bearable by the gallantry, kindness and cheerfulness of her fellow internees.

She said babies were born, but that nearly all of them died within a few days or weeks, their bodies buried with those of internees, who died with appalling regularity.

Meals consisted of three servings daily of ground rice and "sludge"—a kind of soup. Rice was served in the bottom of tin cups which the Japanese sold their prisoners who used the cups for eating, drinking, cleaning their teeth and a multitude of other purposes.

Miss Burns, who said the Japanese women and children were not too bad, added that the men, now they have been conquered, are planning ways and means of hitting back.

"If the Allies are not careful, the Japs will turn on them. They are not to be trusted," she said.

Miss Burns, who went to Singapore in 1935 to open a home for unfortunate girls, was interned by the Japanese in February, 1942.

RABBITS' RIVALS

A pair of rats left unmolested to breed may multiply to a total of 800 rats within a year.

All the new individual oil and creams are here for your new Spring Permanent which will give curls of lasting satisfaction. Texture and shaping experts at your service.

THE MARIE ELENA

Phone 2191 76 Gt. George St.

JOBS AVAILABLE

Here is a partial list of Employment Opportunities now available through the Local National Employment Office, and also opportunities through the Cross-Canada

NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

FIRST ENGINEER: A qualified diesel engineer is required by a local transportation company. Applicants must be in possession of the necessary papers.

FARM LABOURERS: A number of farm labourers are still required in King's and Queen's Counties. Wages range from $40 to $75 per month.

WOODSMEN: A firm in King's County requires a number of men cutting and peeling pit props Minimum wage $3.50 per day.

Applicants for the above positions are requested to apply to the National Employment Office, 134 Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

Every National Employment Office offers employment opportunities, both in its own area and from other districts in Canada.
If able to fill any of the jobs here listed, or if seeking employment, contact your nearest Local Office of the

NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
Dominion Labour Department

NO MORE GOOD-BYES

By Margaret Mair

"He's the new farmer at Forest Farm," said Susan. "He only came a short time ago. I met him just before I came away."

"Why has he led such a sad life, poor young man?"

"I can't imagine," Susan said expressionlessly. "I don't know what Eleanor means. I've been wondering myself."

"Well, well, perhaps Nancy Bennett will be able to cheer him up". Lydia ate her toast and marmalade with delicate fingers. "Doctor Bennett's daughter, isn't she? I remember her as a small child. Very plain — with an enormous forehead."

"She's quite nice-looking now," Susan said quickly. "I don't know her very well, but I see her about the place sometimes. She's got lovely eyes."

"Oh, well, that just shows you never can tell." Lydia leaned back in her chair. She seemed to have tired suddenly of the conversation. "Let's see now, darling, what have we got on today?"

"Aren't we going to the matinee this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes, of course. That ought to be amusing." Lydia's face brightened. She got up, collecting the morning's post, which consisted mainly of bills, from the table in front of her. "I suppose I'd better go and arrange with that tiresome Myra about the meals."

"I must practise," Susan said.

She went through into the sitting-room and, before settling herself at the piano, stood for a moment at the window. The sun was shining and it was a brilliant day, giving promise of spring. Suddenly and surprisingly a nostalgia for Broadhurst caught at her heart and she thought how pleasant it would have been this morning to have gone with Peter for a long walk through the forest.

But Broadhurst, of course, was getting along very well without her. Peter would not miss her unduly and Terence Blackburne, in the process of being "kind and helpful" to Nancy Bennett, had probably forgotten her existence.

She re-crossed the room and sat down at the piano. She felt impatient with life and almost unbearably restless. Her nomadic existence it seemed, gave her no ties, no sense of belonging . . . All relationships seemed unsatisfactory, nothing came up to her expectation. And Martin Graham. Where was Martin Graham?

Soon, she thought, something will have to happen to me. I will make "something happen." She propped the music up upon the rack in front of her and gave herself up with a feverish and voluptuous concentration to the study of Frederic Chopin.

CHAPTER IV

Regent Street seemed very full of people that afternoon. Probably it was the sunshine that had brought them out. It was impossible to hurry. Somebody blocked her way and she glanced up a little impatiently. A vaguely familiar voice stammered something in tones of surprise and the man who was blocking her path took off his hat.

She stared at him and a smile of pleased recognition lit up her features. "Mr. Blackburne!" she exclaimed. "Just fancy meeting you."

He stopped and shook hands with her. His eyes crinkled in the corner when he smiled in a way that she remembered, wrinkling his thin sunburnt face. He wore a not very well-fitting town suit of navy blue with a faint white stripe, and his legs and arms seemed suddenly today a little too big for his body. He appeared to be very pleased to see her.

"I wondered if we'd meet," he said. "I'm only up for two days. I looked out for you at Queen's Hall last night, but I couldn't see any sign of you."

"No." She smiled at him regretfully. "I wasn't there. I haven't been for ages, I don't know why. Perhaps because Mummy isn't very keen."

He turned back with her in the direction of Piccadilly Circus. "Are you in a hurry? You don't mind if I walk a little way with you? I suppose that you wouldn't come and have tea with me somewhere?"

"Thank you," she said, "I'd like to. I've just been to the films, and as a matter of fact I was looking for somewhere to have tea myself."

"Good. Well, where shall we go?" His fingers rested momentarily on her arm. "You know, I'm quite lost in this city. A terrible country cousin."

"I know a place in Coventry Street. It's nice and quiet."

He walked beside her. "Of course, you're a Londoner. I forgot." His eyes twinkled. "I'm afraid I'm quite out of the picture—your picture."

"No, no." She smiled, glancing at him with a deliberate provocation. "As a matter of fact, you'll be surprised to hear that I've been hankering after Broadhurst quite a good bit lately. I've even thought about you once or twice."

"That was nice of you." He piloted her across Piccadilly Circus.

They climbed the narrow staircase in Coventry Street to the first-floor tearoom and found a table for two by the window. A woman in a green overall came to serve them and they ordered home-made scones with honey, tea for two and cakes.

Susan opened the window a little wider. She unfastened her coat and beamed at Terence across the small expanse of table. "Tell me about everything," she said. "How's the farm going—and what have you been doing at Broadhurst?"

"The farm's all right. The country's beginning to look rather lovely again. When are you coming back?"

"Less than four months now."

"Still nearly four more months." His eyes met hers across the table. They were attractive eyes, more grey than blue, with dark rims to the irises. He was very dark, darker than she had remembered, and his chin was blue from shaving. He looked, she thought, out of place here in Town. She felt superior to him and a little patronizing and was impatient with her own reactions. "I'm ruined," she thought. "I've lost all sense of values. Just because he doesn't wear a bowler-hat, and carry a rolled umbrella, and look like a man of the world—"

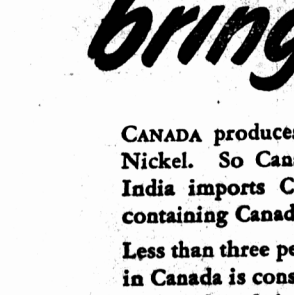
His eyes still held hers. "You are coming back?"

"Oh, I think so." She laughed. "As far as I know." The persistency in his manner suddenly embarrassed her and she went on talking heedlessly. "Have you seen Peter at all? You know, —the dog —since you ran over him? I hear from my stepmother sometimes, she says he's quite recovered."

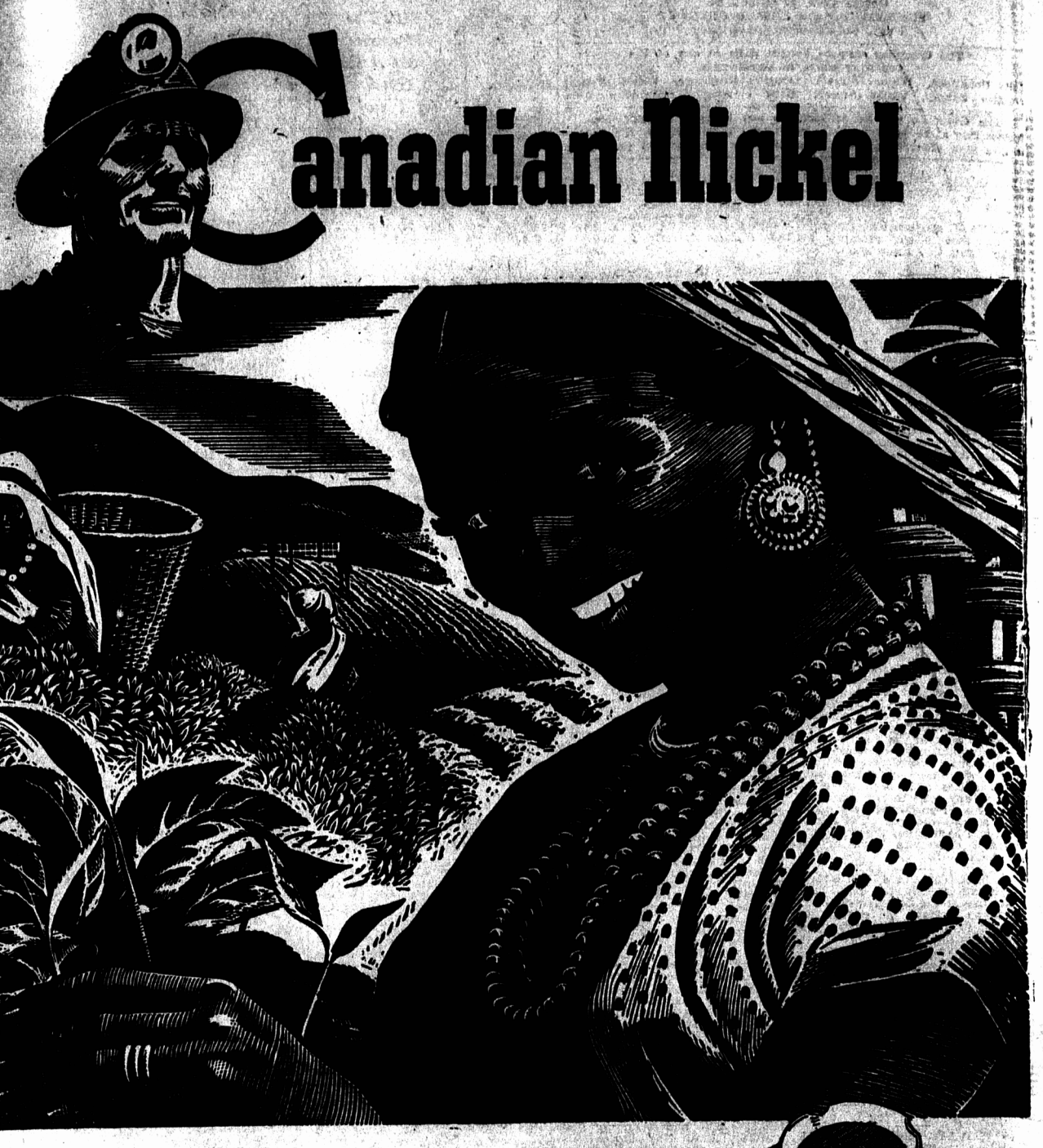
"I don't think I know your father. Does your stepmother wear tweeds and a brown hat? Rather a sweet-faced woman, small and on the plump side?"

"Oh, yes." Susan nodded appreciatively. "That sounds just like her."

(To be continued)



BARBER SCHOOL
Complete Course on all branches. Teaching by Expert Barbers.
Diplomas awarded.
DAY AND EVENING
The Students may look for part time work in the Moncton area to help them to defray expenses.
Write for particulars
MARITIME BARBER ACADEMY
234 Main St., Moncton, N. B.



Canadian Nickel brings Tea to your Table

CANADA produces no tea; India produces no Nickel. So Canada imports tea from India; India imports Canadian Nickel and articles containing Canadian Nickel.

Less than three per cent of the Nickel produced in Canada is consumed in Canada. The rest is exported, and the money received helps to pay for tea and other products necessary to good living in Canada. Canada cannot keep on importing from other lands unless Canadian goods are exported.

Also, we must continue to export Canadian Nickel if we are to continue to employ thousands of Canadians in the Nickel mines, smelters and refineries, and other thousands who produce the lumber, power, steel, machinery and supplies used by the Canadian Nickel industry.

By constantly expanding the use of Nickel at home and abroad, the Canadian Nickel industry brings additional benefits to Canada and Canadians.

"The Romance of Nickel" a 60-page book, fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.

INCO

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

SPEECH THERAPIST TEACHES VETERANS

TORONTO, March 24 — (CP) — It takes much patience and understanding to do Margaret McCurdy's work at Christie St. Hospital here. But the young Montreal-born speech therapist has won praise from both doctors and veterans alike for the help she has give aphasic patients at the hospital.

Miss McCurdy is the only speech therapist in Canada working for the Department of Veterans Affairs. In her "classroom" at Christie Street are some speechless veterans, some unable to read or write and a few who cannot understand speech.

A mirror plays an important part in her classroom. Standing before the mirror the patient sees how he forms his lips for words, guided by Miss McCurdy.

Twenty-four-year-old Tommy, a private in the 48th Highlanders, was knocked back into infancy when he was shot in the left side of the head during the fighting in Holland. Today thanks to Miss McCurdy, he can speak again and is learning once more how to read and write.

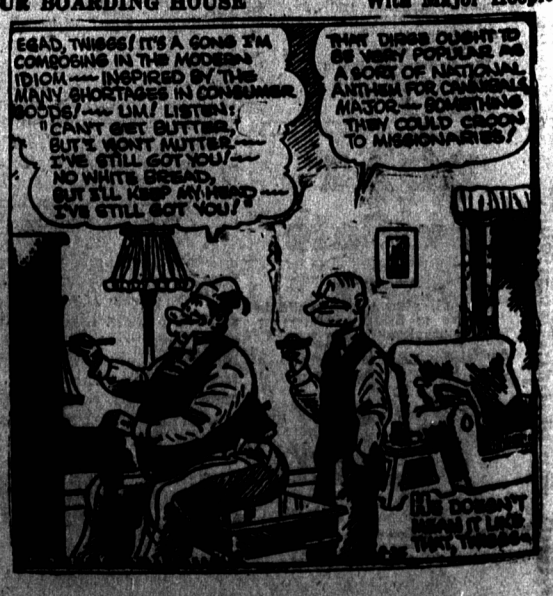
STATESMAN-AUTHOR

Disraeli, best known as a statesman, wrote a successful novel when he was 21.

NOTICE

We have in our Warehouse a substantial stock of GOODYEAR PASSENGER AND TRUCK TIRES, HEAVY DUTY TUBES.
Enquiries Solicited

Maurice Block & Company
158 Kent Street
GOODYEAR TIRE DEALERS

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople