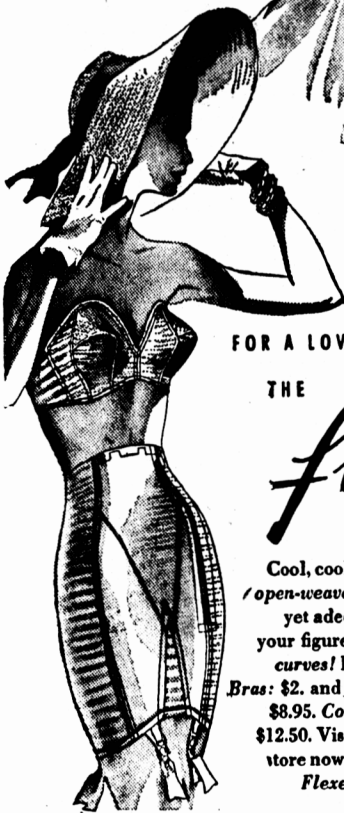


Cool You...in COOLAIRE



FOR A LOVELIER FIGURE... THE Flexees FIGURE

Cool, cooler Coolaire... of 'open-weave Nyalon', airy yet adequate to transform your figure into entrancing curves! Look for: Coolaire Bras: \$2. and \$2.75. Coolaire Girdles: \$8.95. Coolaire All-in-Ones: \$12.50. Visit your favorite store now... for a fitting to Flexees Coolaires!

FLEXEES (Canada) Ltd., 48 Abell Street, Toronto 2

Gleanings of a Rural District New Glasgow

Mrs. Ernest Bulman, Mrs. Reid Stevenson and two children motored to the capital on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Olaf Stevenson and family visited the former's paternal home on Sunday.

Mrs. Cora McLeod is at present at the home of her sister, Mrs. Bell, North River.

Messrs Allison Stevenson, Creelman Dickieson and George Andrew are being welcomed home from their respective Universities.

Mr. Samuel Chichekorn of New Hampshire, U. S. A., was in this district the past week, where he purchased a number of choice dairy cows.

Mr. George Dickieson, one of our energetic potato dealers, has been confined to his home with an attack of flu, and was under the care of his physician.

Miss Martha Brown, in company with Mrs. B. Andrew, motored to Kensington on Sunday, where she visited her cousins, Mrs. Emily Whitehead, Mrs. D. McKenzie and Mrs. Linkletter.

Mrs. John Pusey has returned to her home in North Kustico, after spending the winter months with her daughter, Mrs. Millar Orr and Mr. Orr. Mrs. Orr is staying with her for a few days.

Mrs. Bruce Moffatt is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Carl Woolner, who has been ill. The many friends of Mrs. Woolner will be pleased to know her condition is greatly improved.

Mr. Earle Gallant is making fast progress erecting a new home for the Stevenson family. Another addition to the village is underway, that is, a store and home for Mr. Ralph Dickieson, under the supervision of Mr. Walter Reid.

Mr. Herbert Wyand, who has spent the winter months in Toronto, and has joined his wife and family, who have been with Mrs. Wyand's parents Mr. and Mrs. Granville Buntain. Herb's many friends are delighted to see him.

The North Shore Glee Club participated at the Music Festival, where they sang, "Praise Ye the Lord". Miss Joyce Warren was the accompanist; as adjudicator Mr. Lee gave complimentary and encouraging remarks. It is to be hoped that more rural choirs will get instruction and offer competition another year.

Rev. George Gough, in his discourse Sunday evening, spoke of Mothers and the Family Life, the great importance of Christian teaching in the home, quoting many great men, as owing their success to their mother's teaching. During the service, a duet, "Mother's Prayers", was nicely rendered by Doris and Billie Andrew.

The Sunbeam Mission Band met at the home of Mrs. B. Andrew on May 4, with an attendance of thirteen members and five visitors. Doris Andrew presided, opening the meeting by singing hymn, "God sees the Little Sparrow Fall", followed by the purpose and prayer. "This is my Father's World", was sung. Scripture lesson was read by Shirley Moffatt; Pearl Nicholson offered special prayer for Miss Jessie Weir, who is at a Missionary Hospital in Alberta.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Next meeting to be May 18 at the home of Mrs. Andrew, when plans will be completed for a banquet commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union. The leader, Mrs. Gough, gave a talk on the work in the Mission Fields, which was illustrated on the talking window. Shirley Moffatt and Sheila Dickieson offered to bring lunch for next meeting. The singing of, "When He Cometh", brought the meeting to a close. A game of softball was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Gough provided a delicious lunch and was assisted by the hostesses.

Rail Shipments Of Tubers Continue At Record Level

Rail shipments of Prince Edward Island potatoes continue to break all previous records with a total of 11,151 carloads of last year's crop having left the Province early this week.

Rail shipments to date total 8,266 cars with the equivalent of 2,966 having been shipped by boat. Previous high for shipments was recorded in 1947 when 8,091 cars left the province.

Most of the Island potatoes are going to Eastern United States and Canadian markets. One shipment went as far as North Dakota. Seed potatoes from this Province went to buyers in 26 states in the United States this year.

Movement of the Island tubers continues to be heavy until the exportable surplus is used up. A supply of refrigerator cars is being maintained by the Canadian National Railways to protect the shipments from heat damage.

UNITED ISLANDS Japan, as constituted after its defeat in the Second World War, consists of four islands, Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu and Shikoku.

Murder Could Not Kill

(continued)

"No, I don't mean I'm going to try to find a quick way out. I'll let what will be. But I'm a sick woman. I just haven't long to live, that's all."

Touched to quick sympathy, Laurette Dexter moved forward and sank on her knees beside the afflicted woman, taking one of her hands tenderly in hers.

"Let me help you, Miss Rogan," she said, "any way I can. I'm an American, like you. Please count me as a friend."

"That's just too sweet of you—Miss Dexter, isn't it? But nobody can help me now. I'm really quite happy, for I'm long prepared."

Robin also felt moved. "We both feel for you, Miss Rogan," he told her.

Tears suddenly flooded her eyes, and some seconds elapsed before she spoke. "Thank you," she said at last. That was all; but there was a depth of grateful feeling in the words.

Patently Inspector West had stood aside for a moment; now he tapped Robin's arm.

"Tell me, young man," he said, "what precisely was it you wanted to see me for? What brought you along here to-night of all nights?"

Before Robin could reply, Laurette confronted the detective.

"We came along really to see Miss van Buren, as I told her when we came in here. We thought we might learn something of importance from her. The fact is, Mr. West, I have reason to believe Rufus Bret is somewhere in this theater, or at least that there's

someone who knows where he is." Even Barbara and Hester pricked up their ears, conscious of the accent of confession in Laurette's voice.

"Brett!" they both thought...and wondered.

"What story is this?" exclaimed West blankly. "What on earth makes you think that?" Wheeling round on Barbara he looked at her in sharp inquiry. Slowly she shook her head, and he turned his attention again to Laurette. "Why should Brett be hiding here? Surely you are talking nonsense, Miss Dexter. If Brett were here, Lessing must have known of it and it would have suited him to hand him over to the police. He wouldn't keep him hidden."

"Wouldn't he! I don't mean he's being kept hidden; I mean he's being kept a prisoner. What if Lessing had been afraid that Rufus Bret knew too much? Could he have proved he was innocent of the crime he was accused of?"

"A bull's-eye, Miss Dexter, very much a bull's-eye! Look here, you seem to know more about it than I do." His tone took on a note of accusation. "Where did you get all this? Running a detective agency on your own account, eh? Tell me how you came to think Brett might be here."

"I don't know that Brett is here," Laurette replied, "but I do know there's somebody connected with this theater who knows where he is. I..."

There was a hurried knock at the door and everyone in the room turned to look at the man who entered. He was muscular, well set up, recognizable to the discerning eye as a plain-clothes policeman. Saluting the inspector, he ignored the others.

"Thought I'd better report at once, sir. There's a man arrived in

RED ROSE COFFEE ESTABROOKS RED ROSE COFFEE AS GOOD AS RED ROSE TEA

a touring car outside the stage door. I was keeping watch where you had placed me, in the doorkeeper's cubby-hole. I recognized him. It was that fellow, Dowson, you put me after yesterday. Looks to me as if the car's there for the use of someone inside. He asked the doorkeeper if Mr. Lessing was still inside the theater, and the doorkeeper was going to tell him all about it, but I stopped all that. I answered for him and said he was, so Dowson said, 'Righto, I'll just go up to his room, he's expecting me.' I watched him go along the corridor, up the stairs to the right there, and—well, thought I'd better let you know, sir. He's on the premises if we want him."

stairs which Ackland, the plain-clothes policeman, with a wave of his hand, indicated from the doorway of Hester Rogan's dressing-room. Directly facing them on the first landing was a door marked "Manager." A thin light showed along its foot. Without knocking, West tried the handle; it yielded, and he walked in, Robin at his heels. The occupant of the room, a man in evening dress, rose from the desk at which he was writing and stared at the intruders with anxious inquiry. "What is it, Mr. West?" "Oh, its you? Forgive the unceremonious intrusion. I didn't know who might be in here. This isn't what's known as Lessing's room, is it?" "Oh, no, Mr. Lessing's room is on the floor above. Do you want to get in?"

"Yes." "I'm afraid you will have some difficulty. He always kept the room locked, and no one else had a key. It was strictly regarded as his own private sanctum." "I see. That's interesting. But I'll get in all right. No, don't bother, we'll find our own way. You say it's on the next floor?" "Yes. Right above this room. You can't miss it. It's quite alone—the door marked 'private.'" "Thanking him, the detective withdrew, and together he and Robin ascended the short winding stair. "Seems Dowson must have a key, too," he whispered, as they saw the shaft of light at the foot of the door. "He's there all right." "What are you going to do?" Robin whispered back. To be continued

The price of Butter's down



SO... BUTTER UP! everything's Better with Butter

Only butter can add that distinctive, wholesome butter flavour and goodness to every dish... every meal. Enjoy butter more often—at the new low price!

- ON MUFFINS, toast, biscuits, rolls and bread — butter is the ideal spread.
DESSERTS are greeted with glee when made with rich, nourishing butter.
PANCAKES, WAFFLES, take on new meaning — smothered in golden butter.

MARKETING SERVICE, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA

Maritime Salt advertisement with image of a salt container and text: The finest table salt you can buy is in this package! MARITIME Salt IODIZED MADE IN THE MARITIMES

RINSO GIVES YOU THE WHITEST WASH because Rinso and only Rinso contains Solium

Illustration of two women in aprons with speech bubbles: WHY IS YOUR APRON SO MUCH WHITER THAN MINE? MINE IS RINSO WHITE! Whiter than brand new! Brighter than brand new! So safe for clothes... so kind to hands

MORE WOMEN USE RINSO THAN ANY OTHER WASHDAY PRODUCT!