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SO
IN JUSTICE
To Yourselves and to Your Families
FOR THE RETURN OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT
Vote Against Uncontrolled Bureaucracy
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PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE

IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE
VOTE FOR

Prince	Queen's	King's
JOHN H. PRICE	W. CHESTER S. McLURE J. ANGUS MacLEAN	JOHN A. MacDONALD

Inserted by the Progressive Conservative Party

KINGSTON Y. P. U.

The Kingston Y. P. U. held their regular meeting at the home of Mildred Paul. The meeting came to order by the president in the chair. The meeting opened with a short worship period conducted by Velda Green. The 1st hymn sung was "More Love To Thee". Scripture reading was taken from the Study Book. This was followed by repeating The Lord's Prayer in unison. The worship period closed by singing "My Faith Loks Up To Thee". The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Roll call was responded to by 13 members and 2 visitors. Discussion took place about Y. P. U. camp at Augustine Cove. $5.00 was voted toward those who attend. Collection was taken which amounted to 90 cents. A bill for advertising was paid to Shirley Newson.

The following committees were appointed for the next meeting.

Devotional period: Norma Smith.

Study Period: Aletha MacGregor and Elva Gamester.

Recreation: Edna Colwill and Norma Smith.

Lunch: Erma Gamester and Alton Green.

It was moved and seconded that we meet once a month during the summer months.

The Study Period was conducted by Mildred Paul and Roy Younker. Mr. Charman explained questions out to the group. The organist for the evening was Mrs. Parker Newson. The remainder of the evening was spent by lively recreation by Rev. Mr. Charman and Velda Green.

A delightful lunch was served by hostess and assisted by committee in charge. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Mildred for the use of their home and the kind hospitality shown. The meeting closed by repeating Mizpah Bene-

KING COLE
ORANGE PEKOE TEA BAGS

Africa Flight

By
Val Gielgud

CHAPTER XI

THE FACTS OF THE CASE

Some two hours later Antony Sothern was sitting alone in the stranded aeroplane, his forehead unbecomingly furrowed, smoking a cigarette without tasting it at all. Outside the horizon was now blurred with a wavering heat-haze. At intervals he could hear grunts, oaths, and small metallic noises from the cockpit, where Rupert Larrimore was tinkering more and more savagely with the machine's wireless apparatus. All around the careless luxuriance of the sunlight was being infuriatingly squandered by a dispassionate providence. Sothern's fingers went to the immaculate tie binding his silken collar. He felt somehow choking —

Inside the cockpit, Rupert Larrimore wrenched off his earphones, slung on his coat — he had been working in his shirt sleeves — and turned back into the interior of the machine. Then he saw Sothern mopping at his forehead with a silk handkerchief, and his mouth hardened. "You look hot," he said.

Sothern adjusted his eyeglass. "The professor," he said affectedly, 'would tell you that great heat is characteristic of these latitudes."

Larrimore took no notice of his tone. "How's young Kerr?" he asked curtly.

Sothern shrugged his shoulders. "Ankle gone all right—and I'm afraid he's damaged inside."

"Don't you know?"

"I'm sorry, Larrimore, but I didn't take a medical degree. I was quoting Mrs. Manson."

Larrimore managed to keep his temper. "Is the tent up?"

"Very nearly. Flesch and Saunders have been marvellously busy about it all. It seems to have been useful to have been in the Great War after all—even on opposite sides!"

"You don't think that you might go and give a hand, Sothern?"

The young man grinned. "Frankly, no. I mean well, but I only get in the way."

Larrimore began to fill a pipe. "Perhaps you're right," he said meditatively.

Sothern began to feel a little ashamed of himself.

"You know," he said suddenly, "you must have done a good job to have got us down all right. And we were lucky to have been forward as we were. The stern looks in rather a mess. What actually happened?"

"It's difficult to tell — something almighty odd, I know that. But we'd have been O.K. if it hadn't been for that bit of rock tucked away out of sight in the sand. That's what caught our tail and did the damage. The whole back of the 'plane has concertinaed — to say nothing of two splintered propellers!"

But Antony Sothern did not seem especially impressed by the extent of the catastrophe to the "Star of the East."

"Well," he said coolly, "the Professor's happier than he's been all the trip to date. He thinks he's found hiero-glyphics on the stone in question. Mrs. Manson only just got him his sun-helmet in time."

Larrimore lighted his pipe.

"I'm glad that someone's happy", he said.

"Oh, I think most of us are, except poor Kerr," Sothern went on. "Flying tends to become a trifle monotonous, don't you think? And one ought to be able to dine out quite a bit on the story of this smash."

"Do the others agree?" asked Larrimore, glancing up.

"Definitely. Flesch and Saunders are working. Carol is playing the ministering angel to Nigel Kerr and Mrs. Manson is making tea. It might be said that a good time is being had by all!"

Larrimore jumped up impatiently.

"I only hope," he said, "that you all manage to go on being so happy here."

"Meaning, Larrimore?"

"We may be here some time—that's all."

There was a little silence, and Sothern again experienced that unpleasant tightening sensation about his throat.

"It won't take long to fly a relief 'plane out to us," he said at last.

"It won't," agreed Larrimore, "once it starts."

Sothern moved irritably in his chair.

"I don't think I'm impressed by this air of slightly sinister mystery," he said chillingly.

"Then," retorted Larrimore, "you may be impressed by the entirely un-mysterious fact that among other things our wireless apparatus has come to grief."

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

"I hardly think, Sothern, that that's necessary."

Sothern flushed.

"But they're bound to miss our messages, and search for us in time," he said without much conviction.

"They are — in time," Larrimore agreed. "But there's a good deal of country between here and Timbuctoo, and we can't send out any directions. It isn't as if we'd been flying a regular route."

"You mean that we may be in a really serious jam?"

"I'm still not trying to frighten you, Sothern, but I think frankly that it's odds against our coming out of it."

Again that comfortless silence fell between the two men, so oddly contrasted, so mutually antagonistic. And Larrimore was thinking how much less intolerable Sothern would be if his monocle were mashed, his face greased, and his trousers dirty; while Sothern felt certain that Larrimore, cleaned of his sweat and his grime and with his hair brushed, would have seemed far less odious to face the reality of the dislike he felt for the other. Neither man was prepared as yet

(To be continued)

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