

Outpost in China

By Val Gielgud

(Continued)

JOURNEY'S END

It seemed a century, but it could not have been more than seven minutes when she reached the end of the street. For a moment she paused to draw a breath, leaning against the wall. At that moment the earth seemed to split perhaps 15 yards away. Sheila felt herself picked up as if by a giant hand, whirled round, and thrown headlong.

Something whether mangled body or a pile of abandoned bedding, broke her fall and saved her life. She crawled to her knees, sobbing angrily. One wrist was badly cut about. Her clothes were in shreds. She only had one sandal left, and her face was smeared with mud. With a final effort—somehow she wanted to die on her feet—she staggered upright. As she did so an electric torch was flashed into her face. Followed a startled grunt and she felt firm hands on her shoulders. It was Leslie Dale.

CHAPTER XXVI

"DID YOU PANIC?"

Queerly enough, the girl's first instinctive movement was to thrust her hand across the bulb of the torch.

She could guess what she must have looked like at that hideous moment. She had no desire for Leslie Dale to see her looking like the survivor of a train-smash.

"What on earth are you doing?" she stammered out helplessly.

Leslie swung her up in his arms, and held her closely.

"Looking for you," he said curtly. "What else should I be doing?"

She lay still in his arms. The inferno of noise, and flame and panic was still in full roar all about them. But Leslie seemed—as usual—to know what he was up to. It was heaven to be able to rely on someone else for a few minutes, even if they were likely to be one's last.

Leslie began to push his way along the street back towards the Vice-Consul's house.

"Chalmers has a pretty good cellar, I gather," he said quietly.

"We may as well help him use it. By the way, Sheila, what on earth were you doing out in the streets with next to no clothes on? Did you panic—or were you just being modern?"

He could feel her shiver.

"If you want to know," she whispered, "I was trying to get to you."

"I see."

The suspicion of a smile softened the grim set of Leslie's jaw, as he moved doggedly forward with his burden.

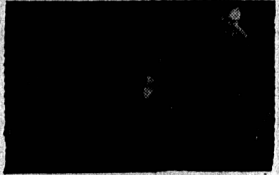
By every law of common sense and normality they should have been trampled underfoot, or blown to pieces half a dozen times in the course of that short journey.

IKE'S REPORT ON EUROPEAN DEFENSE

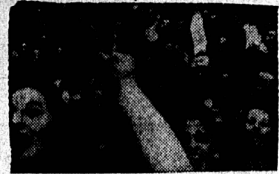
Congressional opinion is sharply divided over General Eisenhower's report of his tour of North Atlantic Defense Treaty nations in Europe and it will be the subject of hot debate for days to come. Illustrated here are the highlights of the report.



"It is essential" to send more U.S. troops to Europe, but their number should be "carefully gauged to the ratio of what Europe is doing."



We MUST help Europe because "our safety would be greatly imperiled" if its industry and the raw materials in its colonies fell to communism.



He saw some pessimism in Europe, but there is also "a rejuvenation, a growth of determination, spirit to resist, a will to do their part and take the risk."



The Atlantic Pact army will not "incite" Russia to attack—unless the Kremlin already plans aggression and just seeks an "excuse."

But fantastic good fortune was their friend—aided by the fact that, in addition to carrying Sheila Havelock, Leslie Dale had a pistol ready in his hand, and showed no sign of hesitation in using it when necessary: once on a maddened dog, which sprang at his throat; twice firing over the heads of coolies heading a frantically rushing crowd; once deliberately through the head of a Chinese soldier, who was improving the shining hour of the raid to slash off the fingers of a woman whose rings he coveted as she lay writhing on the ground.

HER LESSON LEARNED

During that half-hour of horror and fear and desperation, Sheila Havelock learned her lesson as she would never have learned it in a hundred years of peace.

She achieved a sense of proportion. She saw the futility of the individual who can be so absurdly splashed and disintegrated by a few ounces of metal, whose houses can go up in smoke and flame under the action of men as distant from and disinterested in their victims as the inhabitants of another planet.

And she realized that the conflict between herself and Leslie Dale

was not, as she had imagined, an equal battle of force. She was fighting for her vanity and her own selfishness. She had believed that he was doing the same thing. He was not. His job in Tan Fu was certainly his own choice. But it was partly his choice because it was in itself worth doing. The work you do in short, is worth more than the individual who does it. Leslie's work had to be done—if not by himself, by another.

If Sheila never went back to civilization, civilization would not be a penny the worse, though a few dressmakers would miss being a good many pennies the better! Yes, Leslie was right.

But as he lurched and staggered at last down the stone steps and into the candle-lit obscurity of the Vice-Consular cellar, she wondered whether she might not have lost her chance for ever. She lay back in the chair in which Leslie had laid her gently, and huddled the remnants of her clothing round her, thanking fate that the lightning was no better, and that Chalmers was not there.

"Stay quiet a minute, Sheila. We're all right here, unless we get a direct hit, and the whole infernal show caves in! Tell me, are you hurt? Or were you just sent sprawling?"

"I'm only cut and scratched a good bit," said the girl, and tried to smile. "I wish I could have some soap and a powder puff, or some cold cream!"

"The ruling passion strong in—air-raids, eh?" grinned Leslie. "I'll go and see what I can find for you in a minute. But I oughtn't to be able to find anything—bar the soap. Old Chalmers is a bachelor."

(To be continued)

SOUTH WINSLOE Y. P. U.

The members of South Winsloe Y. P. U. were entertained for their regular meeting at the home of Florence and Lloyd Gillespie, on Friday evening, Jan. 26th, with an attendance of 20.

A most impressive worship service was conducted by the Missions Convener, Lona Turner, who chose for her theme Dr. Kagawa. She vividly described the great Japanese Christian, as he spoke at the world convention. This was followed by prayer being offered by the leader, after which hymn "Work For The Night is Coming" closed the devotional period.

During the business period it was decided to hold a public Valentine Supper at Winsloe Rd., Hall. It was also moved and seconded that roll call be answered at next meeting with a donation of canned food to be sent to adopted family in England.

The following committees will be in charge of the next meeting to be held at the home of Helen and Earle Rodd.

Citizenship Convener—Ian Auld, Study—Rev. M. Skinner. Recreation—Kathleen Turner. Lunch—Lona Turner and Kathleen Turner.

An enjoyable social hour of games followed, after which refreshments were served. Before the group wended their way homeward, a vote of thanks was extended to Florence and Lloyd for the use of their home, and hospitality shown to the young people.

LIVERISH?

"Troubles never come singly" they say! So take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and get two treatments in one! This proven remedy helps you feel better faster—because it relieves both liver and kidney disorders and the headache and painful joints which so often result. Dr. Chase—a name to depend on.



Gleanings of a Rural District New Glasgow

Mrs. George Dickleson has been confined to her home, somewhat indisposed.

The Cavendish and New Glasgow Road hockey teams gave their spectators a good clean game on Saturday, resulting in a 2-2 score.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McDonald are on an extended visit to St. John, N. B., where they are the guests of their daughter Mrs. Robert Stevenson and Mr. Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Orr and two children spent a pleasant week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Whitlock.

Mr. Ally Graham who is employed in a lumber camp in New Brunswick, spent the week-end with his family.

The many friends of Mr. Honeywell Bulman, will be sorry to learn, that his physical condition necessitated his entering the P. E. Island Hospital, where he is receiving treatment. Mr. Bulman has been New Glasgow's courteous and faithful mail driver for a number of years.

Once again this district was saddened, when a highly respected citizen, namely, Mr. Gordon Laird passed peacefully to his Eternal Home, on the evening of January 31st, after a short illness. Deepest sympathy is extended to his bereaved widow, nee Margaret J. Brown and his two sisters, Edna Mrs. McInnis and Carrie, Mrs. McInnis, as well as a number of nephews and nieces.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dickleson opened their beautiful home on Thursday evening. The occasion being to bid farewell to New Glasgow's resident doctor, Dr. Schapira and Mrs. Schapira. Quite a number gathered, representing the surrounding districts, to voice their regrets of the honoured guests departure. Dr. Schapira has been chosen for a post graduate course in the state of New York, and he hopes to resume his practice here at the conclusion of the course. Mr. Herbert Stevenson capably presided as chairman, and after fitting remarks, called on Mrs. Harland Hill, who on behalf of the people read an address while Mrs. Charles Lassidy presented the doctor with a substantial sum of money. The chairman then called on Mrs. R. L. Dickleson who on behalf of the North Shore Golf Club read a fitting address to Mrs. Schapira. Mrs. Olaf Stevenson presented her with a beautiful compact. Although overwhelmed with surprise, the Doctor and Mrs. Schapira expressed their thanks. Remarks were made by Messrs. Larkins, Gaudin, Dingwell, Bell and others. A delicious lunch was served by the ladies, and a social evening enjoyed by all. After thanking Mr. and Mrs. Dickleson for their hospitality, and bidding farewell, with the sincere desire that Dr. Schapira and family will soon make their abode in New Glasgow again, all took their departure homeward.

MERMAID W. I.

The February meeting of Mermaid Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. W. L. MacEachern on Thursday evening, February 1, with eleven members present. The president, Mrs. Joseph Matheson presided.

Meeting opened by the members singing the Institute Ode, followed by repeating the Club Women's Creed in unison. Minutes of the last meeting were read, adopted and signed. Roll call was responded to by each member drawing an article from the grab-bag. \$1.10 was made at roll call. Members passed in 20c each to make up \$20.00 sent in to "March of Dimes". All correspondence was read and discussed. A very interesting letter was read from Mrs. MacLeod on her trip to Copenhagen. A "thank you card" was read from Mrs. Jim MacEachern for fruit sent her while sick and all are pleased to know that Mrs. MacEachern is improving in health.

The secretary reported \$47.90 proceeds from card party. A bill of \$22.00 for prizes was ordered paid. It was moved and seconded to pay \$135.00 on new seats for school.

Some discussion took place on the purchasing of new blinds, color, quality, etc. The official opening of new school was further discussed and final arrangements made. The concert convener reported that the program is coming very well. It was moved and seconded to make candy to sell the night of concert.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lacey for the use of their home for the card party.

Sick committee reported no one sick in the district this month. Lunch committee for next meeting, Mrs. Fred McKenna and Mrs. Joseph Matheson. Patricia MacDonald was asked to prepare program.

Mrs. Joseph Lacey invited the members to meet at her home for the March meeting. Program for the evening consisted of a contest, given on by Mrs. Russell Matheson. Lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by the committee in charge.

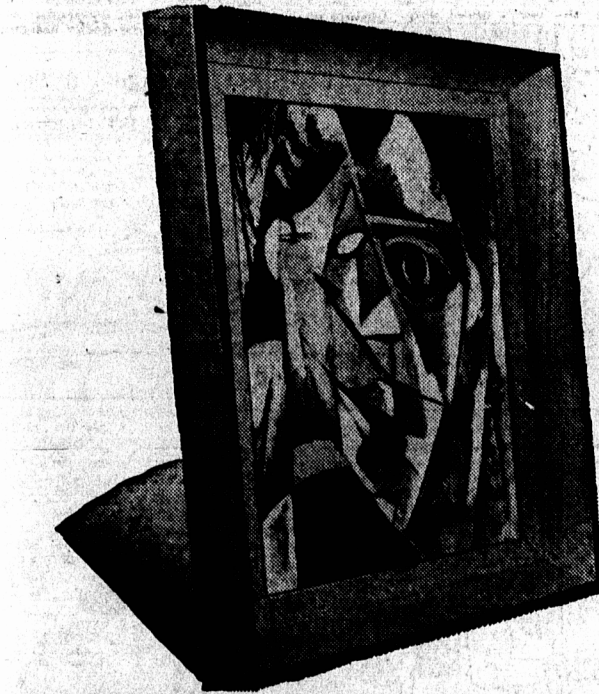
The remainder of the evening was spent in singing. Meeting closed by singing Auld Lang Syne.

The British Commonwealth covers one quarter of the world's land surface, or 13,022,758 square miles.

A large advertisement for Sportsman Cigarettes. It features a grid of comic-style illustrations showing various scenes: a house on fire, a person smoking, a person with a lit match, a person with a lit cigarette, and a person with a lit pipe. The text includes 'Published in the interest of fire prevention by THE SPORTSMAN'S OWN CIGARETTE - EXTRA MILD' and 'Sportsman CIGARETTES'.

An advertisement for Andy O'Brien, Sports Editor of The Standard. It features a large illustration of a hockey player in action, swinging a stick. The text reads: 'Andy O'Brien, Sports Editor of The Standard, thinks so—and lines up a lot of impressive facts to prove his case. See if you agree with him! Read "Rocket Has Made 'Em Like It" — a special Andy O'Brien Hockey Feature — this week in The Standard Magazine.'

A large advertisement for Castles For Sale in England. It features a circular graphic with the text 'Castles FOR SALE in England' and 'is RICHARD HOCKEY'S GREATEST?'. Below this, it says 'CANNED FOOD RECIPES by KATE AITKEN' and 'Career girl or housewife — you'll want to try these quick tasty meals, including canapes, soup, meat, salad and dessert — all made mostly from canned foods!'. At the bottom, it says '20 PAGES OF THE BEST COMICS INCLUDING THE NEW MART TRAIL ON SALE NOW' and 'The Standard'.



Is this a portrait of you?

If a modern artist were to paint a picture of you, it might look something like this. But it would represent only the "you" the artist saw. Actually there are many other "you's" which your family, friends, fellow-workers and others see. And they include a special "you" seen by your life insurance man. To him, you are a man with a very human side. You are concerned about your family's welfare in case you die suddenly. You have a special dream about what you'd like to do when you start taking it easy in your later years. And you may have other plans and ideas that depend on future income. Seeing you in this light prompts your life underwriter to help you turn all such desires into sound, practical plans. He is trained to analyze all the facts related to your financial future.

And, from the many types of life insurance policies available, he helps you choose those that will suit your purposes and your purse. That's why your life underwriter is such a good man to know. A man whose understanding attitude and competent advice will stand you in good stead for many years to come. Rely on him! A helpful citizen in your community When your life insurance man sells you a policy, he also helps to improve your community. For a large part of each life insurance dollar is put to work through investments to build homes, schools, bridges, highways, industrial plants and many other projects that create jobs and make for better living. You share in these improvements, made possible through the efforts of your helpful fellow citizen — the modern life underwriter!

The LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES in Canada WORKING FOR NATIONAL PROGRESS... BUILDING PERSONAL SECURITY L-11509