

ONLY THE THRIFTY NEED READ THIS AD!

To make room for Summer Furniture and for Furniture of quite modern design we are required to clear part of our sales floors—we were of course going to send the surplus articles to our warehouse, but remembering that we suffered severe damage last year we are convinced that the best thing to do is to offer some articles at rare bargain prices.

So if you are interested in obtaining good furniture at specially low prices, come to our store on MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY or THURSDAY of this week. You will be offered—

- A—A choice of 10 (ten) Chesterfield Suites—3-piece; 2-piece suites and a few sectional suite
- B—A choice of 12 (twelve) Baby Prams—in all colors—and at ridiculously low prices.
- C—A choice from 15 (fifteen) Carpets, both Wilton and Axminster quality, in all sizes—patterns with border or tone-on-tone broadloom.
- D—A choice from 12 (twelve) Beds, both wooden and metal—in all sizes and ranging from full panel down to plain types.
- E—As a special attraction we have 25 (twenty-five) sets only of Dinner Dishes—all British made—and in two lovely patterns with 68 pieces in each (a complete set for eight places). The price on these will be \$25.00 per set.

At time of writing this is all we dare offer—however it may be that even more space will be required and if so the bargains will be shown on the sales floors.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO LOOK—AND YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT



Murder Could Not Kill

So it was that when Laurette Dexter had disclosed that her engagement to Peter Lessing was at an end, Barbara had glimpsed again the happiness she feared she had for ever lost.

Then on Sunday afternoon came disillusion. There arrived a bundle of the day's newspapers containing reports of Gideon Trevor's death. She had almost fainted under the shock. Her house of cards, so recently erected, collapsed in a heap. She could not fail to see how perilously this fresh development affected her. In vain she tried to dislodge from her mind the conviction that Trevor must have met his death at Peter Lessing's hands, or at the hands of someone acting under his orders. Somehow or other, Trevor's intention to warn Robin Foster, and it seemed inevitable to follow that if he knew of Trevor's attempted treachery he also knew of her own; and his knowledge must, of necessity, drastically affect the relationship between them.

Fear overwhelmed her. Lessing she knew to be ruthless, implacable; a man who would revenge himself terribly upon anyone who opposed his plans. Her gathering mental agony impelled her to desperate measures. Whatever the consequences, it was impossible for her to delay seeing him.

That decision made, she motored back to London. When Peter Lessing entered the small morning room at the back of the house into which she had been shown, his face was stern and cruel. She affected not to notice his expression, but hurried across the room to greet him. As he stood with the door closed behind him, his fingers still on the handle, she twined her arms caressingly round his neck.

"Peter," she said softly, and kissed him affectionately.

He made no attempt to return her greeting, but, disengaging her arms, walked forward, brushing her aside. His sinister coldness daunted her.

"Peter," she repeated in a whisper of appeal.

He made no answer as he walked to the fireplace and stood there. "What's brought you up?" he demanded.

"Gideon Trevor. You saw, you know."

"How did you hear?"

"The Sunday papers."

Still in deliberate tones he said to her:

"Well, you see, that's what happens anybody who crosses me."

"Peter! Then—oh, heavens!..."

In her eyes there was horror, but even more plainly there showed fear, not for herself but for this man she loved. He read her look correctly.

"Oh, don't lose any sleep over me," he remarked callously. "I'm quite safe, I've seen to that all right."

"Why did you do it?"

"You need hardly ask." Then he threw the question at her sharply. "What did you say in that note you gave Trevor last night?"

It has come! She drew herself erect and faced him bravely. Barbara van Buren lacked nothing in courage.

"I told him to warn Robin Foster," she said.

"As I thought." Again his words came slowly. "Why did you do that?"

"I'm having no hand in murder, even for you, Peter."

His eyes narrowed. "What happened last night? It seems I was too late to stop the message you went out of your way to tell him to send. And I thought I had him in time. Well, there's a debt still unpaid, and I intend to be paid in full."

For a moment stark panic seized her. Her courage left her. Involuntarily she shrank away from him.

"You were not too late," she said. "Robin Foster received no message to make him alter his arrangements. Because your plans have failed, neither poor Gideon Trevor nor myself is to blame. If you want the culprit"—she spoke almost triumphantly—"you can lay the blame on Laurette Dexter. She dished you."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Let me tell you what happened last night. I know all about it. Robin Foster came to see me after he had been attacked." She told him the outcome.

With set teeth and his normally studiously impassive face twitching in fury and hatred, he listened to her story. When she had finished and stood waiting for him to speak he turned away from the fireplace and put his forefinger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket. For a time he stood motionless in this attitude, staring vacantly at a picture on the opposite wall, and then with a sudden gesture of disgust drew from the pocket a massive solitaire diamond ring. He pitched it on to the green cloth of a centre table in front of him. "So that's the explanation of this," he said.

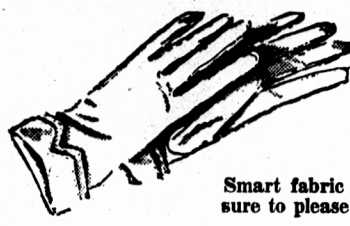
He looked at the perfect jewel as it glittered against the darkness of the cloth and sneered. "A messenger brought that little present for me this morning. My ring—returned." He paused, his eyes fixed on the jewel, then: "What was she doing down there?" he burst out suddenly. "Did you get to know that too?"

(To Be Continued)

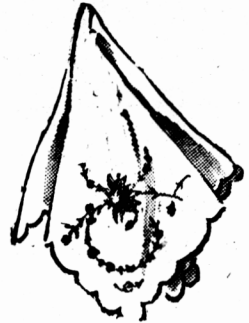
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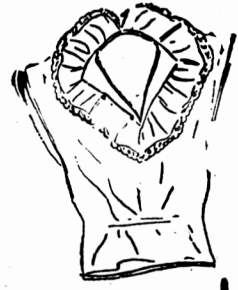
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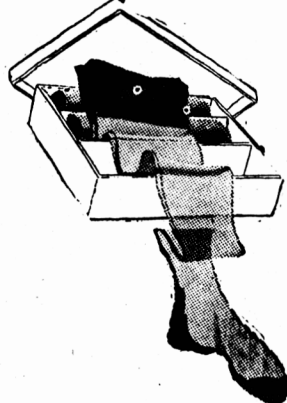
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To Please Mother

Give Mother Her Favorite Accessories

Choose from our large selection of Mother's Day gifts and accessories that are sure to make a hit with "Mother" next Sunday. Enhance her wardrobe with a beautiful handbag or a lovely silk square or scarf, hankies, gloves, Belts and if Mother needs hosiery and no woman ever has enough, we've exactly the hosiery to set her oh-ing and ah-ing. Filmy as clouds in exquisite new shades designed to blend or contrast with her new spring outfit.

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Canadian Arts Council Meeting

MONTREAL, May 8 — (CP) — Jean Bruchesi yesterday was re-elected president of the Canadian Arts Council. Other officers: Vice-presidents — Nova Scotia, Donald MacKay; New Brunswick, Donald Jeffries; Quebec, Dr. Adrien Plouffe and J. Roxborough Smith; Ontario, Mrs. Elizabeth Wynwood and Mrs. F. Grant Marriott. The Council, at its fourth annual conference, set up a standing committee, headed by Gordon Couling, national vice-president of the Federation of Canadian Artists, to assist in development and co-ordination of provincial arts councils.

AIR-MINDED INDIA

CALCUTTA, — (CP) — Dr. K. N. Raju, governor of West Bengal, opened the first national air rally at nearby Barrackpore recently. He said in a speech that India presented the best field for civil aviation in the world because, except during the monsoons, the weather was ideal for flying.

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NOT SOBER IN FOUR YEARS

GRIMSBY, Yorkshire, England, May 8 — (Reuters) — Arthur Hotham, 42-year-old butcher, admitted in court today that he hasn't been sober for the last four years, and has run through a fortune equivalent to \$62,000. "I have been intoxicated in half the cities of the world," he said. "I did a lot of foolish things and treated my wife badly." As he left the dock to begin a four-month sentence for stealing jewelry, Hotham vowed: "I'll never touch a drink again."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS