

### FARMERS' MEETINGS

MARCH 11th and 12th  
LEGION HALL — CHARLOTTETOWN

Wednesday, March 11th—  
10:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.—Prince Edward Island Dairymen's Association.

Thursday, March 12th—  
10:00 a.m.—Prince Edward Island Sheep Breeders' Association.  
2:00 p.m.—Central Farmers' Institute.  
7:30 p.m.—Federation of Agriculture.

### Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman

#### CHAPTER TWELVE

An express for Philadelphia left within half an hour.  
"Every Pullman seat's sold, boss."  
"I'm glad I look as if I wanted one, but I don't."

Jerry wanted the front place in the first coach — it was nearer America. That coach was a smoker, and he got what he desired.

To the western wall of the Alleghenies and all the way up the heights of them, his fear was that Rose might not receive his message in time, or that, promptly receiving it, she might not heed it. Once she had mistrusted him — why not again? He wished he had made his message more explicit.

She had capriciously limited his absence to twelve hours, and he would have been gone at least thirty-six. He wished he had told her the whole truth!

Suppose he could at last convince Lightner? Suppose every suspicion proved to the hilt by an investigation started from New York? Jerry's job would be safe. Promotion, even. But Rose Walker's ore mine? A new unease appeared and overshadowed its predecessor. It was vague. But it persevered. He began to fear for the girl's personal safety.

Should he telegraph again? From Harrisburg?

Circumstances decided, and in the negative. That Philadelphia express was late in arriving at the state capital. There was barely time to catch the generally connecting accommodation train.

Highspire . . .  
Bainbridge . . .  
They stopped at every station. Jerry was sure he had never traveled so slowly! Twenty minutes late . . . Thirty . . . Marietta! Next stop of this train is America.

Long ago, the motorbus would have left for Ironburg. Jerry looked over the crowd of loungers that placidly welcomed the train. On their outskirts he recognized an acquaintance of the other night: Constable Campbell.

"Can I get a car?"  
"Trolley? Where to?"  
"Automobile."

The officer of the law considered. "You might try the Hotel America. June Jones has got one. He keeps there, and he hauls passengers when he ain't busy. He's head-waiter."

Jerry found Jupiter. Jupiter would be "ready in five minutes." "That means ten," said Jerry. He was fidgeting in the hotel's ground floor hall. His restless glance encountered a telephone booth. He sprang into it:

"Hello-hello! What's the — oh, hello! Give me Ironburg!"  
"What?"  
"All right, then! Mt. Joy 61."  
"The wire buzzed. The wire sang. But nobody replied."

"Central — CENTRAL!"  
"Hello."  
"I thought you were getting me."  
"Mt. Joy 61 don't answer."  
"Ring again."  
"No ans."  
"Hello!" Another voice had spoken. It sounded like a man's — like Hassler's.  
"Hello! Mt. Joy 61?"  
"Yes. I wasn't sure you ranged at first . . ."  
"I want to talk to Miss Walker."  
"Rose ain't here."  
"Well, who's this?"  
"Hassler. I sought that was the phone what rang, but—"  
"Never mind. I—"  
Mr. Hassler did mind, however. He recognized the tones of his interlocutor and was garrulously glad. He insisted on explaining that he had not suspected Jerry of "jimpin' his board pill," since Miss Rose had brought word of his hurried journey to parts unknown and the projected and speedy return therefrom. Glad. All the more glad to have this call and know that return was imminent, because the Hotel was temporarily guestless. Mr. Twombly having also, this day been called away on some short business trip . . .

"Well," Jerry cut in, "I'll be back by bedtime, anyway. Now I want Miss Walker. Where is she?"  
She wasn't obtainable. "A tramp brought her a note sayin' how Angie Slinn was sick ag'in up to her place an' would Rosie come, please. She ast me to tend store fer her, Rosie did. She said she'd be pack in an hour. But you know these here womenfolk. It's a good two hours now, an' she ain't—"

Jerry dropped the receiver. "Twombly!" called away from Ironburg! Rose summoned to that lonely shanty near Break O' Day Iron cliff!

Jupiter's horn hooted. "First to the telegraph office," said Glidden. It was less than a hundred yards away, but the girl clerk started a fresh piece of chewing gum before she answered his query as to whether she had transmitted a Pittsburgh telegram to Miss Rose Walker at the Ironburg general store.

"We ain't allowed to tell them things."  
"Look here: I can prove I was the sender by giving you the message word for word," Jerry did. "Now, here's a five spot." It was his last, and the car would somehow have to be paid for; but he flung the bill over the counter into her lap. Save for Jerry and the girl, the office was empty. The bill looked large.

"Oh, well," said she, "I don't care. Yes, I sent it. You needn't worry none — I know those folks at Ironburg. It was that part-time clerk of Miss Walker's — that Slinn woman out there — who I talked to."

Jerry reached the curb in a single bound:  
"Ironburg! By the shortest road there is. By the highest speed you've got!"  
"That's the Bruner's Creek way, and the road's rotten."  
"Never mind. Take it anyhow!"  
Jupiter was a long, lean youth whose lantern jaw bespoke a serious

ouance beyond his years.  
"This where mayn't be much of a chariot, mister, but she's all the Rolls-Royce I got — an' ef she gets busted, I am."  
Jerry tried to speak again — to urge — to threaten. His voice refused obedience, his lips twitched. He uttered a sound, but it was inarticulate.  
To be continued

### IN MEMORIAM

MRS. MARGARET MCKINNON

Fully fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, there passed away peacefully at the home of her son, Charles E. at Cable Head East on January 4th, Margaret, widow of the late Hugh D. McKinnon in her 79th year, after a lingering illness.

Early last year she was conveyed to the home of her daughter (Margaret) Mrs. Bernard Tobin of Morell East, where she was tenderly cared for until a short while before her death. Due to her desire to be again amidst old friends and familiar scenes, she returned to the home of her son, Charles E. where help was more abundant, and the same kind and gentle care was tendered by her daughter-in-law and her family.

Without doubt she sorrowed much from the sudden death of her husband, the tragic death of her son, James, and the passing of her only brother and sister all in less than ten years, but these she kept to herself and to the end her kind word and pleasant smile that ever made her the generous hostess or the welcome guest prevailed. Always beloved by the little ones, her grand children assisted much in making her last Christmas a really happy one by erecting their Christmas tree in her bedroom where she could enjoy fully their reaction on Christmas morning.

Her remains were returned from the Hennessey Funeral Home to her old home, now the residence of her son, Alex, from where the funeral was held on January 6th to St. Peter's Church where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. L. Case of St. Dunstan's. The pastor, Rev. W. V. MacDonald, conducted the funeral service in the church and at the graveside.

She leaves to mourn her passing, the following sons and daughters: Charles E. Cable Head East, Alex, on the old homestead; Imelda (Mrs. Maurice Burns) of Boston, Mass.; Margaret (Mrs. Bernard Tobin) Morell East, Agnes (Mrs. Matthias Callaghan) Lot. 65. The pallbearers were: Kenneth McKinnon, A. J. Larkin, Ben Lewis, Joe McInnis, Aeneas McAlay and George Palmer.  
May her soul rest in peace.

### Card Of Thanks

The family of the late Mrs. Hugh D. McKinnon wish to thank all those who in any way helped them during their sad bereavement, also all those who sent Mass Cards and Cards of Sympathy, and especially Mrs. James Lewis.

### AUGUSTINE COVE SCHOOL

The following is the report for the Primary Department of Augustine Cove School for the month of February.

Grade V. Sr.—1. Carol Cutcliffe; 2. David Howatt; Grade V. Jr.—1. John Robinson; 2. Elmer MacDonald; 3. Juanita MacKenzie.

Grade IV.—1. Jean MacNeill; 2. Myrna Thompson; 3. Willis Peters.

Grade III. Sr.—1. Connie Clark; 2. Jean Dawson; 3. Preston Cameron; Int.—1. Delbert Clark; 2. Carl Larsen, Jr.—1. Dianne Webster; 2. George MacWilliams; 3. Buddy Peters.

Grade II.—1. Alan Robinson and

Sandra MacFadyen; 2. Verna Leard.

Grade I.—1. Eugene Murphy and Norman MacNeill; 2. Earle MacDonald; 3. Donna Dawson.

\*Perfect attendance: Carol Cutcliffe, John and Allan Robinson, Juanita MacKenzie, Elmer and Earle MacDonald, Jean and Norman MacNeill, Preston Cameron, Connie Clark, Jean and Donna Dawson, Sandra MacFadyen, Eugene Murphy, Darrell and Arlene Newsome.

Highest average: John Robinson, Jean MacNeill, Sandra MacFadyen, Margaret Murphy—Teacher.

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