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## AUCTION At Kensington

I will sell by Auction at Brunswick Hotel Stables, beginning at 1 P. M. Saturday, October 4th. 22 choice horses, 14 extra good grade mares, 6 heavy geldings, 2 saddle horses in this lot. We have several well matched pairs, weight 24 to 2300 lbs. These horses are thoroughly broken to good condition and are from 4 to seven years old. Can be inspected and hitched up to noon sale day. Terms easy. J. A. SERVICE, Auctioneer. 8040-10-2-31.

## AUCTION SALE

I am authorized by H. F. Cornors to offer for sale on Thursday, October 5th at twelve o'clock noon, his dwelling house and lot at 38 Longworth Street. House contains 8 rooms and bath with all modern conveniences. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. 7885-9-25, 27, 30, Oct. 2.

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# BROKEN WINGS

by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED  
DEFEAT

For the next two days Bill made no effort to avoid Ahlways. In fact he appeared to cling closely to his guard and even invited him to a trial of tree cutting in which they raced each other in the felling of two saplings with their knives. And when the two young trees lay on the ground Bill continued the contest by hacking the small limbs and branches from his to make a log pole. Ahlways did the same thing to the tree he had felled and then wanted to drag the pole back to camp. But Bill seemed to have lost interest in his and left it lying in the forest. He took the precaution, however, of noting its position carefully and hoped to himself that no one would disturb it.

That afternoon, too, he showed Ahlways that he wished to wear a loin cloth such as the men of the tribe wore as their only clothing. These cloths, pale brown in color were woven from the fiber of the breadfruit trees and were large enough to make a sizable flag, Bill decided, if two of them were attached to the pole and the pole were planted on the summit of the old volcano.

Ahlways obligingly brought him the loin cloths and watched curiously for Bill to change his ragged trousers for the native dress. But Bill appeared to change his mind and after looking at them for a few minutes, shook his head and said, "Not now—another time," and thrust them under his sleeping mat. Ahlways was disappointed, but the ways of white men were strange, and perhaps later the man called "Beel," whom he liked very well for a friend, would adopt native dress.

Bill had noticed that the moon was nearly at the full. It shone very brightly in these climes and if he could get away from the camp its light would guide him to the hill with little difficulty. He ate his supper on the third night after his interview with Aruman, and pretending to be very tired, went early to his hut. Ahlways the faithful followed him. Within an hour the camp was quiet and every one within the young man's house was sleeping soundly. Bill sat up first and listened to find out whether his movement had observed.

After five minutes in this position he got cautiously to his feet. Another period of listening while the sleepers continued to breathe evenly and quietly, and Bill stepped to the door. The hut was in shadow and by going back of it, skirting the camp in the forest, and then striking directly for the volcano, Bill believed his plan would succeed. Hardly daring to breathe he stepped over the low threshold, walked softly to the rear of the hut and was lost in the trees. His sapling lay where he had left it the day before. The loin cloths were tucked into the waistband of his trousers. He knew that the natives avoided the part of the island where the volcano rose and he believed he could plant his flag and have it remain unnoticed for many days, unnoticed until the seaplane came cruising back and discover in this way that human beings lived on Aruman's island.

As he went on, walking rapidly, still stepping carefully lest there should be watchers, he felt a thrill of hope. Katherine slept in the camp behind him. He was doing something that would help to rescue her from that wretched existence. He had no way of knowing that she was reasonably content, and that she felt, when the tabu was over and they could meet again, that they might live very happily on the island until help came. That night accentuated his loneliness and for a moment he paused, wondering if he dared retrace his steps to the women's quarters and rouse her to share this adventure. But caution prevailed and he continued on his way alone.

Alone? Was that a shadow that glided from tree to tree behind him, or was it only the moonlight on the trees that swayed in the wind? Bill did not see it, but jugged steadily toward his destination. At the foot of the hill he stopped to rest a moment. It was a fairly steep climb. He must reach the top, plant the pole firmly, and get back to his quarters before dawn. A sense

of supreme loneliness came over him. The wind in the trees, the dark volcano, the stony road to the top of the hill all seemed to threaten him and for the first time he had some doubts of the wisdom of his adventure.

He was breathing easily now and he shifted the burden of the pole to his other shoulder and took a step toward the hill.

At that moment, a hand caught his shoulder. Bill felt his heart surge forward in a great beat of terror. He could not see his captor and in sudden anger he shook himself free and started at a run up the side of the volcano. A voice called to him, "Beel, Beel!"

It was Ahlways and with a bound he was in front of Bill blocking his progress.

"Foolish one," he said in his native tongue, holding Bill firmly by the shoulders. "It is death to climb the hill of the fire spirit. It is death to disobey Aruman. I follow you. I do not catch you near the camp for you may cry aloud and waken the others. If they know you climb the hill of the evil spirit you will die. If they know you disobey Aruman, you will die. You are my friend. You have your white woman with you. You think now of yourself, of the devil in the air. Come back with me, quietly, lest we waken those who sleep."

Not all of this was intelligible to Bill, but Ahlways's earnestness was unmistakable. With a sigh of defeat, Bill cast the pole down and threw the loin cloths nearby. Ahlways stopped and recovered them and Bill realized that if they were found there, their meaning would be clear to Aruman and his tribe. With many gestures for silence and caution, Ahlways led the way back to the camp. When they reached the place where the sapling had lain, he put it back, just as Bill had found it.

With the utmost care, he skirted the campfire and drew a long breath of relief when they stood at last undetected within the men's hut again. Filled with disappointment and not realizing how much he owed to Ahlways's friendship, Bill lay down to his mat. He slept, but it seemed to him that again and again he heard the noise of an airplane motor, that it came near and departed, returned and departed again. He woke from this troubled dream in a kind of despair. He was a man of action and this enforced idleness, without Katherine to lighten it with her faith and hope, blinded him to the wisdom of waiting patiently at least until the time of tabu was past.

He did not know that one pair of eyes had seen their return to camp. Katherine had wakened shortly after midnight with a feeling that something was wrong. It was an intuitive feeling that she could not explain, but after trying vainly to go to sleep again, she got up and went to the door of her house. She was standing there when Bill and Ahlways crept back to the camp. She could not see them clearly, but she knew that only Bill was as tall and broad as the second of the two stooping figures, and with difficulty she stifled her cry of alarm.

She saw them reach the men's house and felt a stab of relief that they reached it without detection. Then she lay down again on her mat, but not to sleep. Bill was getting restless and she could not see him. He would do some reckless things unless she could get some message to him. He must not, he simply must not attempt to break any of the tribal rules now. For she knew from Um-mata that the regard of these rules intensified as the season of tabu drew to a close. These people believed implicitly that the rains would not come unless they were faithful. And as the time for the rains to begin drew near, they doubled their regard for the command of the god Paoola who would send them.

Katherine pondered the situation. Should she attempt to warn Bill? No. He was the kind to whom danger was a challenge. A warning would only increase his recklessness. She must instead send him some word of encouragement, something to make him smile, if possible, something to keep him patient through these last days when they were secluded from each other.

So it was the next morning that with the children around her, she arranged some white pebbles on the beach in a mysterious pattern. Then she stuck a stick with a leaf for a flag in the middle of the game. Nor would she let the children try to imitate it. Instead, she took them back from the fire to make a new pattern in front of the women's huts, leaving the first one undisturbed. So it was that Bill coming to breakfast tired and miserable after the failure of his enterprise, found

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## SMILES



"A man can be broke and still have more money than brains."



She: The ancient Greeks had nothing on me.  
He: How's that?  
She: The Greek maidens used to sit for hours listening to a lyre, too.



He: When my father died I was left a pauper.  
Dumb Dora: Oh, wasn't it nice of him to leave you a papa in his place!



He: Let's you and I hook up?  
She: Girls have nothing to hook up now-a-days.

**SAD OVERSIGHT**  
How many persons who go away on vacations to roam the trunkfuls of perfectly useless things and leave their manners at home!

her message in the pebbles in the sand.

## CHEERIO IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

And Katherine, watching him from her hut, was pleased and heartened to see him throw back his head and laugh heartily at her ingenuity.

## To Be Continued Tomorrow

## ROLLO BAY AND VICINITY

Dr. James MacDonald and family, of St. Andrew's, but now residing in Boston, who have been visiting in Souris, the guest of his brother, Dr. A. A. MacDonald, left recently for their home.

Miss Hazel Green, teacher at Fortune Bridge, is spending her vacation at her home in Bederque.

Miss Elisabeth Gallant, Souris, left recently for Boston, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Anthony Zello.

Mrs. Richard McKinnon, Boston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Howlath, Gowan Brae.

Died at the home of her son, Wesley Keefe, Little River, Mrs. Charles Keefe. Funeral took place to Bay Fortune Thursday.

Among those attending the Souris Exhibition were Mr. and Mrs. John D. Steels, Mrs. Hugh MacEchtern and Mr. Joseph Fitzpatrick, New Port, Mr. A. MacLean, De Gros Mareh.

Mr. Cyril Gallant is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gallant, Souris East, after spending the past few years in Western Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Morrison, Mrs. Neil MacCormack and Mr. Michael MacDonald, St. Georges, motored to Rollo Bay Sunday, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James MacCormack.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. MacGillivray, Souris River, were visitors to Rollo Bay Sunday, the guests of Mrs. Mary MacKinnon.

Mr. E. J. Campbell, Rollo Bay West, loaded a car of turnips at St. Charles Station this week. Fifty cents per bushel was paid.

Mr. Tom Mallard, Gowan Brae, motored to Rollo Bay West this week.

## Deaf Hear Again Through New Aid

Earplugs No Bigger Than Dime Wins Enthusiastic Following Ten-Day Free Trial Offer  
After twenty-five years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of scientific hearing-aids, the Canadian Acousticon Ltd., Dept. 401, 45 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont., has just perfected a new model Acousticon that represents the greatest advance yet made in the re-creation of hearing for the deaf. This latest Acousticon is featured by a tiny earplug no bigger than a dime. Through this device, sounds are clearly and distinctly transmitted to subnormal ears with wonderful benefit to hearing and health alike. The makers offer an absolutely free trial for 10 days to any one person who may be interested, and a letter will bring one of these remarkable aids to your home for a thorough and convincing test. Send them your name and address today!

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