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We will have chicks available in January, breeds and cross-breeds as follows:

- Large Type, Single Comb White Leghorn.
- New Hampshire x White Leghorn.
- New Hampshire x Barred Rock.

All breeds R. O. P. Sired.

RAYNOR'S CHICK HATCHERY

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"An Accredited R. O. P. Breeder Hatchery"

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

Dr. Mahler straightened slowly and stood looking down at Albert's body. Victoria watched him from the doorway, holding the edge of the door frame for support. Dr. Mahler rubbed his wide hands together with a dry, sliding sound. The room was very still. The cheerful yellow curtains at the south window stirred and let in a swift bar of sunlight which touched the dead man's dark, shining hair before the curtain fell into place.

Dr. Mahler turned toward Victoria. His broad face, a little like a personable Eskimo's, was startlingly grave without the wide smile it usually wore. "He's been poisoned," he said quietly. "I'll have to telephone the police, Victoria."

She heard her own voice, shrill and strained. "I don't understand this. I don't understand it at all. And I think I'm going to fall over."

He came toward her. His voice was soothing. "I'll give you a sedative, and then you'd better lie down for a while." His hand took her forearm, impersonally gentle. He turned her around, led her down the hall outside Albert's room. They passed the bathroom and turned into Victoria's den, beyond which her big bedroom lay, disheveled from the night. "No," said Victoria, stopping in her tracks. "I don't want to go to bed."

His voice was still soothing. "Best place in the world to get over a shock."

"No! The police will want to question me. I don't want to be questioned in bed."

With no word, he turned and walked her down the hall that led to the dining room. "Please don't hang onto me," she snapped. "I'll be all right."

After a moment's hesitation his hand left her arm. She went into the dining room and marched stiffly past the long table now bare and gleaming in the morning sunlight. The cerise bougainvillea that had graced the dinner table the night before were now wilted in their white bowl. She heard the swift sound of dialing, and then Dr. Mahler's low voice, speaking in the hall behind her. She could not seem to concentrate on his words.

She lay down on the sofa in the living room, closing her eyes against the muffled glare that beat against the orange curtains of the big window behind it. Her foot touched something and she saw it was the script of the movie adaptation of "Ina Hart," still lying as she had left it the day before. She made an impatient movement with her foot and the manuscript struck the big brown tiles of the floor with a muffled thud.

She heard footsteps coming toward her and opened her eyes. Dr. Mahler was passing the dining table. A glass of water was in one hand. He sat down on the edge of the sofa and held it out to her. On the broad palm of the other hand was a small white capsule. The pores of his unfamiliar grave face were very large, as though down the years his usually ebullient spirits had slowly expanded the skin. Victoria propped herself up on one elbow, obediently took the pill from his one hand, the glass of water from the other. The excessive dryness of her throat, which she had not noticed before, made her choke a little. Dr. Mahler patled her throat on the back and took the glass from her. She lay down nervously and closed her eyes.

"When you wake up, the police will probably be here. I've telephoned them. I am going to call your servant, and I think I'll call Mrs. Saxe too, and have her rally around."

"Oh, Lord, not Bernice," said Victoria, impatiently. "She's got her own troubles."

"But no trouble to compare with this," said Dr. Mahler. "Was it food poisoning?" Victoria asked. "Botulism? The stuff you get from eating toadstools?"

Dr. Mahler hesitated, and she opened her eyes just as his mouth moved in answer. "I don't know what poison."

Victoria closed her eyes again. There was a silence, and it seemed to her that Dr. Mahler's eyes were going over her face carefully and coolly. Then he moved abruptly, the divan stirring under her in response to his action. She opened her eyes and saw that his thick body was bending forward. He picked up something from the floor. It was the script of "Ina Hart." He sat holding it in one hand, looking down at it curiously. Then he put it on the coffee table and stood up. His eyes were still on it as he rose.

When he saw Victoria watching him, he jerked his head toward the manuscript. "Funny," he said.

"Yes. It's funny," she echoed. She knew what he was thinking. That Ina Hart had poisoned her husband. She knew he was remembering the afternoon a year before when she had sat in his office, poring over a thick book about poisons—their availability and their deadlines.

He looked at his wrist watch with a stiff notion that seemed forced. "I have to go. I have a call to make at nine-thirty." He looked at her with professional concern. "Don't fight it. When you get drowsy, let yourself drop off to sleep. You'll feel a lot better, a lot clearer when you wake up."

"All right," said Victoria. "What's Hazel's phone number?" "It's in the green book by the phone."

"Is Mrs. Saxe's there, too?" "Yes."

Watching his broad dark back go plodding down the narrow dining room, Victoria suddenly wondered if he had gone to the kitchen for the glass of water with which she had taken the pill. And if he had, whether he had seen that one of the row of green canisters near the sink had on its side a red-edged label on which Hazel had printed in large capital letters the words "ANT POISON."

It was with ant poison that Ina Hart had killed her husband. Victoria lay wide awake, doubting that the sedative he had given her would work. While she lay there she looked about the room. On the wall opposite the sofa the three tin masks stared down. Their smooth convex surfaces held light coldly in the dimmed room. The central one had a feather headdress, feathers make of tin. The other two were smaller and had less ornate head-dresses. The mouths were crescent shaped, two turned up, one turned down. All the eyes were narrow, slanted and pointed at either end. Through the slits that were the eyes the blank wall showed.

Dr. Mahler returned from the telephone and sat heavily on the chair below the masks. "You needn't wait; I'll be all right."

"I'll wait until Hazel comes," he said. The last thing she saw before stupor took her was his broad, sober face, watching her.

To be continued

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W. M. S. Meetings

MONTAGUE W. I.

The October meeting of the Women's Institute, Montague was held at the home of Mrs. Lorne Wigginton Tuesday evening and was conducted by the president, Mrs. A. D. MacLure.

The meeting opened with "The Women's Institute Carol." There were ten members and nine visitors present. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, Mrs. Wigginton and approved as read.

Final arrangements were made for holding a pantry sale at Stewart and Beck's Saturday. It was decided that each member ask two friends to donate food for the sale. Mrs. J. C. MacLure, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, Mrs. Spenser Llewellyn, Mrs. Cecil Beck and Mrs. William MacLean, were appointed to supervise the sale of food and aprons.

Mrs. Cecil Beck reported that \$5.50 had been received from the sale of apron material.

The correspondence was read and discussed. Several sick calls were reported and each member was again asked to make at least one visit before next meeting.

Mrs. J. C. MacLure, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds and Mrs. Howard Vickerson were appointed on the nominating committee and were asked to bring in a new slate of officers at next meeting.

The meeting closed with the "Collect For Club Women." A sing-song, with Mrs. Archie Hume as piano accompanist, was enjoyed, and a delightful lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Spenser Llewellyn, Mrs. Lester MacLeod and Miss Shirley Jenkins.

NEW GLASGOW W. I.

New Glasgow W. I. met for their October meeting with Mrs. R. B. Dickieson on Monday evening, October 1st. Meeting opened by singing the "Maple Leaf Forever," followed by the Creed in unison.

Roll call was responded to by eleven members, and one visitor. Minutes of last meeting were then read and approved. School committee reported towels and cups needed for school. Sick committee being absent no report was given.

New committees are as follows: School, Mrs. Elmer MacDonald and Miss Lynetta Brown; Sick, Mrs. H. Hill and Miss M. E. Campbell; Lunch, Mrs. Edwin Stevenson and Miss Ann Stevenson; Programme, Mrs. Foster Selzer and Mrs. Roy Dickieson.

Correspondence was then read and discussed and it was decided by members to donate ten dollars to Sanatorium Radio Fund, also to pay 35 cents dues, extra 10 cents to go toward the A. C. W. W. Fund, as suggested by Mrs. McGowan. A paper, prepared by Mrs. Harland Hill on "Music" and read by Mrs. George Dickieson was enjoyed by the members.

Programme consisted of members describing new ideas learned at the cooking classes in Charlottetown. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Revell Dickieson, roll call to be responded to by members paying their dues, (35 cents). Collection amounted to \$1.10. A delicious lunch was served by the committee in charge, assisted by the hostess. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

PARKDALE W. I.

The monthly meeting of Parkdale Women's Institute was held in the hall on October 1st with an attendance of twenty-seven members. The president, Mrs. Comp-ton occupied the chair.

Reports were given by different committees. Mrs. Frank Burke reported that the leaders of the Girl Guides are Mrs. Stewart MacKay and Mrs. Pickard. The leaders of the Brownies are: Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. James Burke, Mrs. Cantwell and Mrs. Ramsay.

Mrs. Frank Ross gave an encouraging report on her sewing classes which consist of an enrollment of thirty-four.

The sick committee reported that convalescent cards had been sent during the month.

Mrs. Cook gave her report on the boys' dinner held in the hall on Sept. 18th. It was decided to obtain literature from the Women's Institute Office on "Interior Decorating" and "Winter Meals For The Family".



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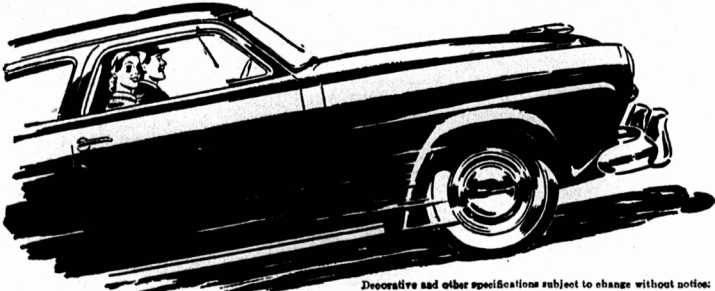
The following were appointed on the nominating committee: Mrs. Beer, Mrs. Rodd and Mrs. Frizzell. Plans were made and committees were appointed to attend to the various duties concerning the Variety Concert. Mrs. Fred Gallant, Mrs. Arsenault, Mrs. Ernest MacKay, Mrs. Ferguson, and Mrs. Louise Brown were appointed on the candy committee.

The lunch committee for last night of concert will be Mrs. Frizzell, Mrs. MacEachern, Mrs. Pickard, Mrs. Pound, Mrs. C. Snow and Mrs. Victor Shaw. The lunch committee for the annual meeting on Nov. 5: Mrs. Compton, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Pound, Mrs. Hennessey and Mrs. Hickox.

"RED" GUNS COMPETE CAPETOWN — (Reuters)—Guns and ammunition from behind the "Iron Curtain" are competing with Swedish, British, American and Belgian products in South Africa. Czech sporting guns from arguns to heavy rifles are imported on a big scale and sell rapidly.

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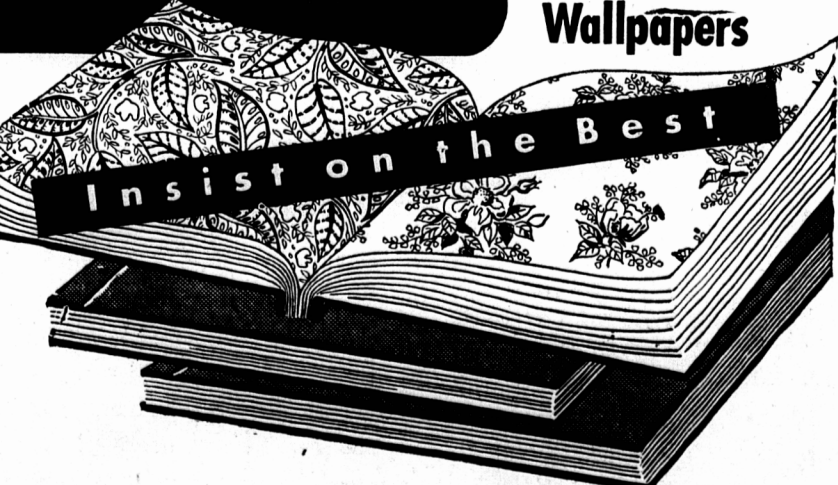


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