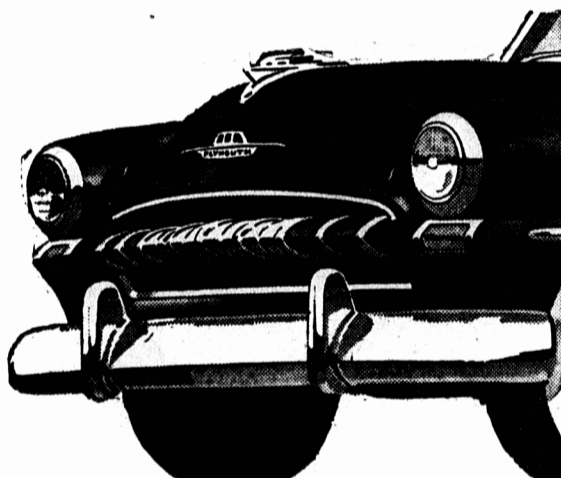


**Tonight**  
**MRS. ELLEN FAIRCLOUGH, M. P.**  
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**MISS LORRAINE JOHNSTON**  
 Vancouver Lawyer, P. C. Candidate in Vancouver South  
**MISS ELIZABETH JANZEN**  
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**Exit Tony Blount**  
 by Sydney Parkman  
 CHAPTER IV

The whole incident had developed so suddenly that Blount hardly had time to realize the risk he had taken.  
 At one moment he had been practically resigned to the march back to camp, and all hopes of escape that day had been completely banished from his mind. And the next, he had assaulted a guard within full view of his fellows, and was racing through the tangled undergrowth for his very life.  
 Luckily for him the very unexpectedness of his sudden action robbed the other guards of a second or two, and by the time they realised what was happening he was already among the trees.  
 Two shots rang out almost simultaneously, and a bullet zipped past him within inches, but a moment later his flying figure was lost to view from the clearing, and the immediate danger of being brought down at the very beginning of his dash for freedom was past.  
 And as though fate was favouring his audacity, the elements themselves chose that moment to come to his aid and prevent any possibility of an immediate pursuit.  
 As he burst his way recklessly through the trailing lianas and rank fern growth in the deep gloom under the trees, the sullen twilight was suddenly rent with a glare of vivid violet fire and a split second later a stupendous bellow of thunder shook the quaking air.  
 It was deafening — bewildering. It sounded like nothing so much as a whole vast city crashing down in awful ruin. Backwards and forwards it rolled across the darkling heavens with a terrifying persistence — a demonic avalanche of sound — and the glare of the lightning leapt and flickered through it like some devil's torch.  
 It seemed to go on and on for minutes — and rolling and crashing in a stupefying orgy of clamour — and it was still at its height when the rain arrived.  
 It came with a deep roar that instantly subdued and diminished the bellowing artillery of the thunder, and it came down as if the very sluice-gates of heaven had been shattered and their contents let loose. So dense was its volume that the glare of the lightning showed as no more than a pale glow in the darkness under the trees, and the interlaced branches overhead were as powerless to withstand it as though their matted foliage had been tissue paper.  
 Drenched to the skin in a moment, breathless and bewildered by the drumming roar of it, Blount continued to plunge blindly on. His mind was obsessed by only one thought — to put as great a distance as possible between himself and his pursuers. Blundering madly forward through the darkness, fighting his way blindly through the tangled undergrowth and bruising himself against the unseen trunks of trees, he fought his way onward like some demented creature. The water beat down on his unprotected head and shoulders with the force of a cataract, and under its sheer weight he ran on with bowed head and out stretched, groping hands, as though he was playing in some mad game of blind man's buff.  
 No human creature could have kept up such a pace for long under those conditions, but he drove himself forward relentlessly till his last ounce of strength gave out and he stumbled forward on to his knees and remained with hunched shoulders under the deluge — gasping painfully for breath and utterly spent.  
 Altogether he had probably covered no more than three hundred yards from the clearing, but as he knelt there with his knees sinking into the sodden ground and the rain sluicing down his back as freely as though he had been naked, he realised that he was safe for the time. Even if the pursuit had been organised at once, they could not have followed his trail in the darkness — and certainly they could not have made his speed. It took desperation and the stark fear of death or recapture to compass such a feat.  
 With the realisation he recovered a certain measure of his calmness, and as the mad thrashing of his heart eased down and his sobbing breathing became easier, it occurred to him that the

**BULLETINS FROM BIRDLAND**  
 WINIFRED E. WILSON

**NO CHOIR YET**  
 Many Marsh Hawks, Duck Hawks, Killdeers, Robins, and Crows are, once more practically on their home grounds. Canada Geese, various kinds of Ducks, Bluebirds, Phoebe, Tree Swallows, Fox, Song, and Savannah Sparrows are nearing the end of their journeys. But there is no choir here yet. Two reasons for this stand out beyond all others: with few exceptions, the birds that return extremely early do not happen to be the good songsters; and it is not usual for males to sing their best until they have landed in the neighborhood where they mean to stay, and advertising for a wife. However, we should now be on the alert for the soloists. After the long, silent winter we are all agog for the first Robin song of the season. City dwellers have as good an opportunity of hearing this as their otherwise more fortunate, rustic, bird watching acquaintances. Not too far from the busy streets a happy Song Sparrow lifts his little head and gives us a piece of music composed all by himself. The gentle Bluebird is being ousted from his old nesting holes by the more pushing Starling, and so those of us who hear that soft, sweet voice are lucky indeed.  
 The short song of the Fox Sparrow, louder and more appealing than that of any other Sparrow, is distinctive. We might hear him as he passes through to his nesting grounds north of our cities and towns. Look for him in the dead leaves that lie under the bushes in early spring. There he kicks vigorously with both feet until he has dug up small animal life from the leaf mould.  
 The voice of the tiny Winter Wren is extraordinary, and a treat to hear in early April. Unless you see the little fellow (absolutely Wren-like in appearance) in the act of singing, you really cannot believe that the remarkable song can possibly come from that kind of a bird, and one so small. It is loud and ringing. The melody "ripples along", as someone has expressed it, and then stops, most abruptly. His favourite perch is a log, or the root of some fallen tree.  
 The arrival of migrants lasts from mid-March until June. But Birdland's best choir is heard when the majority first reach their Canadian homes and are settling down to business — from shortly before the end of May to the middle of June. At that time of year the bird chorus at dawn and at sunset is absolutely beyond description.  
 Can birds fly at night?  
 chances were that they had not even attempted to set out after him yet. Obviously, the sergeant's first thought would be for the safekeeping of the remaining prisoners, who might be impelled to follow his example, and until they were secured, he would not have been at liberty to dispense with any of the guards. Then the breaking of the storm would not have made things any easier for them — caught in the open as they were — and altogether it seemed likely that they would have had their hands too full to think about pursuit yet.  
 Still, he had no intention of leaving any thing to chance now that he had succeeded in the first part of his enterprise, and as soon as he had recovered himself sufficiently to stagger to his feet again, he began to move forward once more through the torrential downpour — trusting to luck that he was still heading in the right direction.  
 Actually the first fury of the storm was passing now, and the deluge had abated sufficiently to allow the rolling crackle of the thunder to be heard above its roar. It was still terrifically heavy, but not to be compared with its initial onslaught, and he found the going considerably easier. The almost continual flicker of the lightning penetrated through the dense foliage overhead, and by its vivid glare he found himself able to pick his way through the drenched undergrowth and avoid collision with the wetly gleaming tree.  
 To be continued

Having just completed redecorating our Store we hope you will like our Color Scheme. Every department has been changed. We cordially invite your early inspection. Our new Spring merchandise is arriving daily. You will find here a complete display of Easter Spring Fashions nicely displayed and at Attractive Prices.

**EASTER SHOWING**  
 of  
 Ladies' Suits, Coats and Dresses and  
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 Our Men's and Boys' Wear departments are being featured in our big Easter Display.

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 Fine all wool Worsteds, Gabardines, Rayon, Wool single and double breasted models; plain colors and fine stripes—blue, brown, grey and taupe. Sizes 35 to 50. Prices  
**35.95 to 60.00**

**EASY PAYMENT PLAN**  
 Buy on the Easy Payment Plan or Lay-Away Plan. Pay while you wear. No excuse for not being dressed well this Easter. SEE US.



**Men's Spring Topcoats**  
 In fine all wool Velours, Gabardines and Tweeds, grey, brown, navy blue. Slip-on models; also belted models. Priced from  
**23.50 to 45.00**  
 Students' Suits; also Boys' and Juveniles in a wide range of colors and cloths.  
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