

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

Hanging up, she saw Zorane watching. I hope our next meeting won't be so abrupt, Miss Porter. "Goodbye, Mr. Zorane," she said. She would hear the overtones of that magnetic voice long after. And she would smell the cigar longer still, its odd, faintly oriental fragrance, so appropriate to Stefan Zorane.

Miss Porter went briskly down the hall to the service stairway. Her part was done. She was shaky with relief. She was as happy as wedding bells. All she had to do now was to slip out as she had done, watch the rest of it from across the street, then find an outside telephone.

She was pushing open the heavy door when a man's voice sent a bristling sensation into the nape of her neck.

"Hold it, Red. What are you loitering here?"

He was young and he looked sunburned. His nose was peeling a little. His black hat was dripping. The dead cigarette in the corner of his mouth was dripping, too.

Miss Porter's dark blue eyes were busy, dancing about his sunburned face. She had the look of a girl thinking pretty fast. She yelled huskily into the stair well: "Run! Run!"

As the man in the black hat turned to look up, she darted to the steps and started up.

"Hey!" he cried angrily. "You come here!"

The first flight Miss Porter took was at a bound, and he was so close behind her that she could almost feel his reaching hand clutching up a fold of her blue slicker and jerking her to a stop, jerking her back.

She ran faster, just out of his reach. Her heart began to hurt. She couldn't pump enough air into her lungs. He was just behind her, panting. The stairs well was in an uproar from the crisp tapping of her soles, the heavy pounding of his.

At the seventh floor she panted, "Run!"

And the man pursuing her yelled, "Come here, damn you!"

He sounded winded. Her breath was like hot sawdust in her throat. She couldn't go any farther. Her heart was ready to burst. But when she slowed her pace and looked back, he was there just behind her reaching for the flying hem of her blue slicker.

He had lost his hat. His hair was wet with perspiration. His face was as red as lipstick.

The redheaded girl flew faster. Her heart was a swelling pain. She couldn't go on, but she dared not stop. He was furious. He might hurt her. He might throw her down the stairs. And her job wasn't done. She had to lure him away from Stefan Zorane's door until the ambulance came.

She climbed and climbed. He was so close, always so close that she dared not stop to open the door at any landing.

Halfway between the eighteenth and nineteenth floors, she saw that there were no more floors. Only nineteen. She would be trapped unless the nineteenth door opened outward. It should. This was really a fire escape. The door at the top and the door at the bottom should logically open outward.

She reached the landing with a final spurt, holding to the railing pulling herself up. There was nothing inside her but a strained and frantic heart.

There were two doors. She tottered to one of them and pushed. She was almost too spent to push. But she pushed. The door opened into a large white kitchen. In the middle of the kitchen a tall, lanky man in a brown tweed suit stood with a highball glass in one hand, a tray of ice cubes in the other.

He looked at her with his lower lip jutting in astonishment.

Sobbing for breath, the redheaded girl waved feebly at the door, and she could just gasp faintly, "Thug—chasing me!"

Then the sunburned man staggered into the kitchen. His face was now almost purple. His eyes were bloodshot and bulging. He was panting like a dog on a hot day. He lurched toward the redheaded girl.

The lanky man quickly placed the highball glass and the tray of ice cubes on the table over which the girl in the blue slicker was doubled, fighting for her breath. He put the flat of his hand against her pursuer's chest and pushed him into a chair.

The sunburned young man made a purely automatic effort to get out of the chair. When the lanky man pushed him back, he did not try again. He put his hands to his face and panted.

Miss Porter looked at her rescuer and tried to register gratitude. Waves of icy heat were stinging her face. Her heart hurt so that she could hardly endure it. She gripped the edge of the table.

The lanky man placed a chair conveniently for her, but she shook her head, trying to smile, and pressed her left hand more tightly against her heart. She wanted to fight it out on her feet.

(To Be Continued)

The Central Guardian

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

CRASWELL for Photographs.

COOKS for Christmas Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE. — Car arriving today, Fennell & Chandler.

FREDERICTON SERVICE Sunday, November 22nd. Speaker, Stephen Ackland.

L. M. POOLE & CO., are unloading cars of Hardwood Flooring, Hardwall Plaster, Finishing Lime and Plaster Paris.

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NORTH RIVER PASTORATE. — Services for Sunday, November 22nd. North River 11 A. M. Clyde River 3 P. M. Kingston 7:30 P. M. Rev. Arthur Hirtle, Wolfville, will be the guest speaker.

HUNTER RIVER UNITED CHURCH Charge: Services on Sunday, November 22nd, are as follows: North Wilshire 11 A. M. Wheatley River 3 P. M. East River 7:30 P. M. Rev. J. I. Morrison, Minister.

SERVICES for Parish of Springfield and Crapaud, November 23rd. St. Elizabeth's, Springfield, Morning Prayer 11:00 A. M. St. John's, Crapaud, Evening Prayer 7:30 P. M. Rev. B. Fream.

TRYON PASTORAL CHARGE of the United Church of Canada. Services on Sunday, November 22nd as follows: Tryon 11 A. M. S. S. 10 A. M. Crapaud 3 P. M. S. S. and Bible Class. Cape Traverse 7:30 P. M. S. S. 6:30 P. M. Rev. E. R. Woodside, B. A., Minister.

CAVENDISH UNITED PASTORAL CHARGE. — North Rustico Divine Service 11 A. M. Stanley Bridge Divine Service 7:30 P. M. Cavendish 7 P. M. Friday evening 8 P. M. at the home of Mr. Olaf Stevenson a hearty welcome awaits you at our service, George Gough, Minister.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA. — Brookfield Charge. Services next Lord's day as follows: Hunter River 11 A. M. Glasgow Road 3 P. M. Brookfield 7:30 P. M. Brookfield S. S. 10:30 A. M. Hartsville S. S. 11 A. M. Hartsville Young People's Society Friday evening 8 P. M. Donald Nicholson, Minister.

P. E. I. VISITORS. — Mr. Fred White of Murray River, P. E. I., accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Milburn Buell of Charlottetown, P. E. I., were motor visitors to Trenton on Sunday. Mr. White was the guest of his brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Pife, also his sister Mrs. Aaron Hunter and Mr. Hunter, Main Street. Mr. Buell visited his brother, Mr. George Buell and Mrs. Buell, they returned to their home on the Island Sunday evening, making the trip by Cariboo-Wood Island route. — New Glasgow News.

JOHNSTON — CRASWELL NUP-TIALS. — White streamers arranged in an archway and soft candlelight formed a pretty setting for the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, on the evening of November 11th, when the Rev. C. D. Henderson united in marriage Beryl Joan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Johnston, Peters Road, and Albert Milton, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Craswell, Fredericton, P. E. I. Given in marriage by her father, the bride looked girlishly lovely in a heaven blue new length dress with side-drape effect and gilt trimmings. She carried a Bible, a gift of the officiating clergyman and of Mrs. Henderson who covered it with white satin for the occasion. As bride's attendant Miss Eileen VanLier-stine also chose a new length dress, in a very becoming deep rose color trimmed with lace of the same shade. Wendell Craswell stood with his brother as best man. During the signing of the register, the bride's sister, Iona, sang very sweetly, "The Voice That Breathed Our Eden." Her accompanist was Mrs. C. D. Henderson who also played the wedding march. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served to the members of both families and a few close friends. The table was centered with the wedding cake flanked by tall white tapers. Following a honeymoon, for which the bride donned a tailored suit topped by a handsome grey wool coat and a fox fur cape, Mr. and Mrs. Craswell will reside in Carleton where the groom is engaged in farming. Prior to her marriage, the former Miss Beryl Johnston was complimented with miscellaneous showers in Hunter River and at her home on Peters Road. The many beautiful gifts and the numerous envelopes testified to the popularity of the bride-elect and her fiancé and to the esteem in which they were held in both communities. On the eve of her departure from Hunter River the manager of the Royal Bank, on behalf of himself and the staff (of which the bride-elect had been a valued member for six years) presented her with a well-filled envelope and a suitable address. Presentations and addresses were also tendered her from various organizations with which she had been actively associated.



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