

### Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman

CHAPTER III  
Continued

He moved off at that, and Christophe shot a glance across at his workmate.

"Nice fellow — the sergeant!" he uttered. "Wouldn't I like to have five minutes alone with the dog! I'd bath him. I'd tear the guts out of him and wear them for a necktie!"

"Shut up, you!" the guard snapped. "Get on with your work and don't cackle!"

The breeze grew steadily in strength, and presently a fringe of dark cloud thrust up over the trees on the southern edge of the clearing and there came the first distant mutter of thunder.

The guard looked at his watch and, stepping out clear of the trees, stared up at the sky. It was evident that he did not share the sergeant's view, and he was calculating how long it would be before the heavy storm clouds arrived overhead.

They were moving very deliberately, but in the course of the next ten minutes the pall spread slowly up over the sky — the heavy black masses taking on a lurid, evil appearance as they crept forward with the yellow rays of the westerling sun lighting up their undersides smokily.

Presently, that too was blotted out, and the visibility dropped suddenly into a grey, half-light. The wind which had been bending the tall trees with dramatic suddenness, and Blount could feel his hair pricking in a curious, uncomfortable manner. The distant rumble of thunder was almost continuous now, and appeared to be coming from all directions, while the flicker of lightning threw up the tree tops on the other side of the clearing in a dark fret against the lowering sky.

In the prevailing stillness every sound became magnified unnaturally, and the axe strokes of the men on the other side of the clearing rang out with uncanny clearness. The guard was pacing restlessly backwards and forwards, evidently waiting for the signal for the prisoners to fall in; but it still lacked some ten minutes or so to the customary time, and Sergeant Duchart had no intention of

moving before it was absolutely necessary.

In the windless air Blount was sweating profusely over his work. They were half way through a young tree, and as he paused to wipe the moisture from his eyes with the sodden sleeve of his jumper, he cursed the weather fretfully. At any moment now Duchart would give the signal to fall in and his last chance would be gone for the day.

It was obvious that they could not cut through this particular tree in the time, and by tacit consent he and Christophe "marked time" with the cross-cut — keeping up the swinging backwards and forwards motion, but exerting no more strength than was necessary to produce the sound of sawing. It was an old dodge which an experienced guard would have detected at once by the changed note of the blade, but their man was thinking more of the changed weather conditions than of his charges and he noticed nothing.

The through the stillness, the sergeant's shout came clearly.

"Return tools!" he bawled, and on top of the words they heard a low, distant roar as of the sea breaking on a sandy shore.

Their guard sprang into activity at once.

"Come on! Jump to it!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to stop here all night if you dogs do! At the double now!"

His voice and manner seemed to indicate that the impending storm had frayed his nerves, and the men obeyed him hastily. The two prisoners with the axes trotted in towards the middle of the clearing where the thatched tool shed stood, and Christophe followed with the cross-cut balanced on one shoulder. Only Blount remained behind gathering up the wedges they had been using.

With a last fleeting hope that the man might turn his back upon him trusting him to follow, he took as long about it as he dared, and in so doing brought the vials of the man's wrath down upon him.

"What are you playing at?" he demanded savagely, striding up to him. "Drop those things and get going!"

Blount looked up at him in the half light.

"The orders are that all tools are to be returned..." he began, when the guard cut him short with a furious oath.

"Don't argue with me, you scum!" he snarled and he struck his upturned face with the back of his hand.

It was then that Blount made the opportunity he had been looking for.

Dropping the wedges, he lunged forward, driving his fist into the other's stomach, and as the man doubled up and crashed over backwards, he shot one glance over his shoulder towards where the rest of the gang was mustering by the tool shed, and leapt for the shelter of the trees.

To be continued

### The Experts Say

By Kay Rex

Canadian Press Staff Writer

It's just about spring again—time to house-learn to do over old clothes, buy new ones and look the old world in the face with a gay new outlook.

Health experts say, too, that a change in diet is every bit as good as a new hat.

Salads rather than heavy meat and potato combinations, jelly instead of starchy puddings—these are the dishes to put one in trim for sunny days ahead.

Gold and white salad is recommended by the poultry products institute. It's light but full of food value.

Ingredients: Two tablespoons unflavored gelatine; one-third cup cold water; three hard-cooked eggs; one tablespoon French dressing; 1½ cups salad dressing or mayonnaise; one-third cup finely diced celery; one-third cup diced green pepper or sweet pickle; one teaspoon onion juice optional; one-quarter cup chopped stuffed olives or canned pimiento.

Soak gelatine in water five minutes. Dissolve over hot water, allow to cool until syrupy. Separate yolks and whites of eggs. Press yolks through a sieve and mix slightly with French dressing. Oil mould and arrange design of sliced olives, strips of green pepper or pimiento on the bottom. Cover with yolk mixture. Mix gelatine with mayonnaise, pour half the mixture over egg yolks, combine the rest with finely chopped egg whites and remaining ingredients and spread on top. Chill. Unmould on bed of lettuce and serve with additional mayonnaise. Grated carrot makes an attractive accompaniment also. Yield: six servings.

Prune or apricot whip is a first-rate dessert for these figure-conscious days.

Ingredients: One-half cup prune or apricot pulp; few drops of lemon juice; sugar to taste; two egg whites.

Steam fruit until tender. Rub the fruit through a sieve. Add lemon juice and sugar. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pile in serving dishes and chill before serving.

Hosiery Insurance

The Canadian Association of Consumers is distributing a booklet to tell women a few facts about nylon hosiery and how to get better wear for their money.

"Canadian full-fashioned hosiery manufacturers—there are 39 of them—are often unjustly blamed when women claim that stockings today just don't wear as long as they did a few years ago," says the booklet. "The reason for this is simple—you are wearing on the average a higher proportion of sheerer hosiery than ever before."

The booklet says a stocking wardrobe—including hose for every occasion—is not as expensive as it might seem. It recommends service weights for service use.

### Projects Planned By High School Council

At the regular monthly meeting of the Charlottetown Red Cross High School Council held at Red Cross headquarters last week plans were made to promote "Cleanliness of Streets, Parks and Playgrounds" in cooperation with the Community Planning Organization whose president, Dr. P. A. Creelman, spoke to this group at a previous meeting. Miss Regina Gillis was the chairman of the meeting in the absence of Miss Betty Kelly, the president.

Committees composed of the following personnel agreed to look after organizing the distribution of Red Cross Campaign posters to the stores in the different sections of the city: Jimmie Lea, Percy Vall and Harold Sentner of Queen Square School, Irving Buell and Roberta Todd of Prince Street, Suzanne Francis and Barbara Gallant of Rochford Square and Janet Rogers and Phyllis Clark of West Kent. The distribution of these posters by the Juniors is of splendid assistance to the Campaign Committee.

Students of Notre Dame Academy are making dressings for use in the Blood Transfusion Service weekly during the month of March on behalf of this High School Council.

A film strip entitled "Towards Understanding," which depicts Junior Red Cross in action across Canada, was shown and explained by the director, Miss Marie Bonness. The next meeting of the Council was called for April 13th.

### Seven Days A Week

Continued from page 2

spilled over the sky-rim this morning, urging us to hop out of bed and enjoy the day ahead. Hoppy, who always sleeps in the kitchen at night, was eagerly waiting at the door, wanting outdoors for his morning run. No doubt he knew how nice the day really was!

Two shiny crows, who were keeping vigil in the big juniper in the back yard, cawed hoisly and flew away, as soon as Hoppy put in an appearance. Spring songsters warbled happily, away over yonder in the tall spruces. In a neighbor's yard a rooster crowed loudly and long, telling the whole wide world that this was a fine day to be up and about—the very beginning of another Spring.

It seems twice as easy to do Saturday's chores, when the windows are filled with sunlight, and a blue haze covers the distant hills. And so the day goes by and what have we accomplished? We have cleaned, and baked and caught up on the tag ends of laundry, bathed a tiny wee fellow who is ten months old today.

On Thursday, we said, "Just think, Garth will be ten months old Saturday, and not a tooth yet!" But he double-crossed us all on Friday and produced not one tooth but four—"two above and two below!" Now everyone hangs over him, waiting for the ever-present smiles which light his tiny face, and reveal his brand new teeth. Mavis, a bit worried, in case we overlook her accomplishments, said yesterday, "But Daddy, I have a whole lot of teeth—more than Garth has!"

7. Sunday: I shall finish off this week's column with a poem entitled the Pantry Prayer:

Sometime throughout the busy day I'd like to take an hour to pray. But it seems, God, I don't get time.

There's much to do—so much, that I'm in need of minutes more each week.

So I would have the time to speak To You, and tell You how I feel About You as I cook a meal. But glasses, plates, and pans and pots, And all the floors with muddy spots, The dishes in the kitchen sink Keep me so busy, I can't think. So won't You just consider all The things I do—the large, the small.

As prayers from a body who Would like so much to talk to You!

That's all, and won't you remember Heaven is in our own back yard, no matter how green the grass may look next door.

VETERAN CAPTAIN DIES

MONTREAL, (CP)—Capt. Arthur William Melling, who began his naval career in sailing ships in the

1880's and served actively in both World Wars, died Saturday. During the First World War, Capt. Melling was engaged in troop transport. In the Second World War, he served at sea and witnessed the first German air attack on the Thames estuary. Montreal and Toronto were first joined by the Grand Trunk Railway in 1850.



At Father Flanagan's famous Boys Town, Chlorodent proves twice as effective

Now—Dental Journal reports:

## Chlorodent—in 60 days—brought new mouth health to 158 children at Boys Town

In the first major research on chlorophyll toothpaste, dentists at famous Boys Town, Neb., discovered that Chlorodent brings "striking" improvement in mouth health.

Results of this research appear in *The Journal of Periodontology*. In just two months, 78% of the boys using Chlorodent showed dramatic improvement in mouth health. Chlorodent was proved twice as effective as the white toothpaste for quickly reducing gingivitis!

Chlorodent destroys mouth odors.

Scientists found Chlorodent's special chlorophyll formula kept twice as many people free from mouth odors for up to four hours! Too, Chlorodent fights tooth decay, keeps teeth cleaner. See your dentist if mouth troubles persist. Use Chlorodent regularly. Buy it today.

Water-soluble chlorophyllins

Clean Fresh Healthy Mouth



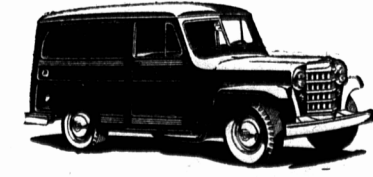
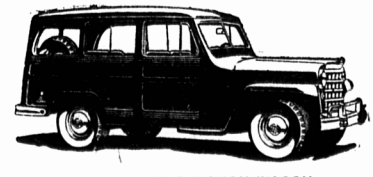
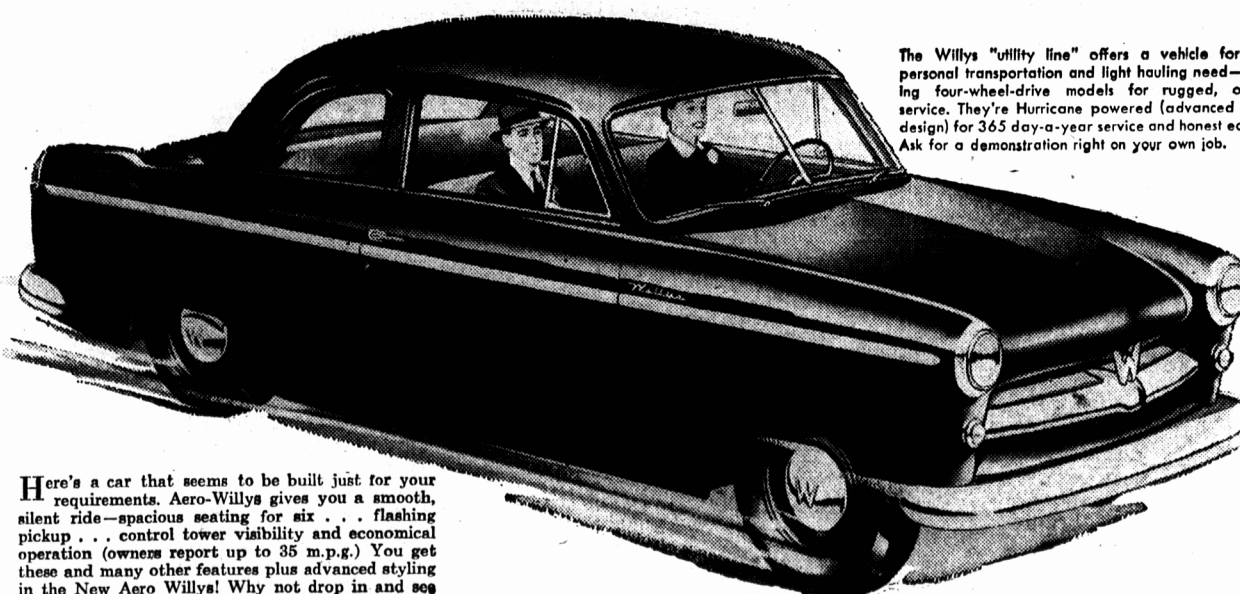
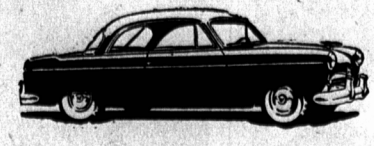
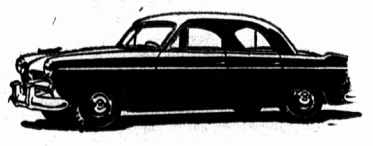
Be sure to ask for Chlorodent — World's Largest-Selling Chlorophyll Dentifrice

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