

FINE CATTLE KARACHI OP — Seventy pedigreed cattle of various types were shipped from Pakistan to the Belgian Congo recently as overseas demand for Pakistani cattle increased. Brazil recently imported a herd of red Sindhi cows from Karachi.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS 1. Stuff 2. Native of Arabia 3. Teutonic character 4. Middle 5. Daub of color 6. Avenue (abbr.) 7. Part of a check 8. Toward 9. Apple seed 10. Droopy in posture 11. Beige 12. Ireland 13. Harvests 14. Dipped out, as liquid 15. Tibetan priest 16. Act as chairman 17. Sloth 18. Story 19. Mistletoe 20. Fellow 21. Bog 22. Roman garment 23. Fragrant tree 24. Wild ox (celebs) 25. Modified (Bot.) 26. DOWN 1. A cleft 2. Flow 3. Emmets 4. Encounter



Yesterday's Answer 44. Unit of weight 45. Self 47. Miscellaneous 49. Rough lava

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: A X Y D L B A X R E L O N G F E L L O W One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different. A Cryptogram Quotation K X M Y I M S O V C H Y V I S M A F O B V D X C E F B S A F J J — G J I V B Yesterday's Cryptoquote: THE LABOURING PEOPLE ARE ONLY POOR BECAUSE THEY ARE NUMEROUS—BURKE.

Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman

CHAPTER IV

Continued

It was a two-gallon boat's barriero, he saw, bound with tarnished brass hoops, and its weight was considerable. His temporary elation at its discovery faded away completely as he eyed its bulk. True, it represented the success of the first phase of his desperate venture, but at the moment he felt that it was going to break him. The reaction had set in, and in his utter weariness he decided that resumption of his journey with this additional burden was a plain impossibility. He had to get some rest somehow, or he would be dropping in his tracks from sheer exhaustion. He remained standing where he was in the chilly stream, staring dully at the keg while his tired brain sought to evolve some plan whereby he could gain a short respite without jeopardising all that he had gained so far. He knew that everything depended upon his placing himself beyond reach of pursuit before morning, but at the moment he felt himself to be incapable of further effort. At last he decided upon taking a chance. Sleep he must have, if only for an hour or so. It would be plain madness to succumb to the temptation to climb out on to the bank here and fling himself down beside the keg, but he decided to cross the stream and lie up among the woods on the other side for a while. He heaved the barriero up on to his shoulder, and turning, waded across with flagging steps. The stream was a good fifteen yards wide at this point, and muddier than ever, but he struggled across, and climbing the further bank with some difficulty, thrust his way through the dense undergrowth beneath the trees. It was intensely dark under the shadow of the interlaced branches, and when he had penetrated a distance of a dozen yards or so, he lowered his heavy burden to the ground. He was satisfied that he would be well out of sight from the clearing, even in the daylight, and in any case he intended to take no more than a couple of hours' rest at the outside. He stamped down a place for himself among the dripping fronds, and sinking down beside his precious water supply, with his head pillowed on his arm, was almost instantly asleep. CHAPTER V THROUGH SWAMP AND FOREST Blount's return to consciousness was a slow rising from the depths of exhausted sleep, and at first he lay blinking stupidly at the green half-light without fully realising where he was or what had happened to him. He had been dreaming that he was back in the infirmerie awaiting operation upon a poisoned leg, and for some seconds after he opened his eyes he could not disabuse himself of the idea. But then two factors came to his assistance and jerked him into full consciousness. One was the realisation that it was broad daylight—and the other was the sound of men's voices at no great distance from him. In a fever of panic and dismay it came home to him that he must have been asleep for hours, and he instinctively tried to scramble to his feet—only to find himself so

stiff that he subsided again with an involuntary groan. The night's strenuous journey, followed by the long sleep in sodden clothing on the almost equally sodden ground, was taking its toll of him. It was a horrible predicament to find himself in, and after a few moments he made a further attempt to move, and this time succeeded in rolling over on to his hands and knees. The sound of the voices seemed to come from the direction of the stream, and he concluded that the men must be somewhere on the opposite bank. His first instinct was to get as far away from them as he could, but a moment's reflection convinced him that he was probably safer where he was for the time. If they suspected that he was in the vicinity, they would not be talking at all, and the chances were that if he remained quiet they would move on. At the same time he could not remain in this cramped position indefinitely, and presently, with a painful effort, he contrived to rise to his feet. He stood for some moments bent almost double, and then he slowly raised himself to an upright position and looked about him. His first glance round gave him an unpleasant shock, and he ducked again hurriedly. He had imagined himself to be deep among the undergrowth on this side of the stream, but that one glance had shown him that he was no more than three or four yards from the bank—and right opposite, on the other bank, two guards were standing and looking straight across towards him! For a moment he imagined they must inevitably have seen him, but as the sound of their voices continued interruptedly, it became evident that such had not been the case. The fact that his side of the stream was in deep shadow from the trees overhead, and they were standing in brilliant sunshine, had saved him. For some seconds he remained crouched in his cover, and then he slowly straightened himself again and cautiously peered between the tall fern fronds. To be continued

CAT MOTHERS PUPPIES WINNIPEG, (CP)—Three of six puppies born to "Brenda", miniature Pinscher, died and the mother was too weak to feed the others.

IN MEMORIAM

HARLAN J. MCGUIRK

On the evening of February 27th as the peaceful shades of night were gently falling, Harlan McGuirk passed to his eternal reward. His strength failing, he underwent an operation on November 4th, but it was not successful and he gradually weakened until the end. Suffering is a gentle teacher and in Harlan's case revealed unknown depths of courage. He did not encumber life with the things that are not worth while, but was devoted in his own quiet way to those sterling virtues that make a happy home. Harlan was first and last a devoted husband, a loving brother, a kind neighbor, a sympathetic and loyal friend. He was the eldest son of the late Patrick and Mrs. McGuirk of Margate. Besides his sorrowing widow he leaves to mourn two sisters, Mamie of Summerfield, Pearl of Corran Barrn, and one brother, George, of Borden. The many mourners who paid their respects to the departed, the numerous Mass cards and messages of sympathy, are the silent tributes to a true friend, while the long funeral procession of countless sorrowing friends paid a sincere tribute of love and veneration to the departed. He was attended during his illness by his pastor, Rev. Eugene Murray. His funeral took place on Monday morning, March 2nd, at St. James Church. The pastor, Rev. Eugene Murray, officiated at the Solemn High Mass. Rev. G. P. Wood and Rev. Louis Callaghan were in the sanctuary. Harlan will be fondly remembered by all. May pious supplication obtain for him, the pardon which he has always desired, and may his soul rest in peace.

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. Harlan McGuirk wishes to thank all kind neighbours and friends for their many acts of kindness and help shown her in her recent sad bereavement, and all who sent Mass cards, letters and cards of sympathy.

A call for help resulted in a mother cat being brought with her kittens. The puppies mingled contentedly with the kittens.

Gypsum Covers Dividend For 1952

After providing for all charges, including Income Taxes of \$1,172,000.00 net income of Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine, Canada Limited, amounted to \$1,132,877.79 or \$2.57 per share. Income Taxes amounted to \$1,172,000.00 and labour and materials costs continued to increase. Two quarterly dividends of fifty cents per share, payable March 2nd and June 1st, 1953, have been declared. Balance sheet is strong, with working capital at \$4,999,987.96.

Card Of Thanks

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the Doctors, Nurses and Staff of the Prince County Hospital and also to the friends and neighbours for their cards, letters and many kindnesses while I was a patient in the Hospital and since my return home. David Bernard, New London.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Father, James Llewellyn, who died March 28th, 1952. Today brings back sad memories of a loved one gone to rest. And those who think of you today. Are the ones who loved you best. Lovingly Remembered—His Son—In-Law and Daughter, Chester and Agnes and Family.

Presbytery Meeting Takes Leave Of Rev. G. C. Webster

The Presbytery of P. E. I. held a pro re nata meeting in Zion Church on Thursday afternoon to deal with the decision of the Rev'd G. C. Webster to accept the call to Wallacetown and West Lorne in the Presbytery of London. On motion of the Rev'd T. H. B. Somers, Mr. Webster was released from the pastorate of Zion Church as and from March 31st. The Rev'd, F. N. Young was appointed Convener of Missions, Convener of Property Matters and Interim-moderator of Belfast in succession to Mr. Webster. High tribute was paid to Mr. Webster's work as a pastor and presbyter on the part of the members of Presbytery present. The Rev'd T. H. B. Somers was appointed Interim-moderator of Zion Kirk Session.

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