

SAL HEPATICA
The Gentle, Speedy LAXATIVE
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BURGESS BEDTIME

(Continued from Page 10)

he hadn't it must be because he hadn't been around," said Sara. Peter was sitting up. He could look over the Green Meadows. "Harrier the Marsh Hawk is coming back this way!" he exclaimed. Instantly the two Ralls slipped into the water and under. Peter lost sight of them among the growing rushes. Though he looked and looked Peter couldn't see them, but he guessed where they were and that only their bills were out of water. They were making sure of being safe.

The next story: "Blacky Looks Things Over."

SOUTH MILTON W. I.

The April meeting of South Milton W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Gerald Hooper with nineteen members and two visitors present. The meeting was opened with the "Ode" and Creed. The members responded to roll call by naming the color they would paint the exterior of their home. Almost all chose white with green or black trim.

The Red Cross convener reported 4 nighties, 1 pair pyjamas, 4 toques and 1 pr. booties finished during the month. The school committee had on display the books bought for the school library. The sick committee had sent fruit to a sick resident. The president reported the quilt had been sold for six dollars. This money will be added to the Red Cross donation. It was decided to donate ten dollars to the Cancer Fund. A cake sale as soon as a store could be obtained was decided as a means of raising funds.

Miss Addie Moore invited the May meeting to her home when the program will be in charge of Miss MacLean, and the refreshment committee will be Mrs. White, Mrs. Horne and Miss Moore. The president led a discussion on the questions in the Better Home Contest, assisted by Mrs. Poole and Mrs. Nicholson. Mrs. Nell MacNeill read an appropriate address to Mrs. E. J. Davies, whose husband has been appointed Rector of New London Parish, and Mrs. Stanley Proude, presented her with a Cornflower Crystal serving plate as a parting remembrance. The Institute will greatly miss the ready help always given them by Mr. and Mrs. Davies and family.

A delicious lunch was served by the committee in charge and a social hour enjoyed.

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THREE FOR EGYPT

By Violet M. Methley

"Mavis! Kay looked round in bewilderment. For surely Mavis was there, asleep; she had been, certainly, when Kay herself lay down, although now the space was empty and only Dawn turned and muttered peevishly in her corner. Stumbling in the darkness, Kay reached the entrance, crawled out into the night coolness. Jacobson and Sherwin were peering and whispering excitedly in the car. Lovelace stood by the door. And, pale against the bushes from the direction of the well, a figure was moving towards them, slowly, unsteadily.

For a second Kay was carried back to that earlier evening, that first appearance of a spectral shape emerging from the shrine. Then her brain cleared, the two things connected themselves, she realized as Lovelace had already that this also, as on the other occasion, was Mavis Grange. The dim figure stumbled, and almost fell; Kay ran forward with a cry, Lovelace close behind her.

"But Mavis, how could you bring it so far it's terribly heavy," Kay lifted the jar to a safer position and knelt beside the other. "And how did you get to the well? How did you manage it when you were so weak you could hardly stand?"

"I—crawled—" Something like the faint flicker of a smile crossed the haggard face. "I knew where the jar was—in the bushes. But I couldn't—crawl—back—carrying the water. And it was so difficult—to—walk—"

"Did the Arabs fire at you? Are you hurt?" Lovelace asked quickly. "No—I don't think—they even saw me. I'm—not wounded, not hurt at all—only—so very tired—so tired—"

With a sigh, long-drawn and soothing, the thin figure fell sideways against Kay's shoulder and the girl slipped both arms around it.

"Is she—?" Lovelace cut the sentence short, unfinished, but Kay answered the unspoken word. "No. She's only fainted, I think. "Sure she's not wounded?"

"No. It's just the strain of carrying that heavy water-jar when she was so ill already," Kay spoke softly. "See, how blue her lips are—and she's breathing so strangely. It must be her heart—"

As though the word had reached her ears, even in that far-away path which she was now treading, Mavis opened her eyes.

"Yes—it's my heart—" she whispered and again that strange unearthly smile lit her face like a light shining from some other world.

"You shouldn't have done it. Mavis you oughtn't to have overstrained yourself like this. Why did you?" Lovelace spoke almost roughly, but Kay realised that he was more moved, by pity, not passion, than she had ever seen him before. In all the years she had known him.

Perhaps Mavis, too, caught that new note in his voice, for her eyes opened widely, she answered far more strongly than she had yet spoken.

"I did it—I fetched the water—so that you shouldn't go, Sydney—as you said you would, I wanted to be first. That's all—"

Once more her whole body seemed to fall together, to collapse. Looking down at the utter pallor of the face which drooped sideways against her arm, Kay repeated Mavis's last words under her breath.

"That's all—"

"Keep Your Gun Ready!" Tragedy had thrust itself into the rather grotesque situation of the besieged oasis. It was no longer almost laughable film-serio-comedy but very grim reality.

Jacobson was jolted out of his egotistical complacency, Sherwin shocked and startled, Dawn Dawney hysterical. Strangely enough it was only for the man who had treated both Mavis and herself with such heartless cruelty that Kay felt a stirring of pity.

She spoke quietly to Lovelace after he had carried the dead woman back to the tomb. "She couldn't have lived much longer, Rafe, anyhow, you know; I feel sure of that. She was desperately ill, and she knew it. And... I can't help thinking that is how she would have wished to die."

Lovelace did not answer, except by a slight movement of the head; he was unusually silent during the hours that followed, answering curly any questions that were put to him.

Few of them slept more than by fits and starts during the rest of the night; few of them had much appetite for the scanty breakfast which Kay prepared, and almost immediately afterwards, Sherwin who had crawled out under cover to see whether the Arabs were still at their posts came back with disquietening news.

"They're every one of 'em there; it don't look as if they'd moved all night. They have thought that S O S signal of your is all broken up, Sydney."

"The confounded swine!" Lovelace burst out furiously. "If I'd only known what they were up to—"

"Well, we couldn't have done anything," Sherwin protested, but Lovelace continued to growl and mutter. Once again Kay pitied him and found an opportunity to put her sympathy into words.

(To Be Continued)

MERRY MINSTRELS OF 1948



Pictured above is the cast of "The Merry Minstrels of 1948", sponsored by the Holy Name Society of St. Dunstan's Basilica, who so successfully staged three fine performances at the Holy Name Hall last week. The cast will put on a special performance for the benefit of patients in the Provincial Sanitorium this Wednesday night. The entire production was under the direction of Messrs. Frank O'Neill and Austin Connolly. —Photo by Saunders.

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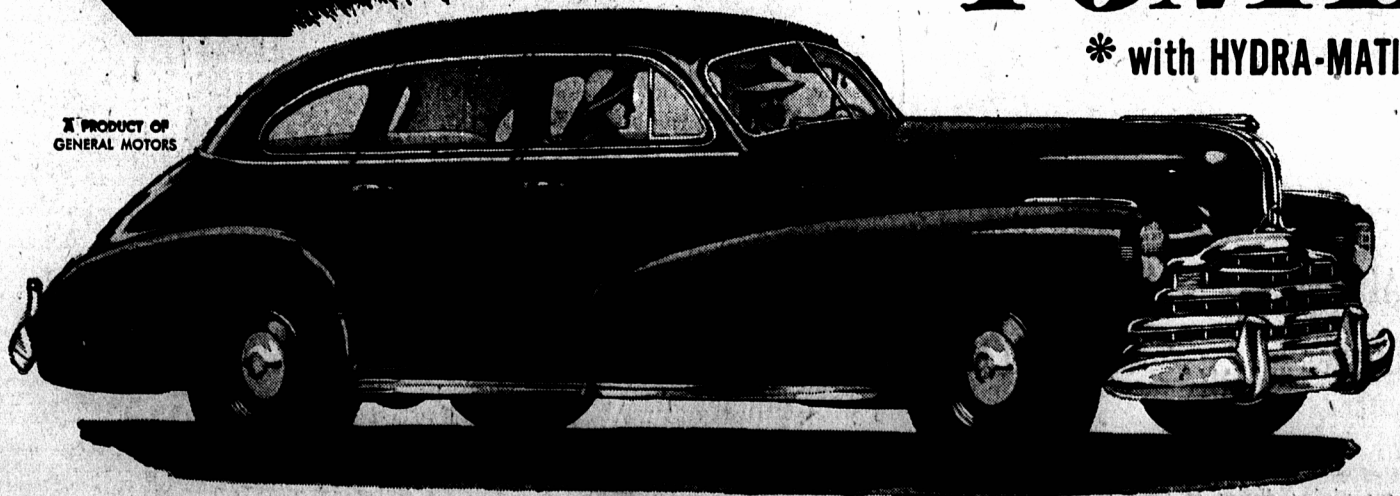


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