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AUCTION SALE

RESIDENCES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE

to be sold by Public Auction on the premises on Monday, 15th July, at twelve o'clock noon, real property of the late William Carpenter, as follows:—

Plot No. 1. Building Lot on corner of Kent and Rochford Streets, 64 feet front on Kent Street, 50 feet front on Rochford Street.

Plot No. 2. Double tenement dwelling house and land having 40 feet front on Kent Street.

Plot No. 3. Building Lot having 25 feet front on Kent Street, extending back 69 feet, with a way 7 feet wide to and from Kent Street.

Plot No. 4. Dwelling house and lot having 26 feet front on Kent Street, subject to a way 7 feet wide to and from Kent Street.

For particulars and terms apply to Messrs. McLeod & Bentley, solicitors.

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 6339-7-3-101

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Owing to the limited number of Hogs offering, until further notice we will receive live Hogs one day only each week, Tuesday forenoon.

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The Parker House is ready to accommodate permanent and transient boarders. The table is equal to none in the city. This house has been less than a year in business but has had a wonderful patronage. We expect all table boarders of last year and as many more new ones. Anyone visiting the city will find an up-to-date accommodation at the Parker House.

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Valuable Property for Sale

The undersigned offers for sale his property in Charlottetown known as "Sidmout" consisting of dwelling house substantially built by an English artisan in imitation of Gothic architecture with double walls and stone foundation. Dwelling house has hot water heating, sewerage, bath, toilet on first and second floor, electric light, hot and cold water, set tubs, etc.; also 18 1/2 acres of land. A fine avenue extends from the Street to the dwelling house and a fringe of shade trees surrounds the property. There is a large orchard, a small fox ranch that can be enlarged to any required size, in a good location. The remainder of the land is under growing crops consisting of strawberries, roots, grain and hay. A portion of the land is suitable for building lots being beautifully situated on and extending some distance along the North River Road which owing to recent building operations is rapidly becoming one of the finest residential streets of the City. Owner will sell dwelling house and outbuildings and a part or all of said land to suit purchaser or purchasers. Also seven acres adjoining said 18 1/2 acres of land should purchaser so desire.

Dated 4th July, 1929.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Stalled cars are supposed to cause traffic snarls, but they often come from stalled cops."



"How are you?" "Oh, I can't kick." "What's wrong?" "Sprained my leg."



She: How do you know Adam was born in the afternoon? He: He was born a little before Eve, wasn't he?



"I noticed they had the aisles roped off at Jones' wedding." "I heard that up to the last minute the bride was afraid he might run away."

THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LANDON

"Oh, Axelson is efficient enough, but these things seem to be beyond him. But I haven't told you the strangest part yet. Twice upon hearing these footfalls in the night, Axelson has got out of bed to investigate. The sounds seemed to come from the library, so he went there. On each occasion a strange green light has been flashed in his face the moment he entered."

"A green light?" "Yes, a green light. Where it comes from Axelson can't imagine. It lasts only an instant, he tells me, and then it's gone. He has searched thoroughly, but there seems to be no explanation."

"Did he hear anything when he saw the green light?" "Yes, footsteps moving about the room. But after the green light had gone out and he had turned on the electric lights, there was nobody in the room."

"Summers thought for a moment. 'Does Axelson drink?' 'Not a drop. And I am positive he is not subject to hallucinations of any sort. Now, I don't like the idea of such things going on in a house owned by me, and especially one that holds such intimate associations. It seems to me that the matter requires an investigation.'"

Summers gave his visitor a narrow and not very complimentary look. "I think you are exciting yourself over nothing," he declared. Axelson is probably a drunkard or a dope addict. Just by looking at them you can't always tell what they are doing when nobody is watching."

"My advise to you is to take Axelson's cock-and-bull stories with a grain of salt. Take two grains for good measure. And next time he tells you one of those yarns send him over to me. I'll—"

The telephone on Summers' desk rang. He answered, listened with an indifferent air for a moment, then jerked up his top-heavy head and was all alertness. He drew a pad to him and wrote something on it. Then he turned to Mr. Ferryman with a curious look in his eyes.

"What did you say was the address of the house you formerly occupied with your wife?"

"No. 282 Bank street." Mr. Ferryman lifted his brows as if at a loss to know what the question meant. "I am now living in No. 260."

"Queer," said Summers, looking down at the pad on which he had written. "I've just had a report that a woman's body has been found at No. 282."

Mr. Ferryman started, then sat in stunned silence. "Body—my house!" he stammered at length. He sprang up from the chair. "Do you mean there has been a—murder?"

"It looks that way," Summers picked up the telephone again and snapped a few orders into the transmitter. "Better come with me, Mr. Ferryman," he said when he had finished.

The visitor pulled himself together and followed the captain from the office and down the stairs. His car was at the curb, and they jumped in and drove to Bank street. The house in question was one of two murky old-fashioned buildings with green shutters and a fanlight over each door. Summers entered first and was saluted by a policeman standing in the vestibule. The inner door was opened by a gaunt, elderly man, stoop-shouldered and white-faced. "What happened, Axelson?" Mr.

Ferryman asked excitedly.

MURDER

"Murder, I'm afraid, sir." The servant pointed a shaking finger up the stairway. "I happened to go up there about an hour ago, and that's when I found the body. It's terrible, sir!" Summers started running up the stairs, Mr. Ferryman following as rapidly as he could. A policeman and two plain-clothes men were standing beside a cot in a pleasantly furnished room. The captain looked at the figure lying on the cot. The face he saw was distorted by the ravages of a horrible death, yet it showed traces of beauty. Suddenly as he looked, he started violently.

It was the same face he had seen inside the lid of Mr. Ferryman's watch. In a moment Mr. Ferryman was at the cot. He stared down at the body. Then, with a long cry of horror, he fell headlong over the cot.

Tragedy had entered the tranquil green shuttered house which Alexander Ferryman had maintained as a sanctuary for his errant wife. The pathos of the situation penetrated even Captain Summers' hard-grained fiber. For four years the husband had lived in hope and grief and faith waiting hourly for her return keeping fresh and intact the scenes of their brief married life in order that when she returned they would be able to resume as if there had been no interruption. And now she had come back but only to meet with a horrible and mystifying death.

Everything has scrupulously neat and clean, yet there was an atmosphere about the place that suggested long disuse. The intimate human touch and feeling had somehow vanished from the furnishings. As Summers inspected the surroundings he recalled what Ferryman had told him about certain mysterious things going on in the house. He had not considered them seriously at first, regarding them as meaningless trifles, or as the hallucinations of a disordered brain. Now he began to wonder whether they might not have some significance.

He turned to one of the two detectives who had been in the room when he entered—a youngish man, straight and lean, with yellow hair and a pair of keen, blue eyes. Summers knew him.

"What do you know about this, McCabe?"

"Not a great deal, sir. The medical examiner left just before you arrived. There wasn't much for him to do. He discovered the woman came to her death by a revolver bullet that penetrated the left lung. He said she must have been dead ten or twelve hours."

The captain arched his black, snarled brows. "Then she must have died about midnight. Why wasn't the body found sooner?"

"Mr. Ferryman owns the house," McCabe inclined his blond head in the direction of the mourner. "He lives next door, in No. 260. The occupant of this house is Axelson, the caretaker. That's the old fellow standing over there by the door."

"Yes, I know," Summers glanced at the caretaker, pale and shaken, who looked as if the tragedy had shocked him to the depths of his being. "Mr. Ferryman told me all that."

"Axelson makes the rounds of the house twice a day, morning and evening," the young detective continued. "If he finds anything wrong, he steps over to No. 260 and reports to his employer."

"Everything seemed to be all right when he went through the house last night. He heard no unusual sounds during the night, but then he lives in the basement, two floors below this room, and only very loud sounds would carry as far as that."

"Was it Axelson who found the body?"

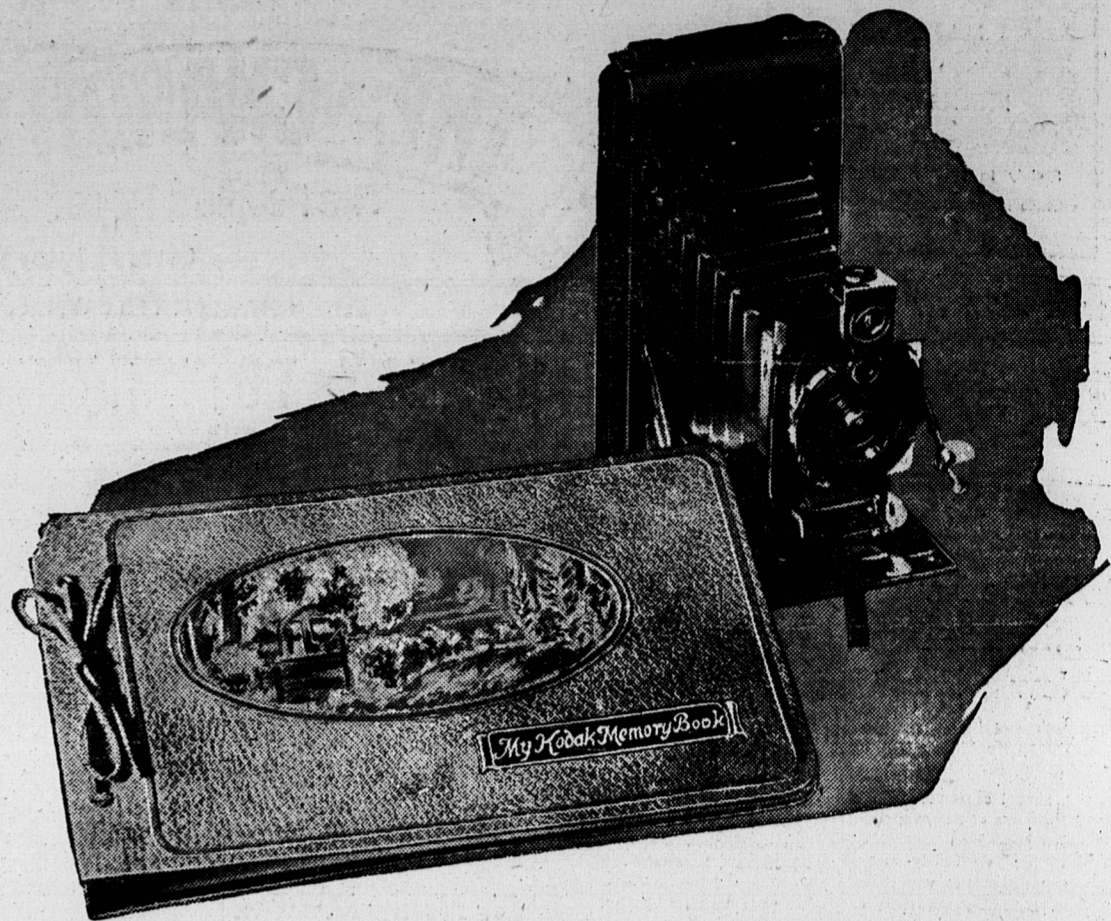
"Yes, sir, about half past 9 this morning, when he reached this room on his usual morning rounds. It was lying there," McCabe indicated a spot on the carpet. "We moved it after the medical examiner had gone."

Summers cast another keen glance at the stricken face of the caretaker. "Did Axelson recognize the victim?"

"No sir. She was lying face down when he found her. He didn't stop to look, but ran to the telephone and notified the precinct station. After we had moved her and he had an opportunity to see her face, he let out a scream and said she was Mr. Ferryman's missing wife."

"He seemed actually surprised, did he?" Summers spoke out of a mind that took nothing for granted.

"Yes, the shock almost bowled him over."



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Summers nodded and stroked his sturdy jaw. The other detective had assisted Mr. Ferryman to a chair, sitting in a crushed and lifeless attitude, he stared hollowly at the dead woman. A lavender evening gown with a great crimson stain over the chest, covered the slender figure. A diamond blazed on her finger and a crescent of rubies gleamed beneath her throat the rich luster of the jewel forming a sharp contrast against the ravaged face.

It was indeed a strange home-coming, Summers thought, it seemed as if the returning wife had adorned herself in her loveliest raiment in order to give her waiting husband a

delightful surprise. Probably she had gone to their former home to dress and put everything in readiness.

Continued on page 10

Public Meeting at Hamilton Hall

Rev. G. N. Somers, B. A., will discuss the temperance issue in Hamilton Hall, Friday, July 12th, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Somers is a forceful speaker and has made a special study of prohibition and government control. 6598-7-12-11.

FOR SALE

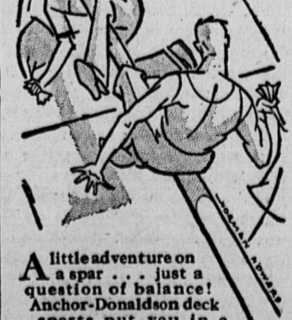
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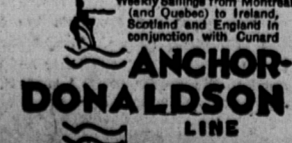
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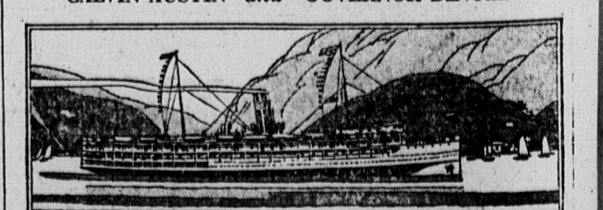
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