The Golden Sands Riddle

By Alexander Campbell

CHAPTER II

MR. MONTE INTRUDES

When Peter Crosby turned away from the gleaming luxuriousness of the Orient Hotel and strode out of the entrance drive, he almost cannoned into a small plump man who was coming slowly in with head bent in thought.

"Sorry!" said Peter mechanically.

He found himself looking for an instant into a round black face. The face was amiable. Large eyes blinked apologetically behind round spectacles.

"Please do not apologise," murmured a soft voice. "It was entirely my fault. The owl that flies by day bruises itself against obstacles." A finger tapped the spectacles. "Mine is not the sight of the eagle. And my thoughts had gone on a journey."

He padded past, and Peter stared after him. The man was a Bantu. And natives are not permitted to enter the main doors of the Orient Hotel. The young man had an impulse to cry sharply to the retreating figure. Then he shrugged. It was none of his business. The man might be a hotel employee.

For a moment he watched the man treading humbly along. He was dressed in a white suit that contrasted with his dark skin, and in one hand he carried a black stick. Then Peter turned away, and in a few moments the incident was forgotten. He could not foresee how much he was to owe to the little man who called himself Mr. Xosa.

With increasing distaste, and mounting gloom, Peter strode past the long line of gleaming automobiles at the kerb, until he came to his own modest two-seater, looking like a diminutive toy beside the others. He had not even had the nerve to tell her that he had a car, he told himself savagely. A month ago he had been inordinately proud of his second-hand purchase. Now he was heartily ashamed of it.

He swung himself behind the steering wheel, but he did not drive off immediately. Instead, he lit a cigarette and gazed moodily at the sands below him, tawny under the fierce sun.

He told himself grimly that he had come to Marathon to enjoy himself. Two weeks ago, the thought of that brilliant blue sea and these soft warm sands had intoxicated him. He had thought joyously of breathing in the pure sea air after the stuffy heat of the Rand. Swimming, tennis, golf, walking—a full month of exercise and enjoyment was to have been his. Well, he had carried out his holiday programme so far. He had done all these things. He felt supremely fit. But he had also met Lucy Carr. And that was the trouble.

For Peter Crosby had a horror of appearing as the social climber, and a great contempt for those who climbed.

That had sounded all very fine before he had met Lucy Carr. But now he had his doubts. He was in love with the girl—that he knew beyond all shadow of doubt. It had never happened to him before, but there was no mistaking the sensation, he told himself grimly. And Lucy Carr, unfortunately, happened to be the daughter of one of the richest men in the world. A man who had been knighted for his princely bequests to charity and his genuine interest in philanthropic works, and who, after giving away millions, seemed no poorer than if he had parted with pennies.

Peter Crosby was merely a working engineer. And working engineers don't woo millionaires' daughters; or, if they do, they earn the contempt and derision of men like Peter Crosby.

She'd been very sweet. She really seemed to like him. But—it couldn't go on. He knew it very well. Sooner or later, and sooner rather than later, he'd have to make up his mind, harden his resolve, and slide gently but firmly out of Lucy Carr's life.

Leaving her, in all probability, to that too-good-looking fellow with the insolent manner.

At the thought of Terence Parry, Peter scowled.

His thoughts slid back to Lucy. He saw her again, as he was always seeing her, slim and tanned, with blue eyes now flashing mischievously or suddenly grave; golden hair tumbling from under a bathing cap after a swim; graceful in a gay frock.

With an impatient gesture, he jettisoned the cigarette he had been smoking, and put out a hand to switch on the engine.

"Hullo there!" said a deep, good-humoured voice.

Peter looked up quickly.

A big man was resting his arms on the side of the car. He must have approached with a cat-like tread. Peter eyed him with little favour. He had seen the man before. He knew that he stayed at the Orient Hotel, and that his name was Monte. Peter had heard a snatch of conversation. "There," someone had said "goes the mysterious Mr. Monte," and he had had a glimpse of the big man, resplendent in a loud sports suit, and with a soft white hat on the back of his head, saunter down the steps of the hotel, his thick lips puckered in a whistle.

The stranger grinned.

"I want to have a talk with you—Mr. Crosby," he chuckled as Peter started. "Oh, sure, I know your name. I've been keeping a friendly eye on you, young fellow! And I said to myself, 'Guy, old man', I said—that's me, Guy Monte, and there are plenty of people from the Reef to the Cape who'll tell you that Guy Monte is a good guy, ha ha!—that young fellow Crosby needs a helping hand; yes, he's a deserving young man and he needs a little help. Mind if I step in the car?"

"I do mind," began Peter, who had come to the conclusion that he was dealing with a lunatic, or a drunk, or both; but Mr. Monte had opened the car door and squeezed his bulk into the passenger's seat. He settled himself comfortably, and beamed on Peter.

"Now look here," began the young man.

Mr. Monte waved a hand, a diamond flashed in the sun.

"I know. You've never set eyes on me before, and you want to know what the heck? But believe me, son"—he laid a large hand on Peter's shoulder, and his broad face was suddenly almost comically solemn—"all I want to do is help you. Honest. Just to talk with you. That won't hurt, will it? I reckon you'll never regret it. Come on, now. Let's hit it out to some quiet spot—your own hotel will do—and listen to what I have to say."

Afterwards, Peter was to look back on that moment and wonder a thousand times what impelled him to obey. The chief reason was that the man had a certain rugged charm about him. Whatever Mr. Monte's faults, lack of personality was not one of them. Added to that was a certain natural curiosity.

On impulse, Peter switched on his engine. "All right," he said. "But if this is an attempt at a touch, or a variation on the old three card trick, I may as well warn you——"

For an obscure reason Mr. Monte regarded this as the richest of jests. He sat back in his seat and laughed until the tears came to his eyes. "A touch!" he bellowed. "By Harry, that's good! No, son. I'm not out to touch you for a loan—ha ha!"

The car slid into the traffic stream.

"And now," said Peter, when they were seated at a table in a deserted lounge of his hotel, "what's the joke?"

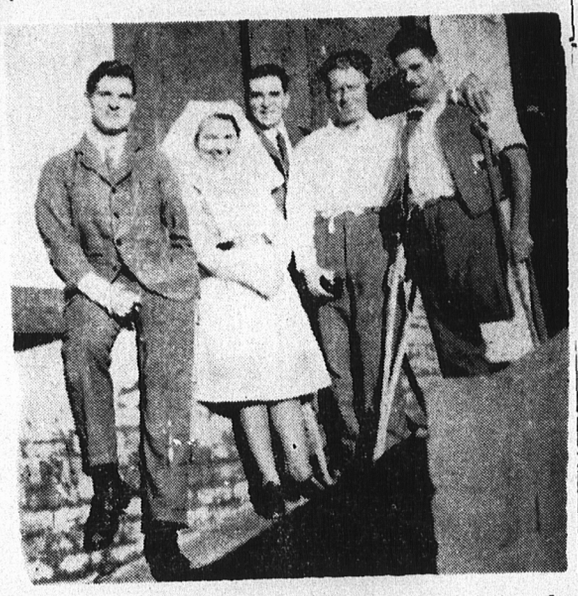
(To be Continued)

Charlottetown Nurse On Active Service

The following photographs are from a group of snaps sent to Mrs. Mary McLean, King Square, from her daughter, Miss Ruth McLean, R. N. now overseas on military duty in England, and shows the King and Queen on one of their numerous visits among the sick and wounded soldiers.

The Senior Surgeon at headquarters, Major White, with Nursing Sister Ruth McLean.

Queen Elizabeth going over to the Mess after a visit to the Hospital.



This snap was taken at the end of ward with a group of patients under Miss McLean's care.

In Memoriam

MR. FRANCIS E. SHEA

The community of Indian River was stricken with grief when they learned on May 7th of the death of one of their very esteemed residents Francis E. Shea at the age of 73 years.

Although not in perfect health for some time previous his sudden demise came as a shock to everybody.

Up to the time of his illness, he was always an active and willing supporter in all work of both district and parish. Frank as he was familiarly called, was always a welcome visitor as his humorous manner made him very pleasing to both young and old

In the home his kind and exemplary manner as husband and father, left many cherished memories not easily forgotten.

He was visited quite frequently during his illness by his pastor who fortified him with all the last rites of the Catholic Church, of which by his faithfulness and strict attention showed an example to one and all.

He leaves to mourn, his wife who by her tender nursing showed her true devotedness, five daughters and one son, Francis, Mrs. Russel Campbell, Indian River; Geraldine, of the Charlottetown Hotel; Mary, nurse in training City Hospital Louise Parochial House St. Margarets; Eunice and Billy at home, also one brother, John of Indian River and four sisters, Lucy, Mrs. Derrick, Gertrude, Mrs. Moynihan, and the Misses Minnie and Catherine all in United States to whom the sincere sympathy of all is extended.

A large funeral cortage followed his remains on Friday morning to St. Mary's Church where Requiem Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. N. Trainor, who also officiated at the grave. Pallbearers were: Messrs. Bernard MacLellan, Jos. M. Gillis, William Mann, Wilfred Gillis, Orville Clark, James Pendergas. R. I. P. — (Patriot Please Copy).

NEWSY NATURE NOTES

By Stuart J. Thompson

FLYING AND FLYING

The other day while down town I, with hundreds of others, watched a plane going through some extraordinary evolutions. In long graceful sweeping curves it turned this way and that, then dived down as close as it dared earthwards. With a deafening roar it rose again, and climbed up higher and higher and higher until it was hundreds of feet above the city, then sped along in a great wide circle and returned to repeat its manoeuvres all over again.

It was an impressive sight—the silvery machine weaving its way through space, in and out a background of fleecy clouds, unsupported, apparently defying the law of gravitation, and yet under perfect control of the pilot. Not so many years ago such a thing was undreamed of and considered impossible.

All this time, not far off, there was another voyager in sight. A beautiful white gull with black-tipped wings could be seen against the sky. In its own way it was going through the similar evolutions as the plane and yet how different. Around and around the bird soared, sometimes in the right, then to the left, rising gently on the breeze and falling again, but all in perfect silence. There was no roar in its flying. I do not know why the human pilot was performing. It may have been a necessary part of his training, or he may have been merely showing off. But there was certainly neither of these reasons in the flight of the gull. With Nature as an instructor no practice flights were needed, and it must have been quite unconcerned about eyes below.

Though there are well-known examples of flightless birds, the power of flight is a characteristic of birds as a class. And yet almost every family of birds has its own distinctive flight and wing-movement. Many sea birds float for hours on motionless wings. Ducks and other water-fowl beat the air with strong swift strokes. Hawks do a great deal of soaring and circling in flight. The partridge and pheasant spring from the ground and whirr away to safety. The owl family skim along in perfect silence through the darkness. The night hawk is a clown in the air. He straggles along in a loose jerky way, rising up and up, then roars down in a headlong dive. The little hummingbird is a marvel in the air. Beating at the rate of hundreds of vibrations to the minute, its little wings become a mere haze to the eye. The bird can not only poise stationery in the air but can actually fly backwards away from the flower and on to the next. The common crow swings along on strong steady wing-beats without a pause or break, and the goldfinch bounds through the air in long graceful curves rising and falling to the tune of "per-chic-a-ree". In fact many of our smaller birds, such as the robin, the bluebird, the kingbird, the grackle the starling, the meadowlark and a score of others which to the untrained eye appear to be simply flying birds, can be instantly recognized by the bird-student in their flight alone even at some distance.

Man has long marvelled at the flight of birds. Even Solomon, we find, admits in his writings of four things which are too wonderful for him to comprehend, and one is "the way of an eagle in the air" (Proverbs 30: 19). It is only within this generation Man has at last "mastered" aerial navigation. But as I watched the plane and the gull together, it seemed that man had a long way to go yet, before he would be gliding as smoothly and as silently about as Nature's child, the gull.

ADD BACON TO YOUR BREAKFAST MENU THESE COLD MORNINGS NOT ONLY TO IMPROVE IT BUT TO STORE UP MORE ENERGY

Fat is all very well in its place, but so many of us have it in the wrong places. It has, as you know, a very important function to perform in the body economy. The body is an adaptable machine and can use various sorts of fuel to make its power.

In addition to carbohydrates and protiens, fats and fatty foods are especially valuable when we are exposed to low temperatures — the Eskimo knows this in his use of blubber and the traveller by dog team in the North carries bacon with him as astaple article of diet.

Twice as much energy is produced when fat is turned, as compared to protein or carbohydrate, but only part of what we take in is put to immediate use. The rest is laid down in the tissues as a reserve supply.

As a matter of fact many fats are stored away without being changed at all. If lamb fat is consumed, part is stored as lamb fat, not as eater's fat and the same applies to pork fat. Our tissues are perfect storage warehouses. If we have a tendency to bullheadedness —well, at any rate beef fat is stored as suet.

These fats are valuable reserves, if not overstocked, and in case of emergency come forward valiantly to be put to work and are the most concentrated form of body fuel.

Supposing one cold day, your energy requirements are high and you migh eat enough food for bodily requirements—it is then that the reserves be called out, the stored fats.

Ever feel "full up" after a meal, with a good proportion of fat meat and other fatty foods? It is because fat burns more slowly than other energy producers and so stays with you for a longer period in the digestive tract.

Since it's a patriotis gesture to consume as much pork as possible, we suggest a few slices of bacon added to the breakfast cereal, toast and coffee, which not only improves the meal but is more heating and sticks to your ribs longer.

Minard's relieves sprains.

'Gasless Sundays' Are suggested

WASHINGTON, June 3 —(AP) — Rigid restrictions on the use of oil, including "gasless Sundays," were suggested today by a committee of the petroleum industry, in the face of an acute shortage expected by July 1.

In a report to interior secretary Harold Ickes, defence petroleum co-ordinator, the oil men pledged their support "to any extent" to meet the anticipated emergency, and thus ward off a menace to the preparedness drive.

The shortage is expected on the eastern seaboard, hub of defence production.

LONG RIVER W. I.

The May meeting of the Long River Women's Institute was held at the home of Miss Mae Found with an attendance of 21 members and three visitors.

The president presided and the meeting opened by singing the Carol and repeating the Creed in unison. Roll call was answered by Current Events. Minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed, after which the different committees gave their reports and the correspondence read and disposed of.

The following committees were appointed: Sick Committee, Mrs. Elwood Campbell, Miss Mamie Connell and Miss Myrtle Wigmore; School, Mrs. W. E. Johnstone and Mrs. Murdock MacLeod; Programme Mrs. Ernest Dunning, Mrs. W. J. Profitt and Mrs. Alton Bell. It was decided not to have lunch at the meetings during the summer months.

It was moved seconded, and carried to invite a play to come here at as early a date as possible. The following committee was appointed to see about getting play: Miss Connell, Mrs. A. C. Johnstone and Miss Mae Found. A committee was also appointed to provide refreshments for the players taking part in the play.

A number of finished garments were handed in to the Red Cross convenor, and the remnants received from Eaton's were displayed and a discussion on making the quilts followed but nothing definite was decided.

The next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Ernest Dunning, and roll call to be answered with your favorite story and the author.

The program which was greatly enjoyed, consisted of a reading "A Visitor for You", by Mrs. A. A. Campbell, and two contests which caused much merriment was put on by Mrs. Oscar Johnstone, and Miss Gillespie after which the meeting was brought to a close by singing the King. Lunch was served and a social time enjoyed.

WESTMORELAND W. I.

The regular meeting of Westmoreland Women's Institute was held on Thursday, May 22nd at the home of the President, Mrs. Harold Oakes.

The meeting opened by repeating It's a Good Time to get Acquainted, followed by Creed in unison. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Collection amounted to 35 cents. Resolved that we purchase 20 yards broadcloth, 3 batts and thread to make quilts for Red Cross.

Resolved that the bill for Exercise Books be paid. Committees gave their reports and the following new ones were appointed: School, Mrs. Robert Mayhew; Sick, Mrs. Fred Wilson; Educational Program, Mrs. Fred Fall, Mrs. Bert Trowsdale; Social Program, Mrs. Harold Oakes, Grace Moore; Lunch, Mrs. Hebert Camfield, Mrs. Verner Moore, Mrs. Ray Crossman.

Resolved that we get tape to fix the old dictionary.

Mrs. Verner Moore invited the members to meet at her home for June meeting. Roll call to be answered by exchange of recipes.

Resolved that we send $2.00 to Queen's Canadian Fund.

Meeting then adjourned. Lunch was served by committee in charge.

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WAVELENGTH
Canada and U.S.A.—31.52 m. 25.53 m. (to 10.00 p.m.) 49.10 m (from 10.30 p.m.) Western Canada—23.52
THURSDAY, JUNE 5

EDST

6.20 p.m.—'London Calling'
6.25 p.m.—'CALLING THE WEST INDIES': Negro Choir, introduced by Una Marson
6.45 p.m.—'THE NEWS.
7.00 p.m.—'Questions of the Hour'. Military Commentary by Captain CYRIL FALLS.
7.15 p.m.—NEWS IN FRENCH.
7.30 p.m.—'HALF THE BATTLE — THE PLOUGH'. Harvest, 1940—Spring, 1941. Feature Programme arranged and produced by Francis Dillon.
8.00 p.m.—THE NEWS.
8.10 p.m.—'LISTENING POST'.
8.15 p.m.—'London Calling'.
8.30 p.m.—'BRITAIN SPEAKS'. Talk by ALEXANDER KEITH.
8.45 p.m.—HEADLINE NEWS AND VIEWS. Commentator: J. B. McGEACHY.
9.00 p.m.—'The Music of Britain': The English Ballad Elsie Ackland (Australian Contralto).
9.15 p.m.—'Front Line Family' — Episode 34. The adventures of the British Family Robinson in war-time London. Written and produced by Alan Melville.
9.30 p.m.—'CANADA CALLS FROM LONDON' (in collaboration with CBC).
9.30: Programme to be announced.
9.45: 'LES VOIX FRANCAISES'. French men and women speaking to French-Canadian listeners.
10.00 p.m.—'DEMOCRACY MARCHES'. Talk by TOM HARRISSON.
10.15 p.m.—'At Your Request'.
10.30 p.m.—Variety: 'Starlight'. Compere, Gerry Wilmot.
10.45 p.m.—'Shakespeare — The Man' — 1: 'The Course of True Love' ('Romeo and Juliet'). The first of a series of half-hours with the greatest of English dramatists, arranged by Clemence Dane and produced by Val Gielgud.
11.15 p.m.—Talk: 'In My Opinion'.
11.30 p.m.—RADIO NEWS-REEL.
12.00 m.n.—The Daily Service.
12.05 a.m.—'London Calling'.
12.15 a.m.—'BRITAIN SPEAKS'. Talk by ALEXANDER KEITH.
12.30 a.m.—THE NEWS.
12.45 a.m.—Close down.

THE SAME OLD WAY

Why is it men resent changes in the arrangement of furniture in a room? Perhaps if the economical side were pointed out to them in regard to the wear on rugs and furniture they would comprehend more quickly the fact that change seems good to the housewife who is home so much.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Friday the 4th day of July 1941, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon (Atlantic Daylight Saving Time), ALL that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Township Number Sixty-five in Queens County bounded and described as follows, that is to say: COMMENCING at the northwest corner of Frank McEachern's farm on the south side of Long Creek thence Southeastwardly along the said Frank McEachern's farm until it meets a twenty acre tract in possession of John H. McDonald thence South sixty-four degrees forty minutes west eight chains and eleven links to the land of Hector McCannell thence north twenty-nine degrees West along Hector McCannell's land to Long Creek thence Northeastwardly following the courses of said Creek to the place of commencement containing eighty acres of land a little more or less being the one hundred acre farm conveyed by the Government of Prince Edward Island to Neil Bell by deed bearing date the 11th December A. D. 1877 excepting thereout twenty acres at the Southeast end thereof granted by Donald McPhee to John H. McDonald.

The above sale is made under power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 8th November 1930, made between Albert Edward McDonald of Nine Mile Creek, farmer, of the first part, and the undersigned of the second part, default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured by the said mortgage.

For particulars apply to McLeod & Bentley, Solicitors, 154 Prince Street, Charlottetown.

Dated this 3rd June 1941.

WILLIAM McKAY, Mortgagee.

L-171-6-5-12-19-26

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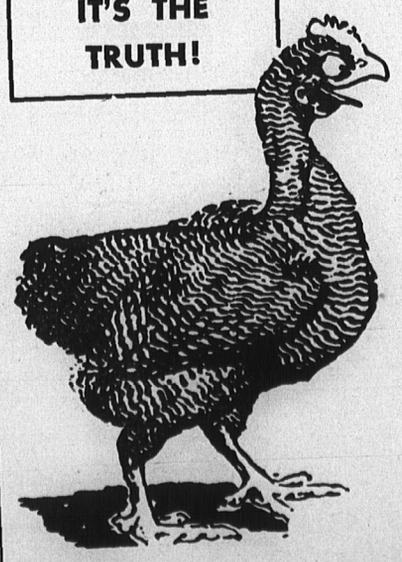
SO HELP ME IT'S THE TRUTH!



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Ful-O-Pep Developer is low-protein, high-fibre feed that balances the needs of birds grown on range. It grows better pullets at less cost—pullets that pay you well in egg sales and profits. Start now to feed Ful-O-Pep Developer, the Ful-O-Pep Way.

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