

Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

CHAPTER XXII

Better fill up the tank," Gary advised. "It's thirty-odd miles down there. Are you hungry?"

"A little," Adelaide admitted. "Smelling Hughie's hot dog made me hungry. Buy me a banana, Gary—let's not stop for lunch."

They tossed banana skins on the roadside as they headed south. The car bounced and skidded over bumps, and in places the road was so narrow that bushes rasped at fenders and the top.

"Good gracious," muttered Adelaide. "I didn't know people ever lived in places like these!"

"Tenants, mostly," Gary said. "Absentee landlords—miserable cotton. Maggie Williams lives in a place like this. Slow down a little, we might lose old Hughie."

"He couldn't bounce out, with those feet."

They made inquiry, and were regarded with man in faded dungarees. "What you want to see Maggie fur?" he demanded harshly.

"We're from the government," lied Gary cheerfully. "We might have some money for her. Which is her house?"

"Go down the road about a mile, and you can't miss it. It's got a chimney made out of old cans and they've a chimney tree in the front yard."

They found the place at last. It was low, small, and marvelously carpentered from scraps of lumber, flattened tin signs, pieces looted from painted billboards, and scraps of tin roofing.

"And there's Maggie," Gary said, as they slowed in the sand outside a leaning, two-wire fence. "She has been to town, all right. She bought herself a new green calico dress. You wait here, and I'll talk to her." He got down and carefully unfastened the improvised gate, which was a length of barbed wire looped intricately between two stakes. The woman in the yard advanced toward him suspiciously, a broom in her hand. She was a slatty, narrow-faced creature, wrinkled, with a cold and menacing blue eye.

"Howdy," she said, sullenly. "Is your name Maggie Williams?"

"Yesir. What you want?"

"I'm from Mr. Ellis' office," Gary prevaricated glibly, keeping a bland smile. "Mr. Ellis sent me out here with a paper for you to sign—and your son."

The woman did not answer. Instead she turned and raised a whoop, so ear-piercing that Gary jumped. "Purdy! Come h'ere!"

From the door of the house a youth appeared, also shoeless and, like Maggie, attired in new rainment—a stiff pair of blue overalls from which the size tag had not yet been torn.

"How do you do, Purdy," Gary said. "I'm from your lawyer's office..."

Purdy glared, kept his hands in his pockets. "Me and Ma—we ain't signin' nothin'!" he announced beligerently. "Ellis told us not to."

"And he told us not to talk to nobody but him," added Maggie, with vicious emphasis.

"Ellis is in court today," Gary persisted, using all his best wiles. "But the people you are suing are trying to prove that you didn't sign the papers that Ellis has. So I came down to get a duplicate of your signatures, on this card. You aren't signing away anything—we merely want to compare the writing."

"Ellis knows I can't write—nor Purdy, neither," snapped Maggie. "We made our mark to them papers, and he knows it. Ellis didn't send you young feller—it was that skunk, Harvey Mason. He's a-trying to beat us out of what's rightfully ours. And you git yourself out of my yard!"

She made a menacing advance with the broom, but Gary stood

his ground. "Look here, you've got this all wrong..."

"Gitt!" repeated Maggie, brandishing her weapon threateningly. She followed two feet in air and, making a dive toward the car, she uttered an eerie screech. Simultaneously, old Hughie, who had awakened and sat blinking and scratching, gave one glaring, terrified look and a yell of horror.

"Git her away from me! She'll kill me! She done tried it a couple of times already!"

"You know this woman, Hughie?" Gary shouted through the pandemonium of shrieks and vituperations from Maggie.

"Gosh, yes—I know her! Git her away, quick!" And old Hughie made a dive for the bottom of the rumble and tried to pull the seat down over him, just as Maggie Williams sprang up on the car with the broom.

Gary leaped into the seat. "Step on it—before she massacres Hughie," he said. "And—I think we've got something."

They had gone a mile down the road, dust flying, before old Hughie ventured his head out of his hiding place.

"Stop here," Gary said. "We'll find out what this is all about."

(Continued)

The Tiny Folk

Continued from page 7

of him he saw the two little fat brown sparrows that used to set on his barn roof. So that is where they went to spend the night—asleep on the stairs to the moon. He tiptoed past them.

Just a few steps ahead of him he saw the most beautiful flowers. They were nodding their heads as the light breeze passed over them. Golden yellow daffodils, tall blue bells, and little pink daisies grew along the path. And right in the centre was a little girl with the watering can. She was wearing a pink dress with a full skirt, and her yellow curls hung down her

Annual Meeting Of Crapaud Creamery

The annual meeting of Crapaud Creamery Co. was held in the Crapaud Hall on February 16. A fair attendance was present.

The President John H. Myers opened the meeting and gave a year on the company's records. He said the Company had a good year from every view point. The main item of the company's records. He was glad to report that a government grant of \$7825.90 had been received to be applied against the cost of the Cold Storage. The company was now in a comfortable position financially and a fine spirit of cooperation was present at all times among the directors and management.

The secretary gave his report saying that the management could not claim all the credit for the success of the past year. The season was unique as far as dairymen were concerned, not often have we seen pasture fields so abundant and lush over so long a period as was the case last year and we could not expect such favourable conditions to continue.

Furthermore the present large surplus of butter held by the Government in Cold Storage until such time as it can be placed on the market worked to our advantage, as your Company is lucky enough to have at present over five car loads of this butter in its storage. This will earn approximately \$2000 in the year at very little extra cost. The secretary then read the net earning from each department:

Creamery Operations	\$2152.63
Feed Business	1615.22
Locker Storage	3295.23
Butter Storage	1507.23

Showing a net profit to surplus after income taxes are provided for of 7535.43.

Mr. Earl Adams, Assistant Dairy Superintendent then was asked to address the meeting. Mr. Adams congratulated the Company on the quality of Crapaud butter. He said it showed an improvement each year. In 1953 93.01% of the make was 1st grade, in 1953 97.80% was 1st grade, well above the average, which is 95.40% for Prince Edward Island. Mr. Adams gave an interesting and informative talk.

Mr. Stewart Wright of the Department of Agriculture spoke. He said a great change had taken place in the methods of farming over the past years, better machinery, and larger farms were evident, and production per acre was increasing. However, he felt that much more could yet be accomplished, by better seedings, good fertilizing, and extra care, thus the cost of production could be kept to a minimum, that was the important thing that farmers should study today.

Other speakers who took part were W. F. A. Stewart, M.L.A., Frank Myers, M.L.A., Max Thompson, Col. Allen MacLeod, and Windsor Bell.

Mr. Allison Lea, Victoria, was the highest cream producer for the year, he was awarded the sum of \$5.

Mr. Peter Toole, South Melville, and Mr. Max Thompson, Victoria, were appointed delegates to the Dairymen's Association to be held at Charlottetown in March.

The following are the officers of the company:

President, E. C. Holm; vice-president, Eric Lowther; Directors, Park Francis, Mark Cameron, John Nicholson, Windsor Bell.

Auditors, B. J. Trowsdale and John Nicholson.

L. H. Rogerson, manager.

B. C. Wood, Secy-Treasurer.

The following are the 16 leading patrons in order of merit—Allison Lea, Victoria; John D. MacLeod, Hartsville; Max Thompson, Victoria; Maynard Foy, Tryon; Windsor Bell, South Melville; J. V. Moore, Westmoreland; Charles Pooley, Tryon; Wm. Halliwell, Stanche; Robert Aiken, Rose Valley; William Myers, Hampton.

OFFICER MATERIAL
CHESTER, England (CP)—Lt. Gen. Sir G. Laisher Whisler says more officer material is drawn from southern England than from the north. A possible explanation, he said, is that industrial centres offer less opportunity for developing leadership talent.

IRRIGATION NETWORK
India has more than 80,000,000 acres under irrigation, more than any other country.

RELATIVE SIZE
India has a population of 368,000,000 compared to 75,000,000 for Pakistan.

The Gnat and the Bull

A GNAT alighted on one of the horns of a Bull, and remained sitting there for a considerable time. When it had rested sufficiently and was about to fly away, it said to the Bull, "Do you mind if I go now?" The Bull merely raised his eyes and remarked, without interest, "It's all one to me; I didn't notice when you came, and I shan't know when you go away."

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Illustration by Arthur Rackham, from the Heinemann Edition of Aesop's Fables.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

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