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NOTICE!

The Annual Meeting of the P.E.I. Brass Band Growers' Association, will be held in St. Mary's Hall, Louis, on Wednesday, July 6th, at 2 P. M.

FRANK MULLALLY,
 Secretary.

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The Plains Of Abraham

By
James Oliver Curwood



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 (Continued)

"Kiss me, Jeems—and pray a little with me in gratitude for the mercy God has shown us!"
 The thrill of her lips lay for a moment against his.
 "I am sorry for everything in the world," she said.
 Some of the softness and beauty of boyhood returned into his face as she drew herself from his arms and he descended the creaking stair ahead of her.
 They did not go out at once, but stood near the lower door, listening for sound and watching for something to move.
 "They are gone," Jeems finally said. "But there may be stragglers behind, and it is safer not to show ourselves too soon."

It was easier for them to talk after this. Quite calmly, as if looking back on a distant thing, Toinette told Jeems of the tragedy of Tonteur Manor. Her mother, he learned, had left for Quebec two days preceding the coming of the Indians. Toinette expressed her thankfulness because of this, but no great gladness was in her voice. She could not remember in vivid details all that had happened, it had been so sudden and overwhelming, like a stream of fire engulfing a black night. Peter Lubeck was with Dieksauk, and Heloise, his young wife had come to stay with her. Both were asleep when the savages attacked in the early morning, and she was of the opinion that most of the killing was over before they were fairly awake—and before any guns were fired. Then came shouts and her father's voice roaring through the big house. They were out of their bed when the seigneur came in and told them to dress and keep to their room. She did not know what had happened until she looked out of her window, and then she saw what seemed to be hundreds of naked savages running about. She rushed after her father, but he was gone. When she returned to her room, Heloise had disappeared and she did not see her again. She could hear screaming and terrible cries, and dressing hurriedly, as her father had commanded, she disobeyed him by going downstairs, calling for him and Heloise. The front part of the house was filled with flame and smoke, and when she turned to the servant's quarters she was cut off by fire and there was no response to her cries. It was then she thought of the mill which she had often heard her father say was impregnable against both fire and guns. She descended into the cellar and went from it through a short underground passage to an outdoor cavern made of sod and stones, in which they kept fruit and vegetables during the winter. She hid herself in this earthly place, and then dared to raise the surface door a little. The worst must have been over, for she could see only a few Indians about, and everything was on fire. There was yelling in the distance where the savages were attacking the farmers' homes. When she ascended from the cavern, she stumbled over the body of old Babin, the miller, who had fallen with a musket in his hands. She took the musket and went to the mill and after that she did not see an Indian about the seigneurie. Sickness overcame her, and she was half unconscious in the tower room. Later, looking through one of the narrow windows, she saw four men come from the south. She was sure they were white men, but was afraid to reveal herself because their appearance was so terrible. They were like monsters, remaining only a little while to look at the dead. Now, since she had seen the white warrior among the Mohawks, she was even more positive that they belonged to the war band and that she was fortunate to have kept herself concealed. When she found that Bobin's musket was loaded, she regretted that she had not used it to kill one of the murderers. That was why, mistaking him for another straggler, she had fired at Jeems.

One might have expected excitement in her narrative, but it was told quietly as she looked from Jeems across the clearing. It was a recital of fact without the embellishment of pathos or drama, and Jeems remained silent for a time when it was ended. Then he told of his visit to Lussing and of his race home and what he found there.

He spoke of Hepsibah.
 "He must have discovered the Mohawks on the far side of the valley and started the fire which he had always told me to expect, they killed him."
 "He may have escaped," suggested Toinette hopefully.
 "Jeems shook his head.
 "He would have come to us. He is dead."
 His voice possessed the unemotional certainty with which she had referred to her father and Heloise. There was no possibility of his uncle being alive. He repeated that belief, and added that their salvation was little short of a miracle. But now, he thought, their way would be clear to friends farther down the river. The Indians could not have gone many miles in that direction, for evidently they were hurrying back before Baron Ljeskau learned of their presence in the French country and set out forces to cut them off. It did not occur to Jeems that the baron and his men might have been defeated, as was true in that very hour.

He produced apples and a pair of purple-topped turnips from the provision pouch which he wore at his belt, and they ate these as they waited. Meanwhile, he told her what they must do. They would be forced to spend a night in the woods but he was sure he could make a comfortable place for her.
 He walked ahead instead of at her side when they began their journey. Jeems carried an arrow fixed to the string of his bow, and suddenly a twig caught it and it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. He was stooping to recover it when a terrified scream from Toinette brought him erect.
 Not more than eight or ten paces from them stood a painted and half naked savage whose intention had been to make his way toward the abandoned house. He was an appalling figure, and during the few seconds in which they faced each other Jeems recognized in him the white-skinned scalp hunter he and Toinette had seen with the Mohawks. At this discovery there shone through him a flash of relief, but a second glance showed him a fiend more dangerous than an Indian, one who hunted human hair for the price of his own people had upon it. A blue-eyed Indian! How often had he heard his uncle curse their breed! Beasts more cruel than tigers, demons set loose and paid by English money until their sport was as their livelihood became an orgy of ambush, murder, rape, and fire! Here was one of them. The man was greased and painted, but he was white. His warlock was light and his eyes were small and blue. He carried a gun, a knife, and a hatchet, and at his belt was a woman's hair, and with it another scalp that must have been taken from the head of a child.

So quickly did Jeems see these things that the echoes of Toinette's scream had scarcely died away before their meaning pressed itself upon him. The savage possessed a moment of advantage, and as Jeems made a movement to whip an arrow from his quiver, the scalp hunter swung his gun to fire. Seeing the hopelessness of his position, Jeems sprang forward and hurled his useless bow at his enemy. This and the impact of his body came at an instant when the other let the hammer of his flintlock fall, and with the explosion of the gun the lead from its barrel flew wild. The scalp hunter had seen only a boy and a girl, and a vision of easy victims had leapt to his mind. Now he found upon him an antagonist of unexpected strength and ferocity. In the first few seconds of the fray, neither had a chance to draw knife or tomahawk, and with all the pent-up madness of his body and brain Jeems struck at his enemy

and clutched at his slippery throat as they crashed to earth together. For a space Toinette's horror-filled eyes could scarcely tell which was one and which the other; and Odd, snarling white-fanged at their heels was unable to become a partner in the conflict. Then, with a powerful effort, the scalp hunter freed himself and spring to his feet, drawing his tomahawk in the act. As he prepared to use his weapon, Odd vaulted for his throat, and the blunt head of the hatchet met him in midair, striking with such force upon his head that he fell a limp and inert man to the ground.
 (To Be Continued)

W. C. T. U. Notes

DRUNKEN DRIVERS

An Alberta reader sends us two clippings from the Edmonton Journal of October 10. She says, "You can see for yourself how Government Control is progressing in Alberta, and how justice is administered."

The first clipping tells of two automobile accidents. In the first, two young men, W. Jordan and Dick White, were seriously injured when they were run over by a car, allegedly operated by W. E. Henton, on the St. Albert trail, about 500 yards north of the North West Lumber mills at 10 p. m., Wednesday. They had been riding in a car operated by P. Hutchinson, More's garage, and were underneath the machine, repairing a damaged exhaust pipe, when Henton's car is said to have smashed into it, running over both of them as they lay on the pavement, and pushing the machine, under which they were working, for a distance of 125 feet.

In the second accident a C. N. Telegraph messenger, Roy Martins, was injured, "when he was thrown heavily to the pavement when struck by a car illegally operated by Joe Egan at 102 ave and 100 street at 6:05 p. m. Wednesday. He was picked up by passing motorists and rushed to the Royal Alexandra hospital, while police officers who went to the scene of the crash placed Egan under arrest. Officers in making their reports, stated that they found Egan slumped over the wheel of his car and allegedly in an intoxicated condition."

The second clipping tells of the acquittal of a young man charged with manslaughter. The grandson of our reader was a witness to the accident out of which the manslaughter charge grew. According to the evidence, the Journal reports, "the accused went to Camrose on the last day of August and purchased a case of beer, a bottle of whisky and one bottle of wine for a party at his place that night. On his way home he stopped at a beer parlor at Rosalind and had a number of drinks of beer before leaving at 8 o'clock in his car which was a sedan.

"One mile east of Rosalind, when near a hill, the car met two young men on horseback, one being Gerald Ferguson and the other James Scott. Ferguson's horse was directly in front of Ose's car, so the driver swung to the left to avoid a collision according to the evidence and ran head on into the horse ridden by Scott, resulting in the rider being killed.
 "After the accident and while Ferguson was away obtaining assistance, Ose drove the damaged car away from the scene to a point about three-quarters of a mile east. He remained seated in the car until 11 p. m. when he was arrested by Constable Crossley of the Alberta provincial police, who had come from Camrose and who charged him with being intoxicated while operating a motor vehicle."

and clutched at his slippery throat as they crashed to earth together. For a space Toinette's horror-filled eyes could scarcely tell which was one and which the other; and Odd, snarling white-fanged at their heels was unable to become a partner in the conflict. Then, with a powerful effort, the scalp hunter freed himself and spring to his feet, drawing his tomahawk in the act. As he prepared to use his weapon, Odd vaulted for his throat, and the blunt head of the hatchet met him in midair, striking with such force upon his head that he fell a limp and inert man to the ground.
 (To Be Continued)

SOUTHWEST SCHOOL

The following is the report of those who have passed their Graduating Exams for the year 1932.
 Grade X—Arnold MacLean.
 Grade IX—1 Vera Yeo, 2 Donald Forbes, 3 Brenton MacLean, 4 Sadie MacLean.
 Grade VIII—Dorothy MacLean.
 Grade VII—1 Marlon MacLean, 2 Eileen MacNeill.
 Grade IV—1 Gertrude MacNeill, 2 Sadie Laughlin, 3 Ethel Birch.
 Grade III—1 Alvah Campbell, 2 Garth MacLean, 3 Winnie Pagnole, 4 Margaret Gamble, 5 Ruby Baglole.
 Grade II—1 Hilda Gamble, 2 Helen Campbell, 3 Elmer MacNeill, 4 Edwina MacKinnon, 5 Wanda MacPhee.
 Grade I—1 Kathryn MacLean, 2 Lena MacNeill, 3 Eleanor MacLean.
 Honor certificates: Vera Yeo, Arnold MacLean, Brenton MacLean, Donald Forbes, Sadie MacLean, Kathryn MacLean, Gertrude MacNeill, Sadie Laughlin, Margaret Gamble, Dorothy MacLean.
 —J. A. S. Williams, Teacher.

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THE ROAD BACK

A very pleasant evening was spent recently in Mt. Stewart Hall when the Head of Hillsborough Dramatic Club presented their three act comedy drama, The Road Back, to a very large audience who filled the hall to capacity, many being obliged to use standing room and who by their close attention and perfect order and timely applause showed their appreciation of the capable manner in which the play was presented. The members of the cast entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of the play, swaying the audience from tears to peals of laughter as the play unfolded to a very happy ending. The following is the cast of characters:

Ma Fowler, Fannie Coffin, Pa Fowler, Louis Cameron, Jennie Fowler, their daughter, Hilda Douglas, Millie Fowler, their daughter, Etta Cameron, Mrs. Blinders, Mary Baird, George Fowler, Albion Douglas, Arthur McLeod, Howard Douglas, Blake Chester, Russell Douglas, Mr. Harrison, Ralph Coffin, Ben Fowler, Walter Douglas, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Gordon Douglas.

The club regrets that Hamilton Douglas was unable by illness to

take his part which was taken by Albion Douglas in a very capable manner with only a week's practice.

Specialties consisted of the following: Solo by Miss McDonald, Recitation by Harvie Douglas, Trio, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Coffin and Harold Coffin, all of which were heartily enjoyed.
 The orchestra consisted of Mrs. Harvey Douglas, piano, Mr. Hector McDonald and Mr. Ernest Bambrick, violinist; Miss Sadie Bambrick, mandolin; Miss Anna McDonald, harp; Miss Adeline Webster, pianist, all of whom were heartily applauded. The singing of the National Anthem brought to a close an evening of rare enjoyment. This club has since presented their play at Websters Corner with equal success.

MOON EFFECT ON THE TIDE

POSTHUMIA, Italy, June 30—(By The Canadian Press)—Scientists here are preparing a series of researches to determine whether the moon confines its tide making to the sea. Professor E. Schweyher of the Prussian Geodetic Institute claims that it sets up terrestrial tides which cause mountains to stretch and recede, and the earth's crust generally to act in a lesser

degree, much as the sea ebbs and flows.

A delicate mechanical device has been installed in the Great Tariatro cave near Posthuma at a depth of 400 feet and will be left there five years, under daily observation, to register the "plastic deformation."

SKULLS SHOW EUROPEAN TYPE

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 30—(By The Canadian Press)—Discovery of four more Neanderthal skeletons near Haifa, Palestine, the expedition of the British school of Archaeology and the United States school of Prehistoric Research, is announced by Dr. George MacCurdy, Yale University. The skeletons were found in the Cave of Kildis.

"The individuals just found, account of their relative completeness throw new light not only on the species as a whole, but also point to a Palestinian variety of the Neanderthal species," said Dr. MacCurdy.
 "A trading just received of one of the best preserved adult skulls shows the latter agrees with the European type in the marks of a powerful musculature, massive brow ridges, taurodont dentition and prognathism."

HER STRAWBERRY JAM "NEVER

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