

### Africa Flight

By VAL GIELGUD

#### A LESSON IN DISCIPLINE

As if in reply the door opened, and Larrimore stood there in the doorway. An expression of bewilderment on his face was replaced by an exceedingly unpleasant grimace as he gradually appreciated scene and atmosphere.

Carol saw his fists clenching and hurried to intervene lest worse befall. "It's all right, Rupert, we were only playing the game!"

"That," said Larrimore slowly, "is more than obvious. Sothern, put the siphon down!"

"We're all feeling the strain a trifle," said the Professor quickly. Larrimore disregarded the attempts at mediation completely. His eyes remained fixed on Sothern, who stood, holding the siphon and tumbler, breathing heavily through his nose.

"Put down that siphon!" repeated Larrimore.

"Certainly," said Sothern.

With a single quick movement he lifted the glass to his lips, and poured the contents down his throat. Then he held out the siphon to Larrimore, smiling.

"I think," he said, "that I've called your bluff. I should be interested to know just what you propose to do about it."

Larrimore's reply was to take one half pace forward, and let drive at Sothern's jaw with his right fist. The movement was so swift, so accurately co-ordinated, that the on-lookers hardly saw it. They became aware of siphon and glass flying in different directions, of Sothern's body crashing to the floor, of Larrimore turning back into the cockpit to get his coat. And none of the three felt inclined to move. Another fact of reality had been turned upon them at close quarters. And each one of them felt instinctively that the consequences of that blow might be almost infinite.

At last Janet Manson stooped over Sothern. As she did so the young man moaned painfully, felt the angle of his jaw with shaking fingers, and heaved himself on to one elbow.

"I congratulate you on your professional efficiency," he said in a low voice, with a deadly look at Larrimore.

Larrimore was putting on his coat.

"I don't find disregard of my orders amusing," was all he said.

"I'm not used to being given orders," said Sothern, and got to his feet, disregarding Janet Manson's offered arm.

"Evidently," replied Larrimore pleasantly, "so you've got to learn. And I've only time for the quickest sort of lesson."

Sothern swayed a little on his feet. "You'd better rattle up your mind," he said, "to the fact that I've no intention, speaking for myself, of taking any more orders from you!"

"At the moment," said Larrimore, "I've more important things to discuss with all of you. I've shown you what will happen if you disobey. I'll only say now that next time I shall hit quite a good deal harder. Carol winced. She knew Rupert was in the right. She admired in a way—the ruthless competence of what he had done. But his violence shocked her for all that, particularly applied to Tony, who was about as fit as a child to stand up to a bout of fistuffs. And Rupert hadn't even given him time to put up his hands.

"Rupert," she said shyly, "don't you think we might all have one little drink and cool off?"

Hubert Manson hastened to second the suggestion, but Larrimore's expression did not change.

"I want you all to sit down," he said. "I've done all I can with the wireless, and it's not a bit of use. I've something important to explain, and it may take a little time."

#### WHO IS TO GO?

There was something about Rupert Larrimore at that moment—a calm self-possession which, after his recent display of naked violence, had about it a quality definitely terrifying. The others found themselves automatically obeying his suggestion to sit down, almost as if he had been a master, and they once more at school. All except Antony Sothern.

He leaned against one of the windows of the cabin, one hand pressed to his bruised jaw, his eyes very firmly fixed on Larrimore, almost as though he was expecting another attack, and a singular expression on his face. Carol, looking from one man to the other, did not know what to do. She was conscious of the fact most humiliating to a woman, that there comes a stage in almost all relations between men when she can do nothing at all. She knew too, that she was frightened.

And indeed, with the exception of Larrimore, who had lived so long with death at his elbow as a constant companion that fear had almost ceased to be for him recognizable, fear stood beside each one of the little party, compelling, invisible, so that for each one of them it came as a relief to have to concentrate their minds to concentration upon what Larrimore was saying, even though understanding of his words confirmed their fear.

"There's only one possible way out of it," he said. "Unless the Professor and I have made the worst sort of mistake in our calculations, the French post at El Fayoum can be made in a three days march. Wenechow or other, we've got to get word to that post. It's our only chance."

Sothern yawned ostentatiously, and Carol noticed the muscles of Larrimore's face switching dangerously.

"Can't we have that drink, Rupert?" she asked, hastily.

Larrimore turned on her.

(To be Continued)

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### In Memoriam

**JOHN MURDOCK KING**

There passed away on Oct. 9th, 1938, John Murdock King, of Sturgeon, P. E. I. Just at the break of day was called home one of the greatest sufferers on earth. His illness was borne with a brave spirit and a fight to get well, but God's will is not ours and He claimed him at the early age of 52 years, just when he was planning

and building fine hopes and ideas to help his family and the community in which he lived; he never was backward in lending a helping hand to anyone in need.

All through his sickness he was attended by the best medical skill and also treated in the P. E. Island Hospital. After many tests and X-Rays which proved his case was fatal, he came home and was cared for by his wife, family and kind friends.

He was visited by his pastor, Rev. John Stirling, in whom he gave every evidence of not being

afraid to meet his God, whom he believed in and was never afraid to say God rules and loves us all. His motto was to be honest and kind.

He leaves to mourn a sorrowing widow and five children, namely, (Pearl) Mrs. Richard Sencabaugh, Sturgeon; Allan in Toronto, an employee in the Robert Simpson Company; Lillian, Phyllis and Horace at home; also two sisters and three brothers, Mrs. N. McKinnon, Sturgeon; Margaret, in Boston; Harry in New Brunswick; Archibald, Gaspereaux, and Daniel, Boughton Island, and one grandchild, Gloria

Sencabaugh, Sturgeon.

His funeral was conducted by the Rev. John Stirling and Rev. H. Flanagan, and was largely attended. One hymn "O Think of the Home Over There" and prayer at his home. The remains were followed to the Baptist Church and an impressive service was carried out. The hymns were "Nearer My Home" "Will the Circle be Unbroken" and "We'll Never Say Good Bye in Heaven," after which all that was mortal of a kind father and loving husband was laid to rest in the Sturgeon cemetery.

The pall-bearers were Roll Clow, George Kemp, Wm. Johnston, Richard Llewellyn, John Collings.

### Reserve Judgment On Crown's Appeal

VANCOUVER, Nov. 22—Judgment was reserved by British Columbia Court of Appeal today on the Crown's appeal from a Supreme Court injunction order restraining the provincial coal and petroleum products control board from putting into effect a reduction in the

retail price of gasoline in the province.

Chief Justice Archer Martin said "we will give our judgment at a very early date."

**N. D. MacLean**

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