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IMPROVE THE SHINING HOUR A boat to row; A summer night When moonbeams glow With silver light.

A maiden fair With eyes of blue And wondrous hair Of golden hue. Her tempting smile Is fair to see. You row a while And then come to the conclusion That rowing is merely wasting an opportunity.

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BROKEN WINGS by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED. PRISONERS

As the canoes sped over the water Bill and Katherine were busy with their thoughts. They were characteristic musings. Katherine wondered, should there be a white settlement, if she and Bill could be married at once, what her family would say to such a procedure, how Jackson, 3d, would behave when he heard of it. Bill was beset with fears as to the wisdom of his course. Suppose these proved to be natives unfriendly to white men? Was he taking Katherine into some great danger? What would he do if Katherine's safety were threatened? All his thoughts turned to the girl at his side; it was for her that he now lived and moved and had his being. Only for her. He gloried in the realization and bent his head in a silent vow that whatever came she should not suffer.

After another hour's paddling they came in sight of land. Bill felt his heart begin to pound as the low-lying shore fringed with palms, swam into view. Katherine pointed to it and said: "Look—our fate is ahead, Bill," in a low tone. He took her hand in his and held it closely.

"Don't be afraid, whatever happens. I may have to leave you. This chief, Aruman, may not receive women in audience, they have different customs from ours, you know. But remember even if we are separated for a time I will come back to you."

She pressed his hand warmly. "I will remember. I know you will come to me but perhaps we can go before this chief together. Promise! Anything. My father will pay him a fortune for our safety, you know that."

Bill grinned at her. "Never fear, I'll go heavy on the bribes if I must, but if I can buy out myself, I'd rather do it, you know." The larger canoe was still ahead. As Katherine and Bill watched they saw it push its nose up a narrow strip of white sand and heard the dull thud of its grounding. A slim brown form detached itself from the other and raced away up the beach, disappearing in the cocoanut grove.

"Gone to announce our arrival, I suppose," Bill surmised. Their canoe grounded near the first one. The paddlers motioned the white passengers to land, then stood about them indicating that they were not to go forward.

"Where are the men?" Katherine asked. "Or do you suppose this is one of those queer islands where the women rule?" "Can't say. It's a pretty place isn't it?" They looked about. There was a small but perfect harbor bordered

with palm trees that grew nearly to the waters edge. From the depths of the trees wisps of smoke curled upward, but the fires from which they came could not be seen. Nor was there any sign of life, from which they decided the settlement must be back from the water a little way.

After what seemed an interminable wait a tall, well built man, wearing only a loin cloth, appeared from the trees. Immediately all the native women turned their backs on him and bowed their heads. He did not look at them but strode toward Bill and placed a brown hand on the white man's forehead. Of Katherine he took no notice.

When he removed his hand he motioned to Bill to follow him. Katherine started to accompany them, but their guide shook his head and gestured her back to the group of women. The girl hesitated, and while she did so Bill made up his mind. Whatever it was they were going to, and it seemed from the attitude of the man to be something friendly, they would face it together. So with a gesture of authority he drew Katherine close to him and stood still.

The guide spoke some words into the air, and when he had finished the brown women melted into the trees. Katherine and Bill were left standing alone on the beach with the frowning browed man. Once more he beckoned Bill to follow and when Bill only clasped Katherine tighter the man made a sign of fear, touching his heart and covering his eyes. Then he too disappeared.

"We might take one of the canoes and vanish, I suppose," Bill said thoughtfully. "No. We'd never find our way back to Broken Wings Island now."

"I don't think it is anything serious," Bill went on. "Our big brown friend will come back in a minute, see if he doesn't."

Bill's prediction came true after a tiresome wait. The brown man reappeared and this time made no objection to Katherine's presence. He indicated that they were to follow him, and hand in hand they walked behind him across the beach, along a little path, narrow but well worn, and into the trees. For several yards the path was closely bordered by palms then it widened yawned into a fairly wide road, and led them, at last into a large clearing.

There were two clusters of huts one at either end of the open space. They were well-built huts, made by driving trunks of trees into four corners and then covering and thatching them with bamboo and bark. Fires burned before some of the huts and in the center of the clearing there was a large fire surrounded by cooking utensils of various sizes and shapes. Apart from the rest stood one large dwelling, decorated with festoons of flowers, and having in front of it a large hideously carved figure of a man.

"Tribal god," Bill whispered. "Totem pole," Katherine answered. "I've seen them in Alaska. Pretty much like that one, only not so ugly." Their guide went unhesitatingly past the central fire, looking neither to right nor left. Then with a gesture for them to wait he stood for a moment at the entrance of the large dwelling, made a sign with his hand and then entered. While they waited Katherine and Bill observed that women were busy about the central fire and that children and their mothers occupied the group of huts at the farthest end. There was still no sign of any man save their guide.

"I'm hungry," Katherine said. "And it smells like roasting meat, doesn't it?" Bill sniffed. "It does smell good. Let's hope they'll give us a real meal." "Look—there's a pig." By the light of the main campfire, for it was now nearly dark, they could see a lean pig rooting around the poles of the largest hut. "Make you homesick?" Bill asked. "I could hug him," Katherine cried, "and look, there's a goat too." Somehow the sight of these homely animals gave them a feeling of assurance.

"No people far enough advanced to keep pigs and goats is very savage is it Bill?" "Guess not. We'll know pretty soon." Bill was more uneasy by this time than he cared to admit. He did not like the delay, and the absence of men made him feel that some unusual thing was afoot in the settlement.

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Now there arose a sound that made the two white people look at each other in surprise and dismay. It was the steady beat of tom-toms, rising now to a soft tattoo on the native drums. The drummers were invisible, but the noise they made rolled out in regular vibrations, vibrations that beat unpleasantly on the ear and made the night seem full of terrors.

For a long time the drumming

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went on unnoticed by the women. But after a while they ceased their activity around the central fire and withdrew to their huts at the far end of the settlement. With their withdrawal the drumming ceased, and presently from the other group of huts, singly and in groups, came a long line of bronzed native men. Without a glance at the white people they squatted around the fire and waited for something. Then the guide emerged from the large dwelling house, stalked over the fire, collected an assortment of cooking pots and carried them into the huts before which Katherine and Bill waited. When he had disappeared the men around the fire began to eat.

Half an hour passed. Then the guide came out again and beckoned the waiting man and woman to follow him. Before an isolated hut standing midway between the large dwelling and the men's houses he stopped and motioned them to enter. They obeyed, stooping to get in the low entrance. Then, while their eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, they heard a dull thud, the door of the hut was closed, and they were left alone. Nor could all Bill's efforts move it, neither could he discover a single crack through which they might escape. The prisoner's hut was well built, calculated to keep its occupants safe until morning.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

THE BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE When, at the close of the Great War, returned men began to organize certain misgivings were felt for some reason by governments and the public as to just what might be the result of such organization, but before long these misgivings gave place to feelings of relief, when it was found that the efforts of those who had served in war, were equally to be directed in time of peace towards the uplift of the Empire and the peace of the world.

The fourth Biennial Conference of the British Empire Service League was recently held in London, England, presided over by the Grand President Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, at which there were present representative war veterans

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from eighteen autonomous countries under the British Flag. These representatives were present to correlate and advance the objects of the League and the outcome of their deliberations is of tremendous moment and interest to all British subjects.

The following were the principal objects upon which resolutions were passed: Migration, Empire Trade, Pensions, Graves of returned men and World Peace.

The Canadian Legion is the Canadian member of the Empire League, and it has its part to play in the development of this section of the Empire, and must as a body realize and practice more fully as a component member of "the biggest British Institution that exists" the truth of the recent words of Sir Arthur Currie: "Our country needs today a spirit of unselfish reasonableness, of unity and understanding, the spirit which always guided the Canadian Corps. This spirit must be kept active by the Canadian Legion until in Canada, as in the trenches, it becomes a way of life."

The Legion in this Province stands in need of branches in every centre and so a larger membership. When this object is attained we will stand in a better position to fulfill our mission of Unity, Comradeship and Peace, and will be more fully assured that our reasonable requests for fair treatment of returned men when positions of honor and public offices are vacant, are complied with by those in authority to a greater degree than they have been in the past.

May we ask of returned men in this Province their co-operation in placing our Provincial Command, in a better position to carry out the objects of this great organization of those who served their Empire well in days of strain and stress, by now becoming not only members, but active members.

Let us strive at all times and in all things to keep before us the spirit of the old Canadian Corps. Publicity Committee, Canadian Legion, B. E. S. L., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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