

Exit Tony Blount

CHAPTER XXII
Continued

She had released her hand and turned to peer down the slope in the gloom, and he unashamedly sank to the ground in a condition of utter exhaustion. He was drenched with sweat, and the blood was pounding in his head. He was panting — each thudding beat of the pulse sending a throb of agony radiating over the damaged portion of his skull.

For perhaps two minutes he remained huddled on the ground, drinking in the stagnant night air in great sobbing sips, and half-dazed with the pain in his head, and then he became aware that M'fani was bending down over him and saying something.

"—stay here," he heard indistinctly. "I am going to do a certain thing —"

He looked up at her and nodded speechlessly, and as she straightened and set off swiftly down the slope again, he followed her with his eyes till her form was swallowed up in the darkness below. Then he subsided at full length on the ground and relaxed completely.



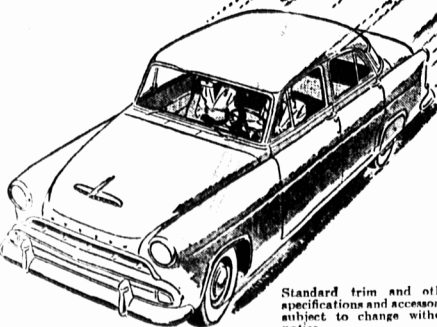
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Gradually his breathing became easier and the thudding of his heart slowed down to something like normal. The pain in his head subsided by degrees, too, and presently he found himself able to think coherently again.

It had been a terrific ordeal, coming on top of what he had already undergone that night, and he found himself wondering half-resentfully why M'fani had insisted upon this headlong flight. It was difficult to see the necessity for it, for it seemed to him that there had been no immediate danger of pursuit. Yet what other purpose could she have had in mind?

After a while he sat up slowly and looked about him. He could see no more than a few yards away, but he strained his eyes in the direction in which the girl had disappeared, hoping at every moment to catch the glimmer of her cotton frock materializing out of the gloom below.

She had set off transversely down the slope to the right, and he tried to think what she was doing down there alone in the darkness. She could not have gone for water, for he knew that no stream ran down into the valley, and save for boulders and an occasional clump of pandanus, the hillside was absolutely bare.

And then the question was answered. With dramatic suddenness, the brooding silence was shattered by an extraordinary sound — a high-pitched, staccato reverberation which emanated from somewhere below him and filled the airless night with its stridency. It was not continuous but consisted of a series of rattling crescendos which sounded like nothing so much as the noise produced by drawing a stick sharply across a row of iron railings. With hardly a pause between each roll of dry cackling sound, this sudden incursion had a weird, unearthly effect which brought him to his feet with startled alacrity.

After the first few seconds he recognized its origin clearly. It was not the first time he had heard the rattle of ironwood sticks on a halved tree-trunk, but the realization that it was M'fani who was welding the sticks and that the performance was obviously for the purpose of conveying a message to the settlement, followed automatically.

The sound would carry along the valley and be heard by everyone — including Strang — and as the significance of this last came home to him, he plunged down the slope in the direction from which the drumming came.

Stumbling over the loose rocks and avoiding the larger boulders as they loomed up before him in the darkness, he scrambled down the steep slope as fast as he dared, with the regular crashing rattle

sounding ever louder in his ears. But even as he ran he realized that it was too late for him to do anything now; for whatever the signal imported, the message had already been received two miles away, and there was no way in which he could prevent its being acted upon.

As though to confirm this thought, there came another sound at that moment which brought him to a dead halt. It was the sharp crack of a distant shot — and it was followed an instant later by three more reports in rapid succession.

Murray Harbor North and Vicinity

Mrs. David VanDerstine, Montague is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Clow.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clow and family, Montague were visitors to Murray Harbor North on June 14 guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Clow.

Miss Sybil Millar of Kilmuir is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Millar.

Mrs. Ernest Johnston and daughter Evelyn, Fortune Bridge, were guests of Mrs. William Johnston on Tuesday, June 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Millar were visitors to Charlottetown on June 14, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bryer Llewellyn.

Mrs. Louis Simmonds has returned to her home in Charlottetown after spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. C. J. McLure.

The sympathy of the residents of Murray Harbor North and vicinity is extended to the family of the late Mrs. Mary J. Finley, Charlottetown, formerly of Cambridge, who passed away June 14.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the family of the late William H. Irving, Montague, formerly of Murray Harbor North who passed away on June 13 after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. George Clow and Mrs. Webster Clow attended the executive committee meeting of the Women's Institute held in Sturgeon recently, where plans were completed for the District Convention to be held in Sturgeon Hall in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Donovan Kennedy returned Sunday evening, June 14 from a weekend visit to Pictou and New Glasgow, N.S. while Mrs. R.A. Kennedy and her sister Mrs. L.A. Kennedy who had accompanied them to Nova Scotia remained to visit relatives in Wallace and Pictou, returning to P.E.I. Tuesday evening.

Mrs. L.A. Kennedy, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Gray, a former pastor of the Murray Harbor North Church is renewing acquaintances with friends in this community, the guest of her sister, Mrs. R.A. Kennedy.

A delegate from the Saskatchewan Conference Branch to the Dominion Board of the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Church of Canada, Mrs. Kennedy attended the recent sessions of the Board which were held in Emmanuel College Toronto, and later visited in New York before coming to the Island. She leaves for her home in the west next week. —AO

Seven Days A Week

Continued from page 2

bouquets scattered everywhere — on shelves, sideboard, radio and tables. Last year I planted two grapefruit and two orange seeds — about Easter time I think it was. Soon four tiny trees shot up as if by magic. The glossy green leaves are beautiful. Even now they are strong and sturdy although they are less than six inches tall. One of them, a couple of weeks ago began to form a tiny white bloom. To-day it is just about ready to open wide. Tiny as it is, the scent is heady and lovely — orange blossoms on my window sill! Just imagine! Friends who see this can't believe it grew from seed of an ordinary orange bought at a store nearby.

I like to come in out of the dusk to a room full of the scent of roses, plus one lovely orange blossom. No moon these nights, just the stunner of stars that lean out of a blue canopy. We stay outdoors until the very last moment and Ron says wistfully: "Seems I can hear soft feet padding across the yard, then I know I am only imagining it. Poor Happy!" So far our search has been fruitless as we try to find a puppy to replace the one that has gone. Seems puppies are scarcer than hen's teeth these days! But then there is always another week — we hope — I think I would like to end the column with this quotation: "Remember that life is made up of loyalty — loyalty to your friends;

Girl Guide News



1ST AND 3RD GUIDE COMPANY

On Tuesday June 16th the closing meeting of the 1st and 3rd Guide Company was held in St. Peter's Hall.

The meeting opened with the Company repeating the Guide Promise, this was followed by Inspection. Several Games were then enjoyed followed by a Sing-Song. District Commissioner Suzanne MacKinnon presented Second Class Badges to, Wendy Armstrong, Norma Duvar, Winnifred Ann MacMillan, Dianne Davies, Marina Kays and Barbara Stewart. The Handywoman's badge was presented to Norma Duvar and Wendy Armstrong.

A prize was presented by the Captain to the best Patrol, won by the Canary Patrol. Mrs. F. W. Hyndman read a number of letters from Nancy Hyndman who is attending the Coronation, and these were very much enjoyed by the Guides. Frankie MacPherson thanked Mrs. Hyndman.

Ice cream and cake was served by Mrs. W. Smith and Mrs. Hyndman. Norma Duvar thanked the Ladies and the meeting closed with Evensong and Taps. The Captain Betty Pendleton was assisted by Miss Marjorie MacPherson.

A most enjoyable and instructive Week-end Leaders Training Camp was held at Keppoch recently when about 18 Guide and Brownie Leaders were privileged in having Miss Winnifred Bamber of Transvaal, South Africa, give training. On Friday evening Miss Bamber told the leaders about Camping and Guiding in South Africa and a short discussion followed. Saturday morning Session covered "Preparation for Camp" and making Camp Gadgets. A very interesting talk on Swimming and Water Safety was given by Mrs. Harry Cudmore, and a demonstration of

loyalty to things beautiful and good; loyalty to the country in which you live, and, above all, for this holds all other loyalties together, loyalty to God." This was Queen Mary's advice to her granddaughter, now Queen Elizabeth of England.

Artificial Respiration. Miss Bamber's afternoon Session covered Brownie Ceremonies, Songs and Games after which all packed up for a hike around the shore and cooked Supper over Fires. Saturday evening an open discussion was held on the Responsibilities of Camp Leaders which brought forth many interesting ideas for Camp at morning following breakfast a presentation was made to the Commissioner of the Camp by Miss Gladys Hart, Provincial Commissioner, of a copy of "Anne of Green Gables" as a souvenir of Prince Edward Island. The Camp closed Sunday afternoon with a Guide's Own at which Miss Bamber spoke on "Camping and its place in the Modern World."

CAMP 1953

Guides! have you sent in your application for Camp? Applications for Camp Buchan July 17th to 24th should be sent to Sue MacKinnon, Box 356, immediately. Hurry — time is short! Applications for Camp at North Rustico should be sent to Miss Elaine Macdonald, 27 Great George St. without delay.

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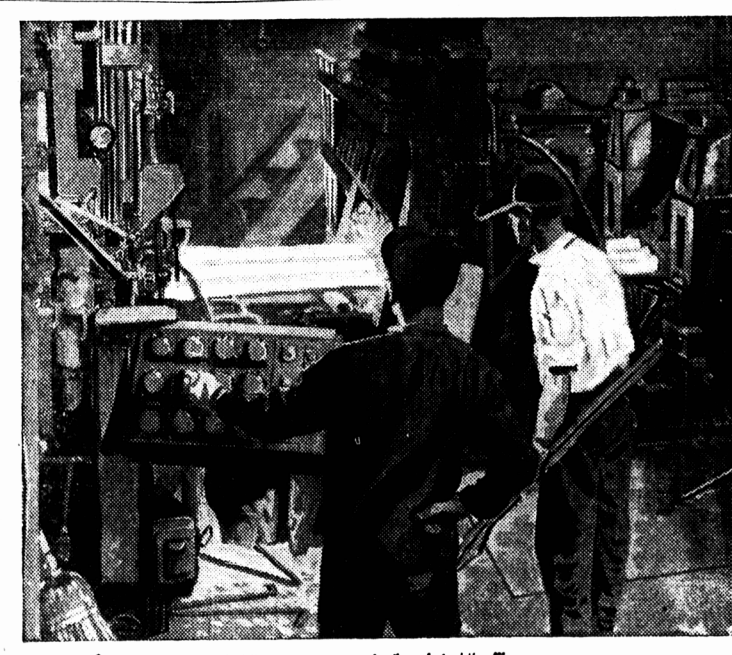
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