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**THREE FOR EGYPT**

**B. Violet M. Methley**

Without The Red Beard

The air in the Saint's tomb was thick with the acrid fumes of gunpowder. With all their ammunition gone, there was no longer the possibility of the garrison putting up a fight and Sherwin flung himself down on the floor with a groan.

"Keep low, Jake—not that it's any good. They'll soon find out we can't fire back. Hark how the brutes are yelling. They're working themselves up to a rush."

Shots and shouts came from outside, punctuating another sound. At first Kay, sitting beside Lovelace, thought it was only the blood roaring in her ears, growing louder and louder. But soon it was filling the whole sky, reverberating, echoing, and Sherwin, raising his head above the level of the window grating gave a shout of amazed relief.

"Planes!"

The Arabs had stampeded for their horses. Now they were mounted, wheeling in circles, firing wildly and harmlessly upwards at the two grey-white monster birds with the tri-coloured circles on their wings.

But as the aeroplanes steadily descended, the nomads turned and galloped away in full flight. It was easy now to realize that they had been warned by the messenger and had tried to rush the garrison of the oasis before relief could come.

No need for the machine-guns to be used, no need even to intimidate with smoke bombs. The mere sight of the planes had been enough. When they made their landing there were only three figures awaiting them on the edge of the oasis.

From the observer's seat in the second aeroplane a tall lean figure descended, demanding almost before he reached the ground: "Where's Mrs. Hilyar? Isn't she here?"

Jacobson, who was nearest, started at the stranger.

"She's over there, in the tomb," he said. "With Lovelace."

Kay, indeed, had scarcely moved. She felt exhausted, almost uninterested, oddly disinclined to go out into the bustle of welcome. It was only a voice which roused her, a voice calling her name.

"Kay, Kay! Where are you?"

Kay tried to answer but found she could make no sound; blindly desperately obeying that call, she groped for the entrance, crept out, stumbled to her feet.

"Kit!" she whispered incredulously. "I didn't believe it was really you; I thought it was just a ghost—like that other time."

Carson's arm was round her, holding and supporting, his cheek pressed to her hair.

"Darling, can't you feel it's me?" he said. "And I was there before too; it wasn't a ghost—that other time."

"You were here at Abu Rameses? But I never told you to come, never sent the telegram. I didn't dare."

"You didn't? Then it was all part of that cursed plot. But what does it matter now that you're here, safe; you are safe, darling?"

"Yes, I'm safe. I was nearly killed, an Arab shot at me, but . . . Kit, how did you get here, when did you come?"

"In one of the aeroplanes. I heard they were fighting at the oasis, I knew you were here and the air station at El Fakur sent machines."

"No, I don't mean that—at Abu Rameses. You said you were there," her eyes looked dark and perplexed in the pallor of her face.

"I was—nearly all the time. Kay you've got to forgive me, to try to understand. I didn't know what to believe: Zenda Russell lied, told me you loved your husband, that you'd come out here because you really wanted him back. So I'd got to see for myself, to watch you together, to make up my mind . . . and even so it wasn't easy. That night in the courtyard—and in the desert, when I called to you—you seemed to care for him."

"It wasn't real—just a sort of fascination. Besides, Zenda told me you didn't care any longer, that you were angry—jealous. And then Rafe brought me here by force."

"I know. I've heard the truth about it all. We've a big account to settle, that brute and I! Where is he?"

"Beyond any settlement . . . Ah don't, Kit, listen!"

It was not until after Carson had heard the story of Rafe Hillyar's payment in full of that account between them that Kay remembered her earlier question.

"I still don't understand how you could be in Abu Rameses watching me all that time and I never saw you," she said.

"You did see me nearly every day my darling. Not close, though

**Mr. McLure Discusses Fur Seal Agreement**

Following is the text of the remarks of Mr. W. Chester S. McLure, Progressive Conservative member for Queen's, in the House of Commons discussion on April 26 on a motion of the Minister of Fisheries for second reading of a bill respecting the provisional fur seal agreement between Canada and the United States:

"Mr. Speaker, I should like to make a few brief remarks concerning this bill, about the principle of which I have spoken on several other occasions.

"This bill has for its purpose the carrying out of the pelagic sealing provisions between Canada and the United States, as set out in the agreements of 1942 and 1947. The bill represents something more than the mere carrying out of those agreements. Its purpose is to put into the Pelagic Sealing Act teeth for the future which will assure both the United States and Canada that pelagic sealing will be a thing of the past.

"I am not going into the history of the fur seal trade, because there are other hon. members who will discuss that part of the subject. I would point out, however, that the United States purchased Alaska in 1867 and, as they term it, made the greatest territorial purchase or bargain ever known to the world. At that time they paid for Alaska \$7,200,000 and, while it was a large territory about one-fifth the size of the United States, there came with it a herd of fur seals numbering almost four million. This then was the property of the United States. There were however, entanglements with other countries bordering that area. These have been dispensed with through the years.

**Herd Reduced**

"After the purchase in 1867 by the United States, nothing was done in connection with maintaining the herd until about 1911. It was found that, because of extensive pelagic sealing, from 1867 the herd of about four million had been reduced to 125,000. The danger facing them at that time was the extinction of this great fur seal trade of Alaska.

"In 1911 the English, the Russians, the Japanese and the United States governments put into effect a treaty which gave the United States entire control of the seal herd of Alaska. Today there are only two partners, Canada and the United States. The United States get 80 per cent of the herd seal pelts that are taken off each year, and Canada is entitled to 20 per cent.

"If we do not have a proper, strong Pelagic Sealing Act that will take care of this great industry, Canada's 20 per cent will not be worth much to her in years to come. That is one reason why I hope the committee of the whole, in going over this act, will examine every part of it in order to make it as strong as possible, both in our own interests and in those of the United States.

"Since 1911 the United States have taken over one million pelts or skins, which have brought in

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**NOTICE**

**HIGHWAYS CLOSED TO MOTOR VEHICLES**

COMMENCING Monday, April 5th, 1948, and until further notice, all highways in this Province are closed to Motor Vehicle traffic, (including tractors and trailers), except in such cases where the total weight of vehicle and load does not exceed 5,000 lbs.

Anyone driving on Provincial highways contrary to this order will be duly prosecuted.

DATED the 1st day of April, A.D. 1948.

**J. W. MacKINNON,**  
Deputy Provincial Secretary.

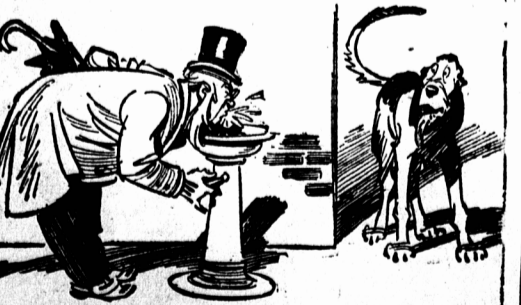


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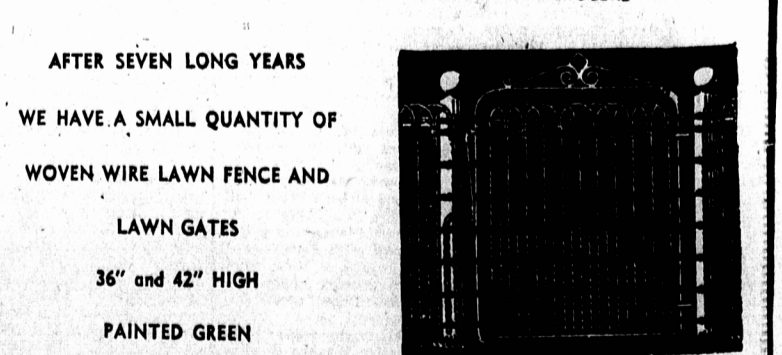
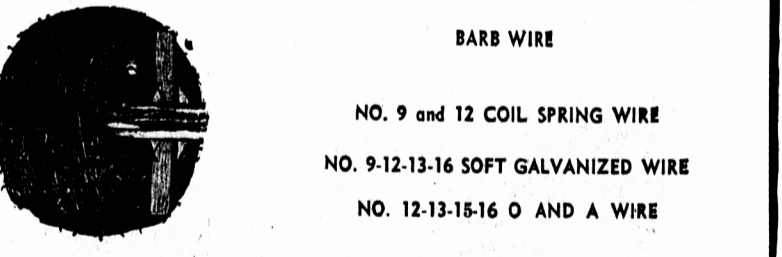
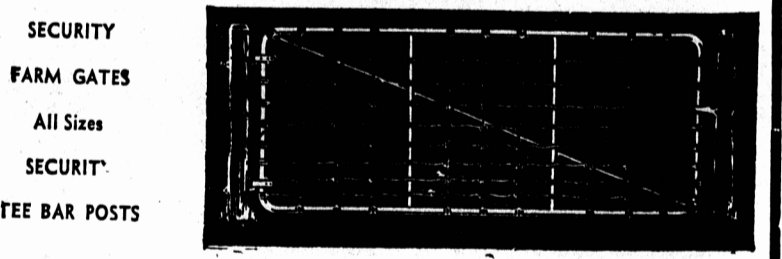
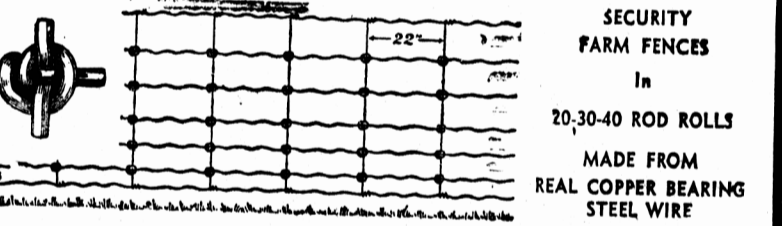
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(The End)

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