

# early cancer is curable but you must use the following keys to detection

Persistent indigestion. Do not wait for loss of weight. Go to the doctor.

Any change in the normal bowel habits. Do not attempt to diagnose yourself. Go to the doctor.

Irregular bleeding or discharge from any natural body opening. Do not wait for pain. Go to the doctor.

A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue. Do not wait "to see what happens." Go to the doctor.

Any Sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips. Do not pass it off as "nothing at all." Go to the doctor.

Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing.

Do not assume that it is due to smoking or some other form of irritation which will clear up. Go to the doctor.

Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark. Go to the doctor.

## the main cause of cancer is delay

### BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Aboard the ship Mr. Metzger fretted. "I got no confidence in that kid."

"Her luggage is in her stateroom."

"Yes, but she ain't."

"There's twelve minutes yet."

"Maybe she's with those swell friends of her. Take a look, will you, Wally, while I try the deck?"

Wallis sought out the Braintrees and asked for Miss McCabe. "Who? Oh!" Seth Braintree absorbed a warning glare from his wife. "We thought she'd be with you."

"She was going to lunch with Aymon," supplemented his wife.

The searcher rejoined Mrs. Metzger who had nothing to report except that Simms Waring was also on the hunt. "Metzy, what if she misses the boat?"

"Then I'm through. I wash my hands of it."

"You're responsible for her safe return. I doubt whether she has any money with her."

"What do you expect I should do? Go back ashore and advertise for her? Lex-Lohengrin pays for a couple more passages, yeah? After that wardrobe she ordered on us. I tell you, no!" said the manager, purpling.

The young man frowned at his watch. "Four minutes. I don't like it."

"You act like you were nuts on the kid," was the unsympathetic comment of his friend.

"I don't blame you for being sore, Metzy. Just the same, leaving her flat is something else again."

"Well, hop off and take over, then," jeered the manager. "You can have her, paid to date, for all of me. I'll give you a quit claim."

"Two minutes left."

"And here we are!" proclaimed the other, as one who should shout, "Hallelujah!"

In the heart of the a typical last minute turmoil on the landing stage, whence sounded shouts, laughter and farewells, a smart blue bobbed like a bubble on waves of humanity. That identical style had figured in Maida's unauthorized bill. A football rush of young men charged up the gang-plank, burst and dribbled back, the wearer of the toque waving her good-bys from the rail.

"Whee-ew!" whistled the relieved Wallis. "Half an eyelash."

With a final hoarse bellow the ship cast off. A swarm of pleasure boats played around her flanks as she swung and then hung stationary in the tide. Wallis went inside to unpack. From this task he looked up to see Mr. Metzger's glowering countenance protruding into the room. "What is it now?" he queried.

"Wrong girl!"

"It can't be! That little blue hat—"

"There's more than one little blue hat in Bermuda, I guess. Our young pal is on the pier," said Mr. Metzger bitterly.

The young man rushed out to the rail, followed by the manager. Far below the towering prow stood their missing charge, gazing up.

"Wallis yelled 'Hi! Here we are!' as if that were a useful contribution to the problem. The girl paid no heed. Presumably she did not even hear him in the general clamor of departure. "This is nice," said he feebly to his partner.

"Yeah. Swell. Now what?"

"We can't very leave her."

Mr. Metzger turned grim. "I can. Easy. But I don't guess either of us has got to worry about her being lonely. Look who's with her." A tall figure had moved to the girl's side. It was Aymon. "I guess that's the answer," commented Mr. Metzger.

"Not for me," said Wallis, and pushed through the crowd.

With mixed feelings the marooned Miss M. McCabe watched her ship swing free. There was some thing daunting in its deliberate and ponderous detachment. It served notice that she was, for the first time in her sheltered and guarded life, quite on her own. There was a thrill in that, not wholly free from misgivings. These attached in part to the man at her side. "Why did you let me miss it?" she demanded.

"I'm terribly sorry. They must have changed the time. You can see what the notice says." He drew from his pocket a typed slip (which he had typed himself for the occasion) "Sailing Hour, Two-thirty, p.m." in unequivocal black.

"I wouldn't have believed they'd leave me like that."

"It's all right," he assured her. "You don't have to worry."

"I haven't much money with me," said she doubtfully.

"That's all right, too. I've got plenty."

The girl frowned. "I can't take money from you."

He was prepared for this, and shrewd to overpass the point. "Can't you? Then we'll have to find a way for you to make some."

She was wide-eyed. "Make money? How could I?"

"Listen now," said he earnestly. "You're the sweetest amateur I've ever danced with." (This was not too far from the fact.) "You could

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make most pros look sick. How would you like to turn pro?"

"I tell you, you're practically a professional now. Give us a couple of weeks' steady practice together and we could go back to New York as a team—he put all the stress upon the word that he dared—"

"... and knock 'em dead. What do you say?"

She was in sort of a daze. "I don't know. It's such a new idea."

"It would be very different from anything you've ever done. I know."

"Oh, yes!" she breathed.

"It's a pretty swell life. I'll bet you'd like it."

"It sounds thrilling. But I can't make it seem real."

"Don't worry about it's not being real. Your getting left is going to turn out a piece of luck for both of us. I can date up some quick engagements, dancing at private dinners. Pay dates, mind you. We'll work up some new snappy stunts, and be all set for a big New York engagement when it's time to go back. I've even got a name for you, Alexa. You look as if you might have a touch of Russian in your blood. Aymon and Alexa. What about it, Alexa? Will you take it on?"

Maida plunged. What else is there for me to do?"

But her eyes were still fixed on the retreating ship and there was a gleam of wistfulness in them. Or perhaps it was only resentment.

Chapter XXI

Tolling in the wake of his impetuous companion, Mr. Metzger trailed Wallis Kane around the curve of the deck to the far side which was almost deserted. On his tour of search Wallis had noticed a half deck mainly taken up by a racing sloop, cradled and lashed. Here he turned. The manager's panting voice halted him. "Hey! Wally! Where d'you think you're going?"

"Ashore."

"You can't."

"Shut up. Stand by that entrance. Don't let anyone in."

With a jump he caught the combing of the sloop and drew himself up. As he had hoped, there was a coil of stout rope at the stern. He made one secure and, dropping back to the deck, carried the rest to the rail.

"Don't be crazy," besought Mr. Metzger.

Wallis ignored him. Peering down the twenty-yard drop to the water, he selected from the attendant fleet a motorboat hardly larger than a water bug, directly beneath a red-headed, red-faced youth was at the wheel. Wallis set his hope on that sanguine hue. Human adventurous tendencies are often housed beneath that type of hatch. "Ahoj, below!"

The face turned up. "Ahoj, yourself."

"Got any sporting blood?"

"What's the bet?"

"There isn't any. I'm coming down." Over the rope, swiftly unlooping, Wallis committed himself to it. Now he was swinging dizzily in midair. A swerve bumped him painfully against the curve of the hull. People were shouting. Metzy's distorted countenance loomed. Slip-slide-check-whirl. He loosed his knee grip and hoped his trousers would not catch fire from the friction... Bang!

"Whoa, mare!" Competent hands gripped and steadied him.

"Thanks," said he.

"Love and kisses," said the navigator. "Have a quick one?"

"The quicker the better." They had it. "Now! Why the little boarding party?"

"I want ashore."

"Leave something?"

"Yes."

"I thought maybe it was a get-away. Your friend is throwing a fit."

"...full authority...any reasonable expense... Lex-Lohengrin... see... New York," came in shrill fragments from Mr. Metzger's looming countenance. Wallis waved his acceptance of the charge.

"Where to, Bud?" inquired the skipper.

"See those two people on the beach?"

The young man took a look, got out his nautical glasses and took a longer look, centered upon Maida. "Gee!" said he, "that what put you on the flying trap?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't blame you. Do we land there?"

"No. Around the angle where they won't see me."

To be continued

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#### PISQUID EAST NOTES

Mr. E. E. Jay and daughter Juanita were visitors to Charlottetown on Saturday.

Miss Theresa Kelly has returned home having spent the past two months at 48 Road.

Mr. Sammie Birt, C. N. R. Section man at Vernon River spent the weekend at his home in Pisquid East.

Miss Isabel Birt student at P. W. C. spent the weekend at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Birt, Pisquid East.

Miss Shirley Jay of Charlottetown spent the weekend at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jay, Pisquid East.

Miss Georgie Dover a P. W. C. student spent the weekend at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Dover, Pisquid East.

Mrs. Chester Bradley and children Walter, Clarence and Joan of St. Theresa are visiting Mrs. Bradley's parents Mr. and Mrs. Owen Kelly of Pisquid East.

The Pisquid East Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Owen and Miss Theresa Kelly on March 1st. After the business a social hour was enjoyed by all in Mr. and Mrs. Kelly's cozy new home.

#### WARTIME GROWTH

At the end of the Second World War navy personnel numbered close to 80,000 men and 6,000 Wrens as compared with 1,774 men in 1938.



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