With Dover Between

By COLIN HOPE

CHAPTER XXVI

AS THE BATTLE APPROACHED

Things seemed much more normal, when, an hour later, the party came together in the "best" room at The Hopping Man. Fenston was still busy, but Bill had learned that his chief had found much of interest in the tunnel. There was ample evidence that the spies had lived in the place for some time. Fenson's finds included a portable wireless transmitter, and cunningly forged ration books. In addition, Bill's warning that the men had evidently expected to be taken off to return across the water, had made the patrols even more vigilant in their look-out for enemy craft. The signal station overlooking Dover was busier than usual that evening.

In spite of the mildness of the weather, Bleeson's wife had insisted on lighting a fire, and over this, Whenbawne, recovering from his experience, was chatting with some liveliness, while the others sat about the remains of the meal which the landlord had hurriedly prepared.

Presently, Rev. Valentin Lefevre was able to unburden himself.

"Darbley here was worried about his chickens," he said. "And early this evening . . ."

"Hang it, Vicar," Darbley interrupted, "this is my story. After all, they were my chickens." And the Vicar surrendered the telling of the doctor.

He lit his pipe before carrying on.

"As the Vicar said, this evening I saw two men hanging about my place, and naturally concluded they were after my birds."

"Actually they were not," Lorbrook put in. "I had arranged for them to be there in the hope of catching the thieves. I was interested in the fate of your chickens."

"Be that as it may," the doctor obviously resented the interruption. "I slipped out, and came down here in the hope of finding Brockfield. He wasn't here so I asked Bleeson if I could ring up the sergeant over at Upper Sandling."

"You could have done that from your own place," said the Vicar puzzled.

"Of course I could, but I didn't. I wanted to find Brockfield, and it was well I did. Maridon was in here, and when he heard that I had lost a lot of chickens he told me to take a look at Charley Monkford's cottage. 'You're the only man about here who keeps Buff Orpingtons,' he said, 'and they were Orpington feathers I saw in a ditch just beyond his place when I was round there yesterday.'"

Lefevre was plainly waiting for the chance to get in, and at this point he plunged.

"Fortunately I happened to be here then," he said.

"Maybe," Darbley observed grudgingly. "We'd have got on to it in the end."

"Yes, but such an end might not have been soon enough," the Vicar replied. "I knew Charley Monkford wouldn't trouble to steal fowls. He's plenty of his own running on the marshes. Besides," Lefevre became cryptic, "I remembered Lorbrook had been very interested in your chickens, Darbley, and I put two and two together. Obviously he was looking for somebody, and thought it possible that this somebody was stealing Darbley's chickens."

"If you don't mind me asking. How did that lead you to the tunnel?" Benny asked.

"By way of Monkford's cottage," the Vicar answered. "I knew Monkford wouldn't steal the fowls, yet the feathers were near his place."

"Suddenly," he became mysterious. "Suddenly I remembered a cave I came across when I was chaplain down at Neasborough during the last war. It was a tunnel of sorts, its entrance so well hidden that I found it only by the merest chance.

"I hadn't the opportunity to explore it at the time, but when I mentioned it to a captain in our mess he was very interested. He was a bit of an archaeologist, and to cut a long story short"—a thing Lefevre obviously hated to do—"he told me that the tunnel was probably part of an extensive system of such tunnels that the Romans cut when they built Neasborough Castle."

"But what made you think it might be there?" Lorbrook asked.

"The part was pure luck — at least at first," Lefevre admitted. "I remembered having heard that Mr. Whenbawne also had lost some fowls, and I was feeling pleased with myself over my little piece of deductive reasoning, so went over to Capelfern to tell him I believed I had located the lair of the thieves."

"And learned that we were missing," Jane put in.

"Yes. I came to talk matters over with Bleeson, and he decided it was wise to get in touch with Mr. Fenston. I believe."

"Luckily for us he happened to be in the neighbourhood," Lorbrook commented. "Though, wherever he was, he would have set things moving quickly enough."

"And that's about all there is. We went down to the cave," Fenston broke in," and the rest you know."

Doctor Darbley did not intend that the Vicar should steal all the limelight. He considered that his chickens had been every bit as vital as Lefevre's tunnel. Unfortunately, just as he was about to get into his stride, there came the wailing of sirens, then a few minutes later the crash of guns, and the heavier shuddering thud of bombs.

Mrs. Bleeson hurried into the room. "It's over at Sandling," she cried. "All wooden houses down that way, they'll burn like tinder . . ."

"A sensitive spot, Sandling," Lefevre remarked quietly. "It's too flat and damp to put in sunken shelters. Besides, it was considered a safe area before France collapsed. There's no sort of military objective there."

"That wouldn't deter the Hun," Lorbrook said bitterly. To himself he said: "So it's come to Britain now. We shall have a lot of this, I'm afraid."

Both the Vicar and the Doctor were on their feet. "We must be going," Lefevre said, "They'll want our help over there."

The other men followed. One thought was common to all—to get to Sandling as quickly as possible to help.

Bill had difficulty in dissuading Whenbawne from accompanying the relief party. "This is a job for younger men," he siad. "There are ways in which all can help, but this is not the way for you." As for Jane, he openly and emphatically forbade her to go, but she made no reply.

The raid was not very severe, yet in crowded, defenceless Sandling each bomb did its quota of damage, and rought death, injury, and pain to the people of the ancient village.

The first orange tip of the gun was just showing over the calm, mist-shielded sea as Lorbrook and Conners struggled up the winding hill and rounded the bend that brought them within sight of The Hopping Man.

"Coffee!" Benny said, sniffing like a hound. "And I bet there are some of Mrs. Bleeson's omelettes to go with it. Wonder if I can keep awake long enough to eat it."

But for Lorbrook there was something even more important than food, drink, or bed. As they approached the inn, Jane Whenbawne came forward to meet them.

She was very pale and her eyes were red through lack of sleep, and the experiences of the night.

"Jane," Bill exclaimed. "Have you been to Sandling? Surely your uncle—"

"He didn't try to stop me," the girl answered. "Unlike you, he knew it would be hopeless. I'm trained in first aid, and I was able to help."

There was yet another surprise in store for Lorbrook, for at the pub, apparently only slightly less exhausted than his niece, Whenbawne awaited them.

"My uncle insisted on waiting to see you," Jane explained. "He said he must tell you at the earliest possible moment . . ."

Probably because his mind was now as tired as his body, Lorbrook failed to understand. "But why"? he asked, puzzled. "What does he . . ."

"I wanted you to know," Whenbawne intervened, "that I wish to help. I want to do my share. All my work is at the disposal of anybody who will . . . who will kill . . . will kfil the fiends who have brought this evil upon the world."

Lorbrook's lassitude dropped from him. His mission was completed, successfully completed. And it had been the mad lust of the enemy that had tipped the scale and had brought in just one more item to the forces that would eventually make him rue the day he had started on his crazy battle for world domination.

Lorbrook turned to the girl, Benny saw, understood, and went to interview the food. Jane was smiling. No longer weary.

"Does this . . . make a difference to us?" Lorbrook asked.

"Do you want it to do so," she asked, quietly.

Considering the question was of the highest importance to both of them it was surprising that Bill did not answer at least not in words.

Obviously Jane understood, however, for when Mrs. Bleeson came to warn them that omelettes soon pass their best if allowed to cool, she closed the door and hurried back to her husband.

"Some people," she declared, "beat all. They live on the edge of a volcano and make their love before breakfast." Just then an air raid warning sounded, but no one paid much heed.

"What d'you mean, 'edge of a volcano'?" Bleeson inquired.

"Well, haven't we got Huns just the other side of Dover, twenty-odd miles away!"

"You're right missus. We forget that don't we? I suppose it ought to make a difference, but if I know anything about Kent, it won't."

(THE END.)

Red Cross Corps News

Prepared by the Charlottetown Detachment, Canadian RED CROSS CORPS

Hospital Visiting

Saturday, April 17, was the Office Administration Section's turn for visiting service men in hospital. Three members went to the Charlottetown Hospital, and Prince Edward Island Hospital, and the Provincial Sanatorium; and three others visited the hospital at Beach Grove Training Centre, H. M. C. S Queen Charlotte, and the Royal Air Force Station. Fruit and cigarettes for ninety-nine patients were provided by the Canadian Legion.

Air Raid Precautions Practice

On Monday night, April 19, at Prince of Wales College, the four sections of the Canadian Red Cross Corps cooperated to carry out a very successful full-scale Air Raid Precaution, practice. Posted at the three Casualty Clearing Centres and at Headquarters were stretcher bearers, messengers, V. A. D.'s clerks, nurses and caterers. Dr. E. M. Found, Dr. P. A. Creelman and Dr. J. A. McMillan were also on hand to help with the more serious cases.

Soon after the alarm was sounded numerous calls for help were received at "switchboard" by members of the Office Administration Section, and written messages were relayed by them to the members of the Motor Transport Section who detailed the stretcher squads to the addresses given.

In response to these calls stretcher squads of the Motor Transport Section went out to collect the casualties. (Moore & McLeod's and Sterns' Laundry generously loaned their delivery trucks for use as ambulances). The girls handled these trucks very efficiently. For example, one squad arrived at the scene of casualty one quarter of a mile away, rendered first aid treatment for a broken thigh bone, lifted the patient on to the stretcher and into the ambulance, and returned to their post within twenty minutes.

In two shifts members of the Office Administration Section took posts at the three Casualty Clearing Centres and Headquarters to register the walking wounded and the stretcher cases brought in by the Motor Transport Section. The whole section thus had a chance to become familiar with the routine to be followed in practice blackouts or actual raids.

The V. A. D.'s, with their First Aid baskets and other equipment, were in readiness to bind a hand as the casualties began to arrive, and they administered such aid as was within their province and assisted the nurses with the more serious cases.

Both the patients and workers enjoyed soup and crackers which served in two shifts by the Food Administration Section.

The Officers of the Corps and other interested parties who witnessed the proceedings declared it to be a very successful practice, the result of the co-ordinated effort of each of the four sections of the Corps working together.

"War has at all times called for the fortitude of women..."

We, no less than men, have real and vital work to do."

On Armistice Day, 1939, Queen Elizabeth broadcast these words to a world newly plunged into war

It was a call to women to put all their courage of mind and heart, all their strength and endurance, at the service of their country in its hour of need. Women of Canada heard . . . and answered.

Every Canadian woman is in a very real sense a warrior working for victory. Whether she serves in the armed forces, in the front lines of industrial production, or taking care of home and family . . . her efforts bring closer the day of victory.

Once again Canadian women are making sure that every dollar is a fighting dollar. By rigorous self-denial now . . . in order to supply the overwhelming numbers of tanks and guns, ships and planes that will mean the margin of victory for our fighting forces . . . all of us can help to get the job done that much quicker. And when victory is won, Victory Bond savings will enable you to enjoy all the things which are not now available.

This time buy *two* ways. *First,* with cash on hand. *Second,* on the 6-month installment plan, either through your bank or employer. In this way you will be doing YOUR share in helping to put Canada's FOURTH VICTORY LOAN, with an objective of *One-Billion-One,* over the top!

HOW TO BUY

Give your order to the Victory Loan salesman who calls on you. Or place it in the hands of any branch of any bank, or give it to any trust company. Or send it to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Or you can authorize your employer to start a regular payroll savings plan for you. Bonds may be bought in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and larger. Salesman, bank, trust company or your local Victory Loan Headquarters will be glad to give you every assistance in making out your order form.

LOCAL VICTORY LOAN HEADQUARTERS
57 Queen Street Phone 1600

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

Back the Attack... BUY VICTORY BONDS

13-4A

WHEATLEY RIVER W.M.S.

The monthly meeting of the W. M.S. met at the home of Mrs. William Ling on April 21st.

Mrs. Leonard Ling being the devotional leader, and the theme "Africa for Christ" taken from the monthly. Hymns sung were: "Never further than Thy Cross" and "Jesus keep me near the Cross." Those taking part were Mrs. Harold Chandler, Mrs. Preston Rackham, Mrs. Gordon Andrews, and Mrs James Wares.

In the absence of the President and Vice-President, Mrs. Wares presided. Minutes were read and adopted as correct. The Easter thank offering amounted to $4.00. Treasurer report given showed $10.-00 sent to Mrs. Nicholson.

Place of next meeting undecided. Roll call is to be answered by a verse of Scripture and Mrs. William Ling will prepare the program, Christian Stewardship and Finance report. Reading Easter Carol.

The study period was taken from Chapter V of "The Church in the City Street"

Meeting closed with Hymn "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross" and Benediction.

Lunch was served by the hostess.

COFFEE SINCE MAHOMET

The inland highlands of Yemen, in Arabia, have produced coffee since Mahomet's time.

RYE IN EAST AFRICA

MOMBASA —(CP)— Trial pl of rye, never before grown in ganda, have proved so success the Protectorate hopes to gr enough this year to supply needs of 7,000 Polish refugees the colony.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

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