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By Eden Phillpotts

CHAPTER VIII MARINER'S TALE

"My little schooner, the 'Condor,' was fifty feet long and eleven feet beam with a free-board of eight upon two feet," began old Pedro Floris. "Five of us sailed her, and she was a very good weather boat, quick in stays and clever to answer our cleverness. "We traded round and with the mainland. And then came Benny Boss and ran his eyes over the 'Condor,' and reckoned she was good for what he wanted. He had plenty of money and paid in advance. He was going due west to examine an islet that he had seen in his seafaring days, and wanted to find if there was guano there. "That's what he told me at the time, and I had no reason to doubt him, because, though I had never seen the islet, I knew a man who had seen it, and it was in the nature of things that in that vast ocean there might be unknown islands. "We sailed and had fair weather, and came to the spot he called 'Tabletop,' dead on the equator line. "How long did it take you, Mr. Floris?" begged Jane through Tom, who voiced her. But Pedro shook his head. "I can't tell now. Time has winged away from me, Missy. It may have been weeks, or it may have been months; but we sailed in summer and came back before the year was told. "Do you remember what it looked like?" asked Tom. "Oh, yes—very well. A mile of a place—not above five miles across, I'd say and the high ground to the west flat as a table—under eternal smoke. A live volcano—that's Tabletop—so to call it—and not higher than five hundred feet above the sea, where the burning mountain was. To the east the land fell into a plain, all green with trees to water's edge. Then it hove up to the crater, but there was a great breach between the fertile land and the west—a gorge broke through, and we anchored abreast of that gorge. "A stream ran out from it into the sea, and there was a strip of black beach. All cinders and lava, you understand, with the growing things on the plain; but naked cliffs beelling up to the highest point on the west shore and dropping straight into the water. Very deep sea all round us—no atoll, like a coral island, but just a mighty chimney thrust out from the bowels of the earth to let up the nether fires. "And then you went ashore?" "Not me," answered the old man. "Benny didn't want us ashore, and we wasn't allowed there, you might say. He went alone in our little boat, and rowed straight for the gorge. He took a maul and some stuff in a bag, and we landed meanwhile in our pinnace and tried further east, under the queer woodlands, for fresh water. And good water we found; but it was hot. The stream that ran out of the gorge wasn't any use, being oaded with sulphur, but there was

sulphur and foul vapour, with a hole in the pumice where a hot spring rose and spouted every five minutes. That's all he chose to tell; but he said there was not a speck of guano on the island and no guano gulls to produce it. "We'll fill our casks with the good water," he said, "and then we'll sail for home." Pedro broke off for a moment and then continued. "We was soon off, and the island hull down again after we'd filled up. And that's the first voyage. Bid Clara fetch me a cup of milk; then I'll tell about the second voyage. That was a good many years after; but I couldn't remember how many now—all too long ago." To be continued.

Aug. 29th by the members of the Women's Institute of the following districts, Bidford, East Bidford, Ellerslie, Tyne Valley, Port Hill, Freeland, Birch Hill, Northam and Arlington, and were provided with overnight accommodations in different homes in the districts mentioned. Mrs. D.N. Forbes and daughter Constance, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Forbes, Bedeque. Mrs. Wilfred Mac Dougall attended the banquet given in honor of the A.C.W.W. delegates in the Canadian National Hotel Charlottetown. The Presbyterian Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. Ivan MacLean and Mrs. Donald MacLean on Thursday evening Sept. 3. The Womens Institute met at the home of Mrs. Ivan and Mrs. Donald MacLean on Tuesday evening Sept. 1. Roll call was answered by sing, say, play or pay. They decided to send wollens to Fairfields on Sept. 15, to exchange for blankets. Next roll call will be answered by "something you would like the Womens Institute to accomplish in 1954." Contests were put on by Mrs. Waldo MacDougall. Mr. Charles Newcombe returned by plane on Sept. 2 after having undergone an operation in the Victoria General Hospital Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ramsay motored to Cavendish on Aug. 30. Mr. Gordon Williams, St. John spent the week-end with his wife and family here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ellis. Mr. Stewart Ramsay has purchased a combine threshing machine. He is the first to have such a machine in this vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. William Steinberg, New York, are vacationing with Mrs. Stienburg's brothers in Freeland. LONDON, (CP) — Television watchers here saw the life story of the housefly crammed in with the week's television news. "Pure accident," explained a BBC official, who said some films had become mixed up.

Tyne Valley And Vicinity

—Mr. and Mrs. Ira Stewart and son Lawrence, Sydney, Nova Scotia are vacationing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Platts. Mr. Angus Walker, Sydney N.S. is spending his vacation with his wife in Tyne Valley. The members of the A.C.W.W. were entertained in the Tyne Valley Hall on Saturday evening

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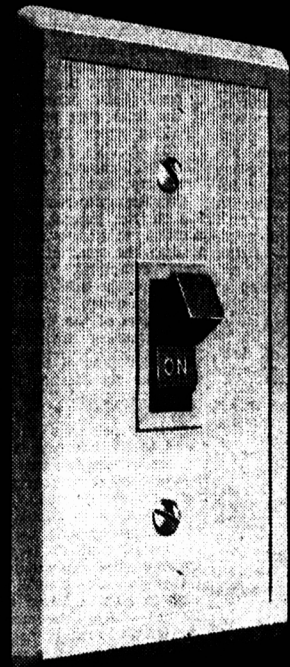
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When you want light in a room, you just flick a switch. It's as simple as that. And, if that minor miracle is taken for granted, consider a few of the other tasks electricity performs in the home.

It cooks complete meals while you are out—takes the labour out of cleaning, polishing, washing and ironing—keeps perishable foods in perfect condition, for months if necessary—supplies constant hot water—brings you radio and television entertainment—and helps to keep your home cosily warm in winter and delightfully cool in summer. This is fast becoming the pattern of living in even remote Canadian homes today.



While the role played by electricity in the home naturally looms large with all of us, it should always be remembered that by far the larger part of the

power generated is used by industry. In fact, it is primarily because of the availability of this dependable source of power that Canada has been able to develop her aluminum,

pulp and paper, mining and manufacturing industries to their present position—which, indirectly, adds to the prosperity of all Canadians.

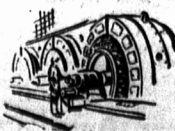


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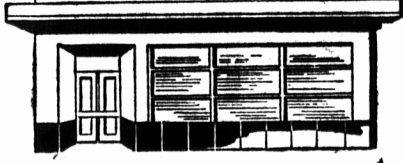
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