

Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman

CHAPTER FIVE
Continued

A ripping sound. A lunge, head forward. He was falling! From beneath his feet, as he had knelt there, the recently solid seeming earth crumbled away.

He tried to throw himself backward; his clawing shoe tips pawed nothingness. His free hand snatched nothing save thin air. The lake jumped up at him. Then dust filled his mouth, his nose his eyes. Then something jerked — wrenched his shoulder. His course was arrested as violently as it had begun. He blinked upward.

He was holding by one arm to that pine sapling. The sapling held by a few roots to the still unbroken earth just behind the little landslide's starting place.

"Help!" he yelled.

Even now the shale around the

roots seemed to be slipping. A handful of powdered earth sipped toward him.

"Help!"

Could the creature in that shack behind the pines hear him? Would she answer if she heard? There was nobody else within a radius of at least a mile. Nobody.

"Hello!"

Underbrush snapped. Footsteps sounded — running.

"Where are you?"

"Here!" No, that was a senseless response; he added: "Here at the edge—falling." His first call had been loud enough; try as he would, their successors sounded in his ears like mere whispers.

"Hurry!"

"Hello!"

The bushes parted. A startled face looked down at him; the flushed face and staring brown eyes of the pretty postmistress from Ironburg.

"I—"

"Here!" She moved with rapidity, but without panic. To a mature pine behind her she lashed one end of a rope; its other end she flung toward him.

She was a good marksman. That rope brushed his shoulder, yet he dared use only one hand—

must keep his hold of the sapling—and he missed the first catch.

"Don't lose your nerve." She might have been shoveling sugar behind her store counter.

She cast again. No trout fisher could have cast better. He got the rope.

"Will it—hold?"

"It's got to hold."

He released the sapling—none too soon. Exactly as he let go of it, its last roots parted. In a cloud of brown dust and powdered limestone, it hurtled by him. He heard it meet those hungry waters far below.

The rope went taut. He was thrown in toward the cliff's face. His feet scraped its surface and found enough roughness to brace them. Now, then, if only the rope did hold, he was safe.

Hand over hand, he went up the rope—not a great distance to climb, but every inch of it a hazardous cliff-top, and the girl, bracing herself, encircled it with both her hands.

"Don't come too—near," she warned her. "It'll—drop you."

"I'm all right."

His fingers knotted around a thorny bush and never felt the

pain. One knee up. The other—safe!

"Lie still a minute."

He had tried to rise and failed. He was ashamed of this weakness, but less so when he observed that Rose Walker showed no scorn of it.

"I ought to do anything you say," he told her. "You saved my life, all right. I don't know how I can ever thank—"

"You haven't any sense." She was scornful enough at last. "Couldn't you see that the ground was likely to give way?"

"That's so. I guess I haven't much."

"If I hadn't happened to've come out here to get Angie to tend store this afternoon—and if she wasn't sick—and if I hadn't got her bucket and rope and started to draw some water for her..."

Rose stopped for want of breath. Jerry nodded.

"Go on," said he. "Scold me some more. I deserve all you can hand me. And—I like to hear you talk."

She gasped at him. "And you call that gratitude!" said she.

"The evidence is all against me, and yet honestly," Jerry grinningly protested, "I wasn't trying to commit suicide."

Sight Often Lost In Avoidable Accidents

"Regardless of the splendid record of achievement the sightless produce every day, their deeds do not make up for the loss of that most precious of all our senses, the eyes, and the tragedy of it is that much of this loss is unnecessary. The carelessness of children, who play with toy pistols, pea shooters and sling shots with never a care of the consequences, is among the causes of unnecessary blindness."

Rose made him rest while she drew that water for the still invisible Angie and delivered it inside the shack. When Miss Walker had returned and man and girl were strolling toward Ironburg together:

"Is she very sick?" Jerry inquired.

"She seemed ready to take on Joe Louis when I saw her a while ago."

"You've been in there?"

"Been to the door."

"She prefers to be let alone," said Rose. "So do I."

To be continued

ness, stated Mr. C. R. White, Field Secretary of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind of P. E. I. He knows the case of a young man struck in one eye by a playfully-flung elastic. He soon found himself without sight in both eyes. He knows a teen-ager who lost not only his sight, but an arm as well through as simple an object as a fire cracker, and another who suffered the same fate through poking too vigorously at a small harmless looking bullet he found in a field.

"Accidents are not the only preventable cause of blindness," Mr. White observed. "People often strain their eyes unnecessarily with needlework or close reading. Sometimes they put off seeing an eye specialist when pains, mistiness and other symptoms persist. Others will wear glasses procured in a store, and will give more thought and attention to the purchase of a new spring hat than to the eyes with which they see it."

Blind Canadians can help the rest of us in hundreds of ways," he remarked. "But at White Cane Week February 8th to 14th they can remind us to take care of the vision we have. Not all blindness is preventable, but in Canada at least half of it is, and we can pre-

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Don't vent it only when we learn to take care of our eyes, and do it. One way in which the C. C. B. and C. N. I. B., co-sponsors of White Cane Week, can help their seeing friends is by continually urging them to guard well the precious gift of sight."

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I.O.D.E. Aiding Flood Victims

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, National Executive Committee, voted at a recent meeting to send immediately \$2000. to the Women's Voluntary Services in England and \$2000. to the Netherlands Flood Relief Fund in Holland for the relief of flood victims, to be used at their discretion.

The I. O. D. E. had already cabled the British Save the Children Fund and the Soldiers', Sailors and Airmen's Families' Association in England asking them to use I. O. D. E. goods on hand for the relief of flood victims. A reply was received from Brig. G. W. Boyce, General Secretary of the British Save the Children Fund as follows: "Most grateful — 64 cases conveniently arrived February 3rd — Will divert it flood victims." The cases contained shoes, blankets, infants', children's and adult clothing valued at \$10,000.

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT

The Second day, February, A.D., 1953.

In Re Estate of WILLIAM F. JARDINE late of Head of Hillsborough in King's County in the said Province, Retired Contractor deceased testate.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or literate person within said County GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Walter Douglas of Mount Stewart in Queens County in the said Province, Executor of the above named estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queens County, in the said Province, on Thursday, the Twelfth day of March next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Malcolm McKinnon Esquire, Proctor for said Petitioner.

And it is hereby ordered that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Georgetown in King's County aforesaid, at or near Clark Bros., store in Mount Stewart in Queens County aforesaid and at or near the Co-operative Store in Morell in King's County aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.
(Sgd.) Frances B. Vinnicombe, Registrar.
(L. S.)

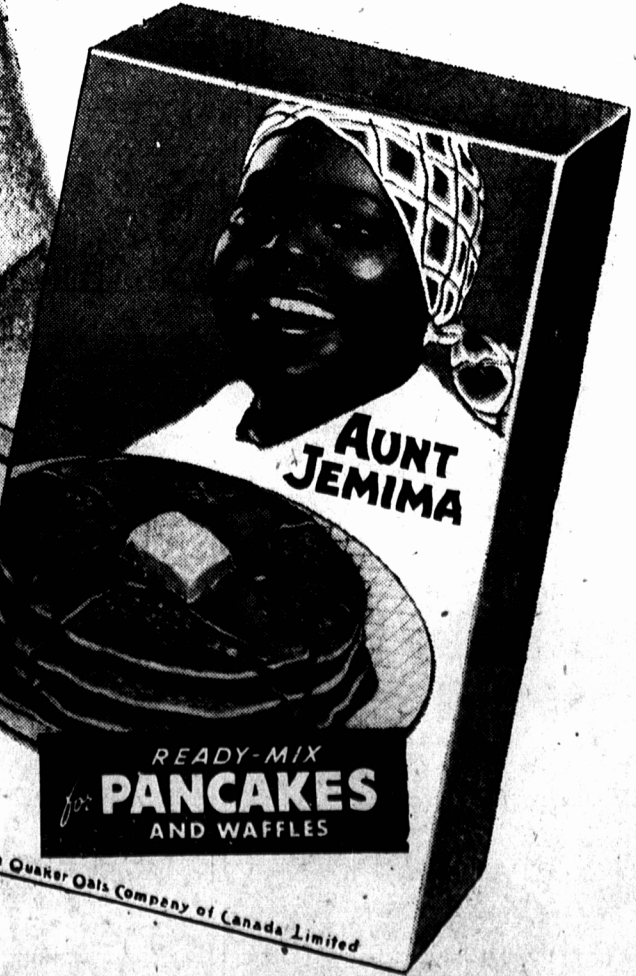
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