

HOLIDAY MOTORISTS CHEER THE NEW 20% SAVING IN TIRE COSTS

Demand for New "Duramin-Made" Tire Swamps Dealers of B. F. Goodrich as Motorists Make Ready for May 24

KITCHENER, Ont., May 21—Having undergone the nerve-racking experience of driving on threadbare tires for economy's sake, thousands of Canadian motorists cheered the B. F. Goodrich announcement of the miracle discovery "Duramin" and the addition of thousands of miles to tire life—with no premium in price asked.

The new 1941 Life-Saver Silvertown tire actually gives you five miles for every four you get from the original Silvertown. Most notable contribution to this amazing new economy is "Duramin", the name B. F. Goodrich scientists have given to a combination of chemicals that keeps rubber young and alive. "Duramin" makes rubber tougher and resistant to the grinding of the roughest roads. It fights friction throughout the tire body. It resists heat produced by fast driving. It protects against sun-checking and cracking in the side walls of the tire.

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WHAT HAPPENED AT MONTALBAN

By PETER BENDICT

Nurse Hartley, who was standing before the dressing table gazing at her thick hair, whirled round at the question in laughing and laughable amazement, the hand which held the brush fell poised over her head. "The lady in the case? Heaven, no! I read every word of that case. I shouldn't have had to ask you what you expected of me if I'd ever had dealings with Malia Daunt. I'm afraid you're in a blind alley."

"That's the lady. She left a daughter here, didn't she?" "Yes, there was a girl about seventeen. She was in much the same state as her mother, only not so far gone. I couldn't make out quite how she came to be in the place. It certainly wasn't voluntary."

"No, it wasn't voluntary. They were sent here by a court order, and their fees privately paid, after a road accident in which the older woman's husband—he was the girl's stepfather, not father—killed himself and smashed up another man for life. By what name did you know the girl, then?"

"Anne something. I always thought it was a false name anyhow. They do occasionally stick their names in the files under a fictitious name. It's only fair, really. You don't think that Anne—?" "I do," said Molly vehemently. "I never saw a girl named Anne, but to prove it, during the trial, did you see any pictures of Malia Daunt?"

"Of course I did, but you know what newspaper pictures sometimes are. I certainly didn't recognize her from them."

"But can't you connect them up somehow? What was Anne like? I've not to find out more about her. I can't go back to-morrow empty-handed. Was Anne good-looking?"

"Oh, yes, she was really very handsome. Not pretty, you know—too imposing for that." Nurse Hartley pondered with her finger at her lips and her forehead wrinkled suddenly like the sky dissolving after rain, and her eyes began to sparkle. "I know where there's a picture of Anne. It isn't mine. It's in my handbag and gloves. Let's see what she never looks inside in a year. I can annex it this minute." "Scuse me!"

She was away like a whirlwind, leaving the door open behind her. Molly waited, listening to the slight sounds which came from below, of soft steps and bright rattling details, filtering through the cool white corridors.

In a very few minutes Nurse Hartley came triumphantly, flourishing the purloined snapshot. "It's a good one of her, too. Ages since I've seen it or thought about it, and I'd forgotten how good Len was. One of the patients took it. Out in the garden. She didn't know, or there'd probably have been a row; she wasn't at all a social blessing. But she was rather lovely, wasn't she?"

The girl in the snapshot was sitting in a deck-chair, her head drooping back against the canvas, her eyes fixed thoughtfully aside upon a flower-bed. The right side of the picture. There was no mistaking her. The same light and brilliant eyes, the same luxuriant darkish hair, the same bright, childlike, deceptive innocence which Molly had remarked in the photograph of Malia confronted her now in the photograph of Anne. The shape of the mouth was the same, reposeful, full-lipped and quite incalculable. Even her age did not seem to have changed in seven years. She looked more than seventeen, but she had gathered no more maturity until the day of her death.

Molly looked at the slip of paper thoughtfully and drew a long, slow sigh of relief. After all her journey had not been wasted. "Yes," she said "yes, that's the lady."

"If you ask me," said Nurse Hartley, "she was no lady. She led us a dance. I can tell you. Trouble was her middle name. But is she really your Malia Daunt?" "Yes, I'm quite positive. There's no possible mistake. Any court would identify Malia Daunt in the evidence of this photograph and the one Severn has of Malia. Do you think I could borrow this from Nurse James for a while?" "I wouldn't hold it to ask Nurse James, if I were you. I'll arrange that. Take it away with you."

CATARRH SPOILS SLEEP

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heard half the truth about her, she would be."

"But to nurse a grudge all those years—from a young girl—and then work herself deliberately into a boy's favour to take it out of his people—? Would any girl, however evil, act like that?" "Maybe she wouldn't have thought about it again if she hadn't run into Charles by accident somewhere. Somebody—I forget who—said that Charles was mixing with a somewhat arty set in London at the time he met her. Maybe that was an accident. But can't you see her eyes gleaming when she heard his name? Can't you just see her setting to work to see him again, to get her claws into him?"

"It could happen," admitted Nurse Hartley. "She was that sort of girl. I wonder who pushed her out of the window?" "I'm more preoccupied with who didn't at the moment. Anyhow, I've strengthened the motive the family had for killing her. She gathered her hands and gloves. 'Let's go somewhere and have lunch, shall we? We can talk about something else now. I'm satisfied.' "But—wait a minute—motive, you said. The family's motive for wanting her dead. How have you strengthened it?"

"You don't know them," said Molly, "and you don't know Charles. I don't believe there's a person in that house who knew Malia's real character—drug addict, adventuress, leucæmic—who wouldn't kill her to keep Charles from marrying her? Some of them would be quick to do it. The idea isn't so impossible to a Montalban as it might be to you or me."

Nurse Hartley's eyes were round with wonder as she led the way down the stairs and out of the house. Then she said suddenly: "But how many of them do you know?" "If one knows—and two of them saw her at the time of the smash—they would all know in a very short time, couldn't they?" "Yes, they could, of course. But it's like this. Your man was responsible for sending the girl here, wasn't he? And probably for asking that her name be suppressed at the inquest, too? Well, he just wouldn't tell his own family, would he? I mean, a man like that is usually pretty consistent."

Molly thought of Robert Montalban, senior, that grave, dark, harassed man whom she had seen so seldom. More silent than his children, more courteous than his wife, coming and going in his own house in deep reserve shared with no one.

"That's right!" she said, stopping in her tracks. "Why didn't I think of that? And I thought I was really beginning to know something about the case. Well, maybe you put him into words for me rather more clearly than anyone's done for you. Anyhow, he wouldn't, would he?" "No, it's true he wouldn't tell a soul. And they contribute their bit—they wouldn't ask questions. Half the time they simply don't care what happens to one another, and the other half they pretend they don't. They'd never show him anything

but indifference." "Lucky how many would know about Malia's name, she asked, her name, all about her?" "Only two, only the two who were in the car when it crashed." "She thought: 'It's come back to the two of us. No, it's come back to the one whoer—the only one with the knowledge and the physical power and the opportunity. It looks as if Ueone was right.' "Did you say the one man was badly hurt in the smash?" asked Nurse Hartley.

"His back was broken, and there were other injuries." Nurse Hartley said her thought about her: "The chances are he lost consciousness, and never saw her at all. It he did—now much of her would he remember?" "Yes, I thought of that, too. That leaves only the father. No one else could have known, the minute Charles brought her into the house, that she was a perverted creature who must not have him." "Other things, too, she remembered, innocent remarks from Severn—who would have smiled to think himself an innocent—to the effect that during her second visit she had taken to having solitary talks with Charles's father; a circumstance he had noticed because Charles's father was not a frequenter of young feminine society. There was a lead there. What had they to say to each other in those talks?"

A feeling of achievement settled upon her. It was not, as she had hoped it would be, comfortable and stimulating; it was heavy and oppressive, and charged somehow with a sense of guilt. But there was Severn. He must not be sacrificed. It was impossible to stop there.

(To Be Continued)

Busy Ground! Traps Himself



A lively groundhog with its head firmly trapped in a tin can was found by Dr. Alan Secord near Stouffville, Ont. His pointer, Sally, went to investigate and didn't know just what to make of the queer critter. Dr. Secord removed the can and drove the 'hog to his clinic. When he arrived he found a goodly portion of the back of his car was chewed up.

ROUGHAGE FOR HOGS

The question of whether to pasture hogs is of real interest these days. J. C. Steckley, Director of Ontario's Ridgeway Experimental Station, is a great believer in roughage for hogs. He feeds carefully cured alfalfa hay to the hogs in winter and emphasizes pasture in summer. On the range where he had the brood sows last season he had strips sowed to oats, rye, millet and kale. "Pasture and hay save a lot of grain," says Steckley.

New "Safety-Weld" Puts "Golden-Ply" Protection in Every Ply

The safety factor in tires has been greatly increased by this exclusive B. F. Goodrich process which welds Hi-Flex Cords with "Duramin-toughened" rubber compounds. Where the "Golden-Ply" made the original Life-Saver Silvertown the safest tire on the road, the new "Safety-Weld" protection into every ply... by bonding top-quality Hi-Flex Cords with Duramin-toughened rubber into a steel-strong tire carcass. This new Life-Saver Silvertown is able to resist internal heat—withstanding severe road shocks—offers a new margin of safety and protection against blow-outs and ply separation caused by high speed driving. Notable is the fact that these two sensational developments, "Duramin" and "Safety-Weld," have been added at no premium in price.

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