

# gifts from HOLMAN'S are opened first!

## The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT  
Part Two

"Of course, if you want to argue that she was going to rely solely on an accident on the servant's part to clear her own skirts, the fact that the poison was in the tin in the kitchen all the time does allow that."

Tuck was aware that he spoke grudgingly.

"You don't like to believe Mrs. Hime did it, do you?" said Proody. Tuck laughed a little. "Put it this way. You know how leery I am of circumstantial evidence of the sort we're facing here—where everything seems to point to one conclusion. Well, from the very start, so many things have pointed glaringly to Mrs. Hime that I find myself fighting the conclusion that she did it. When a conclusion is being slowly forced on you by someone you're arguing with, it gets your back up; you try hard to refute it."

He let his voice trail off, and the two men continued to circle the black little lake in slow silence. The last words he himself had spoken echoed in Tuck's brain. "When a conclusion is being forced on you."

A rowboat's oar splashed on the lake; the sound of a kiss came from the darkness to his right. A queer notion edged into Tuck's brain. That he was meant to arrest Victoria Jason Hime for murder. That someone had intended this. That Albert Hime had been killed that this might come about.

He shook his head. Fantastic. What did he know, what really did he know to support such a conclusion? Nothing.

Nothing. Bernice Saxe, was, to his knowledge, a slightly stupid woman who had known her friend Victoria for almost 25 years. Harris was not even a face. He was a blank in the uniform of an Army captain who had returned out of Mrs. Hime's past to talk with her of old times on the same evening that, unfortunately her husband died of poison.

Concerning Captain Harris, a phrase lingered in his brain. From somewhere, a phrase. Spoken in a small, high voice. Oh, yes. Mrs. Saxe's voice. "He was a crazy one."

He decided he wanted to see and talk with Captain Harris, to fill in this annoying blank. He returned to Proody's apartment to use his telephone. They heard it ringing as he opened the door. Proody answered it. A look of interest glowed on his cherubic face. He replaced the receiver. "That was Gufferty. There's a woman down there named Mrs. George Watt who says she has important information about Mr. Hime. About his death."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE  
Part Two

Mrs. George Watt was sitting very straight on the edge of one of the hard chairs in Gufferty's office. She was a small, plump woman, clad in what was obviously her best. Over a black dress, the top of which was ornate with gold studs set in a rather ugly design, she had on a fur coat of brown lapin a little worn at the cuffs. Her black hat, small and rakish, had a great deal of veiling. On her well-powdered cheeks bright rouge gave her a look of hot excitement. She WAS excited, Tuck saw at once: in her well-fed face her eyes had the sparkle of a girl's at her first dance.

Tuck took her to the small pri-

## Bedeque and Vicinity

Mrs. Austin Ramsey of Conway is visiting in Borden with her sons Roland and Clarence.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Taylor, Found's Mills and Miss Wilma Thomas, South Granville, were guests of Mrs. Hector MacKenzie, Borden on Sunday, November 25.

Mrs. Norman Oatway and son Wendall are spending a few days with friends at Springhill, N. S.

Cst. and Mrs. Jack Nightingale visited in Elmsdale on Sunday, November 25th with the latter's mother, Mrs. Basil MacNeill.

Capt. and Mrs. Wylie Irving have returned to Borden after spending a few days touring the Maritimes.

Miss Hattie Ross, of the P. C. Hospital, visited her sister Mrs. Hector MacKenzie at Borden last week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Palmer spent a recent week end in Borden with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Ramsey.

vate office behind the larger one opening from the marble corridor, and they sat in two brown leather chairs. Mrs. Watt's purse started to slide from her short, sloping lap, and she grabbed for it with a little scream, and then rested one hand on her oosom and gasped: "I'm so on edge."

She took the cigarette which Tuck offered, puffed ineptly while he lighted it for her. She settled back with a slight cough which expelled a huge cloud of smoke, and waited, alert and bright-eyed, for Tuck to say something.

"Mr. Gufferty tells me you have some important information about the death of Mr. Hime," he said. She nodded. "We were once husband and wife," she announced with quiet drama. He saw that she had thought carefully over the words she would use to tell this, had chosen those.

Tuck waited. Mrs. Watt, seeing that this information did not electrify him, took a second and more successful puff on her cigaret, and said: "So I thought that you might want to question me."

To be continued

## Burgess Bedtime Stories

Continued from page 10

he was taking a chance. He couldn't get rid of that feeling that he was being watched. Often he stopped work to look and listen. Looking was of little use, for it was too dark and at best Paddy's eyes are not too good. His ears are better than his eyes. But though he stopped often to look and listen, he saw nothing and heard nothing except the usual night sounds. If he was being watched, the watcher was keeping very still.

Nothing happened that first night. Paddy went back during the day and did little work. No one troubled him. He prefers to work at night, so he didn't do much during the day. While he was at work during the day he did not have that feeling of being watched. No, sir, he did not have that feeling of being watched. No, sir, he did not have that feeling at all. But he had it again that night.

"Somebody is watching me, or my name isn't Paddy," thought he. "Whoever it is, he means me no good. Somebody is watching for a chance to catch me. I simply mustn't give him a chance."

So Paddy took care to see that the way from the water's edge was kept open, so that if he should have to run for his life there would be nothing in his way. There must be nothing that he would have to jump over, for he is a very poor jumper, or run around. Where the water was nearest to that tree he dug away some of the mud at the bottom of the pond making the water deeper there. This was so that should he have to run for his life he could dive into deep enough water to be fairly safe.

A wise one is Paddy the Beaver. He leaves nothing to chance if he can help it. He provides for the future, making sure that he and his family will have food enough through the winter, and he isn't afraid to work to get it.

## Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

wherein our lone duck, a descendant of Mattie the Muscovy, washed her black and white wings. Where has she been? All summer she has been taken up with a problem of hatching in her stolen nest beneath a barn. The farmers have no time to wriggle into this dim recess to investigate her state of affairs and the housewives find the pathway to it, too fearful to negotiate. Who knows but a rat or a mouse might lurk thereabouts? She comes to a door to beg a bit of bread or a handful of grain and then she is off to her watch. "There," James commented watching her at her bath a moment to-day "is another creature that is only an ornament about this place!"

At last the plowing is done, the fields ready now for the winter. "That ends the field-work for this year!" James said at supper "unless we clear a bit of new land. It's amazing how a little extra helps—you can then keep another sheep, another cow perhaps, or a pig. However," he added "we're thankful to have done what we did . . ."

"Aren't you being naughty?" we queried of granddaughter when she answered us brusquely this afternoon. "And if I am" she replied "you should be very thankful that I was good this morning!" Yes, always, everywhere there remains much for which to give thanks.

Until tomorrow — — Diary — Good-night . . .

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