

Attention to Farmers Near Charlottetown

Apparently some of my customers, as well as some of my competitors, have misinterpreted my circular letter published last December, which reads as follows:

To the Farmers near Charlottetown:

Your splendid patronage this fall, in my judgment, warrants more up to date warehouse facilities.

My aim is to buy practically all my requirements from the farmers near Charlottetown, rather than telephone all over the Province. This means better facilities at Charlottetown to look after my customers, and it gives me great pleasure to announce that I have plans now in the hands of contractors for a new modern potato and turnip warehouse to be equipped with the latest electric grading devices for both potatoes and turnips.

In the spring I plan to put on a couple more trucks, whereupon we will buy your potatoes and turnips for cash in your yard, and sell you fertilizer delivered on your farm.

These improved facilities have only been made possible by your very heavy co-operation of which I am extremely grateful.

We expect to get started on the warehouse the latter part of this month, and have it in readiness for the spring movement. The Modern Electrical Grading Device referred to will be supplied, and will be for the use of my customers, as well as other dealers' customers, providing they wish to pay me a nominal fee for the use of same.

My idea is that there is a sufficient movement of produce near Charlottetown, by the numerous farmers, to warrant an up-to-date Electric Graders.

Regarding fertilizers. My price will be the same at Charlottetown as other dealers, and the Island Fertilizer Co., Ltd. but if you want your fertilizer delivered on the farm I will charge you fifty cents per ton truckage, and deliver it with my own truck. For illustration, Superphosphate, 16%, is advertised in to-day's paper at \$17.00, that is the carlot price delivered at, say for illustration, Mount Stewart, that Superphosphate, 16%, will cost the farmer \$16.50 if he hauls it from Charlottetown, or \$17.00 delivered by my truck.

I respectfully solicit a share of your fertilizer business, and should have your orders filed at the office within the next three weeks, to enable me to order my total requirements. My terms will be as near as possible cash.

Remember last fall that neither dealer or farmer was permitted to recondition potatoes or turnips in the Export Shed at Charlottetown, and whether or not you are a customer of mine, I will be in a position to allow you to recondition any load that might be rejected. Kindly give me a share of your fertilizer business to warrant this considerable expense that I am undertaking.

(Signed) FRANK B. CLARKE

Produce & Insurance, Prince Street Wharf, Charlottetown.

SEALED TENDERS

will be received by Kinkora Dairy Association for hauling milk to factory and delivering milk to patrons on routes same as 1936 up to March 15th at 7 P. M.

J. W. FARMER, Secretary.

L-286-3-8-10-12.

TENDER

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until March 18th for the Orwell Butter Factory at Orwell Cove, on plant and all equipment. Everything in good condition. Open for inspection.

REGINALD MacLEAN, Secretary

L-318-3-9-12-15

FARM FOR SALE

AT ALBANY

McGregor Farm 100 acres, practically all clear in extra state cultivation.

Good house, new barn. Mile or so from Albany Station and paved highway. Near school and churches.

W. E. MONAGHAN, Albany, P. E. I.

L-437-3-12-17-19-24-26.

Attention Farmers

Will be buying turnips daily at Charlottetown for the next two or three weeks, bulk or bag. Consult us on fertilizers and lime.

FRANK B. CLARKE Produce and Insurance Prince Street Wharf

Professional Cards

EGAN & CO. Chartered Accountants

140 Richmond Street Phone 47. P. O. Box 12.

McLeod & Bentley

W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN

M. ALBAN FARMER

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN Bank of Canada Bldg. Charlottetown

Alex. W. Matheson

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR ETC. Money to Loan Collections Office: 90 Great George Street.

THE SILVER ASSASSIN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

(Continued) CHAPTER VIII

It seemed that the full moon, casting his silver radiance over the fretted spires, surging arches and Gothic buildings of Oxford, had also affected queerly the inhabitants of that city.

Prowling the streets, gazing with sardonic gargoles, Peter Allister had drifted from one alleyway to another. He had stumbled over young lovers pressed against the crumbling walls, heard strange whispers from ill-lit doorways, and at one point came across a vision that appeared to be a gargoyle, dropped from a buttress, and alive. It was a lean hungry cat whose head had delved into a discarded can of salmon and had become jammed. Blindly helplessly, the cat scurried across the moonlight road, the cat looking like a huge snout-like gargoyle.

From lighted windows he had heard the chatter and laughter of students. Somewhere a piano tinkled jazz behind a medieval facade. An old man with grey beard, a huge quarto folio beneath his arm, sneaked into a grinning doorway like Cagliostro himself. And in another street, apparently not to the pavement, a hunchback stood and stared at the moon.

A medieval city in moonlight. As he plunged into still darker streets where the twisted branches of old trees fretted the pavements with writhing shadows, a dog bayed and howled like a lost soul. Peter shivered at the sound, but continued his restless padding of the streets.

Eventually, he emerged into the street with the long, dead wall that flanked Magdalen College. He realized, with a shiver, that his feet were leading him inevitably towards that Frankenstein laboratory of Professor Edward Carr. For a moment he hesitated. Then he plunged through a doorway and made his way across a quadrangle to where lights blazed from the windows of those rooms where he had first heard the uncanny moon music.

But on the cold stone landing he was confronted by a man, a powerful man whom he recognized as Professor Edward Carr's personal servant. His name was Jukes, and Peter recalled the fixed surlly grin on the man's face.

"Is it the professor you're wanting?" confronted Jukes. Peter nodded. "He can't be seen to-night, by no means," went on the servant, "but you can work on some special astronomy observations all through the night. I've just taken him his supper, and he asked me to lock the door, take away the key and see that he's not disturbed until the morning."

And still grinning, Jukes he'd up the rusty iron key. "Working all night... astronomy muttered Peter. "That's what the professor said," agreed Jukes. He was "addled across the staircase still holding that iron key."

"Then the professor had suffered no ill effect from his—accident earlier on this evening?" asked Peter conventionally. Jukes shook his head. "Not that I can see," he replied. "Thank you, Good night."

"Good night." Once again Peter crossed the quadrangle. Before leaving he gave a last glance over his shoulder. The rooms of Professor Edward Carr still blazed with light. He could visualize that white-coated figure, bending over instrument, the grey hair ruffled, the powerful hands firm and controlled. The scientist at work.

Emerging into the side street again he saw that it was deserted except for a familiar figure lounging near an old-fashioned lamp clamped to the wall. He went towards it. The figure did not move, but a quite voice spoke. "You're a restless soul to-night, young man."

It was Detective-Inspector Graves, bowler-hatted, and buttoned up for duty. "I suppose I am, inspector, said Peter. It's that damned moon. Have you got a cigarette?"

The Scotland Yard man obliged. As the match flared, the hollow cheeks and hungry face was shown in sharp relief. "Been visiting?" asked Graves, casually. Peter shrugged his shoulders. "I thought I would call on the professor, and see how he was. And you saw him?"

"No, his servant tells me he's all right, and he's settled down to a night's scientific work. Insisted on being locked in his own rooms." "An extraordinary man, the professor," commented Graves. And a lucky one. "Lucky?"

One of the few astronomers who has escaped the moon murderer. A baffling case, young man. First poison is used, then a dagger, and finally a pistol. Whoever the assassin may be, he believes in varying his methods."

You're forgetting the infernal bomb that was used at Jena," said Peter. "I'm not forgetting the Jena affair, retorted the detective. It insists upon being remembered. It is the piece of the puzzle that won't fit. Ah, then your jigsaw is nearly complete?"

the face of the Scotland Yard man. We are all in danger until the full moon is over, he replied, cryptically. Good night, Allister. Get to bed and look yourself in your room. I'll be calling on you to-morrow.

And Graves turned away to pace slowly along the street. Peter stared after him for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and went on towards the High. Even that wide street seemed to have an unusual and macabre aspect beneath the moon's rays. Quickly, he sought out the flat where Jill was waiting for him. He found her sitting there, nervous and taunt. She gave a gasp of relief when she saw Peter.

My darling where have you been? she shivered in his embrace. I feel so helpless just sitting here and waiting. It's like a horrible nightmare in which you see something dreadful happening and find you can't move a muscle to prevent it. He kissed her tenderly.

It will all be over by the morning, he said with more confidence than he felt. But there are hours, long dreadful hours before the morning, she pleaded. And all this time I feel that John might be in terrible danger. I know it's silly of me to talk like this, but I can't help feeling that John needs our help.

He went over to the sideboard and mixed a brandy and soda. Drink this, he insisted, John is sure to be all right. He is in Wales, whereas the battlefield is here in Oxford. I've just had a talk with Inspector Graves. He's on guard outside the professor's house.

Does he expect another attack on Professor Carr? Looks like it. Anyhow, he seems certain that he will have to go on the moon murderer to-morrow. She gulped the brandy and paced the room. There was a distraught gleam in her eyes. Her hands clenched and unclenched.

I wish I could believe you, she sighed. I wish I could believe that John was safe. Peter glanced at the clock. It was eleven o'clock. He's probably safe asleep in bed at the moment, he said, reassuringly. But it's easy enough to find out. Why not telephone the inn where your brother is staying? The idea excited her.

Why not? she replied. I have the address and the telephone number. I've even stayed at the inn one week-end when I went climbing with John. I'll get them at once. In the relief of action she seized the telephone and asked for the number.

It's a real mountain climbers' inn, she explained to Peter as they waited. It lies at Pen-y-pass. Lots of rock climbers use it, for it is near some of the best and yet most difficult faces of Snowdon. A real retreat from civilization. I can understand why John chose it for his astronomical studies.

She had regained something of her earlier happiness. Then the telephone rang. Her face paled, and she grabbed it eagerly. Pen-y-pass hotel? she queried. I want to speak to John Bretherton. "Yes, Bretherton."

Someone was speaking. Her face went a shade paler. But he's staying there, isn't he? she faltered. Again the distant voice. A look of dumb despair came over her face. "I'll telephone again, she said, and put back the receiver. Well? asked Peter. He's not there, she said, in a hushed voice. He went out an hour ago. Said he was going to stay the night on the mountain. Some moon observations. (To be Continued)

ARSENAL SIGNS YOUTH

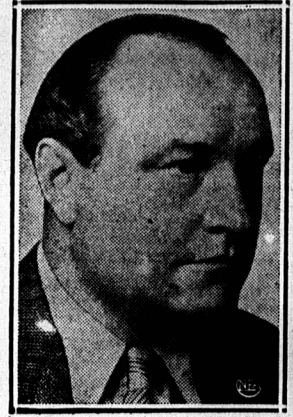
PENRHUWCEIBER, Wales (CP)—Arsenal, famous London football club, has signed Douglas Davies, a 16-year-old outside-right of this town and a former Welsh schoolboy international, to play as an amateur.

Head Cold DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Be careful! Don't let it develop into a severe cold. Keep the nasal passage clean and antiseptic and minimize the risk of colds by spraying with DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. For 60 years a recognized household remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial affections. Safe and soothing. Use with any good atomizer, morning and night. Sold by druggists for more than sixty years.

KEEP THE BREATH SWEET THE THROAT MOIST BUCKLEYS Throat-Aids Medicated with Buckley's Mixture Pleasant, Soothing - 10c & 25c

His Last Mystery

Writer Vanishes From Ocean Liner



If Frank Vosper (above), British mystery playwright, had plotted his exit, it couldn't have been more sensational than his disappearance from the S. S. Paris enroute to La Havre, France. Guest at a gay farewell party in the cabin of pretty Muriel Oxford (right), "Miss Great Britain," he went on to the verandah with her for a chat. After a few moments she left him alone. He wasn't seen again. It is feared he fell into the ocean.

Finds Literature in Parious State

MR. D. M. LEGATE NOTES STATE OF CHAOS, WITH CRITICAL STANDARDS BROKEN DOWN

MONTREAL, March 10—"We have, without doubt, reached a state of chaos in which most of our critical standards of value have broken down. In the past there were too many. Now there are none." In these critical words Mr. D. M. Legate, of the Montreal Star, described modern literature before the Montreal Protestant Ministerial Association at their monthly meeting in the Central Y. M. C. A. His subject was, "Modern Trends of Literature and the Effect Upon Morals and Religion."

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. ELIZABETH BELL

The third member of a Prince Edward Island family to die within a year, Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, passed away on February 11th, 1937 at the home of her sister, Miss P. M. Ayers, 115 Fourth Avenue North, Saskatoon, Mrs. Bell had suffered a long illness which she bore with wonderful Christian patience and resignation to the will of God.

Her sister, Mrs. John Drake, died in Keddiestone, Sask., last April, and a brother Rev. W. N. Ayers died on January 28th in Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

In addition to Miss Ayers, there survive to mourn their loss, Mrs. W. E. Leard, Souris, Mrs. B. C. Hardy, Union Road, Rev. George Ayers, Summerside, and Dr. J. H. Ayers, Charlottetown.

The funeral service was held in the chapel of the Saskatoon Funeral Home on Saturday, Feb. 13th and the burial was in Saskatoon Cemetery.

She will be best remembered by her Charlottetown friends as the one who in a most self-sacrificing way cared for her aged mother, Mrs. Thomas Ayers, for a period of ten years, after her father had passed away.

HAMPTON SCHOOL

Honor Roll for February: Grade IX I. Vera Cannon, 2. Arthur Myers, 3. Gladys Cannon, 4. Annie Morrison, 5. Grace Cannon, 6. Ruby Morrison, 7. Sterling Inman, 8. Rowan Ferguson, 9. Billy MacQuarrie, 10. Harry Campbell, 11. Charlie Dunsford.

Grade III I. Buddy Morrison, 2. Wilfred Morrison, 3. Mildred Myers, 4. Gordon Morrison, 5. Dorcas Howatt, 6. Grade I (Sr.) 1. Morey Morrison, 2. Florence Villet, 3. Esther Campbell, 4. Grade I (Jr.) 1. Nelson Cannon, 2. Kaye Cameron, 3. Windsor Howatt.

Perfect Attendance: Vera Cannon, Arthur Myers, Lorna Cannon, Sterling Cannon, Harry Campbell, Charlie Dunsford, Mildred Myers, Buddy Morrison, Donnie Campbell, Donald MacQuarrie, Nelson Cannon, Kaye Cameron, Florence MacRae, Teacher

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL

The following is the Honor Roll for the month of February: Grade X I. Rita Trainor, 2. Grade VIII I. Linus Doyle, 2. Louis Trainor, 3. Gregory Murphy, 4. Grade VI I. Bernadette Doyle, 2. Marion Murphy, 3. Grade V I. Aeneas Trainor, 2. Pius McIsaac, 3. Grade IV (Sr.) 1. Jackie O'Connor, 2. Jerry O'Connor, 3. Patrick Doyle, 4. Grade III I. Clara Malone, 2. Leo Murphy, 3. Francis McIsaac, Mary Doyle, 4. Thomas McAvin, Teacher.

FIVE-YEAR-OLDS LEARN TO TYPE

RAYMOND, Alta., March 11—Typewriting aids five and six year old children to learn their lessons quickly and thoroughly according to J. F. Elder, gas station proprietor, who conducts a typewriter kindergarten here as an experiment. Mr. Elder has won prizes in speed writing, tests, and it was while teaching his young daughter to tap the keys that the kindergarten idea came to him. She learned to thump out 100 words a minute without an error.

"It helps the kindergarten child to learn to read, spell, punctuate and learn other school subjects properly and quickly," said Mr. Elder. The children took to it as they would to a game.

GO places for Easter

Special LOW FARES GO any time Thursday, March 25th until 2.00 p.m. Monday, March 29th. RETURN: leave destination up to midnight Tuesday, March 30th, 1937.

Fare and one quarter for the Round Trip... Take advantage of this week-end for a visit home or away with friends.

For fares and further information apply to Railway Ticket Agents

CANADIAN NATIONAL

week spent among old friends in Stanley Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Millar MacPherson has had as their guest, her sister Sadie who is located in Vancouver. She is on the Island visiting her mother who is recovering from her recent illness.

FOR SALE

Building Lot, 90 ft. Front 165 ft. Back. Formerly Low Garden, situated Kent St. Apply L. M. POOLE & CO. L-267-3-6-4

PERSONALS

Miss Gerlie MacNevin, The Valley, was given a farewell dinner at the home of Miss Anna Dunsy, Spenced St. Dorchester Mass. on Saturday evening. On behalf of the assembled friends Miss Dunsy, in her usual happy manner made a presentation of a beautiful bedspread bag. Although taken by surprise Miss MacNevin, thanked the friends who helped to make her visit so pleasant. She left on Sunday night for Nova Scotia where she plans to spend the remainder of the month. Her friends in Boston hope to have her spend next winter with them.

GRAND TRACADIE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for February: Principals Dept

Grade X—1. Eugene McDonald; 2. Evelyn McKinnon; 3. Kathleen Gibbs. Grade IX—1. Margaret Steele; 2. Elmor Watts; 3. Gertrude McAulay. Grade VIII—1. Noreen Watts; 2. Rita Watts; 3. Marie McAulay. Grade VII (Sr.)—1. Donald McDonald; 2. Donelda Gibbs; 3. Donald Robison. Grade VII (Jr.)—1. Olga Watts; 2. Blanche Watts; 3. Ursuline McIntyre. Grade VI—1. Emma Gibbs; 2. Imelda McDonald; 3. John McAulay.

Assistant's Dept

Grade V (a)—1. Rose Robison; 2. Virginia Sparks; 3. Philip Watts. Grade V (b)—1. Pearl Watts; 2. Carmel McAulay; 3. Roslyn Gibbs. Grade IV—1. Rose McIntyre; 2. Allison Watts and Roderick McKinnon (equal); 3. Calvin Watts. Grade III (a)—1. Agnes McAulay; 2. Norman Keizer; 3. Jack McDonald. Grade III (b)—1. Anna McKinnon; 2. Bertie Gibbs; 3. George Roberts. Grade II—1. Michael Robison; 2. Willie Watts. Grade I (a)—Margaret Watts; 2. Johnny McDonald; 3. Alvera Watts. Grade I (a) and (c)—No exams. Perfect Attendance:—Margaret Steele, Gertrude McAulay; Marie; McAulay; Olga Watts; Pearl Watts; Roslyn Gibbs; Calvin; Watts; Bertie Gibbs; Leith; Margaret; and Alvera Watts. Teachers: Nora McKinnon; Rita F. Martin.

CHINESE COOK

WILL GO HOME CALGARY, March 11—Faithful Charlie, 72 year old Chinese cook,



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Round Trip BARGAIN FARES TO MONCTON GOING

Friday, March 19, 1937 Mon., March 22, 1937 \$2.60 From Charlottetown

Proportionately Low Fares from other cities. Children Five and under Twelve Years of age HALF FARE. Tickets Good in DAY COACHES ONLY. For Further Information Consult any Ticket Agent.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

Use Canadian National Telegraph