

# NEW 3-PURPOSE LAMP

- KILLS INSECTS
- KILLS ODORS
- PROVIDES AN ATTRACTIVE INDIRECT LIGHT

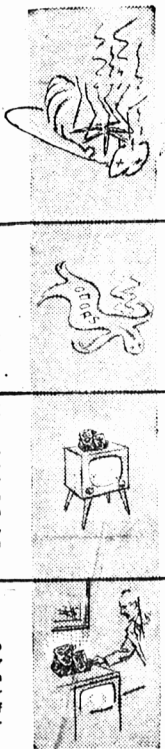


**KILLS INSECTS**  
You can say goodbye to annoying sprays, odors and fog bombs—forever! Just one inexpensive package of the tasteless, odorless Utilite Chemical effectively rids your home of all insects—for a week to ten days! And it does not adversely affect food stuffs, animals or humans. The chemical is invisible and dissipates entirely.

**KILLS ODORS**  
Utilite is equipped with 2 famous Westinghouse Odor-out Bulbs. These bulbs produce ozone, nature's own deodorizing agent. It actually oxidizes all unpleasant odors... causing them to disappear... making the air in your home fresh and clean.

**PROVIDES AN ATTRACTIVE INDIRECT LIGHT**  
Utilite is an original lamp, created and crafted by designers with an eye to utility and beauty. It is an attractive addition to any home. Set on a table or hung on a wall, Utilite will brighten any room with its soft indirect light.

**EASY TO OPERATE**  
Utilite is simply plugged in to any electrical outlet. And by just turning the switch, you can have all 3 functions at once, or you can have your choice of either the deodorizing or insect killing functions.



## UTILITE

THE UTILITY HOUSEHOLD LAMP

Now you can keep your home free from all insects and odors with this *one* attractive lamp. Utilite is an entirely new kind of lamp, designed for both utility and beauty. By just turning the switch on Utilite, you can kill all insects... banish cooking, smoking and all household odors... quickly and silently! And at the same time Utilite provides you with a soft indirect light that is easy on the eyes.

Utilite is beautifully crafted of highly glazed ceramics. You can hang it on any wall, or set it on a mantel, bookcase, radio or TV set, where it will harmonize nicely with your decorating scheme.

See this unique 3-purpose lamp at your nearest appliance, hardware, drug or department store—today! And get one for your home. You'll be amazed at how efficiently Utilite gets rid of insects and odors.

UTILITE CORPORATION  
2013 Avenue Road, Toronto, Canada

By the makers of the famous De-Fly-Er Automatic Insecticide Vaporizer

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### OUR BOARDING HOUSE MAJOR HOOPLE

UM-YAS, BOYS! I DECIDED TO FOREGO HER MAJESTY'S CORONATION—AS I CABLED CHURCHILL, I'D HAVE TO TAKE A PLANE, AND OF LATE YEARS I'VE BEEN SUBJECT TO AIR-SICKNESS— HAR-RUMPH!

WAS THIS THE LAMP I HEARD YOU CRASH THIS MORNING WHEN YOU STUMBLER IN? DID YOU COME HOME IN A PLANE, OR DO YOU GET MILK WAGON SICKNESS, TOO?

I'VE STILL GOT HIP-SICKNESS OVER THAT FIVE BUCKS YOU CHUCKED OFF ME TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTH-DAY OF DANIEL WEBSTER!

HE CELEBRATES SOMEBODY'S BIRTH-DAY EVERY WEEK OR SO.

6-1  
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### Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman

#### CHAPTER XVII

##### A Trial

"Well, you've already told me you want the man flogged, and I see you've thoughtfully provided the means for doing it," Thurlow pointed out quietly.

"Wouldn't it be as well to hold the trial before deciding on the sentence?"

The other stared at him in some doubt.

"Well, that's what I've arranged for, haven't I?" he said. "But there can only be one result. The man admits it—and I've got the report of the overseer. The only question is how we're going to deal with him, and as I've already said, there's only one satisfactory way. Imprisonment would be no punishment to these people—even if we had a prison."

"I quite agree with you there," Thurlow told him dryly. "It would be more like a rest cure."

The irony of his answer was lost upon Strang completely. He understood Strang completely. He understood him to mean that he agreed with him in all that he had been saying, and his face cleared.

"That's what I say!" he exclaimed. "Of course I don't want

to ram Porson's methods down your throat, but the old boy certainly knew how to handle these folk, and there's no harm in following a good example, is there? Well, I suggest we get on with it now that we're agreed. It hasn't done 'em any harm to wait for us, but it'll make us late for our grub if we hang on any longer."

Thurlow realised his mistake, but he made no effort to correct him at the moment. It made things easier in a way, for he was beginning to realise that if he was to make a successful stand against the trader now it had to be done publicly. The more open his defiance, the more likely he would be to get a backing from natives—and he knew that he would need all the backing he could get in the immediate future.

M'fani had made the same mistake, however, and she was staring at him with a world of reproach in her brown eyes.

"Turlo!" she exclaimed. "You said—"

He flashed a warning glance at her, and Strang, who had already turned towards the door, wheeled round upon her.

"You keep out of this, M'fani," he ordered harshly. "I told you you wouldn't like it, but if your folk chose to cut up rough, they must pay for it. The best thing you can do is to go to your room and stay there till it's all over."

She was still staring at Thurlow who had already risen to his feet, and he looked at her meaningly.

"Yes, you'd better keep out of it just now," he said. "Things are going to be rather unpleasant

presently." It was evident that she did not understand what he did not understand, but she rose slowly to her feet as he followed the trader out through the doorway, and stood gazing after him with puzzled eyes.

As they emerged into the open they became the focus of all eyes; but Strang led the way down the steps and along the front of the house towards the two chairs without so much as a glance about him, and Thurlow followed closely on his heels.

The two Samoans who had been waiting at the foot of the steps fell in behind them—the man with the cat-o'-nine-tails swishing the thongs through the air suggestively as he walked. The second man had picked up a stout wooden tripod which had been lying on the ground, and when the two men had reached the chairs he proceeded to set this upright just behind where the prisoner and his escort were standing. It was about five feet in height, and from the way he handled it, it would seem to be a considerable weight.

Strang seated himself in the one chair and Thurlow took the other, and as soon as they were installed the trader made a signal to the escort, and the prisoner was brought forward to within a couple of paces of where they were sitting.

He was a young man, but unlike the majority of the islanders he was of slight build, and his bare body looked lean and under-nourished. It was evident that he had already received a certain amount

of rough handling, for one eye was almost completely closed, with a raw gash showing against the dark skin. He had not looked up at the two white men as he was dragged forward, and he remained with drooping head between his guards as they came to a halt.

Strang looked round the semicircle of spectators slowly, and then turned to Thurlow.

"This is the fellow, Mr. Resident," he said loudly. He glanced over his shoulder at the Samoan who had been carrying the cat. "Te-foora! Come round here and tell the Resident what happened. Leave that thing behind for the time."

The Samoan, a burly giant, dropped the "cat" reluctantly on to the ground and stepped round to face Thurlow. There was a grin of satisfaction on his face, and he burst into a flood of beche-de-mer English without hesitation.

"Dis fella, Marster, plenty bad fella!" he began. "Him b'long my gang, an' him all some lazy debbil. Plenty time I have trouble along he, all-same him not like for work. Him catch plenty trade-goods, plenty dress fer him woma, but all-time he no savvy plenty work. Dis day I tell 'um work more hard or mebbe I knock seven bells along dat 'ead b'long him—but him don't work all same. Den I talk at he some more, an' catch-um little smack wid stick. An' den him go all-same mad. Him jump at I wid knife, an' s'pose I no catch'um arm I be dead fella. But him don't be strong fella all-same I, an' plenty quick he get tired. Den I holler an' oder fella him

come 'long an' us fetch-um in like you see." He paused and added with a wide grin: "An' now plenty soon, us tie he up an' I mak-um holler dat him sorry him try for kill I!"

To be continued

#### ORPHANED FAWNS

GUELPH, Ont. (CP)—Two fawns believed only about two weeks old were found in the bush near Erin by L. Thompson, who first found the fawns' dead mother, apparently a victim of lightning. The young deer are being given a temporary home until they are big enough to look after themselves.

#### LONG SERVICE

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont. (CP)—Postmaster George T. Farrell, being superannuated on June 1, joined the post office staff in 1909 and has been postmaster here since 1949. He will be succeeded by assistant postmaster Reginald Bull, who started in 1920.

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