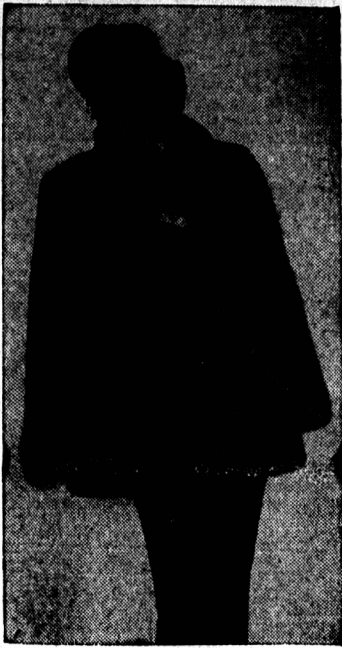


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## Island Furriers

### ATTENTION MOTHERS

Commencing on Monday next the Department of Health will start its annual protective programme in all the Charlottetown schools and in Spring Park and Parkdale against Diphtheria, Whooping Cough and Tetanus or Lock-Jaw, as it is generally known to the laity.

The protection consists of three doses given at four-week intervals to all infants of six months and over up to five years of age. At these clinics re-inforcing doses will be administered to pre-school children having received triple protection last year, if under five years of age, and diphtheria protection only to school children who require such protection every three years.

As Whooping Cough has been, and still is, prevalent—mothers would be well advised to take advantage of these clinics. Mothers with young children who already may have had whooping cough should remember that their children still require the diphtheria protection.

Further notice will appear in your local paper as to where and when these clinics will take place. Please watch out for it.

B. C. KEEPING, M.D., D.P.H., Chief Health Officer.



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### Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

INSTALMENT I.  
No one could have mistaken the frightening sound that disturbed the still night: it was a woman's cry of horror.

After midnight in the district round the Bayswater stretch of Hyde Park like traffic is to be expected. The sole pedestrian in sight was a young man walking sharply west, from Marble Arch. He heard the cry.

He ran forward and stared in the direction from which he thought the cry had come. Barely fifty yards away two cars were drawn up in the middle of the side street, a limousine and a saloon, the limousine almost directly in the other car's path its tail practically touching the saloon's bumper.

A man was stepping stealthily from the off-side running board of the saloon. He darted forward and swiftly entered the limousine. The whole incident was over in a flash. There was something so furtive and even sinister in the movement that the young man was instinctively urged to precipitate action. Sprinting towards the limousine, as it moved away, he caught up with it before it had gathered speed. Jumping nimbly on to the running board he was just able to grab the door handle. "Stop!" he shouted impulsively to the driver. "Stop!" The man paid no attention to him, but continued to accelerate.

In the semi-darkness he could see nothing clearly. He peered into the interior. He heard a guttural exclamation, then an arm shot out and the hand, reaching for a hold, snatched violently at him. He swerved away, and resisted, as best he could in his precarious position, this attempt to dislodge him, but was suddenly struck full on the face. The unexpectedness of the blow, more than his actual force, caused him to relax his grip of the door handle. He fell headlong on to the road.

As he fell, what seemed almost ludicrously to impress itself on his mind was the sight of the clawing hand with its length of white arm up which the loose shirt cuff and jack sleeve had slipped. He saw no face; the occupant of the limousine must have had his wits about him to the extent of gucking as he thrust and struck.

But the mental vision vanished as his head hit the street. Fortunately he had pitched first on his shoulder in a falling fall, and the impact of his head on the roadway was not sufficiently severe to make him entirely lose consciousness. It was, however, enough to daze him. Picking himself up, he gazed after the rapidly retreating car. The night was too dark for him to distinguish its make or to read its number plate.

Robin Foster was a fairly level-headed young man, not easily disconcerted, and with more of the quality of action than is generally accredited to an artist, which calling he followed. But he realized he had stumbled upon some crime of unusual character, and at once hastened to the saloon car, still drawn up in the door, felt for and found the light switch, and flicked on the current.

Under the soft interior glow he saw the sagging figure of an elderly man in evening clothes; saw

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with a shudder, the blood that from a wound in his temple trickled down his cheek and on to his coat. Beside him, on her knees, was a girl. Her head had fallen on to the seat—apparently she had fainted.

"Good heavens!" Robin exclaimed in astonishment and horror.

He bent forward and shook the girl gently. She made no response. He repeated his effort to rouse her. She stirred and raised her head slightly, but almost at once it drooped wearily forward on the seat again. Although he loathed the necessity, he opened the man's clothes and placed his hand over the heart—could feel nothing. The man was dead. He jumped back out of the car and looked around. There was no one in sight. As he again turned his attention to the car, he suddenly stopped at the sight of a small automatic pistol lying on the floor. He stooped down and gingerly picked it up, holding it by the silencer with which it was fitted.

"Fingerprints," came his unspoken thought, followed by the whimsical reflection, "I have learned something from the fillums." He whipped from his pocket a hankerchief and wound it cautiously round the pistol. "Production No. 1," he murmured and stowed it away carefully.

Bending inside the car again, he saw the girl had returned to her consciousness. Her eyelids flickered; opened wide. Uncomprehendingly for a moment or two, she met his solicitous gaze, then an expression of terror crossed her face.

"Father!" she cried, and with an effort rose, sinking back on to the seat. She glanced briefly at the motionless figure beside her and, sobbing, turned her head away.

"Your father," said Robin, "I'm sorry, I'm afraid—"

He left his fear unexpressed. Even in face of this tragedy he could not withhold from his feelings admiration of her unusual beauty. His artist's eye was fascinated by her strong but exquisitely proportioned features. Her eyes were large and lustrous, set under slightly heavy but perfectly formed eyebrows. Her hair was a rich deep auburn, and she was blessed with the exquisite creamy complexion which is so often the glowing complement of hair of that alluring colour.

As he gazed at Robin in puzzled wonderment, the shadow of a new fear entered her eyes. Hastily he proceeded to reassure her as to his identity.

"My name's Foster—Robin Foster. I was passing along and I heard you scream," he explained. "I saw the other car move away. I chased after it and tried to get them to stop, but—well, as a matter of fact I only got a clip on the chin—stung and was spun into the road for my pains."

To be continued

### Community Nursing Registry

of

CHARLOTTETOWN

188 Prince Street—Phone 2810

24 HOUR SERVICE



Mrs. Elynor Cunningham (seated), Secretary Registrar and Miss Mary Hooper, Stenographer.

The Community Nursing Registry now opened at the Health Centre is a non-profit public service conducted by Private Duty Nurses of Charlottetown with financial assistance of the Provincial Government.

The chief aim of the Registry is to provide adequate qualified nursing service to the community at all times.

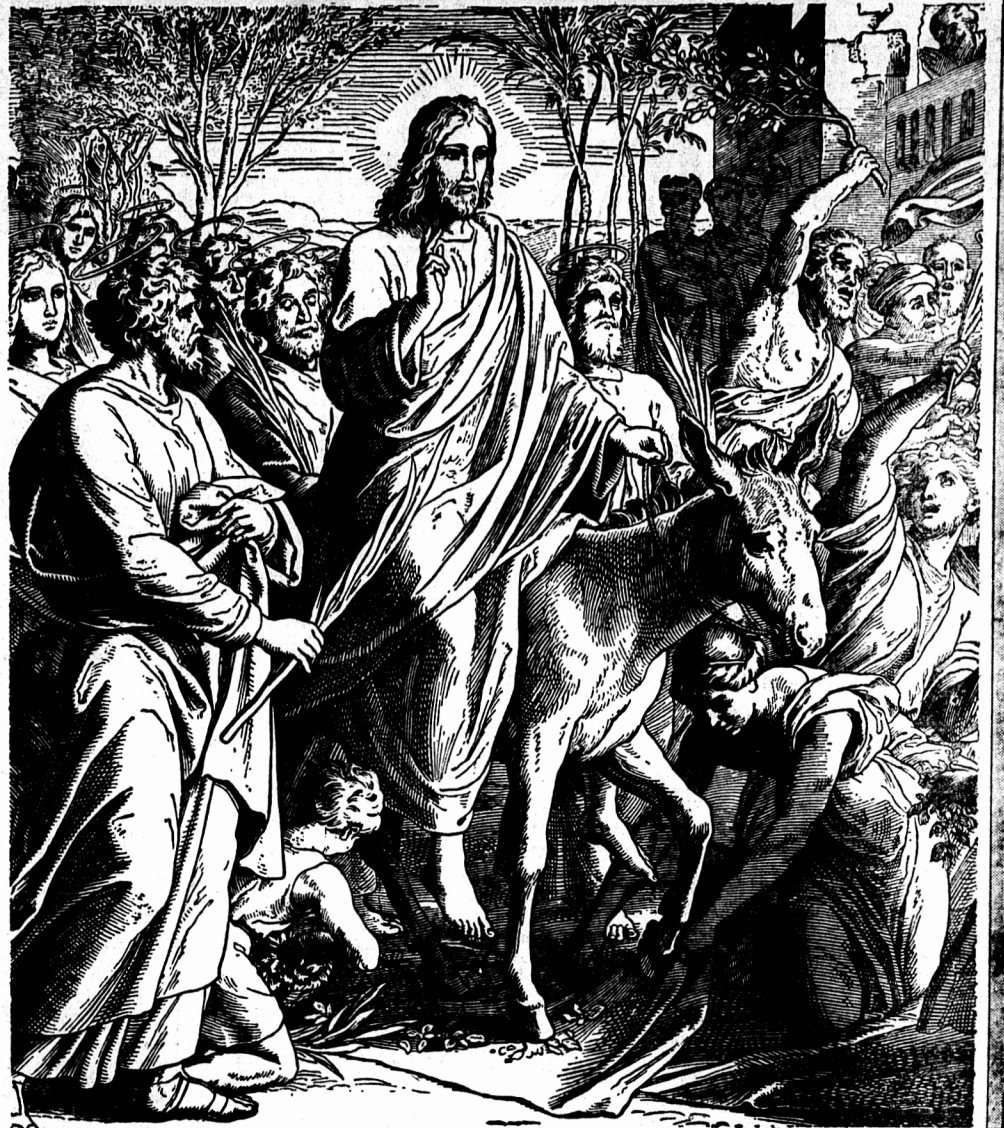
It is governed by a Board of Directors, the personnel of which is drawn from all branches of nursing service, medical profession and laymen. All membership is voluntary and all applicants fully investigated.

Nursing assistants who answer to qualifications of the Board are being accepted as members.

The 24 hour telephone service is maintained by Registered Nurses. The Hospitals which previously maintained lists of available nurses now obtain same from the Registry. The co-operation of the public is invited.

# THE EASTER STORY

BY GREAT ARTISTS



### TODAY, NO. 2: CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

When Jesus and the three favorite disciples who witnessed the Transfiguration came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, "Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen from the dead." The last remaining days on earth began with His making a lunatic child sane. As the days passed, He continued his healing. He healed two blind men, a dumb possessed man, a man with dropsy, ten lepers; He raised dead Lazarus to life. He instructed his disciples, charging them to be humble and harmless. His words went far and farther. He was attended by multitudes. As more and more discovered Him, His enemies were roused against Him anew. The scribes or official teachers of the old laws, and the Pharisees, who were both a religious and a political party, conspired against His life because His teachings conflicted with theirs, with the nationalistic feelings they cultivated, and threatened their hold upon the people. With the approach of the Passover, custom brought large numbers out of the country to Jerusalem, to purify themselves. Many of the pilgrims talked of Him in the temple, and asked, "Would He come to the feast?" And now Jesus said, "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." His entry into Jerusalem is pictured here by the 19th century German artist, Julius Schnorr, who was Court painter at Munich when the painting was completed. It was engraved by Carl Zschechel. St. Mark 11:1-11 relates:

And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the mount of Olives, he sendeth forth two of his disciples,

And saith unto them, Go your way into the village over against you: and as soon as ye be entered into it, ye shall find a colt tied, whereon never man sat; loose him, and bring him.

And if any man say unto you, Why do ye this? say ye that the Lord hath need of him; and straightway he will send him hither.

And they went their way, and found the colt tied by the door without in a place where two ways met; and they loose him.

And certain of them that stood there said unto them, What do ye, loosing the colt?

And they said unto them even as Jesus had commanded:

and they let them go. And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him.

And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way.

And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord:

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.

And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the eventide was come, he went out unto Bethany with the twelve.

(Tomorrow: THE LAST SUPPER)

### Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2  
his own making. "He's come to the end of his tether!" James will comment of such a one, come at last to judgement, and sigh over this unfortunate stray, and add "poor misguided fellow!"

But James is at Alderlea, where by now the children are in bed, prayers over as are those of the lads here, every care, and tear and difference forgotten and the night left in Heaven's keeping. So too shall we come to our rest presently, and while our bed-time prayer may not be the "Now I lay me" of the small ones, hallowed as are the words by the lips of

this and past generations of youngsters, we would pray  
"For strength to live, unselfishness to love,  
For courage on the battlefield of life;  
For eyes that smile and gaze on one above,  
Yet do not pass those wounded in the strife.  
For honour to stay watchful at my post,  
Nor quit it till at last I'm called away;  
For loyalty to all the fighting host  
And to my Great Commander—  
Lord, I pray."

Until Monday — Diary—Good night...

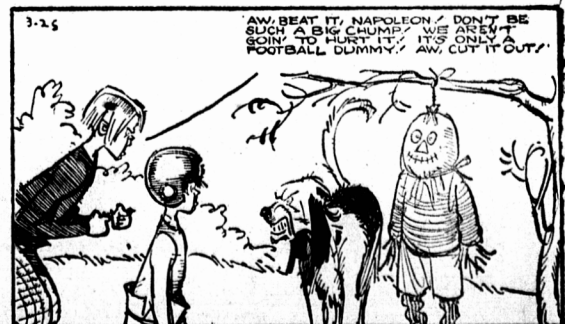
### Gorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2  
not do it because I tried that once, and it made me mortal enemies. "I was going to Europe and lent a friend who had no furniture all of my old mahogany and my Oriental rugs. She used them for three years, and when I came home and took back my things instead of appreciating what I had done for her she reproached me with having stripped her house and left it bare, and to this day she feels that I have robbed and defrauded her, and she has never forgiven me for it."

### PARASITE GUESTS

It is the same way about taking anybody into your house. If you live in the South, you can't ask poor old Aunt Sally, who has a weak throat, to come and spend the winter with you in a mild climate. She won't thank you for giving her a nice winter and go north with the birds in the spring. She is camped in your spare bedroom for the balance of her life.  
If you live in a city you dare not ask your country cousins to come and make you a little visit at a certain specified time because if once they get their feet in the door you will do nothing thereafter but run a free hotel. For they will descend on you bag and baggage every time they want to have their arseholes out or go shopping or see a new play or have a little change that won't cost them anything. And, having once established the precedent of taking care of your family, you are sold into slavery for the balance of your days. When Father dies and the support of the family falls on the oldest son or daughter, do the younger children say: "We must hurry up and study hard and fit ourselves to become self-sustaining so that we can take the burden off poor, generous Sam or patient Susan?"  
No. They idle and loaf, and demand to be sent to college and to have fine clothes, and they let the poor old work horses toil on, and they feel themselves terribly ill-used because Sam and Susan don't make more money.  
Why, I know one man who supported a pack of relatives for twenty years, and when he finally told them that they would have to look out for themselves because he was going to get married, they were perfectly outraged!  
Virtue its own reward! More often it's its own penalty!

### NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride



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