

THE EASTER STORY



TODAY, NO. 4: THE BETRAYAL

Jesus, on His way to Jerusalem for what was to be the last time, told the disciples, "The Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes." Then at the paschal feast that became the Last Supper, He said, "The hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table." And now this prophecy was fulfilled, as related below in St. Mark 14:32-50. Matthew Merian, who pictures today's chapter of our story, was a Swiss (1893-1950) who studied and worked as an engraver in Germany a generation after Albrecht Durer, with whose work his own often is compared. He devoted five years to engraving some 200 scenes from the Bible; this is one of the series.

And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy. And saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldest not thou watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. And again he went away, and prayed, and spake the same words. And when he returned, he found them asleep again, (for their eyes were heavy,) neither wist they what to answer him. And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them,

Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand. And immediately, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders. And he that betrayed him had given them a token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; take him, and lead him away safely. And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, master; and kissed him. And they laid their hands on him, and took him. And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not: but the scriptures must be fulfilled. And they all forsook him, and fled. (Tomorrow: THE TRIAL)

Murder Could Not Kill

By Gregory Baxter

"Drink this, my dear," he said. It will brace you up." He walked over to the window and, with astonishing strength ripped a heavy velvet curtain from its fastenings, and laid it over the motionless figure on the couch. Then, almost with a challenge in his stare, as though he had been meditating the action, he suddenly confronted Robin Foster.

"Now, Mr.—?" "Foster is my name—Robin Foster." "The name is somehow familiar. I have heard of you, I think, or seen your name somewhere. Please tell me what happened." "If I may suggest—yet it perhaps get the hang of it better if Miss Dexter told her story first." Lessing turned to Laurette Dexter, who had seated herself with her back to the couch. "My dear, do you feel—Are you able—?" She nodded and smiled wanly. "Oh, quite. I feel much stronger, thanks. I realize what we must face." She told him quickly what had happened.

Lessing's brows were furrowed in solemn wonderment. "You say you did not see the face of either of the men?" he asked Robin. "No, impossible. I wasn't given time for that." "What about you, Laurette?" Lessing proceeded. "Did you see anything at all that might in any way enable you to identify the car or the man again?"

"I got a glimpse of him only for a moment as he came into the car. His scarf and hat kept me from seeing anything of his face." "I collared one valuable clue," Robin observed, taking from his pocket the handkerchief enclosing the pistol he had picked up. He laid it gently down on the table beside which Lessing stood and disclosed the handkerchief's content. "Better leave it so till the police come along. Likely to be fingerprints on it, you know." "Yes, exactly. It should be very useful. Where did you find it?" "On the floor inside Mr. Dexter's car. Obviously it was dropped by the man who shot him. Before Lessing could reply, the front door bell shrilled loudly. "Scotland Yard," he observed quickly.

INSTALLMENT

Four men were ushered into the room—a detective-inspector, a detective-sergeant, a casualty surgeon, and the uniformed policeman from the beat. The surgeon went straight to the body: His voice mercifully soon dispelled the hideous silence that fell on the room.

"Death must have been instantaneous, he said in matter-of-fact tones. "The bullet is still there. Fired from a short distance—a few feet, I should say," he added quietly, addressing the inspector. Detective-Inspector West nodded, and while the surgeon returned to his examination, settled down to his own investigations. He first addressed the constable:

"Tell Purkiss—that's our driver—he can go. We shan't require him. Tell him to send along an ambulance van. We can get back in it ourselves. The other car's there, in any case. You yourself need not come back. Just carry on your round."

"Now, I'd like the full story, please," the inspector said, looking in turn at Lessing, Robin and Laurette.

As their statements ended, remarked: "Well, that seems to tally"; then stretched his tall figure importantly.

"Now, Mr. Foster, please," he said, "I'm going first to ask you some questions. We're taking a note of your replies, remember, so you aren't forced to answer those you don't want to. You say you picked up this automatic pistol on the rug inside Mr. Dexter's car? Your statement is that you thought it might be useful for fingerprints?"

"Yes. As I have told you, I picked it up by the silencer on the muzzle and put it very carefully in my handkerchief without touching the butt or any part of it."

"I see. Strange, isn't it, that the murderer dropped his weapon? And inside the car. You'd have thought he'd be more careful."

"You would; but I can't help that. Isn't it a piece of luck though that he wasn't?" "H'm. That remains to be seen. Almost as if he dropped it on purpose—laid it there—unless he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing. I notice you carry gloves in your overcoat pocket, Mr. Foster?"

"The inspector proceeded abruptly. Robin looked at him in some astonishment, then down at the fingertips of his gloves protruding from the side pocket of his coat, thereafter redirecting his frank gaze enquiringly at the inspector. He said nothing, but glanced at Laurette sitting so pathetically alone.

"This man who, you say, hit you when you jumped on the running board of his car—did he wear gloves?" "I didn't notice. It was pretty dark you know, but I don't think he did. If he did, they must have been more or less flesh-coloured. But I simply cannot say anything definite about his hands."

"I see. Yet you will realize that if the man who held the pistol wore gloves there isn't likely to be any fingerprints?" "No, I can't say I had thought of that. It's quite clear though, it would be so." He flushed as he realized the implication, but looked the C. I. D. man square in the face. "Of course, you wouldn't mind us taking an impression of your fingerprints, Mr. Foster, merely as a matter of form?"

Robin coloured a deeper shade of red. To be continued

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OFFERS STRIKE SETTLEMENT

DETROIT, March 24 —(AP)—Chrysler Corporation today offered to set up a \$30,000,000 trust fund to back its promise to pay \$100 a month pensions to its 80,000 striking employees. The offer came as the strike, which has made idle 140,000 workers altogether, was in its 59th day. There was no immediate com-

KIN TO SHARKS

The dogfish, of Canada's Pacific coast, is a member of the shark family, and is sometimes referred to as a rayfish. ment from the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O.). The main issue in the long strike has been the method of providing pensions.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our darling baby James Albert, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James Creed, Albion, who passed away on March 28th, 1948. March comes with deep regret A month we never will forget With tears in our eyes and a broken heart God took our darling home to Heaven. Sadly Missed by Mother and Father, Brothers and Sisters.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my son-in-law George Havelock Drake, who passed away March 27th, 1948. Loving and kind in all his ways Upright and just to the end of his days Sincere and kind in heart and mind What a beautiful memory he left behind. Always Remembered by Mother-in-Law, Mrs. H. Lodge Elrt.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my husband George Havelock Drake, who passed away March 27th, 1948, at the Vets Wing of the P. E. Island Hospital. Away in the beautiful hills of God In the valley of rest so fair Some day, some time, we know not when We shall meet our loved ones there. Always Remembered by His Wife, Vivian.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our mother, MRS. JOHN TIMMINGS of Mount Stewart who passed away March 28th, 1949. Today recalls and remembers Of a dear Mother gone to rest, And the ones who think of her today, Are the ones who loved her best. Lovingly Remembered by Her Family.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Angus MacEachern and Family, Rocky Point, wish to thank all who sent flowers, cards, letters, and telegrams of sympathy; also all the kind neighbours and friends who remembered us in every way during our sudden sad bereavement.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our Grandmother, Mrs. Howard Balderston who departed this life March 28th, 1948. Today is a day of remembrance With many sad regrets, A day we will always remember While the rest of the world forgets. Always Remembered by Grandchildren.

IN MEMORIAM

In sad and loving memory of Mrs. Howard Balderston who passed away March 28th, 1948. There is still an ache in our hearts today That countless years won't take away A place in our hearts that nothing can fill, We miss you darling and always will. Lovingly Remembered by Husband and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear son George Havelock Drake, who passed away March 27th, 1948. Sleep on dear son and take your rest Lay down thy head on thy Saviour's breast Today recalls and remembers Of a dear Mother gone to rest, We do not need a special day To bring you to our minds For the days we do not think of you Are very hard to find. Sadly Missed by Mum and Dad. To be continued

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