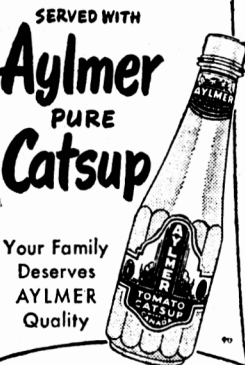


Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

It would have been to miss a sight of it, snug and pretty in its winter garb. Like a scene from a Christmas card it was, lights from stores and dwellings shining along the snow: smokes billowing dark in the dimness. One could catch a glimpse that were intriguing, though it be only a strange shopper beyond a wide window, or a patient berger horse tied to a hitching post. And then with the lights of this piece of a city left behind, and trying to picture in my mind what it would look like if it were, as an older and more widely travelled brother had told us in conversation: "Five times as big! Five times as big! Five times as big!" we were content now to snuggle down into the wraps, and along familiar farmsteads, doze.

"Granddaughter" we said sternly one morning last summer when she decided she would accompany her father on the weekly trip to town, only on terms of her own, which embraced some items of which she counted herself very fortunate to be allowed to go at all! Long ago little girls didn't enjoy such luck. Your grandmother was all of twelve years old before she ever saw a city — and then she wasn't whisked there in a machine... but drove the long miles in a wagon, too excited for words and very happy over it all! "But you're smiling, Ellen!" James says in surprise. Smiling because this is very much like a winter night,



Until tomorrow -- -- Diary Good-night.

Outpost in China

By Val Gleigud

Continued

"I suppose I do," said Dale slowly, and then added with spirit, "Yes, and by George one might well believe in worse things!" "Mr. Havelock on the other hand," the General continued suavely, "believes in nothing. I know students so well. We have suffered much in China from their activities. They prefer to flounder in a morass of scepticism, and to drown in a slough of melancholy, rather than to live happily by believing in a few dull but simple platitudes. Mr. Havelock is still in mind a student, except that he no longer studies. He remains a boy—but your country and mine share the proverb that in the boy you see the man. He is amiable, but he is not practical. He is clumsy. He lacks dignity. I can neither respect him as a friend, nor admire him as an enemy—as I do you, Mr. Dale."

"I CANNOT TRUST HIM"

"You are like your Navy, in which you believe," the General went on. "If you say you will shoot, you will shoot if you tell me it will be to your advantage not to loot Tan Fu, you will make good your words. Mr. Havelock is like your politicians. He draws a pistol, and then shakes his finger. His words are incalculable. I cannot trust him." Leslie sat up. "I certainly mean what I say now, General."

"That is so," Wu agreed. He lit a cigarette and blew smoke luxuriously through his nostrils. "I have read your Kipling, Mr. Dale. Men like Kipling, and like you won and held the East for your country. You are a foreign devil and an oppressor of my country. But we can understand each other."

Leslie Dale got awkwardly to his feet. "So long as you do," he said, "that's all right. You will agree formally to Mr. Havelock's terms, and then pass him under safe conduct to the care of the British Consulate at Chungking."

"Mr. Havelock should be grateful to you, Mr. Dale." "His gratitude leaves me cold!" "It is an attribute of the superior man," smiled Wu. "Even lambs, we say in China, have the grace to suck kneeling."

"All I want is for him to go—and with colours flying!" said Leslie. The General's unvarying politeness and his apparently inexhaustible reservoir of proverbs were beginning to get on his nerves, raw as they were from the strain of the previous night.

"He will be wise to go," Wu was saying quietly. "For he who renounces fame has no sorrow." He broke off as Gerald re-entered the room. He was shaved and dressed, and except for his white strained face looked almost normal. He looked round for Sheila, and drew a breath of relief to see that she was not there.

"How are you, Dale?" he said, casually. "I apologize for keeping you waiting. I suppose that your coming like this means that we can reopen yesterday's discussion?" "That is so," said Wu, slightly inclining his head.

Gerald clenched his fists. "You must understand," he said, "that I don't budge an inch from what I said before. I'm prepared to meet force with force if you persist in—"

"My dear Gerald," Leslie interrupted hurriedly, he did not like what he imagined he saw in the General's eyes at the moment. "The General is ready to come to an arrangement."

"Oh, is he?" And with the wind thus taken out of his sails, Gerald felt staggered, hardly knowing what to do next. He glanced from the General to Leslie Dale.

"Before I do anything else silly," he stammered on, "I think I'd better give you this—"

ONE INDISCRETION: TWO LIVES He put his hand into his pocket, and took out the automatic pistol. As he stretched out his hand, holding the weapon, there came the crash of a heavy revolver fired at close range. One of Wu's bodyguards, remembering Gerald's threats from the previous interview, had not chosen to wait for further orders. The sight of the white man's pistol had been enough for him to whip his Mauser from its holster,

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You can obtain Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle at any modern drug store. Satisfaction or money back. HUGHES DRUG CO. LTD. The JENKINS PHARMACY REDDIN BROS.

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2 tries. Thus most of the now familiar contents of our gardens were brought here by venturesome botanists of the past. These importations were invaluable at all seasons, but we must be specially grateful for the variety of amazing winter-flowering plants that have thrived in the British life and folklore and that are available today.

Most of the splendid plants that are now established in Britain to cheer us with their winter bloom are comparatively recent introductions. They come from all parts of the world where the weather is somehow comparable to our own. Some of them are accustomed to a much colder season than the British winter and mistaking its clemency for spring, they burst delightfully into bloom.

Frost called to water "Hail". And crusted the moist snow with sparkling salt. Brooks, their own bridges stop. And icicles in long stalactites drop. And tench in water-holes Lurk under gluey glass like fish in bowls.

In the hard-rutted lane At every footstep breaks a brittle pane. And tinkling trees ice-bound. Changed into weeping willows, sweep the ground.

Dead boughs take root in ponds And ferns on windows shoot their ghostly fronds. But vainly the fierce frost Interns poor fish, ranks trees in an armed host.

Hangs daggers from house-eaves And on the windows ferny ambush weaves; In the long war grown warmer The sun will strike him dead and strip his armour. —A. Young

and fire. At such a distance a miss was impossible. Gerald's body crumpled like an empty sack, and dropped to the floor. Wu snapped out an order in Chinese to his guards, who withdrew in tacit silence. When he turned round Leslie Dale had picked Gerald up bodily in his arms, and Sheila Havelock, white to the lips, was standing in her bedroom doorway.

Without a word Leslie carried Gerald past her, and laid him on her bed. He lay quite still, his eyes closed, an ominous dark stain spreading through his shirt and over the breast of his jacket. Sheila, her face distorted with horror, stood helplessly with her back to the door. There was nothing for her to do. Dale was effecting the necessary bandaging with his usual quiet efficiency.

In the sitting-room General Wu stood, and stroked his moustache. "This," he murmured, "is a most unfortunate occurrence."

"It's worse than that," said Leslie Dale. "Is the wound serious?" asked Wu. "He's dead," said Leslie grimly. "Ah! 'Wu drew his breath sharply. 'That man of mine is a good shot.'"

Dale strode up to him and faced him full. "He may be the best shot of all your ruffians, General," he said, "but you'll hang him! Unless you prefer to hand him over to me or a British Consul to hang him for you."

To be continued

BULLETINS FROM BIRDLAND

By WINIFRED E. WILSON



ASSORTED COLOURS

Much excitement greets any brightly coloured bird courageous enough to put in an appearance at this cold, snowy time of year, when Canada's bird population is at its lowest. The sunny south has attracted the vast majority of birds born here during summer heat; and those remaining are mostly the inconspicuous kinds. Even the male Goldfinch is no longer yellow, but a greyish green. Birds breeding in the far north that spend the winter in settled Canada are pretty well camouflaged to suit the climate: it is difficult to spot a Snow Bunting in its white costume spotted with black and tan.

At any season, brown predominates for the large Sparrow family must be included, besides Thrushes, Wrens, Brown Thrashers, and Brown Creepers. Quite a number of Canadian birds are black and white, as several species of Woodpecker, a Warbler, and a Chickadee. Grey is a favourite colour here too, as the Catbird, the Chimney Swift, the Slate-coloured Junco, and some Vireos. The fact is, our birds are not usually as brilliant as those found in the tropics.

How glad we are when the season for the return of the Warblers comes around! Not only are they very coloured, but are marked conspicuously and interestingly, one with splashes of yellow on a grey and white background, another with flame-colour patches on black plumage. Blue, chestnut, orange, green — few with any one solid colour — these sprightly little jewels of Birdland are a joy to the eye.

We count also as good Canadians

the gorgeous Scarlet Tanager, the handsome Grosbeaks, both Rose-breasted in his wonderful black and white suit. And Evening in attractive yellow, black, and white, the vivid orange and black Baltimore Oriole the bright blue black, and white plaid Blue Jay, the colourful Cardinal.

The iridescence in the green of the tree Swallow and the tiny Ruby-throated Hummingbird, in the blue of the Bluebird, Indigo Bunting, and Barn Swallow, in that mixture of green and purple of the Grackle — all these are not just a pleasure to the eye, but a marvel. How do such beautiful colours come about? Even the scientists find that difficult to answer. They say browns, yellows, reds, and blacks are due to the colouring matter, or "pigment", in the vane of each feather. But blue, and nearly all green feathers contain brownish pigment in a little case, beneath which lies a layer of conicell prisms that catch and change the brown to blue or green.

Do Woodpeckers migrate?

SOUTH MILTON W. I.

The January meeting of South Milton Women's Institute was entertained at the home of Mrs. Albert Piercy. The president presided and opened the meeting by singing the Ode and repeating the Creed. Roll call was responded to by fourteen members and four visitors. Mrs. Gillespie was welcomed as a new member. The minutes of December meeting were read and approved.

The Red Cross convener reported one complete Layette and one pair of ankle socks had been passed in. Sick committee reported no calls made. School committee presented a bill of thirty-one cents for paper towels. A bill of four-forty nine for Christmas treats to children of district, and electric bill of three fifty-two were presented. On motion all bills were paid.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. R. Coles and Mrs. S. Curtis for the attractive way the packaged the children's Christmas treats. Correspondence was read and discussed. A Thank You Card was

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DOLCIN advertisement with image of a bottle and text: 'If you are tormented by pains of arthritis or rheumatism you should know about DOLCIN Tablets...'

Win your share of \$500,000 advertisement with image of a man's face and prize list: 1st Prize \$2,000, 2nd Prize \$1,000, etc.

Swift's Jewel Shortening advertisement with recipe for a cake and text: 'This is a beautiful cake—three layers of delicate orange, iced with pale green frosting...'

Father John's Medicine advertisement with image of a man's face and text: 'SINCE 1855—a proven remedy for coughs and colds. For over 90 years careful mothers have been giving Father John's Medicine to their children...'

Dorothy Dix Says column with text: 'Continued from page 2 doing so. And, anyway, the children should at least have one parent whom they can respect. DEAR MISS DIX: I am a rather successful singer and am engaged to be married...'

Lenten Meals are easy with Canned Salmon advertisement with large image of a salmon dish and recipe: 'In hearty stick-to-your-ribs dishes... in delicious recipes that tempt lagging appetites, B.C. Canned Salmon is a wonderful basic food to give your Lenten meals variety...'