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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN Part Two

Suddenly she threw back her head, her face wary. "I'm not apologizing. Walter's no angel to live with. Walter has his little claws, sometimes."

Then a wry, bitter smile touched her lips and she looked old. "Isn't it funny, how it goes with us?" she asked in her little-girl voice. "Whenever I'm in luck, you're out of it; whenever you're lucky, something awful's happening to me. Like two sides of a balance. It's always been that way."

She added, dreamily: "I haven't been lucky for such a long, long time . . ."

Twenty-four hours later, as Tuck put the anonymous note in his inner coat pocket, Froody

said to him: "Oh, there's no doubt about it. And it was an easy little job at that. There was the watermark on the stationery. And the fact it had been cut off to get rid of a name or initials at the top. I made the rounds of the Hollywood stationers. I went over the old order lists at the places carrying that brand of writing paper. At the fifth place I found her name on their list, she'd ordered two boxes six months ago."

"And the pen it was printed with?" "The enlargements show one of the better pens—even ink flow, no stratching."

From the street below, traffic sounds wafted up. Tuck sat for a moment listening to them, and then went to the hatrack for his brown fedora.

"You going to talk to her?" "Yes."

"Want me along?" "No."

Froody looked wistful. "What I can't figure is why she did it. If she was out to get Mrs. Hime, she had her chance at the inquest, and she knocked herself out covering up for her. I don't get it."

He brooded for a moment and Tuck put on his hat.

"You're going to suffer now," quote Froody. "That's queer. That's—wrong, somehow."

Moira Hastings was not at home. Tuck waited for her in his shabby black sedan, which looked even shabbier than usual in comparison to the saucy opalescent convertible coupe parked just ahead of them.

The mid-afternoon sunlight, which always seemed clearer and brighter in Hollywood than in Los Angeles, beamed down on the chateau-like white building where Moira Hastings lived.

The woman in slacks above which showed a brown diaphragm stared insolently at his car, went lightly up the steps of the apartment building.

In half an hour Moira Hastings drove past without seeing him, and parked two spaces ahead up the sloping street. He was waiting for her at the door when she came up the steps, her key in her hand.

Above a tailored beige jacket her amber hair shone brightly. Her hard, light eyes flashed a hint of fear, and then she half-dropped her lashes and looked very non-committal.

"I want to talk to you," he said. He took her elbow, turned her around, led her to his car. She balked. Then she relaxed and got in.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asked, when he had tucked his bulk in under the steering wheel.

"The anonymous note you sent to Mrs. Hime."

She held her breath for a moment. "I don't know what you mean."

Tuck sighed, and turned on the ignition. He pressed his foot on the starter and the motor whirred.

Her voice was thin. "Where are you taking me?" "To the city jail."

Her body went rigid, and the brown purse on her lap slid to the floor with a muffled thud. Tuck

dropped one long arm and retrieved it, but instead of returning it he opened it and felt among the contents. She tried to snatch it from him, but he twisted his body and fended off her hands with one elbow. He took out her fountain pen and put it into his inner pocket. Politely, he laid the purse on Moira's lap.

"You can't do that!" she said. "I've done it. The paper has been traced to you through the stationer where you had it printed with your name and address. Printing from this pen, enlarged, will match the printing of that note. I don't think it wise of you to continue to deny that you wrote and sent that note, but that's your business."

He slipped into low gear, stepped on the gas; the car moved forward.

"Wait!" Her fingers clamped tight on his forearm.

He had been so sure of what she would do that he had really taken his foot from the gas before she spoke. The car coughed and settled back into immobility. There was a silence.

To be continued

ALEXANDRA W. I.

The December meeting of the Alexandra Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Giles Cantwell. Meeting opened in the usual manner and roll call was responded to by 15 members exchanging Christmas gifts.

This was followed by school report which stated towels and coat hooks were purchased. Mr. Atwood McRae kindly offered to put in bar to hold pupils' coats. School committee also reported need of new water pail and cover.

Sick committee reported three sick calls made and a card of congratulations sent to a former valued member.

\$1.70 reported by treasurer sent in to A.C.W.W. to defray traveling expenses of delegates.

Correspondence was then read and discussed and disposed of. It was moved and seconded that the Institute provide C.L.O. capsules for children to be given under the supervision of the teacher.

Miss Hazel Roland had visited school, and shown films to teen age students, and also visited school second time to show Red Cross films.

Each member agreed to make up four pounds of sugar into funds for concert, also to donate one pound of grapes towards children's Christmas treat. Candy is to be packed at the home of Mrs. Milton Wood on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 19th. Mrs. Atwood McRae kindly offered to look after buying of apples for treat.

A motion was passed to remember the elderly people of the district at the Christmas season. The study of preparation of winter meals was taken up for a short period. Offering was 95 cents.

In a few well chosen words Mrs. Nat McKinnon, on behalf of the other members, thanked Mrs. Cantwell for the invitation to her lovely apartment, and welcomed her as a new member to the Institute



Carefully chosen, await your inspection at NORMA'S LADIES' WEAR.

LINGERIE

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GLOVES

HANDBAGS

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Drop in and look over our smart gift suggestions. You are sure to find a gift that will please her, and at very reasonable prices too.

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"YOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING"

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She was also presented with a nice gift, for which she graciously thanked the members. A delicious lunch was then served by the hostess and committee MacLennan. Lunch committee to be Mrs. Nicholas Ploggenhay, Mrs. Bruce Judson and Mrs. Harold Beaton.



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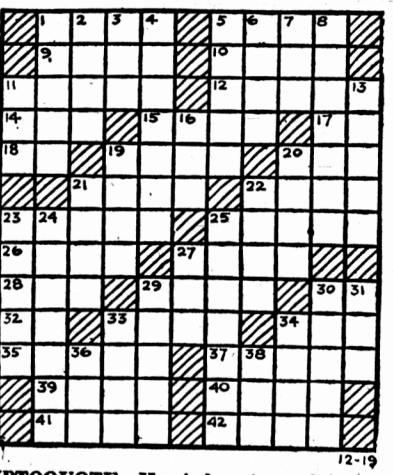
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Mop-like implement 2. Abounds 3. Wine receptacle 4. Songs 5. Full of nuts 6. Metallic rocks 7. Grow old 8. A tree 9. State of unconsciousness 10. Incite 11. Ethical 12. Writing fluid 13. Members of monastic order 14. A stunted thing 15. Peel 16. Undivided 17. Terrible 18. Perform 19. Ahead 20. Monkey 21. Striking success (slang) 22. Foot lever 23. Artless 24. Little stream 25. Otherwise 26. Observes 27. Prophet DOWN 1. Scotch tea cake 2. Labor 3. Sharpen, as a razor 4. Warning cry (golf) 5. Sag 6. Table scarves 7. Leather-necks 8. Abyss 9. Seed u-1 in cooking (pl.) 10. Capital of Delaware 11. To be in debt 12. Story 13. Sagacious 14. Perish 15. Malt beverage



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: A X Y D L B A A X E L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation C E X S P A N M J T U H K T Y J A Y A K Z Q Z Y M P T C E Y M Y J C J N Y E Y J A C K M J X - M S K T I V A T Y

Yesterday's Cryptogram: STILL HAVE I FOUND, WHERE TYRANNY PREVAILS, THAT VIRTUE LANGUISES, AND PLEASURE FAILS—WORDSWORTH.

Christmas gifts

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