

# Strawberries

invite you **NOW!**  
Make jams and jellies  
with **CERTO**  
Better Texture—Finer Flavour

I CALL THIS THE SUREST, EASIEST WAY TO MAKE JAMS AND JELLIES

DURING THIS EXTREMELY SHORT BOIL NO JUICE HAS A CHANCE TO BOILAWAY

1. This is the Certo way of making jam—crush 2 lbs. (about 2 qts.) of ripe strawberries; mix with 3 lbs. of sugar in large pot—bring to rolling boil over hottest flame then...

2. ... boil as hard and fast as possible for 2 minutes—no more, no less—stirring all the time. Then take the pot off the stove and...

3. ... stir in half the bottle of Certo (a half bottle for 10 glasses of jam). Now stir and skin by turns to prevent floating fruit.

4. Pour quickly. Cover with an 14 inch sheet of hot paraffin to protect from dust. Just four steps and you are all through.

MY JAMS AND JELLIES HAVE BETTER TEXTURE—FINER FLAVOUR

IMAGINE... ALL FINISHED AND STARTED LESS THAN 15 MINUTES AGO

I GOT 10 GLASSES INSTEAD OF 6... I'VE SAVED TIME—FRUIT—MONEY

Certo is pure pectin—nothing is added—it is the natural jelling substance extracted from fruit. Makes jams and jellies with any fruit or fruit juice. Buy Certo at any grocer's. Made in Canada.

**Free Recipe Book**

89 tested recipes come with every bottle of Certo—a separate recipe for each fruit. Remember, Certo recipes simply won't work without Certo, or with anything but Certo.

**SPECIAL OFFER**  
60 Assorted Labels for Jelly Glasses

Wouldn't you like the attractive book of jelly glass labels shown at the right? Just mail this coupon, along with the label from one bottle of Certo and a 2¢ stamp to Consumer Service Department, 24 General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

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Have the City Ticket Agency plan your summer vacation. Information in regard to rates, etc. will be given at any time.

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## SYMPTOMS

(By I. C. DOUTHWAITE)

As the solidly built Inspector Hemingway, and Holden, the slimly-immaculate Divisional Surgeon, were shown into the study, the tall slightly cadaverous man who had been standing by the desk came forward to introduce himself as Dr. Fauntleroy.

"No doubt as to the cause of death, unfortunately," he said in a voice that was inclined to be resonant. "A calamity I feel more deeply, because, apart from being his doctor, Professor Humphreys was my friend."

Hemingway transferred his glance to the figure seated at the desk. Hands clasped loosely on the blotting-pad, where, by the side of a small green phial, a half-sheet of notepaper stirred in the breeze from the window, it was as if the grey-haired figure seated there had fallen asleep over his work.

"You have no doubt?" he began, and Fauntleroy's reply was immediate.

"Unfortunately, no," he said definitely, "as is proved by that letter."

After glancing at the note, the Inspector passed it across to his companion, who read:

"As I can find no valid reason why I should not curtail my agency, you, my dearest, will forgive me."

Your devoted husband,

"I take it," Holden said, "there's no question as to the handwriting." Fauntleroy's tone was emphatic as he indicated the phial.

"None whatever—as there is none that, in a moment of mental aberration, he took an overdose of veronal," he said.

Having verified the bottle's contents, Holden, making his examination, looked up.

"Do I understand Professor Humphreys was your patient?" he inquired.

"He was under my treatment for carbuncle," Fauntleroy explained, and Holden nodded confirmatively.

"I noticed it—the check..." Adding: "Usual treatment for the usual symptoms, I take it? And with the usual response?"

"Yes, again Fauntleroy nodded. "Yes, sub-normal temperature and tachylococcus injections," he said, and seemed to hesitate. "A treatment, I'm sorry to say, that was not as definitely successful as I could have wished," he added.

Holden turned to the Inspector.

"You'll want particulars for your report," he said, and glanced to Fauntleroy. "Lady Humphreys first. I expect?"

"If you think it necessary, my fellow practitioner conceded. "Only well-naturally, the shock—if you'll excuse me, I'll go and prepare her."

When the door had closed, Holden indicated the dead man's letter. "Anything strike you in that?" he asked quietly of Hemingway—"or about the state of the writing-table?"

The detective re-read the letter. "What's at the back of your mind?" he said. "It's suicide, all right, isn't it?"

"There's a discrepancy," Holden replied.

"Where?" Hemingway demanded.

"Between the state of the room, and the desk, where there's nothing out of place, and this letter," Holden said. "Take another look at it—a note that was thrown down just anyhow—and with a perfectly good paperweight immediately to hand."

"What's that funny about the note itself?" Hemingway demanded, replacing it on the desk.

"Didn't it strike you as curious that a man as methodical as the Professor should write a letter of such tragic importance—and with neither formal beginning nor date?" Holden demanded. "Or, with a well-filled stationery rack to hand, that he should use a soiled half-sheet of notepaper?"

Hemingway looked startled.

"What's the inference?" he asked quickly, but Holden's reply was interrupted by the re-appearance of Fauntleroy.

"If you will follow me, please—" he said, in a low voice.

They passed by the staircase to a comfortably-furnished sitting room where an attractive but gristly woman of thirty-five awaited them.

"Perhaps," the detective suggested gently, when Fauntleroy had presented them, "it would save you distress to tell us in your own words exactly at what time, and in what circumstances, your husband was found."

With a gesture that invited them to be seated, Lady Humphreys sank into a chair.

"He was not home when I retired last night," she said. "When I awoke about six o'clock he was not in the room. Thinking he might have fallen asleep over his work, I sent Hortense, my maid, to the study. She returned to say that the door was locked. While I slipped on a dressing-gown, Watkins, the butler, went to the side of the house, and through the window saw my husband at his desk. He called, but could not attract his attention. We sent for the chauffeur, who forced the study door, and—her voice trailed off."

Hemingway thought for a moment.

"I take it the key was in the lock?" he suggested.

Lady Humphreys shook her head. "No," she said, "it was in my husband's pocket." She paused, then added: "With the windows fastened from the inside."

Holden broke in.

"Your maid was fully dressed—hair arranged, and so on—when she answered your bell?" he inquired.

"To the best of my recollection," Lady Humphreys replied.

"Wasn't that a little early?" Holden suggested, and the widow thought for a moment.

"Possibly it was—usually she doesn't come to my room until nine."

"And the butler—Watkins—how was he dressed?" Holden further inquired, and this time the answer came promptly.

"In his shirt-sleeves, but without collar or tie. He makes a practice of being the first down, and when everything's going smoothly, returns to his room."

Hemingway glanced at Holden, who nodded. Both rose. On his way to the door, however, Holden checked himself.

"Apart from carbuncle," he asked quietly, "was your husband well?"

Her reply came only after consideration.

"He's not been himself for quite a little time," she said at last. "Head pains and, until recently, subnormal temperature. I think he's been depressed at not perfecting his discovery."

Holden looked up.

"Perfecting his discovery?" he repeated. "Report has it his experiments were successful."

Lady Humphreys made a gesture of weariness.

"An overstatement, unfortunately," she said. Then, her voice definite: "Not but what, given a little longer, there's little doubt he would have succeeded."

Holden nodded sympathetically.

"Perhaps we might be permitted to glance at his workroom," he suggested.

They followed the doctor to an elaborately-equipped and meticulously ordered laboratory, where there was a bench with a microscope, a box of slides, and a catalogue of the exhibits that—with a single exception—Holden found to correspond with the index-numbers on the slides.

"Curious!" he said, his eyes distant.

"What is it you find so odd?" their guide questioned.

"That one as methodical as Professor Humphreys should include an unnumbered and unnumbered slide in a box wherein every other one is catalogued," he said, and glanced enquiringly at the detective.

"What do you think, Inspector?"

"Rum, doctor; very rum!" Hemingway agreed.

Holden picked up the unnumbered slide, and placing it carefully into the microscope, looked intently through the eye-piece. Then he gave place to Fauntleroy.

"Granting this is a specimen of Professor Humphreys's own blood, put yourself in his place when he examined it," he suggested quietly. "The doctor's inspection was prolonged."

"What reason have you for thinking it is a specimen of the Professor's blood?" he demanded at last.

"Because it was what I was looking for," said the Divisional Surgeon.

...

In the study again, Watkins having announced that his mistress had been taken suddenly unwell, Fauntleroy left them. When the butler would have followed, however, Holden checked him.

"You overslept this morning, I believe?" he inquired, and the butler looked apologetic.

"I can't understand it, sir," he said, self-reproachfully. "Last night I'd no heavy supper or anything—just the cup of tea Hortense brought me last night. Touch of liver, I expect."

"Bad mouth, eh?" Holden suggested sympathetically.

"Pretty bad, sir," Watkins admitted. "And that's not like me, either."

As he turned to go:

"Would it be possible for me to spend a few moments in your late master's bedroom?" Holden inquired, and the butler hesitated.

"I'm afraid I've no authority, sir," he said doubtfully, and glanced at Hemingway. "But if it's the Inspector's order..."

After an apparently unproductive look around the bedroom, Holden passed through to the adjoining bathroom. It was from the articles on the shelf above the basin that he slipped a small object into his pocket.

He listened intently, and at the

**CORNS**

Lift Right Out  
No Pain!

QUICK RELIEF

PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS AND HIGHWAYS

NOTICE

The West River Bridge will be closed to vehicle traffic commencing Tuesday, June 23rd, until further notice.

L. B. MacMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways  
Charlottetown, June 20, 1936.

## IN MEMORIAM

MR. JONAS GALLANT

It was with a feeling of sincere regret that his many friends in Charlottetown and throughout the Province generally learned of the death on Wednesday, May 27th. Although not in the best of health for the past two or more years, the deceased was only confined to his bed for a month previous to his death. During his illness he was regularly attended by Priests from the Basella Staff, and although everything possible was done in the way of careful nursing, the deceased passed away in the presence of his entire family on the evening of May 27th.

The late Mr. Gallant was born in Rustico, in February, 1856 and was thus in his 81st year. He later resided in Cardigan with his family and some thirty years ago removed to Charlottetown, where he has since resided. For many years the deceased was employed with the Marine Service, from which he retired some 12 years ago. All those who knew the deceased will remember him as a man who possessed a genial and agreeable personality with an enviable reputation for honesty.

He leaves to mourn his passing a widow and the following sons and daughter: George, Robert, Edmund, Harold and Warren and Mrs. David Head. A son Edward and a daughter, Mrs. Thos. Coyle predeceased him some few years ago.

The funeral, which was held from his late residence to St. Dunstan's Basilica at 10 o'clock Friday, May 29th, was very largely attended. The Mass of Requiem being sung by Rev. Father Dugan. Services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Dr. McMahon. Labourers' Protective Union marched in a body. The pallbearers were Messrs. Jas. Campbell, Joseph Purcell, J. P. Bradley, James Gormley, Patrick Cullen and Daniel Gillis.

The many mass cards, spiritual and floral offerings and messages of sympathy received bear testimony to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

May his soul rest in peace.

## MR. FELIX GALLANT

It was with a feeling of deep regret that the people of Cardigan and vicinity learned of the death on Saturday morning May 23rd, of Mr. Felix Gallant, a highly respected resident of that place. Although the deceased was not feeling well for the several months past yet his family and friends held hopes that he would recover sufficiently to enjoy a longer sojourn here below. However, the Angel of Death visited this vicinity and bore away to the Great Beyond a good and loving father. All those who knew him well remember him as a man who possessed a genial and agreeable disposition. In business affairs he always dealt fairly with people, thus attaining an enviable reputation for honesty. The large number of mass cards, spiritual offerings and letters of sympathy which were received after his death gives evidence of the esteem in which he was held.

Mr. Gallant was respected by all who knew him intimately. He was a worker who gave his attention to his duties and quietly and effectively attended to his affairs. To his relatives there is extended sympathy in the sudden sadness that has come to his home circle.

Rest on, dear one, though our hearts are sad we have that comforting assurance that you are safe in that happy home prepared for you by our Heavenly Father.

His funeral which was held on May 25th to Cardigan Chapel was largely attended.—P.

Seven members and four visitors were present at the June meeting of North River W.I. which was held at the home of Mrs. Glen Owen on the 23rd. After repeating the Creed, the roll was called and answered by a joke. The minutes of May meeting were read and adopted and the financial statement was given. The sick committee reported one sick in district remembered with fruit. Selections were read from the Institute News and Sanitarium Bulletin. It was moved and seconded that \$5 be paid to both schools in Institute section to be used for prizes and presents for pupils at school closing exercises. The President read an article on "Commercial Interests in War." After two questionnaires had been filled in the business part of the meeting was concluded. The prize for a musical box game was won by Mrs. Hurry.

July meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ernest H. Ladner on the first. Roll call to be answered by a "money making scheme." Mrs. Gordon Thompson, Mrs. Peter MacGregor and Mrs. Ray MacKinnon will assist the hostess with refreshments.

(Patriot Please Copy)

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Buy a 50¢ or \$1 box from your druggist, or free trial, write TEMPLETON'S LIMITED, 250 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

**NOTICE**

True Brothers Lodge No. 8, Crapaud, P. E. I., will attend Divine Service at the Baptist Church, Tryon, P. E. I., on Sunday the 28th inst., at 7:30 P. M. Rev. T. O. DeWolfe, Preacher. Visiting Brethren are invited.

L-5423-6-26-31

Every 10c Packet of

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Best of all fly killers. Clean, quick, sure, cheap. Ask your Druggist, Grocer or General Store.

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## Pay Last Tribute To Rev. Dr. Lowry

(Ottawa Journal June 4, 1936)

Friends of many years' standing joined with relatives in paying a final tribute to the memory of Rev. Dr. J. W. S. Lowry, prominent Presbyterian clergyman and formerly of Fitzroy Harbor and Franktown, who died at Charlottetown Friday, at his funeral held on Wednesday afternoon from the parlors of A. E. Veitch and Son, 453 Parkdale avenue.

The cortege proceeded to Knox Presbyterian Church where Rev. W. R. Alp of Chalmers Church, Rev. Robert Gamble, and Rev. Harold G. Lowry, of Cushman Memorial Church, Hull, took part in the service. The Rev. Dr. Lowry was not necessary to enlarge on his services since his work spoke for itself. He had a wide and deep knowledge of church activities.

Mrs. Merrill Cameron presided at the organ.

A brief service previously had been held at Veitch's parlors, and interment was at Pinecrest cemetery.

Chief mourners included his widow, formerly Miss Emma Lowry, of Newcastle, Ont.; a daughter, Mrs. William Smellie of Ottawa; and two sons, Francis, in Toronto, and William, in Washington.

Floral tributes included pieces from the Packard Motor Company, Toronto, and the Charlottetown Guardian, along with many from personal friends.

Among the friends attending were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mercer, of Toronto; W. E. Hunter, K. F. Richardson and Gordon McGoigan, of the Department of Finance; J. H. Hughes, Bower Henry, T. G. Lowrey, J. Hamilton Lowry, Max Runge, of Ottawa. A number of residents of Carleton Place and the townships of Beckwith, Fitzroy and Torbolton also were noted in the cortege.

**Swollen ANKLES & Aching FEET**

Are Quickly Relieved & Comforted with Herbal

**ZAM-BUK**

Soothing & Healing

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Zam-Buk is sold in handy boxes by all druggists.

**NORTH RIVER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE**

Seven members and four visitors were present at the June meeting of North River W.I. which was held at the home of Mrs. Glen Owen on the 23rd. After repeating the Creed, the roll was called and answered by a joke. The minutes of May meeting were read and adopted and the financial statement was given. The sick committee reported one sick in district remembered with fruit. Selections were read from the Institute News and Sanitarium Bulletin. It was moved and seconded that \$5 be paid to both schools in Institute section to be used for prizes and presents for pupils at school closing exercises. The President read an article on "Commercial Interests in War." After two questionnaires had been filled in the business part of the meeting was concluded. The prize for a musical box game was won by Mrs. Hurry.

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**Newfoundland Canoe Steamships Ltd**

S. S. Gaston Nicard due Charlottetown Wednesday, July 1st, sailing Thursday noon, July 2nd for St. Pierre and St. John's, Newfoundland. J. F. Bragg, Agent, Buntain land.

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Errors of vision are often so subtle. They exist in countless cases without anyone being aware of it. Thus they produce harmful results which are blamed on other causes. It is not at all a bad idea to be eye-suspicious, if something is done about it.

**G. F. Hutchison**

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ON WEDNESDAY, July 1st, 1936

On the Beautiful Grounds owned by Samuel Hume, Esq. Games will start at 1.30 P. M. Entries will be taken on the field. Each Event must have at least four Contestants

**PRIZE LIST**

1. THROWING HAMMER  
1st Prize \$3.00; 2nd Prize \$2.00; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

2. PUTTING SHOT  
1st Prize \$3.00; 2nd Prize \$2.00; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

3. RUNNING HIGH JUMP  
1st Prize \$2.50; 2nd Prize \$1.75; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

4. BOY'S RACE, 12 YEARS  
1st Prize \$2.00; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

5. RUNNING LONG JUMP  
1st Prize \$2.25; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

6. GIRL'S RACE, 16 YEARS  
1st Prize \$2.00; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

7. TOSsing THE CABER  
1st Prize \$2.50; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

8. HUNDRED YARD DASH  
1st Prize \$2.25; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

9. VAULTING WITH POLE  
1st Prize \$2.50; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

10. DANCING HIGHLAND FLING  
All Contestants receive a prize.

11. DANCING GLEITE CALUM  
All Contestants receive a prize.

12. GIRL'S RACE, 10 YEARS  
1st Prize \$1.50; 2nd Prize \$1.00; 3rd Prize 75c.

13. STEPDANCE, GIRLS  
1st Prize \$2.00; 2nd Prize \$1.50; 3rd Prize \$1.00.

The Ladies of the Orwell Head and St. Andrew's Churches, noted for proficiency in the culinary art, will provide Kats, delicious and copious. Tickets, Adults, 35c, Children 25c.

If weather is unfavorable Gathering will be held on Thursday, July 2nd.

ADMISSION—ADULTS 25c. CHILDREN 10c.

President, W. E. SHAW  
Secretary, T. M. McMILLAN  
Chief, F. A. A. MUTCH  
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**GAY'S PLANTS AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE**

Flower plants have been so much improved that the old time flowers can hardly be recognized. Extra early cabbage and cauliflower, 20c doz., \$1.50 per 100. Early celery and cucumbers, 25c doz., (Red Cayenne) and (Sweet Peppers) 30c doz. Extra early tomato, 50c doz. Late tomato, 30c doz.

Late cabbage, cauliflower and celery will be ready June 15th. Late cabbage, 100, 30c (per 1,000 f.o.b. Charlottetown) \$2.50. Late cauliflower, 20c doz., 75c per 100 (per 1,000 f.o.b. Charlottetown \$5.00). Late celery, 20c doz., \$1.50 per 100.

Annual Bedding Flower Plants—Aster, Phlox, Stocks, Alyssum, Petunia in the following varieties (Rosy Morn, Rose of Heaven, Balcony mixed and Balcony Blue), Verbena, Marigold (Guinea Gold), Marigold (Dwarf French Mixed), Snapdragon, Cosmos, Calendula, Lobelia at 25c doz. Seedling Pansy, Kochia (Burning Bush), Salvia, Dianthus Pinks, Ageratam at 35c doz. Daisies, 50c doz.

Hardy perennials and wintered over, Hollyhock double, Foxglove, Canterbury Bell, Gypsophylla or Baby's Breath, Forget-me-not and Carnation, 15c each. Sweet William, Daisy and Pansy in bloom, 10c each. Delphiniums 15c each.

We will at all times be pleased to have customers call at our gardens and personally select their order. This advertisement appears every Tuesday and Friday.

The following firms carry our plants exclusively: Carter & Co. Seed Store, F. W. Woolworth, Remitt by postal note or express money order. If by check add 15c exchange. We do not send C.O.D. Send all mail orders to

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**Georgetown-Charlottetown Bus Service**

STARTING MONDAY, APRIL 27th.  
or as soon after as possible.

Leave Georgetown .....	8:15 A.M.	Leave Charlottetown .....	4:40 P.M.
Cardigan .....	8:35 A.M.	Johnston's River .....	4:20 P.M.
48 Road .....	8:50 A.M.	Webster's Corner .....	4:30 P.M.
Baldwin's Road .....	9:05 A.M.	Fort Augustus .....	4:40 P.M.
St. Theresa's .....	9:20 A.M.	Peaked .....	4:50 P.M.
Peaked .....	9:35 A.M.	Peaked .....	5:00 P.M.
Peaked .....	9:50 A.M.	St. Theresa's .....	5:10 P.M.
Peaked .....	10:05 A.M.	Baldwin's Road .....	5:20 P.M.
Peaked .....	10:20 A.M.	48 Road .....	5:30 P.M.
Peaked .....	10:35 A.M.	Cardigan .....	5:35 P.M.
Peaked .....	10:50 A.M.	Georgetown .....	5:50 P.M.
Peaked .....	11:05 A.M.	Nobena Tea Rooms.	

Arrive Charlottetown at 12:15 A.M. Headquarters at Charlottetown

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Headquarters at Georgetown F. J. Solomon of 25c.

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