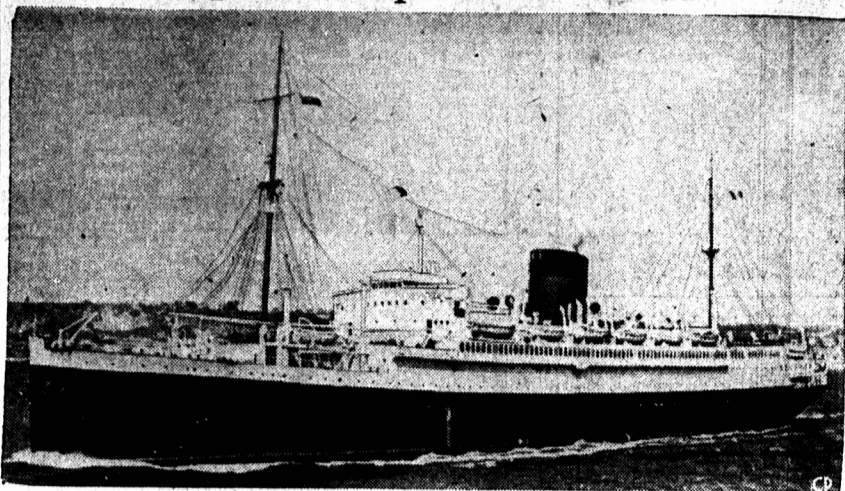


SCHOOL REPORTS

Replaces Empress Of Canada



The French liner De Grasse, a ship scuttled by her crew before the occupation of France so she wouldn't fall into German hands, has been purchased by Canadian Pacific Steamships to replace the Empress of Canada.

Union Road W. M. S. The monthly meeting of the Union Road W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Harry Newman on Monday, February 9th.

East Baltic School Report of East Baltic School for the month of January: Grade X—1. Jean MacGregor; 2. Beatrice Bruce.

New London School Results of half-yearly exams for New London School are as follows: Grade IX—1. Eric Mayhew, 2. Audrey Mayhew.

Monticello School The following is the half-yearly report for Monticello School: Grade X—1. Daniel B. O'Hanley; 2. Helene MacDonald; 3. Shirley MacDonald.

Breadalbane Village School The following is the Breadalbane Village School report for the month of January: Grade X—1. Wilma McQuaid; 2. Zita Connick; 3. John Hughes.

Mill Cove School The following is the report of Mill Cove School for the month of January: Grade X—1. Wilma McQuaid; 2. Zita Connick; 3. John Hughes.

Strathcona School The following is the semi-annual report for Strathcona School: Grade VIII—1. Marjorie Garrett; 2. Stewart Hunter; 3. Roger MacKinnon.

Souris Line Road North School The following is the report for the month of January for Souris Line Road North School: Grade VIII—1. Catherine Gills; 2. Aiden Leslie.

Gowan Brae School The following is the mid-term report for Gowan Brae School: Grade 9—1. Ann Mallard; 2. St. nott Mullally.

Dromore School Half-yearly report: Grade X—1. Elizabeth Corrigan; 2. Avila Hughes.

Newton School The following is the semi-annual report of Newton School: Grade IX—1. Robert Coady; 2. Allison Murphy; 3. Adelaide Mulligan.

Victoria School Report of Victoria School for January: Senior Department Grade X (A)—1. Sylvia Boulter; Grade X (B)—1. Mariens Thomson.

Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman CHAPTER VIII Continued

"No. You might ask over at the store, though."

Jerry didn't care to see Rose, but he wanted MacDowell's answer to his query. He crossed the road.

Shadows filled the store. It was a relief that the place should seem again unattended, especially as, at the center of the counter, under a smoky swinging lamp, lay a sheet of ordinary note paper bearing his name: the expected message from Troy.

PARTY CAME INTO CASH AND MOVED TO PORTLAND, ME. IF THERE'S NEWS IN THIS, GIVE ME A CHANCE FOR A BEAT, MAC.

A voice from the post office cage made Jerry drop the paper.

"The sender didn't pay the phone charge from Americus. I'll collect from you."

Angela Slinn! It was Twombly he had seen leaving that hut above the Break O'Day Iron Mine.

And Jerry had run part of the way. And traveled three-quarters of it by the direct road.

And beaten even Twombly to Ironburg. Jerry goggled at the woman behind the counter. He had never seen a ghost before:

"Y-you!" The British mask of the woman behind the counter remained impassive. "Yes. Miss Rose is busy up at her house."

Jerry put down a dollar bill—didn't hand it. What if he did not have any too many left? He experienced a strong distaste for touching this seemingly uncanny and certainly unhuman creature.

"Keep the change!" Before she had granted thanks, he was headed for the hotel. Hasser, in shirt sleeves, sat on the porch.

"Mr. Twombly back yet?" asked Glidden. Hasser squinted at his interlocutor through the twilight.

"You asked me that a couple of minutes ago a' ready. No, he ain't, an' supper's on the table, an' they're just goin' to ring for it. Why are you worried about Twombly?"

"I'm not," Jerry asserted, though with difficulty. "I only—" "Ain't you so well?" "I'm all right."

In more ways than one the menu might have consisted of leather and pebbles with a dish of grass and a glass of water. Glidden didn't know what he was eating—had he been older and more susceptible, wouldn't have eaten at all. No Twombly at the start; at the finish, still no Twombly.

CHAPTER NINE With a second cup of alleged coffee, a possible explanation occurred to the solitary diner. Jerry asked the waitress for Rose's address.

She smiled knowingly. "Las' house on your left."

"Between here and that old mine?" "Yeh. All the strange gent's as comes here asks where she lives. But it's no goot; Miss Rose don't take up vis nobody. She ain't soft, she ain't."

Glidden heartily agreed. But he wondered if Twombly hadn't, anywhere, called there on his way back from Angier's. Jerry remembered the house, a neat one, fronted by a lawn and flower garden.

"What time did Mr. Twombly leave the hotel this afternoon?" "This after? Why, him and Miss Rose was on the porch together for a while and then . . . But they was talkin' business, Mr. Glidden. Nussing else, they wasn't."

"What makes you think that?" The waitress flushed. "Cause I know Miss Rose," she loyally protested, "and 'cause" — she less readily concluded — "I had to pass close to 'em, couple o' times, an' I heard dollars mentioned like."



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