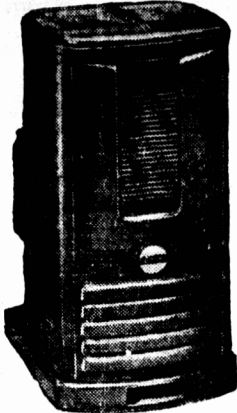


*The new automatic*  
**Coleman Oil Heater**  
*Worlds of heat—Beauty in the bargain!*



Nowhere else can you get so much heat for home comfort at so little cost! This Coleman automatic oil heater produces 32,000 BTUs of heat per hour! Dollar value in comfort has made it the fastest selling oil heater of its kind.

Setting an entirely new high in beauty and styling—this handsome Master Circulator model is in a class by itself!

**Only \$83.25**  
**Easy Terms**



Come in and see it today—  
 that's the best way to prove  
 COMFORT COSTS SO LITTLE MORE!

**THE ROBERT SIMPSON EASTERN LIMITED**  
 129 Kent Street Phone 2188

**THE K. & R. ARMY & NAVY STORE SALE**

We invite you to check our stock and prices:

- Paints, any color or quantity, per gal. .... 3.75 and 4.95
- Some clearance lots at, per gal. .... 2.75
- Tarpaulins, any size; Used army wool pants and jackets;
- New airforce pants and jackets; Gabardine and Satin Bomber Jackets, unlined, lined and heavy quilted.
- Complete line of work shirts, overalls and underwear
- Wool Joe shirts and parkas; 100 new and used suits. 150 new and used men's and boys' overcoats, many types of gabardine and burberry coats; dress and rubber work rain coats.
- Also Plastic Raincoats at ..... 2.95
- Airforce and Navy Flight Suits and sheepskin lined jeep coats.
- Complete line of Army type, Greb and John Palmer Gro-Cork and leather soles, guaranteed water resistant boots;
- Also Panco and rubber soled boots.
- Large stock of children's, Ladies' and Men's Shoes. Also a full line of rubber footwear.
- In short what ever you want in clothing or footwear at prices you can't equal.
- We also buy, exchange and sell new and used skates.

111 RICHMOND ST. CHARLOTTETOWN

**The Birthday Murder**

By Lange Lewis  
 CHAPTER ELEVEN

While Albert's voice murmured in the hall, Victoria thought about the events of the afternoon. It had certainly been a full one. She took one sip of her coffee. It was only lukewarm. She carried it to the kitchen and heated it in the Silex. She thought of Sawn, walking about her house, completely at home; pouring coffee for himself, drinking it in her kitchen. It was typical of him. She returned to the dining room. Thinking of Sawn, she felt rich in having Albert. She looked down at her hand holding the glass globe of the Silex above her empty cup. She went to Albert's place and gave the coffee to him. Returning to the kitchen, she set the empty Silex on the stove and then from the doorway she saw Albert return to his place at the end of the table. He was in profile to her, and his face seen that way looked closed to her and abstracted. For the first time she felt that perhaps she had not entered enough into Albert's problems. He laid his napkin across his knees. He put two spoonfuls of sugar in his coffee and stirred it thoughtfully.

"Who was it?" Victoria asked as she went to her place at the long table's end.  
 "Moira Hastings. It seems I left my script in the cafe where we all talked. She wanted to tell me it was all right. She has it."  
 "Did she say any more about the part?"  
 "At length."  
 He looked up in some surprise.  
 "What did you tell her?"  
 "I told her no, of course."  
 "Well," she asked, "was it such a bad dinner?"  
 "It was very good. You're turning into quite a cook."  
 Victoria said modestly. "Oh, it wasn't anything to fix."  
 "I wonder what made Harris run out."  
 "Maybe he'd had enough drama for one evening. I had to tell him what I thought of him."  
 "Oh?"  
 "He's turned into something not too nice. I told him so. I left him with a lot to think about. It's too late, of course."  
 Albert's response surprised her. "Sometimes," he said, "I find you a little like Victoria."  
 They rinsed all the dinner dishes a Thursday night custom since the summer influx of ants. They went to bed at eleven, in their separate room. Sleep did not come at once. Victoria. There was a party going on in the big house next door. The house was a little higher than hers because of the upward slope of the hill, and looking out of the window at the foot of her bed she could see the lighted windows staring down at her through the trees of the narrow side yard. She closed the curtains and lay there in the darkness. Someone began to play the piano in the house next door. Someone who played quite well, but with the touch of a dilettante. Like Sawn. It sounded like Sawn playing in the apartment they had shared so many years ago. The pianist played "Happy Birthday to You." She took a sleeping pill. As she settled back against the pillow, she heard from the hall the faint sound of dialing. She wondered who Albert could be telephoning at such a late hour. Propping herself up on one elbow she listened. Albert was speaking very softly, but she heard him ask the operator for Western Union. A burst of merriment from the house next

**Will Visit Ch'town**



Miss Phyllis Burns, secretary of the Child Welfare and Family Welfare Divisions of the Canadian Welfare Council, who will be in Charlottetown from the late afternoon on Saturday Oct. 27 to the early morning of Wednesday, Oct. 31.

Miss Burns is just beginning an extensive five-week field trip through the Maritimes, during which she will visit many social agencies and make several public addresses.

door obscured what he said next. When the laughter had died down somewhat she could hear him speaking in a slow, pausing voice of one dictating a telegram. . . . appreciate all speed possible Birthday gift. Send to Mrs. Hume, above address." She dropped back against her pillow, smiling. Albert had forgotten her birthday; that song next door had reminded him of it. She wondered what gift he had ordered for her.

Sleep closed in snugly about her. The pianist next door was playing a medley of old songs which had been popular in the year she and Sawn had lived together. "Stardust." "Lazybones" and one which she didn't think anyone remembered now. "Farewell to You." She found herself swallowed up by the eerie feeling of sliding back, back in time. The pianist played "Stormy Weather." Faintly she heard a woman's voice take up the words, "since my man and I ain't together, keeps raining' all the time, keeps raining' all the time."

So long ago now . . .

She dreamed that night of the flat apartment overlooking the flat breadth of New Jersey river, the palisades of New Jersey stretched along the opposite shore. Sawn sat at the opposite end of the piano, smiling as he played. A blond woman with the face of Bernice and with eyes swimming with tears leaned against the piano and said, "To say goodbye is to die a little." And Sawn kept on smiling and playing and the blonde went away. He stopped playing then and stood up from the piano and came toward Victoria across the soundless thick rug, and she was wildly afraid and called for Albert. He was making a telephone call.

She awoke at seven. After she had showered she put on a housecoat on which yellow daffodils trumpeted over a gray-blue background. She recalled dimly that there was no coffee in the house. She would have to drink milk. Or cocoa. She wondered about borrowing some coffee from the Bogarts' cook. But she didn't want to cross the street in a housecoat. She decided to drink milk.

She knew Albert would want to reach the studio early. He would have to eat breakfast at the commissary. She went down the hall that led to his room to wake him. The door was shut. She opened it and stopped with a bump against something hard. She squeezed through the half-open door to see what had stopped it from opening. She looked down and saw that it was Albert's head. He was lying in a curious crouched position on the floor near the door. His elbows were close to his body, his hands were under his stomach. He had on blue pyjamas with a maroon stripe. His mouth was open, the side of his head was pressed against the floor. Before she

**STRANGE BUT TRUE**

Continued from page 3

and 53 to mothers who had reached the age of 55 years.

In some districts in Prince Edward Island the people still have their well-known "Wake"—a relic of the primitive custom when friends and relatives gathered in the presence of death. The name is supposed to have originated in the idea of keeping awake to watch the body and keep the soul from doing mischief.

There's an old tradition that when St. Patrick lay on his death bed, he requested his weeping friends "to cease their grief and rejoice at his comfortable exit"—hence the eating, drinking and music at the old-time wakes.

The lower animals show a natural instinct to protect their young, and furnish food for their subsistence. Monkey mothers have been known to pine away and die when forced to separate from their offspring.

The mother sheep mourns the loss of her lamb for as long as three weeks after the herder places them in different pasture, and the mother cat will rustle rats and mice for her children long after they are able to fend for themselves.

How tenderly the mother bird watches over her young and feeds them until they are old enough to leave the nest!

In primitive life, the same instinct bound man to one love, one woman, and one home, and from such a humble start sprang the family unit, or fundamental group of society which we know today.

If you were asked to name the most popular flower, you'd probably say the lily or the forget-me-not. But you wouldn't be right. Ever since King Midas walked in his famous rose garden—the wonder of the ancient world—until today, the beloved rose has reigned Queen of blossoms. And strange but true, the language of flowers is as elegant and polished as any invented by man. Indeed, there is a flower that expresses every emotion of man—hope, love, sympathy, grief, etc.

There are many meanings hidden in the hearts of flowers. When worn for decoration they express tenderness, remembrance, etc. Take for instance, the white carnation worn on Mother's Day. It is a symbol of love and respect. Orange blossoms are a symbol meant to bring fruitfulness to a married couple. The language of the orange blossoms is purity.

screamed she knew she would never wake Albert. Albert was dead.

To be continued

**Home Beautiful**  
 PORTFOLIO  
 by Watson Foster

of the World's Finest Wallpapers

**Insist on the Best**

**Sunworthy Waterfast**  
 SEMI-TRIMMED WALLPAPERS

**MOORE & McLEOD Limited**

chastity, which makes them ideal as bridal blossoms.

That 72-year-old Waterloo stove owned and still in use by Mrs. Jane MacFarlane, Lower Montague, P.E.I., certainly has stood the test of time and carries us back to the days when manufacturers put quality into their products so that the purchaser got real value for his money.

Those of us who have reached the half-century mark still can recall the quick-heating, efficient Waterloo with its ample fire place, long legs, and high oven, in which our grandmothers baked those huge brown-crisped loaves of Island grown wheat milled into flour from the old grist mills. What bread that was! It still makes our mouths water just to think of it!

The popular notion that red ink furries the male cow is the bunk. It's the movement of the piece of cloth that makes Elmer so hot up

and causes him to charge. Cloth of any color waved in front of a bull will bring down his wrath, and cause him to charge if the waving act is kept up for any length of time.

Although frogs lay their eggs in water and the young tadpoles are good swimmers, frogs are not fish by any stretch of the imagination. The frog is a lung-breathing creature classed as an amphibian, therefore the movement of the piece of cloth that makes Elmer so hot up fish, as many persons believe.

**THRIFTY BASEMENT BUYS**

- Ladies' Basement**
- Ladies' Housecoats—light weight Eiderdown, sizes 14 to 20 and 16 to 44—¾-length sleeves in smart check and floral designs. Colors blue, rose, and green. **\$4.85** Each.
  - Ladies' Briefs, good quality rayon in sizes small and medium only; colors white, rose and maize— **55c** Exceptional good value at, pair.
  - Ladies' Slips—rayon with frilled or lace trimmed, sizes 34 to 38 in colors white, pink and yellow. **\$1.59** Priced very low at only, each.
  - Ladies' Flannellette Nightgowns—medium size only, white with floral trim. **\$2.50** Each.
  - Ladies' Fleece Lined Bloomers, sizes 36 to 42. **\$1.15** Pink shade—Pair.
  - Children's Fleece Lined Bloomers—Excellent quality, elastic waist and legs. Sizes 4 years to 12 years in pink only—Pair. **79c**
  - Sizes 10 years to 16 years in navy blue. **79c** Pair.
  - Children's Knee Length Hose—wool plated or cotton with nylon reinforcement for extra wear. Colors white, blue, green, brown and red. All sizes from 6 to 9½. **85c** Pair.
  - Children's Sleepers—heavy fleece lined, drop seat style. Colors pink and blue. Sizes 22 and 24 only. **\$1.98** Pair.
  - Children's Dresses—smart plaid designs in various color combinations, with or without white collar trim. Sizes 3 to 6 **\$1.95** Each.
  - Sizes 7 to 14 **\$2.65** Each.

- Men's and Boys' Basement**
- Men's Fleece Lined Combinations—heavy quality fleece in either plain or mottled. All sizes from 36 to 46. Suit **\$3.50**
  - Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers—same heavy quality as the combinations. **\$1.95** Each.
  - Men's Overalls—heavy 7¼ oz. denim, double sewn throughout. Sizes 36 to 46. **\$3.95** Pair.
  - Men's All Wool Cardigan Sweaters, button front, heather shades of brown, blue and maroon. **\$4.95** Sizes 36 to 44. Each.
  - Men's Sweaters—pullover crew neck style, heavy all wool quality in colors maroon and navy blue. **\$2.95** Sizes 36 to 44. Each.
  - Men's Sweaters—pullover style, heavy quality in various colorful designs. Sizes 38 to 44. **\$3.95** Each.
  - Boys' Underwear—heavy fleece lined combinations. Sizes 24 to 34. **\$2.25** Suit.
  - Boys' Sweaters—heavy quality all wool pullovers with crew neck—two-tone color combinations of brown/yellow, navy/grey, and maroon with grey. Sizes 28 to 34. Each. **\$2.65**
  - Boys' Pullover Sweaters—diamond and animal designs, sizes medium and large only. **\$1.39** Each.
  - Boys' Overalls—full cut, good quality denim, sizes 24 to 34. Pair. **\$2.25**
  - Boys' Doeskin Shirts—smart plaid designs in very smart colors. Sizes 12 to 14½. **\$1.75** Each.
  - Boys' Work Shirts—heavy grey domet, sizes 12 to 14½. Very exceptional value at only— **89c** Each.

**MOORE & McLEOD Limited**

**This New Firestone STUDDED GROUND GRIP TIRE makes its own road**

**JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR MUDDY ROADS. MADE FOR CARS AND TRUCKS**

NO chance of getting stuck when you have the sensational new Firestone Studded Ground Grip tires on your wheels. Off the highway in mud or snow they take hold anywhere and pull through the worst conditions possible. But on the pavement they are quiet, smooth-riding and long-wearing. We have a complete stock for cars and trucks. Let us put them on your car now.

**Firestone STUDDED GROUND GRIP TIRES**

**BRYENTON & MacKAY CO.**

"Your Friendly FIRESTONE Dealer"

187 GT. GEORGE STREET  
 OUR BIG HARVEST SALE CONTINUES ALL WEEK.

**3 out of 4 choose HOUSEHOLD FINANCE money service**

Yes, thousands of men and women with money problems come to HFC—HOUSEHOLD FINANCE—because they know that HFC means dependable money service, backed by 73 years' experience.

At HOUSEHOLD FINANCE any employed man or woman may borrow \$50 to \$500 or more without endorsers or bankable security. HOUSEHOLD FINANCE's reputation is built on friendly, courteous service, the kind of service you want when you need money.

Many customers tell us they especially like our repayment plan—arranged to fit their income, with up to 24 months to repay.

Do not borrow unnecessarily—But if you need extra cash for any worthwhile purpose, we invite you to phone, write or visit friendly, dependable HOUSEHOLD FINANCE. Your telephone book lists the office nearest you.

**MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT!**  
 Canada's oldest and largest Consumer Finance Organization

**HOUSEHOLD FINANCE**

150 Great George Street Suite 1 Phone 2992 CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.  
 Hours 9 to 5 or by appointment Loans made to residents of nearby towns SERVING THE PUBLIC SINCE 1878

Sumneride **HOLMAN'S** Charlottetown

craftsmanship of the highest quality since 1870