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Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

SATURDAY, MARCH 16

TOKYO

4:45 p.m.—National Program. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

BERLIN

5:00 p.m.—Radio Cabaret, DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY

6:00 p.m. —"Old Hungarian Dances." HAT—4, 32.8 m., 9.12 meg.

MOSCOW

7:00 p.m.—News and Program for English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 9.6 meg.

LONDON

7:10 p.m.—England v. Scotland; a commentary on the international Rugby Union football match. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

ROME

7:30 p.m.—Chamber Music; Elizabeth Luin; "Famous Singers of Old Francesco Pistocchi." 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.; IRF, 30.5 m., 9.83 meg.; IQY, 25.2 m., 11.90 meg.

MADRID

7:30 p.m.—Program for English Listeners. EAR, 31.6 m., 9.46 meg.

BERLIN

8:45 p.m.—What can we Learn from Animals DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

LONDON

9:20 p.m.—Ice-Hockey in Great Britain. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

CARACAS

9:45 p.m.—Dance Music. YV-RC, 31.7 m., 9.8 meg.

PARIS

10:00 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA—4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

LONDON

11:00 p.m.—Selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.; GSL, 49.1 m., 6.11 meg.

TOKYO

12:45 a.m.—"Guide to Famous Places Series." JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.80 meg.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

4:30 a.m.— (Sunday)— Chimes from G. P. O. Sydney. VK2ME, 31.28 m., 9.59 meg.

FISHERMAN DROWNED

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B., March 17—(CP)—Captain Herbert Wright, 71, lifelong Charlotte County fisherman, was drowned here today in view of his son, Harry, 38, who failed in a desperate effort to save him.

One of the most active fishermen in this district and recognized as an authority on weather, coastline and fishing conditions, Captain Wright and his son had been engaged for several seasons in boating clams from diggers along the coast from point Lepreau to St. Andrews to a canning company here. It was while engaged in this work today that he lost his life.

Island Interests In Boston

Mr. Harry Fisher, (formerly of Peakes Road) is now residing in Boston after spending some time in New York City.

Miss Mary E. McKinnon, of Pisquid West, is a bit undicided, and may return home shortly.

Mr. William (capt.) MacDonald, Watertown, Mass., (formerly of Riverton) still likes to meet someone from down home so they can swap a few stories about old times.

Mr. Joseph DeVoe of Brighton, Mass, expects to return to his home in Rollo Bay, Sunday. Mr. DeVoe has been in Boston for a number of years.

Mr. Archie McLeod, So. Boston, (formerly Lorne Valley) is able to be around again after severe foot injuries received in a fall while at work in the Edison Electric Co., some time ago.

When it comes to playing good old down east violin music, Mr. Fred Myers, of South Boston, (formerly of Martinvale) still can hold up with the best of them. Mr. Myers is employed at the Edison Electric Co., in So. Boston.

Many will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Margaret Dennis, which occured on Saturday 5th, at the home of her sister in Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Dennis was the daughter of the late Angus H. McKinnon of St. Peters Bay, and sister of Police Capt. Joseph McKinnon of South Boston, Mass.

An enjoyable P .E. I. party was held a few nights ago at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lon Ellis, Medford, Mass., (formerly of Grand River West) a large number of Islanders attended. Mr. Joseph Martin, Waltham, Mass., (formerly of Tignish) prompted all square dances. Music was furnished by Chester McDonald (Peakes Station.) Watertown, Mass. Thomas Carpenter, (Souris) Brighton, Mass., Herman Gillis, (Grand River West) Sommerville, Mass, Mrs. R. Dagle, (Souris) Waltham, Mass., and Mrs. Lon Ellis. The time for all to go home came much to soon.

It is surprising the number of Canadian Legion posts there are around Boston and Vicinity, and what is perhaps more surprising is that nearly every one has one or more Islanders in their outfit. A number of the posts hold dances and whist parties during the winter months, and some very nice times are had when the boys get together. A colored post was recently installed in Boston, and the writer attended the meeting, members from many posts were there to see the boys do their stuff; the installing officers came from the Watertown post, and the Weymouth post turned out in force to give the new boys a good send off; before the meeting and after all distinguished guests had been presented, the colored pastor made a short speech. The stated that although not a Canadian, he had visited Canada twice, and enjoyed it; he also said that the first time he was there he attended a meeting in a hall or some building, but on his second visit he found they had torn the building down. He was not sure if it was because he had been in it or not. A number of Island veterans were at the meeting. Prince Edward Island may be small but it is represented nearly everywhere. Those P. I's know how to get around. Let's meet here again. —Mac.

EXPLORERS WELCOMED

MOSCOW, March 17—(AP)—Half a million persons swarming the square in front of Moscow's railway station welcomed Commander Ivan Papanin and his three colleagues today at the end of their ice floes, icebreaker and railway return from the north pole.

VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON

CHAPTER XIX

Once more Allenby smoothed the suicide note, checked it with Judy's detailed description of non-existent people on a party which apparently had never taken place.

Letter by letter and line by line, he studied Judy's pathetic suicide note before him, comparing it with the other until his lips straightened on noting a sustained lack of paling towards the end of certain words—an ordinary paling caused by the drying of the writer's pen-point. Even a fountain pen, he knew, does not evenly distribute ink when a person is writing normally. In the suicide note, however every word and every charicter was precisely the same shade! There could be no doubt, he presently decided that the farewell note was a forgery. A clever job this, far better than average, a job which would fool most people. Yet he was sure the note was spurious.

"Now, my lad, let's see if we can learn who found it so necessary to compose a farewell note for poor Judy Fortier."

With the uniue patience of an expert at his qucation, Roger Allenby again considered the deck of cards. Then the letter.

"Funny," he mused, "both Barbara and Gail denied knowing Jack Quitman and Bunny King." Again he studied the letter.

Clip the Camera Clues

Jack Quitman? Bunny King? Aces up party? All of a sudden he sat straighter, forget the dull, grinding pain in his forehead, and reread the latter part of the letter.

—"Bunny's diamond was simply exquisite. Jack's a peach, a member of the club from 'way back. It's a case of real heart throbs all right."

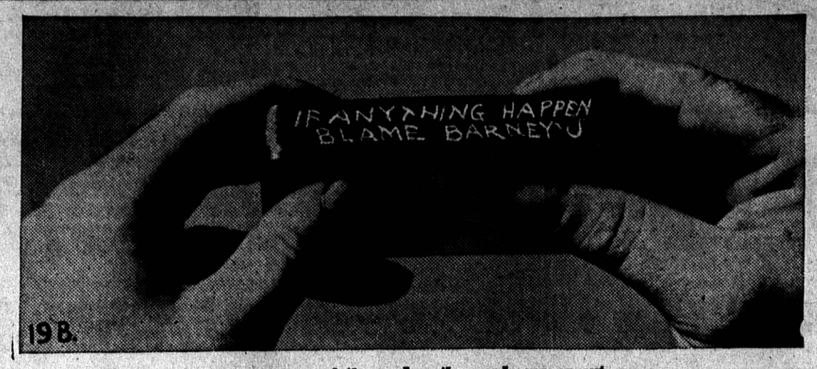
On a clean sheet of paper he wrote and underlined certain words, italicized here:

Aces up
Jack Hilton
Queen Marie
Around ten
Bunny King

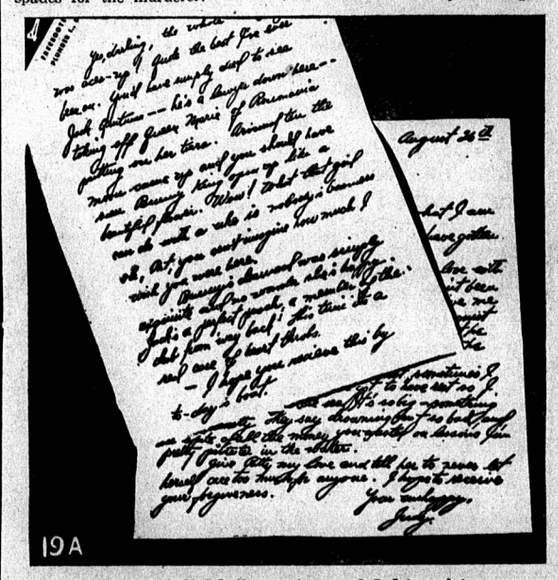
Then just below, he added:

Bunny's diamond
of the club
heart throbs

Since there was only one suit lacking, whimsically, he filled in "spades for the murderer."



From the nicked edges of the card s, the words sprang out . . . . .



Allenby sutudied both spe cimens of Judy's script

A wind had arisen and was grieving softly in the cedars beyond his window as Roger Allenby selected the ace of diamonds; below it he placed the ace of clubs then the ace of hearts and last the ace of spades. Next he arranged the four jacks in the same suit sequence, placing them parallel with the four aces, then to their left queens, then the tens, than the kings.

At hazard, he presently arranged the balance of the suits in similar sequence. In order, he collected the pasteboads into a deck taking care to place all the nicked edges on the right side of the card. The result, when he tilted the cards edge on towards the light, was to betray partial but unmistakable lines and loops which, failing completely to coincide and merge, remained unreadable.

"Getting closer—but it's not right yet. Let's see now." Allenby lit his pine. Apparently he had taken several strides in the right direction, but he had not arrived at a proper handling of the lesser cards.

Hour after hour he toiled patiently on until, around three in the morning, he sat up emitting a soft hiss of triumph. A sense of exhilaration flooded him like a warming ray of sunlight. Taking a pencil, he rubbed it lightly over the nicked edges of the cards, and with startling clearness the words sprang out at him.

Minutes slipped away while he sat staring at the deck of cards. Characteristically, he wasted no time in self-congratulations for a rather neat bit of deduction. There were many inferences to be considered and in his mind's eye he could visualize Grafton's powerful features congested with rage, storming at Judy Fortier. What could have caused a scene so tempestuous that Judy felt prompted to scribble a frightened and secret note to her sister?

As a rule, people commit murder in reaction to four principal and primitive emotions revenge, greed, love and fear. Promptly he ruled out revenge. In all probability there was little an apparently sweet and gentle girl like Judy could do to arouse such an emotion in Barney Grafton. Greed? Well, that looked more promising, if one thought of greed in terms of business, and certainly Barney was no model of unselfishness when it came to money matters. Love? Possibly; that motive always deserved special attention since, after all, it might tie up with Fear, the fourth and last of the motivating forces. Suppose Judy had learned something Grafton was determined to keep secret at all costs? This, he decided, appeared the most promising lead of all. Well, no matter what happened now, Barney Grafton would have some tall explaining to do.

Suddenly the miasmas of uncertainty lifted and for a brief space he saw things clearly. Of course Barney had written the suicide note, forestalling investigation. Patricia then stole it the night before her "fall." Grafton had missed it and ——using a severe bit, Allenby reined his wildly galloping imagination.

"Whoa! One thing at a time!" He'd better leave questioning for the police. After all, he was working only on sufferance and without an iota of legal authority. Good thing Superintendent Tyson and Inspector Boyd were not jealous, picayune types such as he had encountered all too often.

Slipping on his shoes with rubber soles, Allenby secured a dark bathrobe ,then bent over his suitcase long enough to extract therefrom a small but powerful automatic. After turning out his skillfully muffled light, he sat and smoked in silence during a cautious ten minutes and only then did he groupe his way to the library telephone.

Listening to the faint rattle of the loose French door straining against some books securing it, he dialed the police and commenced a dogged telephonic pursuit of Inspector Boyd. While he did so a rain squall swept over Freeboother's Hall, hammering on the window beside him with a thousand febrile fingertips. When at last Inspector Boyd answered the phone, Allenby, in a guarded undertone, gave him salient facts concerning the night's discoveries.

Clip the Camera Clues

"Good work, sir! Mighty fine work about those cards—" Body enthused. "Shall I come right out? I can, you know."

"No. If you don't mind, I'd rather have you drop over in the morning as if one routine business—say around ten tomorrow. That will be plenty of time. Oh, and by the way, you might bring along all newspapers you can find covering the last three days."

"If you wish," was Inspector Boyd's slightly mystified reply. "I say, sir, you're absolutely positive Grafton wrote that note?"

"No. I didn't say that. I can't be without an experts' okay, but it looks very much like it. When you get out here, we'll go over the cards together, Inspector. I've got to go now." Bidding the C. I. D. man goodnight, Allenby made his way upstairs, thankful that the roar of wind and rain was muffling his stealthy progress.

Once the investigator stood within the four walls of his room he heaved a relieved sigh and, utilizing a flashlight from his bag, began to loosen the plaster about the bullet hole. It required considerable skill not to mar the lands marks on that slug which had by so slender a margin failed in putting a period to his career, but soon an ugly, misshapen blob of lead lay undamaged in the palm of his hand.

(To Be Continued)

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Have YOU the Detective Instinct?

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W. C. T. U. Notes

DEAD WEIGHTS

(Dr. John Benjamin Magee)

I've been a dead weight many years
Around the church's neck.
I've let the others carry me,
And always pay the check.
I've had my name upon the rolls,
For years and years gone by;
I've criticized and grumbled too;
Nothing could satisfy.

I came to church just when I pleased,
And stayed away as well.
I've never felt tied down to work
Not even for a spell.
My face looked like a death-mask there,
Expressionless as mud;
As a Christan church member,
I surely was a dud.

I've been a dead weight long enough
Upon the church's back.
Beginning now, I'm going to take
A wholly different tack.
I'm going to pay and pray and work
And carry loads instead;
And not have others carry me
Like people do the dead.

"I myself never hung as a dead weight," (2 Cor. 12: 13, Moffatt Translation.)— From The Indian Witness.

ASSOCIATE NATIONAL SUPERINTENDENT OF CHILD WELFARE, MRS. F.E. ORR Montreal, Que.

"WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?"

Who are the criminals That is the question that confronts me, and I believe, should be the concern of every right thinking woman, when so-called "criminals," women and girls find their way, for many and varied reasons, to our jails and penitentiaries. Twenty-five years of experience, both abroad and locally, engaged in nursing, social welfare effort, and in the capacity of prison superintendent, supports the contention that the responsibility does not rest entirely with the offender herself.

Types of offenders— Here are a group of young women and girls, who number among them all sorts and conditions of vice and wrong doing—the nondescript victim of drink; the emaciated sunken-eyed addict to alkaloid drugs; the pretty doll who walks the street after dark, and beside her, her sister in the profession, dragged out of a dis orderly house with her matted hair covering the excretion from old sores of long standing. Then in a group by themselves are those who have felt the "strong arm of the law" for the first time, the petty theft offenders, shoplifters, those charged with false pretences, and so on.

Causes— What are the contributory factors to their delinquency? Do these girls deliberately choose a life of crime, vice or petty offence? Rather, can they not point an accusing finger in another direction—at the home, at the community, and more particularly at their own sex, who might have rendered better guidance and constructive interest in their childhood and adolescent years.

Excuse— "Indifference" is probably the word suggested, but it can never serve as an excuse, or relieve us from the responsibility due our bewildered daughter or sister. While on the surface the cases of these "delinquent" girls and women may appear different, basically there is close relation as to the underlying cause of their plight. Many of these unfortunates, in their early teens, were normal minded girls, but through bad environment, and example, in the home or neighborhood, they have become physically and morally contaminated, and through lack of good parental influences and educational facilities have drifted into a line of conduct that has led them astray. The family spirit, the close and affectionate relations between parents and children, seems to have broken down.

Alcoholism— The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that the use of strong drink, or alcoholism, has been responsible, both directly and indirectly, for the existing delinquency on the part of young people. In the home itself, frequently the father, but too often the mother, imbibe much beyond their physical and moral capacity, rendering themselves incapable of fulfilling the "divine" duty of true parenhood, proper supervision, educational and recreational opportunities, proper housing conditions, good health and sanitation habits, etc.

Unemployment— We can all appreciate how serious is the factor of unemployment, and how very prejudical the industrial situation is to the morale of young people. For unless work can be found that will provide a decent standard of living they are almost bound to fall into trouble. But even when young girls and women are employed they are sometimes subject to such conditions of labor, as to their rights and freedom, as well as standard of wages, that they are forced to adopt other means of supplementing their income. For this reason it is encumbent on those women, who are placed in the position of employer, to conscientiously consider how far they may share in the blame attached to these conditions.

Responsibility— Whose responsibility is it? Shall we leave it until it becomes a problem for the Prisoners' Welfare Association to wrestle with when the young woman comes before the Court or an inmate of our prisons?

The challenge— "Prevention is better than cure," according to the old proverb, and it is a challenge to us, the women of the Dominion of Canada. How long are we going to remain silent, or have we become careless as to the future of our children, who did not ask to be born, but who have a right to demand for a fair chance? How long will we tolerate the sponsors of alcoholism, vice and disease to trap the unwary feet of our children We must ask ourselves: Truly, who are the criminals?

THE GENERAL VIEW

A community Life Conference held recently in pickering College carries a message to W.C.T.U. women. Slums in cities are being given a measure of attention, but how conscious are the workers of the rural slums,— the areas here and there all over Canada where low standard of living prevail, where little is being done to raise them; where immorality and disease are bred. Can not the women of town and village who know of these, help by bringing them into the limelight of knowledge, and to the notice of those social workers who can and will help.

THE FOLLY OF HURRY

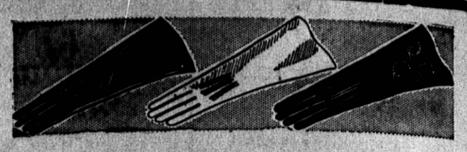
Some people are always in a hurry and they seem to expect that others also should share their craze for unreasonable speed. Speed has its uses and they are many, but hurry has dangers which are seldom absent. The man who is in a hurry runs into more trouble than he escapes. He misses the road because he has not time to find the right one, and the faster he goes the farther away he gets from his proper destination. Hurry can't find time to stop even when death lurks right ahead. The curve means nothing to the man in a hurry, until he crashes into ditch or fence and ends both hurry and life.

Hurry makes bad bargains because it has no time to study the market. It throws away a fortune because it has not time carefully to study the conditions. The man in a hurry never gets the best out of himself, and he finds that he is an easy mark for sharks and scoundrels, because he cannot take time to protect himself. Knowledge is better than speed when travelling an unknown highway. Better be sure you are right, before you call for full speed ahead.

Farmer Brown complained that he could find no old clothes to put on the scarecrow.

"Well," said his wife, "Our George said I could give away his plus four suit, as he's got a new one. Why not use that?"

"Don't be ridiculous, woman," said the farmer. "I want to scare the crows, not make 'em laugh!"



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Colorful new "HANKIES"

Three for "Two Bits"

O very smart, very colorful, very just so are these dainty new Hankies that express precisely what you've been thinking of 3 for 25c

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...Crepe and Satin

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