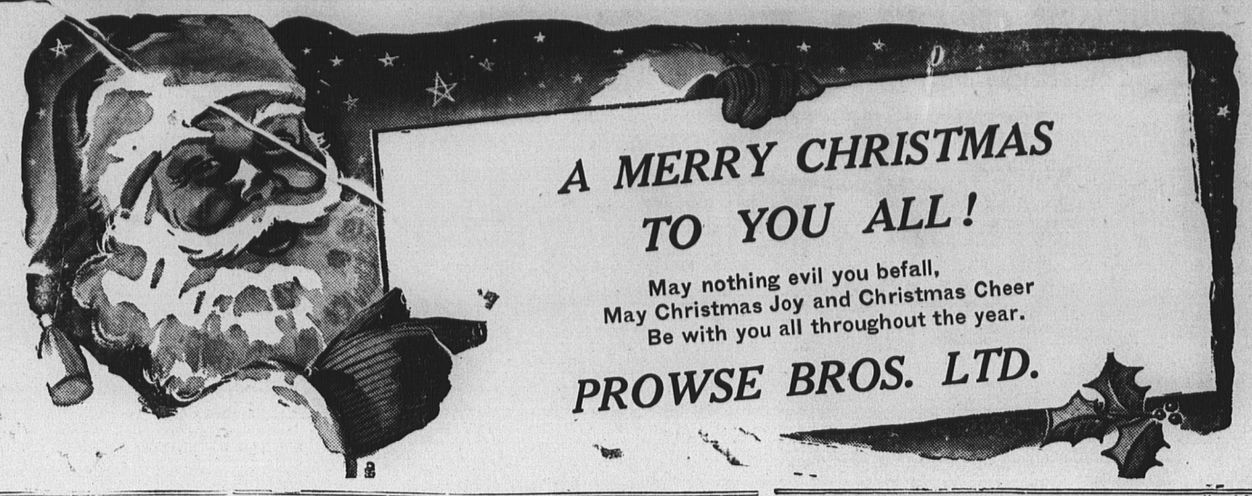

UNDER PRESSURE

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IV

El Tenebroso occupied a triangle at the intersection of a side street with the Calzada Manuel Villalongin. A string of private rooms comprised its longer flank but on the shorter side there was a respectable entrance leading directly to the restaurant and dance floor. The room was fan-shaped and fairly large. The orchestra was placed in the stem of the fan which put the master of ceremonies, the highly popular Adan Arnaldo, at a distinct advantage since he could watch the entire assemblage without having to worry about anything behind his back. The tables were in two banks, one at he level of the floor, the other raised and hugging the slant of the walls. The wide outer fringe of the fan was given over to stage, entrance, hallway, cloak room, cooking and service departments.

General Onelia met Joyce and Margarida in the foyer. He was dressed in mufti and when Margarida, divesting herself of an ulster-like overcoat, displayed a dark tailored suit, Joyce felt a qualm as to her own lovely semi-evening dress. But immediately her attention was seized by something else; at a murmured request from the check-room girl two men were condescending to park their guns with their hats. Margarida cast a hurried and curious glance at Joyce's face but found she need not worry—

Joyce was given a seat with her back to the wall. Sensing the concentrated stare upon her she was troubled and looked around anxiously. It must be her clothes. But to her relief she saw a few people on the dance floor in evening dress and then discovered a party of men against the opposite wall, all of whom were togged out in the full regalia of tails and white ties. She wondered about them, perceiving at once they were onlookers rather than participants. Evidently they had come to watch the fun, perhaps in an effort to forget the boredom of some diplomatic function. At the thought she examined them more carefully and suddenly found herself gazing at long range into the eyes of Dirk Van Suttart. She looked away at once, making no sign of recognition, but not before she had caught the rapid change of expression in his face. In an instant it had passed from surprise to wonder and from wonder to dismay tinged with aversion. He was profoundly shocked.

A flush of anger stained her cheeks but at that moment Adan Arnaldo came to Onelia's table to do homage to authority. He was a handsome young man and lacked the sleep look which usually distinguishes the master of ceremonies of such a boute as El Tenebroso. His manner, as he greeted Margarida whom he knew, declared him a substantial partner as well. Acknowledging an introduction to Joyce, he took her hand but without removing his eyes from the general's face.

"Well, Adan," said the general, "I don't have to ask you how things are going. Jam-packed as usual."

"Not so bad," admitted Arnaldo.

"The genius of this place," remarked Margarida, "consists in its diversity. There's one clientele at midnight, another at two and a third at four in the morning."

"Yes," said Arnaldo, "and if we could close at one o'clock I'd be poorer but a lot happier." He glanced at Onelia. "It's a long time since you've honored me."

"Quite true, but I'm a busy man and I've taken to going to bed. I suppose the old habitues are still on the job? I haven't seen Castellito, Diega Borda, Vasconcelios, General Dorado or Panchito Iroyogen since I came here last. That about covers the list, doesn't it?"

"General," said Arnaldo laughingly, "I compliment you on your memory."

"So? How could I forget any of that flock of flamingos?"

"No, no, not that," corrected Arnaldo. "You remembered not to mention a single one of the dead!"

Margarida laughed. "You're worried, Adan. Who's on the rampage nowadays? Are you expecting Dorado or is it only Castellito?" Arnaldo did not answer. "Tell me," she persisted. "Who is the cause tonight of that little crease of worry on your brow?"

"General Onelia," said Arnaldo as he rose to resume his duties.

Onelia scowled at the ambiguous distinction. Compliment, insult, threat or warning — he could take his choice. He sat in a moody silence, paying no attention to his guests. Smoldering inside him was dull rage at Arnaldo. What had he meant? He knew of the long-standing Onelia-Dorado feud — everybody did. Had he guessd at once that he and Margarida were after information as to Dorado's whereabouts and plans? In spite of her hosts' neglect Joyce was not bored. She sipped her wine sparingly and let her eyes wander.

Abruptly she sensed Onelia had gone tense in every muscle and following the direction of his gaze she saw an individual in uniform, accompanied by two bodyguards, erupt from a slight commotion in the entrance hall of her left. Never before had she seen a visage so striking, so individual, so different from the ordinary conception of a human face. Jet-black hair, close-cropped, came down in a sharp peak to within an inch of heavy eyebrows and where cheekbones should have protruded there were indentations, causing the massive blue-black jaw, divided midway by the gash of full red lips, to appear to slant outward. Feeling her eyes upon him the man stopped, stared, smiled and saluted gaily. He was drunk and as he staggered toward the table hurriedly being placed for him at the edge of the dance floor, Arnaldo darted forward, apparently to greet him. But he took up his stand in a direct line between Onelia and the new arrival.

Joyce leaned toward Margarida. "Who is that man," she whispered, "the officer who just came in?"

"General Dorado," murmured Margarida almost inaudibly.

Arnaldo, chatting cheerfully with Dorado, took out a cigarette and tamped it on his wrist. At the third tap the orchestra began to pack up its instruments and one of the four tiers of lights went out. Adan did his best to hold the attention of the recent arrival but when a second bank of lights were extinguished Dorado awoke to realization of what was intended. An odd hush fell on the room, accompanied by an electric air of expectancy. It was real, something even the uninitiated could feel, and Joyce's knees began to tremble from excitement. Her evening bag slipped from her lap. She leaned over quickly to pick it up and to her consternation caught the glint of a service revolver clapped against Onelia's thigh. Her first impression was that it was quite still but as she rose she realized its muzzle had been moving slowly upward.

Then she heard Margarida whisper to him hoarsely: "Don't be a fool or you'll spoil everything. Leave it to Adan and nothing will happen —nothing!"

(To be continued.)

Christmas Games

Christmas is always a season for children's games and those described below may help the little hosts and hostesses make their parties a real success this year.

A lively game, of course, will start the youngsters off in a whirl of merriment. Here is a variation of tag that is fun.

One of the children should be choosen to play the part of Santa Claus and another for one of the reindeers. Both should be blindfolded and then guided to opsite ends of the table. At a signal they begin moving around it; Santa trying to find his reindeer and the deer trying to escape.

Another stunt may be played with little sugar animals. They should be wrapped in red paper and each child permitted to draw one. Each child then unwraps his animal, without letting his companions see what it is, and then proceeds to act the part of his animal. A prize should be given to the child who best imitates his animal and to the one with the most correct guesses.

Pinning a beard on Santa is a stunt that is usually enjoyed. A rag doll should be dressed to represent Santa Claus and fastened securely to the top of a chimney made of cardboard. The children should be blindfolded one at a time, and given a bushy piece of cotton. He must try to pin Santa's whiskers in place.

Snow man is another game that will be lots of fun. One boy is chosen to be the snow man. He stands between the two bases which have been marked off in the snow. The players are divided into two sides.

The Snow Man calls: "Ho! Who's afraid of the snow man?"

This is the signal for the players to exchange bases.

While the children are running across the open field, the snow man tries to plet as many as he can with snow balls. Those who are hit must stand by the snow man and make more snow balls for him to continue his warfare.

The snow man continues to call: "Ho! Who's afraid of the snow man?" until all are caught. The last one caught wins the game and is snow man for the next game.

The Toy shop is also a good game.. The children stand in a circle after choosing one to be "it." Each chooses the name of a toy "It" pretends she is a lady in a toy shop and walks about the circle saying: "I am looking for a doll and a bicycle (or any other toys). The boys mentioned must change places, while "it" tries to slip into one of the vacant places. The child left out is "it" for next time.

An ordinary feather will provide any amount of fun and is the medium of a game especially popular with children.

Select one that will float in the air, and throw it above the heads of the players, who sit in a circle.

The object of the game is to anyone that person must pay a forfeit keep the feather in the air by

Christmas Memories

In memory tonight my fancy wanders
Back to those Christmas Eves of long ago,
I see the stockings by the fireplace hanging,
And watch the flickering shadows come and go.

And in the old armchair before the fire,
With Mother close beside me there,
She told me stories of Santa Claus so jolly
And of his love for little children everywhere.

Then in her clear sweet voice she sang to me
In the twilight of that Christmas night,
Of the Angels song, and the Infant Saviour, whose coming
Turned this sad world's darkness into Light.

I can remember all the lovely things she did
To make the Christmas season beautiful and gay,
Of hearts made happy by her thoughtful love,
And all the needy ones she helped in every way.

And on this night so full of happy memories,
I wish I were a child again, that I might hear
My Mother's dear voice sing those sweet old carols,
I miss her so, this bright, glad Christmas Eve.

—Constance I. Heckbert.

TO SAVE TIME

By preparing each Christmas gift for mailing as it is bought or made much time and hurry is saved at the last moment.

Minard's kills pain.

Bristol And Vicinity

Able seaman Fred Blaxland, who is serving on one of Canada's Destroyers, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Blaxland, Morell. Fred has not been home for quite a long while and has had some strange ploughing in the enemy infested waters of the broad Atlantic, yet he says there is no place like the Navy for the thrill of life. Mr. and Mrs James Blaxland, have the proud record of sending or giving five sons to the cause of freedom and justice. Three are at present in Engl[illegible]

Fire partly [illegible]ed a building used for a wood house on the property of the late Robert McKay caused by a pan of hot ashes dumped too near the building. The untiring efforts of willing fire fighters of this vicinity assisted by the Mount Stewart firemen saved the house and other buildings in the path of the fire as a high wind was blowing right on the house

Mrs McKay is very thankful to those willing workers and also to Mr. G. R. Keefe, a city business man, who was passing and took a hand in the struggle.

Some of the school concerts in this vicinity were called off owing to the flu. There are about twenty cases at present, none considered serious.

Many friends are pleased to see Mr. Gordon McEwen, out again after his serious illness of two months.

The Government snow plough opened the road to the shore near Savage Harbor on Sunday, also what is called the Point De-Roache road. These roads are being gravelled for war work that is to take place in that district it is understood.

Two cars were ditched near Mount Stewart on Monday and two others west of the village on the icy pavement. A car from Morell was turned over on Midgell hill the same day and on Tuesday cars were unable to climb the Pine Brook Hill at St. Peter's, but no accitents were reported.

Christmas Cheer

Light up each window. let the glow,
Of golden warmth, shine on the snow;
Or far off let your beacon bright,
Shine gladly, through the dark of night.

Light one more candle. let its gleam.
Shine forward like some radiant beam;
That others, in its gladdening light,
May find the Christmas time more bright.

Give one more smile! the clasp of hand;
The warmth of greeting understand—
That others who know not the glow,
Of Christmas cheer, all need you so.

Do one kind act, to live anew,
Within your heart the New Year through:
Offtimes it heals some hurt or pain;
In giving, there is much to gain.

Let gladness ring throughout the day,
To live in memory, o'er life's way;
Bring sunshine's warmth, to last awhile,
It may shine out—with just a smile.

John The Lilacs.

Christmas, 1940.

Friends here of Mr. Joseph O'Hanley, St Peter's, will regret to hear of his very serious illness in the Hospital.

Miss May Mosher, has taken a position in the city for the winter months.

Many young friends here of William McIntyre, regret to hear of his passing so early in life at the City Hospital on Tuesday morning. This writer joins many others here in extending sincere sympathy to the sorrowing family.

Mrs. William Ranahan, Morell East, has received word that her son Frank is at present in England, serving his country, with the R. C. N.

Several fat cattle were sold here last week to a buyer who was travelling by truck and taking the steers right with him. Prices were considered very good. Chickens and a scattered few ducks are on the market here but as yet very few geese.

It is understood that Mr. Joseph Sinnott, will be the new mail driver in the Bristol Route, replacing Mr. McVarish, who is retiring the end of the year.

Mrs. John Whalen, who has been at St. Peter's for several months came back to Bristol on Wednesday and will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Gerald Barry.

B.

CORONATION WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular annual meeting of Coronation W. I French River met in the Institute room on Nov. 12th. The president presided and opened the meeting by singing O-Canada, followed by repeating the Club Women's Creed in unison. Roll call was answered by ten members paying their fees, and one visitor was present. Minutes of last regular and annual meetings were read adopted and signed. The Secretary-treasurer gave the following financial report. $86.19 has been raised during the year of which $10 00 was sent to the ambulance fund $4.00 to the T. B. League, $5 00 for Relief of Refugee Children, $2.00 to Cancer Fund, $3.00 to temperance fund, and $6.50 for a fountain, for the school.

The following officers were elected for the coming year. President, Mrs. Emerson Delaney. Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel Bernard. Secretary, Mrs. Fred MacLeod. Treasurer, Mrs. Foster Dunning. Directors, Mrs. Leslie Haines, Mrs. George Howatt and Mrs. Fred Bernard. Auditors, Mrs. Edna Stewart and Miss Ruth Montgomery.

The school committee reported the need of blackboard erasers and a door knob. Sick committee reported having sent a treat to one member. Business was then taken up. It was moved and seconded that $3.00 be sent for T. B. Bond. Also money voted to by a layette for the Canadian Red Cross of Toronto. It was decided to have a Christmas tree at the December meeting. Roll call to be answered by exchanging Christmas gifts.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close. Lunch was served by the committee in charge. Collection $2.50.

NO LONG WAY, NOW

LONDON.—(CP) — There are a lot of provincial men driving army lorries, a London "bobby" complains. One asked direction to Piccadilly. "You're on it," the constable replied.

OH! OH! Here's SANTA! He's Back Again Bringing Joy and Cheer To All. At this time of the year we take this opportunity to thank all our Friends and Customers for their Patronage and to wish them

A Very Merry Chrlstmas
COFFIN & CO. Grocer

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS—Merry Christmas!

By GEOFF HAYES

Thimble Theatre—Starring POPEYE

TIPPLE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina

As Important as the CHRISTMAS TREE!

Fresh-baked bakery goodies from Stewart's. We're ready with a tasty selection of all your favorites . . . cakes, pies and cookies. All baked like you would at home, but they save you both time and money!

FRUIT CAKES 40c
Made from a famous recipe, to make the dinner perfect! 1 pound.

Plum Pudding 30c lb.
Delicious Pies — 22c
Pound Cakes 40c lb.
Doughnuts — 20c doz.

CAKES FOR DINNER AND PARTIES

STEWART'S BAKERY
KENT ST. PHONE 211