The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

He described the captain's winning of three new novels. Enderby encouraged him to talk. He saw a very good story being made out of Evans. The faithful servant—old sea dog touch. He wondered just a little why Mrs. Evans seemd so nervous; he put it down to the suspicious ignorance of her class.

"You find the skunk what done it," said Evans. "Newspapers can do a lot, they say, in hunting down criminals."

"It was a burglar," said Mrs. Evans. "That's what it was."

"Of course, it was a burglar, "said Evans. "Why, there's no one in Exhampton would want to harm the capting."

Enderby rose.

"Well," he said. "I must be going. I will run in now and then and have a little chat if I may. If the captain won three new novels in a Daily Wire Competition, the Daily Wire ought to make it a personal matter to hunt down his murderer."

Wishing them a cheery good day, Charles Enderby took his leave.

"I wonder who really did the captain in?" he murmured to himself. "I don't think our friend Evans. Perhaps it was a burglar! Very disappointing, if so. Doesn't seem any woman in the case, which is a pity. We've got to have some sensational development soon or the case will fade out. Just my luck, if so. First time I have ever been on the spot in a matter of this kind. I must make good. Charles, my boy, your chance in life has come. Make the most of it. Our military friend will, I see, soon be eating out of my hand if I remember to be sufficiently respectful and call him 'sir', often enough."

* * * * * *

It takes about half an hour from Exhampton to Exeter by train. At five minutes to twelve Inspector Narracott was ringing the front doorbell of the Laurels.

The Laurels was a somewhat dilapidated house, badly in need of a new coat of paint. The garden round it was unkempt and weedy and the gate hung askew on its hinges.

"Not too much money about here," thought Inspector Narracott. "Evidently hard up."

He was a very fair-minded man, but inquiries seemed to indicate that there was very little possibility of the captain's having been done to death by an enemy. On the other hand, four people, as far as he could make out, stood to gain a considerable sum by the old man's death. The movements of each of these four people had to be inquired into. The entry in the hotel register was suggestive, but after all Pearson was quite a common name.

A somewhat slatternly looking maid answered the bell.

"Good afternoon," said Inspector Narracott. "I want to see Mrs. Gardner, please. It is in connection with the death of her brother, Captain Trevelyan, at Exhampton."

He purposely did not hand his official card to the maid. The mere fact of his being a police officer, as he knew by experience, would render her awkward and tongue-tied.

"She's heard of her brother's death?" asked the inspector casually as the maid drew back to let him into the hall.

"Yes, got a telegram she did. From the lawyer, Mr. Kirkwood."

The maid ushered him into the drawing-room—a room which, like the outside of the house, was badly in need of a little money spent upon it, but yet, had with all that an air of charm which the inspector felt without being able to particularize the why and wherefore of it.

"Must have been a shock to your mistress," he observed.

The girl seemed a little vague about that, he noticed.

"She didn't see much of him," was the answer.

"Shut the door and come here," said Inspector Narracott.

He was anxious to try the effect of a surprise attack.

"Did the telegram say it was murder?" he asked.

"Murder!"

The girl's eyes opened wide, a mixture of horror and intense enjoyment in them. "Murdered, was he?"

"Ah!" said Inspector Narracott," I thought you hadn't heard that Mr. Kirkwood didn't want to break the news too abruptly to your mistress, but you see, my dear—what is your name, by the way?"

"Beatrice, sir."

"Well, you see, Beatrice, it will be in the evening papers tonight."

"Well, I never," said Beatrice. "Murderd. 'orrible, isn't it? Did they bash his head in or shoot him or what?"

The Inspector satisfied her passion for detail, then added casually, "I believe there was some idea of your mistress going over to Exhampton yesterday afternoon. But I suppose the weather was too bad for her."

"I never heard anything about it, sir," said Beatrice. "I think you must have made a mistake. The mistress went out in the afternoon to do some shopping and then she went to the pictures."

"What time did she get in?"

"About six o'clock."

So that lets Mrs. Gardner out.

"I don't know much about the family," he went on in a casual tone. "Is Mrs. Gardner a widow."

"Oh, no, sir, there's master."

"What does he do?"

"He doesn't do anything," said Beatrice staring. "He can't. He's an invalid."

"An invalid is he? Oh, I'm sorry. I hadn't heard."

"He can't walk. He lies in bed all day. Got a nurse always in the house, we have. It isn't every girl what stays on with an 'ospital nurse in the house the whole time. Always wanting trays carried up and pots of tea made."

"Must be very trying," said the Inspector soothingly. "Now, will you go and tell your mistress please, that I am here from Mr. Kirkwood of Exhampton?"

Beatrice withdrew and a few minutes later the door opened and a tall, rather commanding woman came into the room. She had an unusual looking face, broad about the brow, and black hair with a touch of gray at the temples, which she wore combed straight back from her forehead. She looked at the inspector inquiringly.

CHAPTER 8

"You have come from Mr. Kirkwood, the lawyer, at Exhampton?"

"Not exactly, Mrs. Gardner, "Inspector Narracott replied. "I put it that way to your maid. Your brother, Captain Trevelyan, was murdered yesterday afternoon and I am Divisional Inspector Narracott in charge of the case."

Whatever else Mrs. Gardner might be she was certainly a woman of iron nerve. Her eyes narrowed and she drew in her breath sharply, then motioning the inspector to a chair and sitting down herself, she said:

"Murdered! How extraordinary! Who in the world would want to murder Joe?"

"That is what I'm anxious to find out, Mrs. Gardner."

"Of course, I hope I shall be able to help you in some way, but I doubt it. My brother and I have seen very little of each other in the last ten years. I know nothing of his friends or of any ties he has formed."

"You'll excuse me, Mrs. Gardner, but had you and your brother quarreled?"

"No—not quarreled. I think estranged would be a better word to describe the position between us. I don't want to go into family details, but my brother rather resented my marriage. Brothers, I think, seldom approve of their sisters' choice, but usually I fancy, they conceal it better than my brother did. My brother, as perhaps you know, had a large fortune left him by an aunt. Both my sister and myself married poor men. When my husband was invalided out of the army after the war with shell shock, a little financial assistance would have been a wonderful relief — would have enabled me to give him an expensive course of treatment which was otherwise denied to him. I asked my brother for a loan which he refused. That, of course, he was perfectly entitled to do. But since then we have met at very rare intervals, and hardly corresponded at all.

It was a clear succinct statement.

An intriguing personality, the inspector thought. Somehow, he couldn't quite make her out. She seemed unnaturally calm, unnaturally ready with her recital of facts. He also noticed that, with all her surprise she asked for no details of her brother's death. That struck him as extraordinary.

"I don't know if you want to hear what exactly occurred—at Exhampton," he began.

She grownerd.

"Must I hear it? My brother was killed, painlessly—I hope."

"Quite painlessly, I should say."

"Then please spare me any revolting details."

"Unnatural," thought the inspector, "decidedly unnatural."

As though she had read his mind she used the very word that he had spoken to himself.

"I suppose you think that very unnatural, inspector, but—I have heard a good many horros. My husband has told me things when he had had one of his bad turns—" she shivered. "I think you would understand if you knew my circumstances better."

"Oh! quite so, quite so, Mrs. Gardner. What I really came for was to get a few family details from you. Do you know how many relatives living your brother has besides yourself?"

"Of near relations, only the Pearsons. My sister Mary's children."

"And they are?"

"James, Sylvia and Brian."

"James?"

"He is the eldest. He works in an insurance office."

"What age is he?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Is he married?"

"No, but he is engaged—to a very nice girl, I believe. I've not yet met her."

"And his address?"

"21 Cromwell Street, S. W. 3.'

The inspector noted it down.

"Yes, Mrs. Gardner?"

"Then there's Sylvia. She's married to Martin Dering&—you may have read his books. He's a moderately successful author."

"Thank you, and their address?"

"The Nook, Surrey Road, Wimbledon."

"Yes?"

"And the youngest is Brian—but he is out in Australia. I don't know his address, but either his brother or sister would know."

"Thank you, Mrs. Gardner. Just as a matter of form. do you mind my asking you how you spent yesterday afternon?" o

She looked surprised.

"Let me see. I did some shopping —yes—then I went to the pictures. I came home about six and lay down on my bed until dinner, as the pictures had given me rather a headache. Is there anything else?"

(To Be Continued.)

Through the good offices of an influential American residing in Paris, an ambitious young girl from New York obtained an audience with Sacha Guitry, the famous actor, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classical or two the great actor went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honors and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Good-bye!"—New York Evening Telegram.

PUBLIC NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the names of those in arrears for school assessment in the Brackley Point School District No. 166 shall be handed for collection to the clerk of the County Court if not paid on or before October 1st, 1935.

By Order of Trustees,
GEORGE SHAW,
August 31, 1935 Secretary.

G. K. Chesterton Subject Of Essay By Island Student

(A number of essays have been written by students of St. Francis Xavier University on G. K. Chesterton, as critic, novelist, poet and historian, in competition for a prize of fifty dollars offered by Sir Joseph Chisholm, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, The result was productive of a number of excellent essays, including the following by Mr, Peter D. McIntyre, of Cardigan, this Province:)

In this day when the world's printing presses are thundering out, at such a stupendous rate, books, magazines, papers, pamphlets, and every other creation which may be classed under the name of literature, the idea of a survey of any one writer seems, at first sight, to savor of the proverbial taz of seeking for a grain of sand on the seashore, As we contemplate the great galaxy of individuals termed writers, we may sigh in envy of the felicity of the reviewer of two centuries ago, who could count the great literary figures of the time on the fingers of one hand. An effort at classification of modern writers, however, shows us that the majority are in the mediocre class, and, as far as our purpose is concerned, they might now be in the oblivion to which, sooner or later, they will be relegated by posterity, Of those remaining, a large proportion, while not great, may be termed popular; and the last few who are both great and popular are designated under the title of literary giants, Chesterton is certainly popular. and the store the world sets by his utterances as well as the volume of his output places him among the great of our time, The term "literary giant" might be considered especially fitting in his case, for contemplating his vast physical bulk, one might apply it in a literal as well as a literary sense. and add double force to the popular catch-phrase,

The brilliant American columnist, Heywood Broun. in his column, "It seems to Me," once voiced the opinion that G. K. Chesterton dressed even more sloppily than he. for that is one of the foibles for which both are notorious. Chesterton seems to have an absolute disregard for personal appearance. He is of more than average height and exceedingly stout. with long and unruly greyish-brown hair and moustache, His jovial, rubicund, eye-glassed visage, lending itself with facility to caricature, is familiar over almost all the world. The initials G.K.C. are also familiarly known, and with G.B.S. he shares the distinction of being recognized almost everywhere by his initials alone,

Early Career

To turn to a few biographical observations, Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in London in 1874, He was educated at St. Paul's School, and seems, like Pope, to have been one of those who "lisped in numbers," for at a very early age he won the Milton prize for English verse, Notwithstanding this we have his own words that he spent most of his school-days writing POOR poetry, He left school in 1891, and, beginning to study art, soon developed a distinctive talent in craftsmanship, Then, in writing some art criticism he discovered a literary talent, and abandoned art for journalism, From that time on he was a regular and frequent contributor to English periodicals, This regularity and frequency is attested by the fact that from 1905 until 1930 he contributed an essay a week to the London Illustrated News, and missed only two editions in that time,

In 1901 he married Miss Frances Blogg, and lived in London for a short time, subsequently moving to Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire. There he secured a huge rambling old country house which he named Top Meadows and transformed it into a delightful residence. In this popular retreat Chesterton's numerous friends loved to visit him; a retreat similar in popularity to Pope's eighteenth century grotto at Twickenham. Chesterton's domicile may provide for his friends a lesser degree of poetic purity and classical diction, but we may safely say it provides a greater store of conviviality and good-fellowship. Chesterton loves company, partly for the reason, perhaps, that he dominates almost any company and carries his companions along on the crest of his abundant energy and good cheer.

Political Views

Chesterton's political views are indicative of his attitude towards his fellow men. While not by any means a radical given to declaiming against class distinction, his sympathies have always been on the side of the oppressed. He began life as an orthodox Liberal, but early became disgusted with party politics as exemplified by the two old parties, and reacting against them and the industrial capitalism of the time, became a Socialist. Soon, however, he reacted quite as vigorously against Socialism, and, in company with Hilaire Belloc and others, propogated the Distributist theories with which his name is still associated. The periodical, G.K.'s Weekly, is a sort of official organ for the Distributist Society.

Closely connected with Chesterton's political views was his attitude towards the social and moral trends of late Victorian and Edwardian days. His writings of those times show the virile contempt of the normal, logical thinker for the smug and blase self-sufficiency and moral decadence of pre-war England. Europe was inevitably drifting towards the turmoil of 1914-18; despite this men were busily occupied with petty philosophies and vain introspection. The militant Chesterton warred against these in a swashbuckling and pungent style, sometimes affected, perhaps, but always effective. Just as two centuries earlier Steele and Addison had attempted by the force and keenness of their satire to make vice unfashionable, so Chesterton battled against what he considered the evils of his time by the shafts of his ridicule. He made himself most unpopular in places, for, as a modern writer has aptly put it, "Chesterton has an uncanny gift for making nonsense appear nonsense." Defending conventionality in a most unconventional style he earned the reputation of being the paradoxical writer. Evidently he enjoyed the reputation, for he continued and enhanced the style, so that today he is known as "the master of paradox." There is no doubt it is a catching style, and many of his apt titles are cast in this mould, as, for example. "Tremendous Trifles." Sometimes "paradox" is hurled at him as an opprobrious epithet, and he is accused of carrying it further than he needs. Others consider it as a mark of his genius.

Wide Range of Work

Chesterton's literary work is by no means all controversial', for his output ranges from fiction to fugitive verse, and from art criticisms to discussions of ethics and religion. His controversial work is important however, for no man has greater fondness for argument and but few greater success in it. In argumentative vein he wrote "The Defendant" in 1901, "Twelve Types" (1902), and "Heretics" (1908.) "Heretics" is perhaps his best controversial work. In this he attacks the popular theory that it is immaterial what a man believes, and most convincingly proves the contrary. In it his views are more or less negative, but in "Orthodoxy" (1908), which may be considered a complement to it, he holds a very positive attitude, showing the development of his religious views, which culminated in his conversion to Catholicism in 1922, of which we shall speak later.

To proceed to a more general survey involves a great many different aspects of literature. "Catholic Thoughts on English Literature." (Shuster) says that Chesterton is too much alive for anything like a true estimate of his genius. Scanning him is like trying to scan the birds of the air, so diverse is his output.

Chesterton as Poet

His poetry is in the main considered good though some of it, such as "The Queen of the Seven Swords" presents an abstruseness which its musical quality is hardly sufficient to offset. His first important poetical work was "The Wild Knight" (1900.) This is essentially a satirical poem directed against his Victorian contemporaries, and though perhaps bitter and somewhat uncouth in places, was considered a welcome change after the artificiality of the Victorians. Someone said of it that it was like a voice from the street in a room where everyone was bored to death. Then came the songs of "The Flying Inn" and the more satirical "Ballades Urbane." His greatest poems are "The Ballad of the White Horse" and "Lepanto." "The Ballad of the White Horse" has been called the great English epic of modern times, and indeed it is a most delightful epic with its swiging meter and intriguing story. It deals ostensibly with the life and times of King Alfred, with an allegorical thread running through representing the struggle waged between Christianity and paganism. "Lepanto," and allegory on the same subject, paints a glowing picture of that epic battle, with all the romantic appeal of the dashing Don John of Austria, and of the great issue at stake of the Christian against the Moslem.

While he is accused of undue remoteness in his poetry, these last two are remarkably clear and explicit in meaning, as is his early attempt at drama, "Magic," (1913) a fanciful play in three acts. It was immediately successful, but he wrote no more plays until 1927.

Many moderns hold that, in Chesterton's diversity of literary talent, poetry is his real forte, and that, though his essays and novels are good, they detract from his poetry, which otherwise would be the greatest of our day. That, of course, is a matter of opinion, and even though we did believe it were so, I think we are convinced that without his essays and novels Chesterton would not be the great literary figure that he is.

The same charge of remoteness an lack of clarity has been brought against Chesterton the novelist, and its truth depends to a great extent on our method of looking at and interpreting his novels. Some of them may and should be regarded as lengthy allegories; and unless the reader keeps the allegorical representation in mind he may turn away with a feeling of helplessness, and think that G.K.C. is being flippant at his expense.

His Philosophy

It may be said that Chesterton uses the medium of prose-fiction to set forth his philosophy of life. for "Napoleon of Notting Hill" is perhaps more a philosophy than a novel. It is, however, a most stimulating story as well, in which we find something of the futuristic novel of Mr. H. G. Wells. In "Manalive" he gives an example of his psychological novel, but probably never before—or since—were psychological phenomena set forth in such an unusual and provocative style as we find in the exuberances of Innocent Smith. "The Ball and the Cross," hinging on an argument between an atheist and a believer, shows an outcropping of the Chesterton controversial urge.

No accusation of literary abstruseness can be made in the case of the Father Brown books, a delightful series of detective tales. In these Chesterton exhibits his uncanny ability to show, as he himself would say, the importance of the unimportant. for the denouement often turns on an incident so trivial and unexpected that it leaves the reader gasping. This same ability contains the secret of his success in the essay, for he can take the most trivial and unimportant thing, and clothe it with a vesture of original thoughts and fancies wich exhibit it to the surprised reader in an entirely new light. This he does to perfection in his essay "On Pigs as Pets," and the same aptitude provides much of the sparkle found in his novels.

Of the many adjectives which might be used in describing Chesterton's novels, "different" sums them up with probably the greatest accuracy. His style as a novelwriter has never been even approximated. It cannot be said—unfortunately—that he has established a new school of novel-writing, because no one seems to be able to approach his style. Rather, in the world of novelists, he inhabits an exclusive little kingdom of his own in the midst of the multitude of republican forms about him.

As Historical Writer

As a historical writer there is much diversity of opinion regarding his worth. He himself would be the last to put forward any pretensions to greatness as a historian, and was wont to express surprise at the. to use his own words, "wild and awful success" of his "History of England." Judged by the norms used for the cut-and-dried methods of historians in Victoria's day, Chesterton's history may seem imperfect as far as historical facts go, and he is ridiculed for his alleged too great dependence on tradition and legends rather than "facts." He is, however, most convincing in his defence of tradition and legends. Besides, as his object was to write a history for the people. from the popular point of view, and not a school text-book of history, the mass of trivial detail bothered him not at all. His history has much to recommend it. for it is very readable. It is written in a racy and provocative style, and sheds new light on many of the hoary myths of Victorian history-writers, for whom, by the way, Chesterton had small respect. His historical writings on medieval times show him to be an ardent admirer of the medieval, and also bring down on him the ire of many modern historians for his ridicule of their attitude, which seems to imply that Christian history had its origin with Luther rather than with Christ.

While in his poetry and novels Chesterton shows the liveliest fancy and great imaginative power, it must not be thought that he deals any less effectively with historical and biographical facts. We have said he began his writing career as an art critic, and a critic of outstanding ability he has remained until this day. In fact. it is the opinion of many literary experts that posterity will accord him his greatest fame in this field. His "English Men of Letters" is a masterly work, especially his studies of Browning and Dickens. To grasp the secret of his success as a critic is difficult. We only know that when we have read "English Men of Letters" we have been royally entertained with matter which heretofore we have placed in the dry-as-dust class, as presented by previous authors. Perhaps the secret is in that which we have already noted—that Chesterton can take common, prosaic facts which everybody knows, and, by the magic of his wit, present them to our view from an entirely new angle. So it seems in his criticisms, for under his pen, the well-known stories of the lives and works of the eighteenth century masters have taken new life, have shaken off the mouldiness deposited by old-school critics, and seem to us almost new creations.

Comparison With Dickens

Mention of Dickens calls to mind the names of three men who are said to have had a great influence on Chesterton. These are Dickens, Newman, and Belloc. With Dickens he is considered to have much in common, though to my mind he suffers somewhat in a comparison with the great Victorian, viewed, at any rate. from present times. That posterity will accord him an equally great place is a matter of opinion. The similarity is most pronounced in humor, though here too, I fear, G.K.C. suffers slightly by comparison. He is a sincere admirer of Newman and holds much of the Newman philosophy. Their cases are somewhat similar as far as religious convictions are concerned, but there the similarity ends. Newman was the ascetic, viewing the crowd from a distance and concerned almost entirely with spiritual considerations. Chesterton is a lover of the crowd, mixing freely with them. and overflowing with the joy of life. Lastly, to his great friend and collaborator, Belloc, Chesterton owes much. Belloc, with his keen, analytical mind and calm reasoning, is a stabilizing medium on the more ebullient Chesterton. Their abilities are complementary; so much so that George Bernard Shaw chucklingly refers to them as "Chesterbelloc."

Probably the most important event in Chesterton's life was his conversion to Catholicism in 1922. This did not mean any great change in his views. He was always more Catholic than otherwise, and it seems he had been tending in that direction for a score of years previously. It had a significant effect on his writing. for after this, much of the swashbuckling character of his earlier work disappeared to be replaced by a calm logic which bids fair to enhance his prestige.

Religious Writings

As a Catholic writer he has since his conversion been a leading controversialist, for at all times his trenchant pen is ready and willing to contest any point of doctrine or morals in dispute. Indeed it seems that his best work has been done since 1922, for his "Everlasting Man" has been called Chesterton's greatest. His Catholic biographies, "St. Francis of Assisi." and "St. Thomas Aquinas," are ranked among leading Catholic biographies. In his Catholic writings, while he is perhaps more ordered and logical, Chesterton exhibits all the old vim and fire of his earlier works. His essays attacking Birth Control, Eugenics. and other social and moral evils of the nineteen-twenties, are quite as vigorous as and more unanswerable than anything he ever wrote.

Not all Chesterton's work is great. It has many imperfections which, with the enormous volume of his output is, I suppose. excusable. Dr. Johnson says of Dryden that he never revised his work, for once a thing was written it ceased to trouble him; hence the faults in his work are many. The same might apply to Chesterton. In fact there is a striking parallel between the bluff, hearty Dryden of the seventeenth century, and the like Chesterton of the nineteenth. Dryden was the typical Englishman, a convert, had a great versatility of talent, writing everything, and in the great volume of his work turned out many things which showed the stamp of haste and carelessness. These points might, without exception, be applied to Chesterton. Both, however, are sufficiently in demand so that they can afford imperfections which would be disastrous to a less popular writer. Thus when Chesterton is accused of ambiguity, pushing the paradox too far, lack of clarity and originality, all of which accusations contain a small element of truth, we find these faults scattered so sparsey through such a vast volume of meritorious work that their effect is hardly noticed.

His Popularity

Whatever posterity may say of Chesterton, there is no gain-saying his popularity in his own time, both as a writer and as man. He is certainly one of the great minds of present-day England, and with this he combines the frankness and enthusiasm of a child. Whatever part of his work will be remembered none will question the fact that it stands out an oasis of cleanness in the desert of modern risque writings. Much of his work may be forgotten, but I feel there will always remain the effect of the purity and strength of his influence on English literature of the early twentieth century.

There are many tales abroad of his exuberance and love of life. His friends sometimes jokingly say that in his disrespect for the manners and customs, as well as the social system, of our day, he is a throw-back to the medieval days he admires so much. While we know that G.K.C. is, in most way, a hard-headed modern, perhaps we like to think that there is some truth in his friends' allegation, and that the following excerpt from an article on Chesterton written by his old friend A. G. Gardiner in 1908 is every bit as applicable to the Chesterton of 1935: "I sometimes think that one moonlight night, when he is tired of Fleet Street, he will scale the walls of the Tower and clothe himself in a suit of giant mail with shield and sword to match. He will come forth with vizor up and mount the battle-steed that champs its bit outside. And the clatter of his hoofs will ring through the quiet of the city night as he thunders through St. Paul's Church yard and down Ludgate Hill and out on the Great North Road. And then once more will be heard the cry of 'St. George for Merry England!' and there will be the clash of swords in the greenwood and brave deeds done on the King's Highway."

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That's where MORSE'S SELECTED ORANGE PEKOE shines. To exquisite flavour it adds lasting power. A little goes a long way.

35 cents the half pound package.

DOMINION OF CADADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In the Probate Court 26th George V, A. D. 1935.

In Re Estate of Paul Arsenault late of Summerside in Prince County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer Surrogate Judge of Probate, Etc., Etc.,

To the Sheriff of the County of Prince County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Wilfred Kelly of Summerside aforesaid, Baker, and Jeremiah Doucette of Summerside aforesaid, Painter, the Executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province on Saturday the Fourteenth day of September next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Frank E. Doiron, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioners And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some news paper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date, hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Summerside aforesaid, at or near the Town Hall and in the Post Office both in Summerside aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 8th day of August A. D. 1935, and in the 26th year of His Majesty's reign.

L. S.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER,
JUDGE OF PROBATE.
L0007-8-10-17-24-31

City Bus Service

Elmira Souris Ch'town

Headquarters Old Spain Tea Rooms, Ch'town
Cox Hotel, Souris

Leaves Elmira	7.15	Leaves	Charlottetown	4.10
" Souris	8.10	"	Mt. Stewart	5.00
" Dingwells Mills	8.35	"	Morell	5.25
" St. Peters	8.55	"	St. Peters	5.45
" Morell	9.15	"	Dingwells Mills	6.05
" Mt. Stewart	9.40	"	Souris	6.30
Arrives in Charlottetown	10.30	Arrives in	Elmira	7.15

Parcels carried at Minimum of 25c.
Bus will stop on signal at any point.

L-7950-6-11-tf.

CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

Fardy Bus Service & Taxi Service

TIME TABLE

Leaving	Charlottetown	4.00 p.m.	Leaving	Fortune	8.15 a.m.
"	Hazelbrook	4.20 p.m.	"	Dingwell's	8.25 a.m.
"	Keefe's Lake	4.35 p.m.	"	Dundas	8.45 a.m.
"	48 Road	4.45 p.m.	"	Bridgetown	8.50 a.m.
"	Cardigan	5.00 p.m.	"	Cardigan	9.05 a.m.
"	Bridgetown	5.15 p.m.	"	48 Station	9.20 a.m.
"	Dundas	5.20 p.m.	"	Keefe's Lake	9.30 a.m.
"	Dingwell's	5.40 p.m.	"	Hazelbrook	9.45 a.m.
Arrive	Fortune	5.50 p.m.	Arrive	Charlottetown	10.05 a.m.

Headquarters in Charlottetown—NOBANA TEA ROOMS.
Headquarters in Souris—LENNOX HOTEL.

BLUE BUS LINE

SCHEDULE

LEAVES	
Peter's Road	7.45 A.M.
Murray Harbor North	8.00 A.M.
Riley Corner—Gaspereaux	8.10 A.M.
Sturgeon Bridge	8.20 A.M.
Geo. Poole's Store—Lower Montague	8.30 A.M.
Clement's Office—Upper Montague	8.50 A.M.
New Perth School	9.05 A.M.
Summerville School	9.15 A.M.
Vernon River	9.25 A.M.
Cherry Valley	9.35 A.M.
Pownal	9.45 A.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10.15 A.M.
Leaves White's Restaurant	4.00 P.M.
Arrives Peters Road	6.30 P.M

Parcels carried at 25c minimum charge.
Bus will stop on signal at any point on route.

GEORGETOWN BUS SERVICE

Via Cardigan and Newport Ferry Road

Leaves Georgetown	8.30 a. m.
Cardigan	9.00 a. m.
Arrives Charlottetown	10.00 a. m.
Leaves Charlottetown	4.00 p. m.

Daily service. Parcels carried.
Bus will stop on signals.
Nobana Tea Rooms and F. J. Solomon's, Georgetown.
L-8785-8-2-tf.

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