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**Exit Tony Blount**  
 by Sydney Parkman  
 CHAPTER XV

It was shortly before eight o'clock when Thurlow left the Residency and made his way past the storehouse, towards the trader's bungalow. The night was clear and warm, and though the moon had not yet risen, the starlight was sufficient to show him all the details of the buildings and the cliff-face, towering up above the houseboys' face ahead.

A light was showing in Strang's livingroom windows, but as he passed the end of the storehouse, the trader's voice hailed him from the verandah. Looking up, he saw that Strang was lying back in a chair, with the glowing point of a cigarette partly illuminating his face as he drew at it.

"Come right up, Mr. Resident!" he called, with a jocular assumption of formality. And then, as Thurlow mounted the verandah steps: "It's a bit sticky inside, and I've come out to cool off. What about a pipe?"

Thurlow declined the offer, but dropped into the second chair, which had been placed ready for him, and for some minutes they sat in silence, looking out over the dim mystery of the night-shrouded sea below them.

The sound of voices came from the house-boys' fale, where a fire was glowing under the open roof, and the general circumstances reminded Thurlow of the first night of his arrival on the island, when they had all gathered on the verandah after dinner. He recalled snatches of the dinner.

He recalled snatches of the conversation, and recollected how he had been struck even then by the manner in which Strang had laughed at the idea of having labour troubles on the island. Knowing what he knew now, he could understand his assurance, but at the time, he had merely assumed that the late Resident had been an unusually good administrator.

That had been almost exactly a month ago, and as though to emphasize the fact the eastern horizon was already lightening to a ghostly silver-grey as the full moon swam up out of the darkness beyond the world's rim.

As he watched the light became more clear and the horizon more sharp-cut, and then the gleaming silver orb itself came into sight and swung majestically up above the dark expanse of sea. It mounted like a huge burnished shield into the gem-studded night sky, throwing the steep roofs of the copra sheds into black silhouette and flooding the dusky space before them with white light.

Strang laughed a suddenly a short, mirthless bark of sound that jarred upon the stillness of the night.

Thurlow turned half towards him, and as he caught his eye the other laughed again.

"Sorry if I broke in on your train of thought," he said. "But I was just thinking of all the people who would regard this setting as the very stuff of romance. We have got all the properties here, haven't we? South Sea Island—a genuine story-book lagoon—enough coconut palms to fit out the whole of Hollywood, and a great moon like a bandbox for lighting. All we want now is a mob of hula girls hung round with leis prancing in front of us, and a couple of ukeleles tinkling in the background! That's island life as it's traditionally led—all musical-comedy joy and laughter! Instead of which—we've got this! And he waved his hand towards the empty space before them.

Thurlow smiled a trifle bleakly. He could have retorted that any gaiety which might have existed on Arafu had been pretty thoroughly stamped out by Strang's own efforts, but he judged it wiser to say nothing.

"No, the fact is that it's a dull life when you get down to it," the trader went on. "I've had fifteen years of it now, and when the time comes for me to chuck it—which is when I've made enough to live on in comfort in some civilized community—I shall leave without any regrets. What fun I've had here came at the beginning, when I had to fight for what I got. It's been just dull ever since. It was that that got poor old Porson down—only he was worse off really. He'd never acquired the reading habit, and the result was that he'd got absolutely nothing to occupy his mind.

"Except his work, I suppose?" Thurlow suggested disingenuously. He knew now that even that had been left to the trader, but he felt it was not up to him to display the knowledge yet.

To be continued

**P. W. C. Students, Division IV**



Front Row: Barbara Johnston, Donna Bowness, June Dennis, Gloria Jenkins, Doreen Bryant; 2nd row: Bertha Birch, Theresa Griffin, Margaret MacDonald, Wanda Henderson, Bernadette Fisher, Alice Jenkins, Betty Ann Millar, Mary Mathews, June Bevan, Betty Roberts, Margaret Johnston, Joan Harris, Rolla Murchison, Isabel Taylor, Greta Hansen; 3rd row: Donald MacKenzie, Jack MacDonald, Dunning Bulman, Frederick Seller, Ian MacLean, Lorne Vessey, Kenny Corney, Kenneth MacNeill, Gordon Tweedy, Malcolm MacFadyen, Ronald Cameron, Byron Banks.

**Dorothy Dix's Column**  
 Continued from page 2

Think this more masculine form of address, even with a child, is preferable to having the father smother him in sugary phrases. You know that this dad really means what he says.

DEAR MISS DIX: I belong to a club of men and women who meet once a month for cards. We have played together for about ten years, taking turns at each other's homes. Then, one night I passed a remark that I couldn't see the sense of spending eight or ten dollars a night for this sort of entertainment, which included, of course, the food served. When the following meeting was due, another couple was asked in our place and we have never been invited to play again. Now, I have been asked to a luncheon at the home of one of the women, but don't know whether to accept or not. What should I do?  
 MARCIA B

ANSWER: You certainly made a most ungracious remark. The women naturally felt that you wanted to stop these parties. I would interpret the recent invitation as an effort to bring you back into the group, and you would be foolish, and doubly ungracious, to refuse it. After ten years of close friendship, you should have been more considerate of others' feelings.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

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Blended from choice orange pekoe and pekoe teas, you get rich, delightful flavour in every cup. Nestea is convenient, surprisingly economical. Next time you shop, ask your grocer for Nestea.

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CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT The 11th day of May A.D. 1953. In Re Estate of GEORGE BELL, late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, Retired, deceased, testate.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

GREETING: WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Herbert MacPherson of Charlottetown aforesaid, Clerk, Executor of the above named Estate, praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before the Judge present at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province, on Tuesday the 23rd day of June next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Reginald R. Bell, Esquire, Proctor for said Petitioner.

AND IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown— aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Royal Bank of Canada Building in Charlottetown aforesaid and at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia Building in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

WITNESS His Honour Harold Leonard Palmer, Judge of the said Probate Court at Charlottetown in Queen's County, the day and year first above written.

By the Court.  
 (Sgd)  
 FRANCES B. VINNICOMBE  
 (SEAL)

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