

Exit Tony Blount

Continued
She had spoken in the hurried, breathless manner which had characterized what speech they had had till now, and without waiting for any rejoinder, she turned and vanished into the darkness.

Left to himself, he sat down upon the ground and proceeded to chafe his feet and ankles gingerly. The circulation had been fully restored by now, but they were still painful and swollen. And as it seemed likely that he would have some more travelling to do before the night was over, it was necessary that they should be in as good condition as possible.

While he gently massaged them, he began to take further stock of the position in which he now found himself, and the more he thought of it the more desperate it appeared to him.

He saw clearly that by giving way to his insane impulse he had put himself into an impossible situation from every point of view. Had he kept his temper and checked and contented himself with pointing out the weakness of Strang's own position, there was no doubt that they would have ultimately arrived at something like a compromise. But now he had flung that chance away altogether, and by acting as he had, he put the game into the trader's hands.

He realized only too well that there was now no hope of carrying out the plan he had originally conceived, for he must already have lost every scrap of prestige he had ever possessed with the natives. He knew the Kanaka mentality, and the fact that he had been threatened with a flogging and was now a fugitive from Strang's vengeance would be proof to them that the trader's power remained unshaken — if not enhanced.

CHAPTER XXII

He had no doubt in his mind that Strang would have carried his threat into execution — and would still do so if he had the opportunity. As far as he could see, therefore, his immediate object would be to keep out of the trader's hands for the time — and that would mean an ignominious life of skulking and hiding which would earn for him at the best the pitying contempt of those whom he had aspired to champion.

However, he reflected, even that was better than the prospect which had faced him a bare half-hour before, and his heart warmed towards the girl who was taking such risks for his sake.

She was a queer child, but there was no doubt about her loyalty to him, for she certainly had nothing to gain by helping him now. Even she could no longer believe in his former promises to deliver her people from their virtual slavery, and she must know what she was doing was likely to be of little benefit to herself or them.

He was still thinking about her when she materialized out of the darkness. She had come up so silently that he was unaware of her proximity till she touched him on the shoulder and spoke to him.

"Come, Thurio," she urged in a half whisper. "We must hurry!"

He rose to his feet and peered at her through the darkness.

"Where are we going now?" he demanded in a low voice. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"There is no time to talk now," she returned hastily. "Only you must come with me — quickly! It is not good that you stop here, for soon it will be day and Stango will know you are gone!"

She had already caught his hand as she spoke and was drawing him after her.

HERE'S THE SUPER TREAT FOR SUMMER! COOL AND LUSCIOUS — MAKE A NOTE: SEVEN-UP POURED OVER ICE CREAM — THERE! A FROSTY SEVEN-UP "FLOAT"!



"All right," he said, yielding to her evident anxiety and beginning to walk hurriedly beside her into the darkness under the palms. "But what's the idea? I don't want you to get into trouble..."

"I will tell you all things when we have got to the place where we are going," she interrupted breathlessly. "But now there is too much hurry."

It was obvious that she would say nothing more at the time, and he gave up the attempt to find out what she intended to do. They were already heading inland through the plantation, and she was setting a pace which rendered further talk impossible in any case. He had all he could do to keep up with her, for in the pitch blackness under the palm fronds he could see nothing, and though the ground was fairly even here, he went in momentary fear of crashing into the trunks of the palms. M'fani appeared to have the faculty of seeing in the dark, however, for she never slackened her pace, and half the time she was partly dragging him along in her eagerness and hurry.

Between his nervous apprehension of a collision and the oppressive airlessness, his ill used head was throbbing again dully, and by the time they had covered a few hundred yards he was breathless and drenched with sweat. The night, followed by long hours of acute discomfort in the store-house, had taken their toll of him, and he was in no condition for this blind rush through the darkness. It was a nightmare experience, but he kept going somehow. In spite of his growing exhaustion, for he was sufficiently impressed by M'fani's urgency to realize that speed was essential.

The plantation extended some two miles inland — narrowing into a valley as the high ridges on either side converged towards the middle of the island — and at the end of half an hour's breathless progress Thurio realized that they were approaching its limit. The tall rows of mature palms had given way to smaller trees which had been planted comparatively recently, and though this meant some modification of the inky blackness, the going underfoot was becoming rougher and the ground was already tending to slope upwards.

In another few minutes they were clear of the cultivated area altogether, and beginning to scramble up the steep slope, on the crest of which he and M'fani had sat and rested two nights before.

She still retained her hold of his hand — though there was now no real necessity for the precaution — but though the steep slope slackened her speed perforce, she set a pace which taxed him to the uttermost. The last two hundred yards of sharply rising ground over loose stones and boulders brought him to the verge of collapse, and when at last they halted on the crest of the ridge they were both so breathless that neither could speak for some moments.

To be continued

Scots Have Their Day in Honoring Queen in Traditional Ceremony



That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

Within the present year, the results should provide an up-to-date table showing how the weight of an individual Canadian of a certain height, age and sex compares with the average weight of other Canadians of the same height, age and sex.

The World Health Organization and the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, in their endeavor to raise the standard of health in all countries, has been trying to have various nations make this weight survey and Canada is believed to be one of the first countries to act on these recommendations. This present Canadian survey has the endorsement of the Dominion Council of Health and the Canadian Council of Nutrition with the co-operation of provincial and local health authorities.

This health survey, emphasizing the importance of weight to health, should make us all weight conscious, whether we are overweight or underweight for height, age and sex.

Though simple by comparison to the June 2 ceremony in Westminster, Queen Elizabeth's second coronation in Edinburgh was impressive with the solemnity of centuries of tradition. Here the Duke of Hamilton holds the Scottish crown jewels, known as the Scottish honors, and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watch the march past of troops in front of St. Giles cathedral. It was the first time since 1822 that the crown jewels had been carried in the ceremony.

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

We never learn to put a true value on our friends. While they live we are too sensitive of their faults: when the earth has closed over them we then see their virtues.

Ever hear of a Horkey? Like the Pilgrim Fathers, it came over in the Mayflower, spread all over the New England States and Eastern Canada and then died like many other customs.

A horkey was a sort of thanksgiving or festival, held in the barn after the crops had been harvested. The guests included just about everybody for miles around, and they all sat around tables groaning under their loads of home-cured ham, fattened, killed and cured on the farm, together with pumpkin pie, iced fruit cup, roasted spuds, and what not.

Besides being the home of managods ancient Rome was a city of recitations and speeches, dancing and fiddling and perhaps a little love making in the corners where the glow of the old fireplace did not reach. That little event was known as a horkey.

Supper ended, there were songs,

statues, of marble and bronze. At least 300 stood in the Eternal City in those good old days when people were thrown to the lions to amuse other people.

Of all the structures ever put up by the hand of man, the pyramids are the most impressive conception of the persistence of the human race's hunger for immortality.

It is a strange fact that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

In the first class we have Shakespeare, Churchill, Burns, Edison, Lord Beaverbrook, to name but a few. In the latter group we have such names as Dookerty, Dewy, Webster, Clay and so on.

Relaxation is as necessary for man as it is for any other animal. The animals still have their games, their sports, their diversions.

While many a toll-worn artisan keeps plugging and straining over his daily task which takes its toll of brain and eye and limb when he should be following the example set by the lower animals.

Believe it or not, but many of the world's great men had little use for doctors and less for their medicines. Shakespeare says, "Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it." John Ford had this to say about physicians. "Physicians, of all men, are most happy; whatever good success soever they have the world proclaims, and what faults that commit the earth covereth."

Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no doctor but a horse, and no druggist but an ass! — Chest-erfield.

And Masinde wrote: "In the actual condition of medical science, the physician mostly plays the part of the simple spectator of the sad episodes which his profession furnishes him."

But says the great Voltaire: "Nothing is more estimable than a physician who having studied nature from his youth, knows the diseases which assault it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution and pays equal attention to the rich and poor."

Years ago it was uncommon for farmers to have little pigs stolen from the market square while they were off stabling their horses.

"Many years ago," said Stephen Ackland, of Cornwall, "I had such an experience myself. I was just coming back to the square after

stabling my horse when I noticed a city truckman driving off with one of my porkers hooked under his arm. I shouted for him to stop but the squealing of the porker and the clatter of the jigger drowned out my voice."

Then I took to shank's mare, and after a short chase caught up with the thief.

"Give me back my pig," I yelled, "or else I'll get the police."

The truckman maintained he'd found the porker on the street and therefore wouldn't give it up.

"The talk grew into quite an argument," said Ackland, "and when things looked blackest a policeman rounded the corner and the thief said, 'Okay mister, here's the pig but you're getting it mighty cheap.'"

Card Of Thanks

I wish to thank Dr. Campbell, Dr. Lea, Dr. Irwin, the Nurses and all the staff of the P. E. I. Hospital for their kindness, and to those who sent cards and letters and visited me during my illness.

Mrs. Lorna Kiely, Covehead, P. E. I.

Card Of Thanks

New Haven Women's Institute wish to extend their thanks to C. A. Frizzell and Leonard Willis, merchants of New Haven, for the treats they so kindly donated to the children at the picnic.

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