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"PIPE SMOKERS! ASK FOR OGDEN'S CUT PLUG."

ELEZABETH AND THE SINGING RABBIT

(Continued from Page 2)

And together they walked to the edge of the Forest. Chipmunk chattering amiably all the way. While they were looking for nuts, along came Singing Rabbit who thought he would stop and visit with Elizabeth and Chipmunk. So the three of them were having a fine time in the forest, and Elizabeth was filling her pockets with all the nuts she could find.

Suddenly through the underbrush a huge moose appeared. What a big fellow he was! His antlers expanded almost six feet and he had evidently been running a long way. He was extremely dignified. He paused to rest, and he told Elizabeth, Chipmunk and Singing Rabbit how the wolves had chased him for miles and miles, before he could shake them off. A moose is an excellent swimmer and light-footed so he had felt safer when he came to swampy land near the river. There he had evaded the wolves and he swam across the river to this side of the Forest.

"They are a wicked pack and wild at this time of the year," the Moose told them, his kindly eyes resting on Elizabeth.

"You shouldn't stay here," he told her. "The wolves may be on this side of the Forest before long, and they won't be kind to a little girl like you."

"So Elizabeth, Singing Rabbit and Chipmunk started to leave immediately, because none of them had any desire to meet the wolves. But they were too late! The sun shone into a little clearing in the woods and Elizabeth suddenly saw a big grey wolf standing in the centre, looking about him and sniffing the air. Perhaps he was looking for the Moose, who knows?

Singing Rabbit whispered to Elizabeth: "You had better run as fast as you can and we will stop him from following you."

So, although she was very much afraid for her friend, Singing Rabbit, Elizabeth ran out of the Forest, and never stopped until she got home.

But in the Forest Singing Rabbit and Chipmunk were left facing the

wolf and they were really frightened. As Elizabeth left them, the wolf walked stealthily up to where little Singing Rabbit sat waiting for him.

Chipmunk had covered himself with leaves and hid behind a tree where he could watch what took place. It was all he could do to keep his teeth from chattering.

Singing Rabbit's breath was thumping so hard that he could barely get his breath, but, as the wolf appeared, he began to sing as gaily as he could.

The Wolf stopped in amazement when he saw who was singing. Never had he seen a rabbit who could sing before. He thought to himself: "How dare this rabbit sit there singing instead of running away from me?"

Then Singing Rabbit began to sing—

"Oh, Mister Wolf, how I should like to be like you, so handsome, strong and brave. That everybody in the Forest is afraid of you.

You are the Ruler of the woods, and that is why I sing to you. Yes, that is why I sing to you."

"Well," asked the Wolf, "aren't you afraid that I'll eat you up?"

"Oh, yes, I am afraid," said the Singing Rabbit, "but I wouldn't taste very good. I'm sure." And he began to hop about and cry.

"Well see about that," said the cruel Wolf and he jumped on poor little Singing Rabbit, who would never sing any more.

When Chipmunk came out of the Forest, he was crying so hard that Elizabeth heard him and came running. He told her how the Wolf had killed Singing Rabbit and how brave he had been. Chipmunk then crawled into his new house, pulled his tail over his eyes and went to sleep for weeks and weeks.

But Elizabeth told her father what had happened. So her father and her brother loaded their guns and went out into the Forest, where they shot the cruel wolf, and so the Singing Rabbit was avenged.

Elizabeth never forgot her good friend who had saved her life, and even when she grew up to be a big girl, she always sang the Singing Rabbit's favourite song which he had first sung for her so long ago.

TUBERCULOSIS ACTIVITIES

(Continued from Page 8)

has not improved. League revenues are derived from two sources, the Christmas Seal Sale and what is collected at the Unit for X-rays. The latter source is not nearly sufficient to pay for the cost of the pictures, and it is necessary to use Seal Sale proceeds to carry the Unit as well as to maintain the office. As well as this year, it was necessary to purchase a new car for the organizational work done by Mr. Jardine.

"We have not been able to set up a depreciation fund for the replacement of our equipment as we wear takes its toll. While on the subject of finances generally, I would like to correct an impression which is abroad in various parts of the Island. The X-Ray Unit was provided and purchased with funds contributed by the public through the purchase of Christmas Seals, and is supported, maintained, kept in operation and staffed entirely and exclusively by the public purchase of Seals and by such amounts as collected as an X-Ray charge. Although the League works in close cooperation with the Sanatorium it is not in any way connected with the Department of Public Health, nor does it receive any grant or subsidy.

"Due to over crowded conditions at the Sanatorium where we formerly occupied office space we were requested to obtain other accommodations and found haven in the hall maintained by the Catholic Women's League on Richmond Street.

Rural Survey

"Our present season's operations with the Unit are now just about completed, at least as far as the rural survey is concerned. The Unit commenced operations on or about May 5th in the West end of the island. We found that the new van set up worked most satisfactorily. It has enabled us to make a great many more stops, generally two or three a day, with the result, I believe, that we were able to visit a greater number of communities than heretofore and work within a much smaller radius.

"We have covered the Island more thoroughly than last year, although the number of pictures taken are considerably less than previously. The fact is partly explained by an attitude which we have frequently encountered, that is to say, that an X-Ray is analogous to a vaccination. A great many people seem to have the conception that an X-Ray is an assurance against tubercular infection for some time to come, and consequently with an X-Ray taken last year there is no necessity for another this year.

"We have also cooperated with Dr. Cruikshank in doing contact work throughout the Island.

"As for the plans for the forthcoming season, it might be said that the initial steps are well being in preparing for the Seal Sale. As well, the personal solicitation for Christmas Seals is being revised by the local Gyro Club who will again undertake the work. It is expected that the collection will thereby be materially increased. Much the same is being done in doing contact work with the Summerside returns last year were somewhat of a disappointment owing to a misunderstanding of the situation between our office and the Western groups, but we have every expectation this year that the Prince County Capital will excel itself as is its practice. It is anticipated that the Unit will move shortly to Summerside for a stand in that centre and later back to Charlottetown for local survey.

These matters, however, are in the field of the Incoming Executive.

"Your retiring officers and Executive believe that they are safe in saying that the League has completed a reasonably successful year. A great deal of work in this field remains yet to be done. We have in the Mobile X-Ray Unit the means of accomplishing a great task which were to have left to me one word of suggestion before stepping down it would be this, 'Education.' An extensive educational campaign designed to bring forcibly before the public the necessity for constant vigilance against tubercular infection, accomplished through annual X-Ray. Only when we are able to check every resident of our Island each year will we be able to say that we have not conquered, but controlled that disease."

Beyond The Law

By Mary Inlay Taylor

"Now what the deuce is up?" Macdonald mused, nettled by curiosity he found difficulty to quell. "It's half a mind —" His hand went toward the sealed envelope, then he let it fall on the desk. "No! I'll play fair, and wait six days, though I believe I'm going to see his life doesn't expect to come back alive — and he's a mighty valuable man!"

Again he meditated, strumming on his desk, but he was used to these things. Men were sent out to their death sometimes, to cancer of it often; what matter, if it sent the good of the service? The service was the Inspector's second girl yet his eyes clouded a moment later when he saw O'Hara cross the snowy space before his window, erect and strong, in all the vigor of his splendid manhood.

"The best subordinate I've got!" he muttered. "I'll wait just six days; then Gayle can go after him." He touched a button and sent orders out about the careful jailing of Nicky Creuse. "He's safe anyway," he thought. "One young fellow like the bars unit it's cleared up. I'm far from convinced that he could have done it — or did."

O'Hara, meanwhile, unconscious that he had stirred strange uneasiness in his chief's mind, went about his business as usual, that sent an unaccustomed chill to his stout heart. For once, he sickened deeply at his task.

"Hunting men, that's been my business," he mused bitterly. And then, half aloud, "May God forgive me if I'm wrong now."

He had a sudden recollection of Nicky Creuse on the way to prison, rebellious, snarling, vowing to get even. Yet the boy was so young, and there had been, hitherto, a certain charm in his devil-may-care freedom. O'Hara had seen him once dancing a jig at French Pete's amid the uproarious laughter of the voyageurs. He had loved his sister, too; that first shooting of Gharian had stirred the sergeant with something akin to sympathy. Yet he dragged the boy to prison, leaving him in peril of his life.

"My business that!" he cried again to himself, and thrust his hand into his pocket to feel for that small object he had found in the snow beside the frozen creek.

It was strange that Johnson had overlooked it! The thought recalled Johnson; the constable was out of the infirmary but not yet fit for duty. He might explain one point more — if he chose!

But O'Hara did not go to Johnson, instead he took the first train north. He had urgent business at Le Pas, business that must be concluded before the time expired — he had given himself six days! As he recalled that a sudden apprehension surged over him, and the perspiration stood out in drops on his forehead though the thermometer registered thirty below.

Before him rose a face, a woman's face, wide eyes of terror, a tremulous mouth. The bitter winter night enveloped him, a thick snow mist rose before him, the twinkling lights where the Creuses were gathered drinking and gambling while their cogs snarled out in the snow. O'Hara's lights shone sparsely. He was in Le Pas and there was grim work to be done; yet how slim the steps he kept himself before the mind of this grim traveler of the barrens to whom women had been little more than shadows in a world beyond his ken.

Then he thrust all thought of her aside, and went on. Somewhere here was the man who had kept a cog train back from the creek a hundred yards below Gharian's cabin, on the very day of the murder. Within an hour of it, unless O'Hara's calculations were wrong. That was not the same man who had shot the fugitive from the ice-bound creek; that man held the key to the greatest mystery of all.

Ten minutes later he pushed open the door and looked into a hot, smog-filled, noisy den of a room, glimpsed dark, wild faces, saw the flash of half falling on the tables heard a mad cry of tongues, half French, half Cree, an oath here a song there, the uproar of a quarrel that subsided suddenly at sight of his uniform. Then, from somewhere, a derisive laugh. It pricked him like a knife thrust. In an instant he was on every nerve strung taunt, the manhunter in him leaped up like a caged tiger. He felt neither pity nor remorse.

CHAPTER VII

Deliberately he thrust himself into the center of the room and laid his hand suddenly on the shoulder of the man who had laughed. "You're wanted, Duval!" O'Hara's tone was like a whiplash, and the man who had laughed had the feel from Duval.

Duval started to his feet with a smothered oath, but his dark face changed and paled as his eyes came to the level of the sergeant's. He was a stranger, too, and there was no show of partisan feeling, only a gaping curiosity in the nearest faces. "What d'you want of me?" he asked sullenly.

O'Hara made no answer in words, he kept his grasp on the man and thrust his quickly toward the door that he had left open when he entered. He felt, rather than saw, a growing sympathy among the men who were his prisoner's equals if they were not yet his pals. There

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were some murmurs, an oath here and there; in the farther corner one or two rose. O'Hara was alone and there was no love here for the Mounted. But the sergeant got Duval outside and shut the door behind them.

"That movement loosened his grip a trifle and, on the instant, the halfbreed was at his throat. They grappled, stumbled, and rolled over in the snow. Duval had been drinking, O'Hara knew; he had a couple of cogs before the Creuses were gathered drinking and gambling while their cogs snarled out in the snow. O'Hara's lights shone sparsely. He was in Le Pas and there was grim work to be done; yet how slim the steps he kept himself before the mind of this grim traveler of the barrens to whom women had been little more than shadows in a world beyond his ken.

voice say from the inside of the cabin, then there was a shout of coarse laughter, as the door snapped shut again.

A couple of cogs began to howl, a fiddle scraped somewhere, and O'Hara got his knee on the halfbreed's breast, slipped a hand down and disarmed him. "You're making a mistake Duval," he said drolly for the struggle had cost him his breath. "I'm not going to run you in, and I'll let you go scot free if you answer me straight and take orders like a man."

A red light shone from a window on the snow beside them, in the weird glow of it he could see the breed's sullen eyes; but his grunt was a half way surrender.

Duval assented sullenly. "I wish

"Let me up — you choke me, by gar!" he gurgled, for O'Hara's grip was on his windpipe.

The sergeant rose and ordered him to his feet. "You drove your team up to the creek below Gharian's place the day of his death. No, not a word a cenial; I know! If you want to keep out of jail, get your dogs now. I'll go with you and I start north tonight, Duval, and on the way we'll settle certain other matters. Ready?"

The halfbreed made a quick movement, but the muzzle of O'Hara's forty-five was at his breast.

"Going quietly?" the sergeant snapped.

Duval assented sullenly. "I wish

you in hell" he growled. The officer laughed. "I may send you there, old man, if you don't get started mighty quick!" (To Be Continued)

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