

Prince Edward Island Scale of Amusement Tax

Approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council on the 12th day of April, 1949, under authority of "The Amusement Tax Act."

To Take Effect On April 18, 1949

Table with 2 columns: Amusement category and Tax amount. Includes categories like 'On a net price of admission of 12 cents or under', 'On a net price of admission from 13 cents to 16 cents', etc.

EXEMPTIONS

No Amusement Tax shall be payable with respect to the admission of children before five o'clock in the afternoon to theatre performances on any Saturday or statutory holiday, if the admission fee does not exceed 16 cents.

W. E. MASSEY Deputy Provincial Treasurer

DON'T just buy CHICKS — buy PRODUCTION

Other things being equal, price usually represents value. It is not the price of the chick that will make or lose money for the poultryman but the production of the flock.

OTHER & MANNING ELLS LIMITED Port Williams, Nova Scotia.

NEWSY NOTES

By Agricola

The Cuckoo Family

"The Cuckoos," says R. T. Peterson in his Field Guide to the Birds, "are slim, long-tailed, sinuous-looking birds, a little longer than the Robin, dull olive-brown above and whitish below."

being an expert, I made them a little too hot-tasting. If all goes well I hope to try again!

Ancient Roads in Britain

I have always been interested in Roman Britain, and spent my holidays as a young man, in exploring such relics of that enterprising people as still exist.

The Romans, an exact and practical people, built roads, some of which had survived centuries of neglect and ill-usage, and were still carrying traffic up to 60 years ago.

In England the cuckoo is the harbinger of spring; its mellow call coo-coo, the second syllable a musical third below the first, had claimed the attention of poets throughout the centuries.

Was the Roman Wall one or two short miles wide and paved with large stone slabs, but in general the Roman roads traversing the country were constructed according to the directions laid down by Vitruvius.

"Summer is I-cumen in, Lhude sing cucu, Groweth seed and bloweth mead And springeth the wode nu. Sing, cucu."

This old song was written by a monk of the Abbey about the middle of the 13th century.

He had gone to the cabin, knocked, opened the door — had it slammed in his face by a man.

Secrets Of A Fingerprint Sleuth

By Chief Inspector Sydney E. Birch, late of Scotland Yard.

MURDER WITHOUT A BODY — BUT THE KILLER IN CABIN 126 HAD LEFT HIS MARK

Passengers on the luxury liner Durban Castle had begun to exchange uneasy glances. The ship's loudspeaker was blaring — urgent — interrupting quites, quiet deck strolls in sun-goggles until the cars opened.

"Will the occupant of Cabin 126 on First-class 'B' Deck report immediately to any ship's officer, please... will Miss Eileen Gibson report to any ship's officer..."

Then the tropic ocean at Lat. 12 deg. 24' N. Lon. 4 deg. 24' N. shivered like white lace upon warm blue brocade as the Durban Castle swung ponderously back into her wake — 170 miles from the African west coast.

Occupant, Eileen "Gay" Gibson, who had been appearing in the Johannesburg production of "Golden Boy" with Eric Boon, was missing. So were her black silk pyjamas and yellow, flowered satin dressing-gown.

Puzzled and perturbed, the stewardess made the mistake of tidying the cabin slightly before her fears swamped her sense of duty and she rushed out with an ominous tale.

Through The Porthole

Ship's captain Arthur Patey made fruitless search for Gay Gibson. Then he radioed her owners, the Union Castle Line, who called up the Southampton police.

Soon the reply came across half the world: sea, padlock the cabin, distant notices, await Southampt. C.I.D. officers boarding you at Cowes Roads."

Gay Gibson's body had apparently been thrust through the cabin porthole into shark-infested tropic waters, three times as far from land as any human has successfully swum, while the ship was doing 18 knots.

So, from the broadcasting towers of the International Criminal Police Commission in Paris — linked with our own radio transmitters in the castles of Scotland Yard — orders to all shipping: "Alert for signs of body of Gay Gibson!"

Sleuths Combed Tropic Beaches Among officers of the day watch aboard hundreds of vessels, that patch of ocean 170 miles west of the African coast became "Position X."

Down the sun-baked coast-lines of Liberia, Sierra Leone, Senegal, native policeman searched every beach and inlet, from desert shore to mangrove swamp.

But of lovely Gay Gibson, whose young life had been all triumphs and champagne-bubbles, there was no trace.

By meeting the liner on a specially chartered tug at Cowes Roads, Detective Sergeant Quinlan gained hours of investigating time before the ship docked.

He searched Miss Gibson's cabin, questioned crew and passengers, then brought his problem to the Fingerprint Department of the Yard.

So it was that the murder of Gay Gibson began for me on the morning of October 26, while wintry winds shredded leaves from the Thames Embankment trees below my office windows in the towers of Scotland Yard.

Perusing photographs, Quinlan and I discussed this modern, passionate example of murder on the high seas — as it later proved to be — that was to become one of the strangest dramas in my case-book.

It moved in stark reverse to all customary murder hunts, where one begins with a body, ends by seeking the killer. Here we had no tangible victim — no corpus delicti.

In all British legal history there have been few murders prosecutions without a body.

However, as the killing occurred on the high seas we were not in strict law required to produce a body. This law went back to Caribbean, pirate days of cutlass and walk-the-plank — but it was good enough to avenge the death of Gay Gibson.

There were no human witnesses to tell what had happened in that little cabin. C.I.D. men painstakingly took it to pieces, brought cabin door, bed, luggage, and belongings of the dead girl ashore.

No human witnesses — but there were dumb, silent ones! Smudges, where hasty hands had fiddled. What could they tell in our rooftop laboratories of the Yard's Fingerprint Department?

Enter... a Gay Lothario Under microscope and technical powder, enlargement and scrutiny, the clues began to appear and grew into a damning tale. And

Can I help you?



Many people ask many questions every day about how the Bank can help them. How do you open a Savings Account? What's the correct way to fill out a deposit slip? How do you send money abroad? What's a Travellers Cheque? Who do you see about renting a Safety Deposit Box?

Like this lad, you too will find the accountant at your local branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia ready and willing to answer your particular questions. Trained to help you with all your banking requirements, the accountant is always available to make your business dealings at this Bank pleasant and efficient.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

T. F. Mitchell, Manager, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

the first person Sergeant Quinlan wanted to talk to was James Camb, a deck steward on the Durban Castle. Significantly he was nicknamed "Valentino" by the crew.

This 30-year-old married man was a Lothario of the cruise routes, who had scorned to become a ship's officer, preferred to remain a deck steward where he could tuck rugs around the ankles of lonely lady passengers.

Night-watchman Steer believed it was the face of Camb that he had glimpsed in Cabin 126 before its door slammed shut against his inquiries.

Questioned by ship's officers the day after Gay Gibson disappeared, Camb, who had scratches on wrists and neck, made several statements. These contradicted each other under Quinlan's more extended interrogation.

Quinlan and I gazed for some time at the enlarged photographs of Camb's handprint left on the inside of the cabin door. It was a dim outline of the flat of the right hand — but crisp and very clear was the V-shaped pressure of the hollow of his right-hand palm, just above the wrist.

The Slam That Spelled Guilt

Under normal pressure that should have been the least distinct part of the print.

You may try to open or shut a door in any way you choose... there is only one method which will force the bottom of the palm of your hand fully imprinted upon it — by slamming the door violently from the inside as it is being opened inward to the room.

That was the supporting testimony to Mr. Steer's story that was the guilty act that left Camb's mark.

His story would now have to be that he was in the cabin, guiltily refusing admission to an inquiring night-watchman as to why both bells were being rung. A passenger may ring for a steward or a stewardess at 3 a.m., but seldom requires both at once!



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If you've got an early morning grouch in your house, just give him a steaming full-flavored cup of this heavenly new coffee. It's angel-making. It's the wonderful new Chase & Sanborn.

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The NEW Chase & Sanborn

So Camb made it his defence that he had been a welcomed visitor to Miss Gibson's cabin, that she died of natural causes in a convulsion that unerved him, and that he thrust her through the porthole in the hope it would appear like suicide.

Camb had explained that the significant scratches on his neck and wrists were the result of dhoti itch at shirt cuff and collar — a tropical spore that irritates skin, and is picked up from clothing touched by infected native laundresses.

Doctors found no sign of itch, but Gay Gibson's mother and friends confirmed she trimmed her nails into points.

We knew it would not be an easy case for Mr. G. D. Roberts, K.C., leader of the three Crown counsel, to present for there were many mysterious aspects.

Counsel Battle for Four Days

Gay Gibson, for instance, had told her friends in South Africa that she was leaving the production to take a job with the Gate Theatre in London.

The only Gate Theatre in London had been a charred heap of bomb ruins for four years before she set sail.

She gave as her address to the immigration authorities an occupied house whose residents had never previously heard of her.

Despite these points the issue was fairly clear: had Camb caused her death or had he not? I took my portfolio to Winchester Assizes on March 19 when the case came up.

The Law Courts had been bomb-damaged, and the trial was held in the Great Hall of Winchester Castle, under a ceiling of tarpaulin that sagged and ripped in the March gusts, and gave glimpses of scurrying grey clouds.

Walls and partitions were of thin plywood. The prisoner stood in a dock that he could have kicked to pieces effortlessly.

It might have been an Elstree set — particularly as the court was littered with gigantic exhibits. It seems as if the cabin had been reconstructed under the jury's eyes.

There was the door, of gleaming mahogany. A plan as big as a shop-window, showed the cabins and corridors of the Durban Castle. The faithful porthole had been exactly copied. The replica stood in the exact in a wooden wall, at the exact height from the ground of the one in Gay Gibson's cabin.

After a four-day battle between counsel for the Crown and Mr. J. D. Cassell, K.C., and a summing up by the judge of two hours 27 minutes, the jury took only 45 minutes to find Camb guilty.

Young, Talented, Beautiful He stood up, smart and unemotional, with broad shoulders and well-cut blue suit, to hear the verdict. I should think he knew then that he would be likely to

die, in view of the controversy about the no-hanging clause in the Criminal Justice Bill. Five weeks later he was relieved after his appeal had been dismissed.

There was a lot of mud thrown at Gay Gibson during the trial. Her mother left the court almost in tears. I sympathized with her.

Without any advantage from theatrical family or friends, Gay had fought her way up to become the leading theatrical star of Johannesburg, after a brief career that included hundreds of miles touring war zones with E.M.S.A.

She was young, talented, and beautiful. Whatever trouble she had so mysteriously home to England, it had nothing to do with Camb.

When he entered her cabin stealthily early that morning she rang both cabin bells and fought and scratched him. When Camb left, the cabin was quiet, the porthole open.

"Somewhere in the world somehow, surely, there is a place where a woman can find peace."

NEXT WEEK: How "Miss X" helped us to foil a dramatic spy plot in London.

BAKEWELL, Derbyshire, England — (CP) — Eight months after the inquest on a drowned man the "dead man" returned to his home town of Carlisle, Cumberland. The identity of the drowned man may now never be known.

TIME TABLE CHANGES Effective Sunday, April 24, 1949 Full information from agents CANADIAN NATIONAL

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30-YEAR SENTENCE

OLDENBURG, Germany, April 13 (Reuters) — Erich Voss, former director of the Oldenburg prison, today was sentenced by a British court to 30 years imprisonment for crimes against humanity. Voss was found guilty of shooting a young

Russian civil worker in the prison in April, 1945.

EASTBOURNE, England — (CP) — A penknife lost by Chief Constable Norman Frost turned up as "Lot No. 270" at the police unclaimed lost-property sale. He bought it back for 8s 6d. (\$1.70).

Nature Notes

A good neighbor recently brought me the first of a small fish, which presented some peculiarities. At first it appeared like part of a very small swordfish, but whereas that fish has the upper jaw prolonged into the "sword," this specimen had both jaws prolonged into a kind of bill about 1.75 inches long.

Since the jaws are only about one-tenth of an inch and taper to a point, they resemble a bigish needle. The fish is therefore known as a Billfish, or Needlefish; scientifically Scymobrochus saurus.

The head is conical and the eyes large, almost one-quarter-inch in diameter. The fish may range up to 18 inches in length, though I think the specimen was possibly half that length. My friend, who is of an enquiring turn of mind, had half of the fish cooked, and pronounced it superior to mackerel. It was taken in the western area of Rustico Bay, but a fisherman from those parts could not recollect seeing a Billfish previously.

Dr. Needler reported a 15-inch Needlefish caught in Bideford River, Oct. 16, 1931. They have some of the habits of tropical fish and are possibly irregular visitors from Southern waters.

Two questions arise. (1) How does the Billfish get its food, with such an inconvenient implement? Like the woodcock, by grubbing in the mud? (2) Are the northern waters warmer than usual this year?

I have seen no snowbirds this winter, and should like to have reports from other sections of the Island. There have been flocks of Pine Siskins, and a Titlarke, dull-colored small birds which by their activities enliven the winter woods. These were present in hundreds, and so were the Redpolls which often hunted the garden.

Pickled Walnuts were held in high estimation in England in the old days, and the price was high too! The young nuts were pickled before their shells formed, and were soaked in salt and water till they turned black, when the actual pickling took place. (The story runs that when the Gypsies wished to hide the identity of a stolen child, they rendered it swarthy by staining its features with walnut juice.) The Black Walnuts and their cousins the Butternuts, turn black in like manner. I pickled some Butternuts last fall, but not

TEN OCTOGENARIANS STAGE ANNUAL MEET

EDENBURGH, April 15 — (CP) — Ten ministers, all more than 80 years old have their invitations and will be at Tom McAndrew's annual dinner in June, as they have been every year since 1883.

For 56 years, Rev. Thomas Watt McAndrew, minister of the parish of Castenichal, Lanarkshire, has arranged an annual dinner for his classmates about 80 young ministers attended the first dinner, but the memory of the 50 who have died is bright in the thoughts of the 10 who remain.

McAndrew himself, at 84, is in charge of his parish still, his energy undiminished. He wanted to retire 30 years ago but his parishioners could not permit it.

He still drives his car, a sports model. When his gasoline runs out — it can happen often enough under rationing — he walks the six miles to Lanark in 1 1/2 hours.

GERMAN COAL PRODUCTION

ESSEN, April 15 — (Reuters) — German coal production in March reached the highest monthly total since the war — 4,180,000 tons compared with 7,187,000 tons in February.

QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS



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