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SECOND SERIES

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new way nature may be inserted at five cents a word strictly payable in advance.

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MOTORISTS. — Get your Prestone Anti-freeze at F. R. McLaine's today.

THE ENGAGEMENT is announced of Olga Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Harold Murray and the late Brenton Scott, to Vernon Alton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newman, Union Road, Marriage to take place the last week of October.

ENGAGEMENT—Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Toombs announce the engagement of their daughter Norma to Ralph Proud, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Proud, Charlottetown. Marriage to take place in near future.

THIS IS JUNIOR RED CROSS WEEK. The following broadcasts will be heard over C.F.C.Y. Wednesday, Oct. 8th, 10 P.M. Mr. Malcolm MacKenzie, Chief Supervisor of Schools. Friday, October 10th, 10 P.M. Mrs. Frank Ross, Model School Teacher. Saturday, October 11th, 6.30. Regular Broadcast.

CITY POLICE COURT — At the Stipendiary Magistrate's Court yesterday, a woman charged under the Prohibition Act was fined \$25 and costs or 10 days, while a summary ejection case was adjourned until today. At a preliminary hearing, a man charged with attempting to break and enter was committed for trial at Supreme Court.

PHALANX MEETING — The Alpha Chapter of the Phalanx, Charlottetown met at the Queen Hotel for a joint supper and business meeting, October 6th, at 6.15 p.m., with approximately 15 members and Mr. Frank Storey, the Phalanx member, present. The main business consisted of the induction of the new Tribunal. After all business was completed it was moved by John Nash and seconded by Harold Dobson that the meeting be adjourned.

NATIONAL RED CROSS. — A conference of provincial representatives to the National Nursing Committee was held at the National Red Cross Office in Toronto on September 25th. Miss Katharine MacLennan represented P. E. I. Miss Helen McArthur, the National Director of Nursing was chairman. Policies and plans for peacetime projects in nursing activities were discussed in detail. The following morning the visitors were welcomed to the Toronto Red Cross office where a very complete set-up, including all modern methods and equipment for the teaching of home nursing was demonstrated very clearly. After this interesting trip, the guests were entertained at a delightful luncheon in the Red Cross House. The meeting of the Red Cross National Nursing Committee with provincial representation was held in the afternoon of September 26th, with Miss K. Russell, Toronto, in the chair. A number of recommendations were passed for submission to the Central Council which, if it approves, will submit the recommendations to the provinces. Among the matters discussed were the following: 1. The appointment of a full-time qualified Nurse to organize and teach home nursing in each province. 2. The revision of the present Red Cross Home Nursing Manual and Guide to Teachers. 3. The development of a sick room supply loan service for the use of the public when needed.

Beyond The Law

By Mary Imlay Taylor

Where were they now, the doctor and the woman? O'Hara lay still, watching the door. Presently he heard soft movements, then a shadow fell across the rectangle of light.

"Laure!" he breathed.

"You're awake, m'sieur!" She was smiling; there was something like a thrill of joy in her voice as she knelt beside him, lifting a cup to his lips. "You must eat something now, and get strong again."

The hot broth tasted good after his long fast. He finished the cup.

"The pain in your head isn't so bad now, m'sieur? Your fever's almost gone, and you've slept off the medicine too." She was close, bending over him, and the light from the other room touched her face with a softened glow.

He lifted a fold of her dress to his lips and kissed it humbly. "You've been an angel to me. Forgive me for all I've done!"

"She was smiling, and her knees, flushed and trembling, but her eyes were shining. "The doctor said you must be quiet m'sieur."

"Where is he?"

"He — he had to go back," her voice faltered strangely. "He had another patient. Jacques took him. It was a lucky chance to have a doctor anywhere out here."

As she spoke she moved toward the door carrying the empty cup. But he called to her in a low strained voice. "They've gone — and you stayed here with me?"

"Of course, m'sieur, you need someone."

"You stayed because I needed you?"

"Are you not suffering, m'sieur? And I'm a woman! I had to stay."

"You had to stay? No, Laure."

His lips compressed to a grim line, but this was self hatred. When he spoke again his voice was harsh.

"Why did you let pity keep you here?"

She turned back and stood looking down at him, pale and calm.

"Would you rather have me desert you now, m'sieur? Leave you to suffer alone until the doctor returns, to thirst with fever, to starve?"

He nodded slowly, firmly. "I refer it, Laure! Let me fall, attempting duty, rather than succeed—"

CHAPTER X

Shocked protest was mirrored in her features. "No, no, m'sieur! Even if you hated me, even though you charged me with crime, you could not wish to be left alone thus!"

"You don't know all!" he cried abruptly. "Tell me, what day is it?"

"Friday, m'sieur."

His tension relaxed — but this was hopelessness. Inspector MacDonald knew everything by this time. Listlessly his crazy face suddenly seemed years older, O'Hara turned his face toward the wall. "I have done it — betrayed you," he muttered.

There was a moment of silence; then her voice still sweet and modulated. "I know all, m'sieur."

You told me in your fever."

"You knew the inspector will send an officer here, now I have failed to bring you in," he gasped in fresh agony of soul, "you knew?"

"I know, m'sieur."

"You knew and you stayed? When you could have gone with Duval — You stayed to wait on me?"

He caught at her and drew her nearer, lifting fevered eyes to the calm beauty of her face. "Laure, tell me about this man, Duval. He's devoted to you like a faithful dog—"

She dragged her hand away, gently. "It's quite simple about that m'sieur. When I came here a bride, Duval's young wife would have died one night but for my care. I went a few miles through the snow to help her. He loves her m'sieur, and thanks I saved her. That is all."

O'Hara uttered a sharp cry. "I know now," he said with a rasp of throat. "I know! I Duval brought you here. He found that girl, believed your husband false; and in revenge he killed them both!"

She fell upon her knees beside him, holding it. "No, no. Before the good God, Duval is innocent! He never came here while the girl was here. He never saw her—even dead!"

"He did! You want to save the man because he's been faithful, or because he's a simpleton?"

O'Hara was cruel to you, they've told me. He deserved to die. I swear it! But you must be clear. I'll have to take Duval. He's the guilty one, but I don't blame him—"

She dropped his hand and wrung her own together. Sobs of terror shook her. "He's innocent! If you accuse him you're a wicked man! Duval saved you; be grateful and just to him!"

"He didn't save me; you did. I know now you're innocent; I'd stake my soul on it! It's the man who did it. He must pay for it, not you."

"M'sieur, Duval's innocent; there's no clue which can lead you to him. You know it!"

"You can't deceive me now, Laure! Don't I remember how you begged me not to let Creuse on circumstantial evidence? One of those two did it, Laure, and one of them must pay—if not your half breed, then Nicky Creuse. He had the motive, he was taken haunting this house, and there's only one link missing. He seems to have been at Churchill. Well, he wasn't, that's all. We've miscalculated the time. He got here in time to fulfill his threats. As soon as I'm up I'll nail him!"

She drew a long breath, her eyes shining strangely, but she did not move. "You'll do this because of me?" she whispered. "To save me you'll send that boy unjustly to the gallows?"

He did not answer. A startled light of sanity shot through the madness of unreason in his eyes, however, as he stared at her.

"And what if I swear to you that both are innocent, Creuse, and poor Jacques?"

"I know you can't, Laure. I — I'm sure of it, for one of them had to do it; there can be no one else." Yet in that second instinct told him he erred.

"Except Charlan's wife, m'sieur, the one whom you suspected first, the one whom you hunted first!"

"Come nearer," he pleaded. "Let me look into your eyes — Laure!"

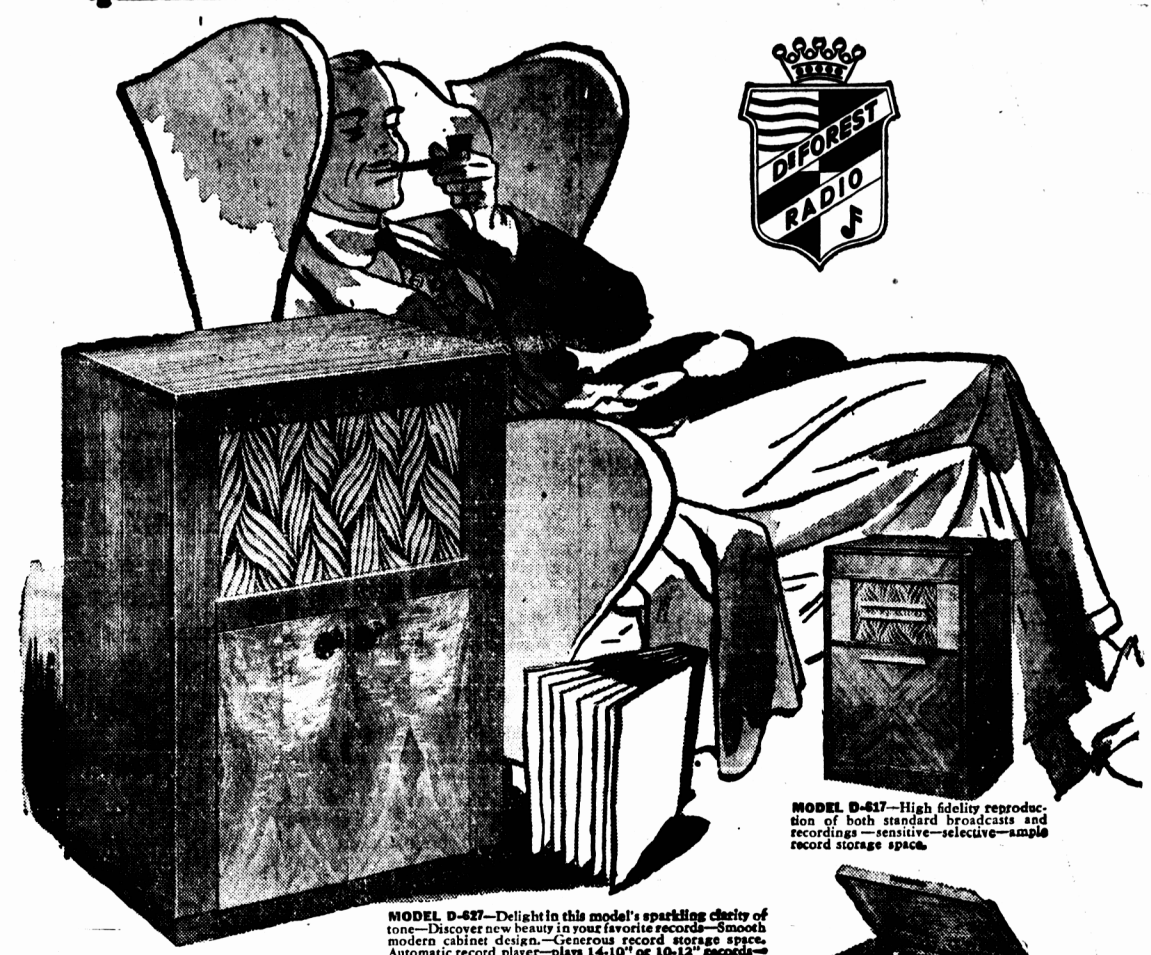
"Yes, m'sieur." She knelt beside him looking at him with soft, melancholy eyes.

"Look at me Laure," he whispered hoarsely. "Hear me! As God is my judge, I believe I was mistaken. You're innocent! I — I love you!"

She was so close that his well hand touched her flushed cheek, but she evaded him and rose to her feet. For an instant she stood thus, looking down, and then she hid her face in her own hands and burst into bitter, passionate tears.

"Laure," he cried hoarsely, brokenly, (forgive me! I had no right to tell you but I couldn't keep it back. From that first moment at French Pete's I've loved

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She almost shouted. "Duval! I shall tell me the truth, Laure!" (To Be Continued)

USE LOW HEAT In cooking eggs use low temperatures since excessive heat makes them tough and leathery. To avoid having shells of eggs crack while cooking, start them in cold water.

STARCH FACTORIES

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