

Whim Road and Vicinity

Mrs. Colin MacDonald, Kilmuir, spent the weekend visiting in Charlottetown.

His many friends are sorry to learn that Mr. Arthur MacDonald has been indisposed at his home at Whim Road for several days. All hope to see him well in a short time.

Master Glen Moore, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Moore, Whim Road recently suffered a painful injury when the top of his fingers was severed in the cogs of a ringier.

His many friends and neighbours are sorry to hear that Mr. William Fraser, Aldbon, recently received a severe cut on his hand while chopping wood. Several stitches were required to close the wound.

Miss Bonnie Cameron, Caledonia, grade XI student at Montague Memorial High School spent the

recent weekend at Whim Road, the guest of her cousin, Miss Mary K. Munroe, who also attends Grade XI.

Miss Dot Stewart, Grade XI student at Montague High School, spent the weekend at her home in Kilgour.

The Whim Road was scraped yesterday which has greatly improved travelling conditions for all.

Mr. Frank Graham, Charlottetown, is spending several days visiting his home at Commercial Cross.

Mr. Barry Nicholson, Charlottetown, was a weekend guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Webb Nicholson at Whim Road.

SPRING TOKEN

FORT WILLIAM, (OP)—The Lakehead has had more than one unusual note in February. Patsy Gammond, 7, arrived home with an armful of pussy-willows, and other people reported sighting a robin and a crow.

Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman

CHAPTER TEN

It evoked none.

He began to speculate upon what might, after all, have happened there.

How Angie had reappeared so suddenly at the store was beyond his speculation. He must ask Rose about it. He scolded himself for not having already asked her.

But if Twombly had pretended to Angie his own return to Ironburg ahead of her. If he had concealed himself somewhere here among these trees, gone back to that shanty when the coast was clear, waited for darkness and her final return? If he had then attacked her when she least expected attack?

In memory Glidden saw the brown arm that was like a serpent poised to strike. He saw the hovering hand, the crooked fingers. Whatever was the cause of that strange enmity which separated these two people otherwise held together by some strange bond, there was no doubting the malignity of one of them.

Well, that would have to wait. The night was still young. Jerry got up and determinedly forced his aching legs into the direction of the cliffs.

Safely he reached them. Safely he progressed along and around them and safely descended to the scene of his morning's swim.

He slipped out of his clothes, then put his coat back on; he would need its pockets. There was the post of that old derrick. He launched it with a good splash, sat astride it and padded it through the chilly water toward a wall that he recalled as having shown the least ancient signs of any digging.

Each stroke of his arms, set echoes flying from cliff to cliff, but noise could no longer be avoided, and he should be far enough at last from any human ears save his own. Many degrees more frigid than it had been this morning, the water was not any longer turquoise. It was pitch black except where, here and there, a floating disk of silver turned out to be some stellar reflection.

He was in an ebon shaft and could see nothing around him; could see nothing above except spatters of stars.

He understood finally how small were his chances. He wondered why in the world he hadn't had the patience to postpone his crazy quest until dawn. He must surely lose his watery way.

If unprecedented good fortune got him where he wanted to go, he couldn't see anything when he arrived there.

He arrived somewhere, anyhow. His queer craft's prow bumped against earth or rock. The shock nearly sent him overboard, but he regained balance and edged forward.

He groped. He touched clay and stones. The log's forward end was overweighted. It began to slip. Jerry had to work back, more amidships, and paddle his vessel broadside to the unseen shore. Again he clawed at the dark wall.

A thousand to one, he was getting nothing but useless dirt between his groping fingers, but he scraped and scooped a few handfuls if only from an implish hatred of that giant cliff. He filled his pockets.

He was about to reverse the log and return to the farther shore. He was at a moment's pause. His quiet was broken. Something had moved. Where? It must have been far overhead, in the blackness at the cliff-top. It came again. With it came a soft pattering as of rain on the water. Rain — or falling earth. Another landslide?

A rush of descending wind cut short all calculation. Like the sweep of a monstrous eagle dropping on its prey, what seemed a derrick tree trunk crashed downwards.

The derrick shaft had gone. Jerry struggled against water, under water — deep water.

His first thoroughly apprehended emotion was dread lest he should be caught again by that hideous current which coursed into the lake's subterranean outlet. To escape this, he swam his what mere mad conjecture declared a safe direction. He came up for breath, but sank when he found his head in a disk of starshine. Swimming vainly, however, he did eventually and quietly make land at the dark spot from which he had embarked, and there he jumped into his clothes.

"The dirt didn't slip out, anyhow," he muttered as he patted the pockets of his wet coat.

He stood rigid and listening. He had resolved to ascend the cliffs by the way he had come, but even more cautiously and then, surprising or overtaking his enemy, to fight the thing out, but the quiet of the night brought wisdom. If his life had been attempted, it was far better to let the would-be murderer proceed in false security, under the belief that he had been successful, until one conclusive piece of evidence as to motive — as yet lacking — should be secured.

To be continued

Lorne Valley and Vicinity

*Mr. Jamie Crane has returned home after spending some time in New Brunswick.

Miss Helen MacAulay left recently on return to Massachusetts, after spending several weeks visiting her mother, Mrs. Mae MacAulay.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm MacLeod were guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacDougall, Montague, on Thursday February 5th.

Mrs. James MacLeod has returned home after spending some time visiting at the home of her son, Dr. Angus MacLeod, M. D., Bonshaw.

Mrs. Joseph Kelly, Bangor, spent February 4th and 5th visiting with her mother, Mrs. Mae MacAulay.

A. S. George Wilson left recently for Halifax, N. S. after spending his leave with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Elmer MacInnis, Charlottetown, spent a recent week-end in Lorne Valley. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George MacInnis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Crane spent a few days in Charlottetown, the first week of February, visiting at

the home of their daughter, Mrs. R. S. MacDonald and Mr. MacDonald.

It was learned with regret that Miss Marion MacAulay is confined to her home through illness, and her many friends hope to see her out around again in the near future.

Mrs. Reuben McCannell was a visitor to Montague on Friday, February 6th. She was the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George McCannell.

His many friends and school chums are pleased to see Master George Callaghan out around again, after being a shut-in for several weeks, due to a sore knee.

Miss Muriel Myers spent the week-end of February 7th at her home in Martinvale.

Mrs. Charles MacLeod recently spent few days in Charlottetown visiting with relatives and friends.

A number of young people from Lorne Valley attended the Presbyterian Y. P. S. meeting held in the vestry February 6th. After the devotional period, games were enjoyed and a social time spent.

Miss Margaret McKenna, teacher at Lorne Valley School, spent the week-end of February 7th at her home in Baldwin's Road.

Murray River and Vicinity

*Miss Marguerite Saunders has returned to her home in Murray River, from Toronto, Ontario, where she has been employed for the past several months.

The many friends of Mrs. D. M. MacKinnon are sorry to hear of her illness at her home in Murray River.

Miss Eralia Moore, Charlottetown, is spending some time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moore, High Bank.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin MacKay, Charlottetown, are spending a week's holidays at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin MacLeod, Murray River and Mr. and Mrs. William MacKay, Wood Islands.

Mr. Arnett MacLean, who has been employed in Toronto, Ontario, for the past several months, has returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard MacLean, Murray River.

O. S. Curtis Munn, Halifax, spent the February 21st weekend at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Munn, Murray River.

Mr. Lea Lowe, Gladstone, spent the week-end of February 21st visiting with friends in St. Peter's, P. E. I.

Miss Peggy Munn has returned

FUEL SERVICE

NOW IS THE TIME TO FILL THE COAL BIN OR OIL TANK.

CALL 240

For Prompt Delivery.

A. PICKARD & CO.

COAL and OIL

to her home in Murray River, after spending part of her holidays visiting with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Munn, Saint John, New Brunswick.

O/S Judson Nicolle, Halifax, spent the February 21st week-end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Nicolle, Murray River.

Mr. Lea Lowe, Gladstone, spent the week-end of February 21st visiting with friends in St. Peter's, P. E. I.

The many friends of Mr. Peter MacLean, Little Sands, are sorry to hear of his illness at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Herring Murray Harbour. His many friends are hoping for a speedy recovery.

—C.D.

The famous black soil belt of the Ukraine is the chief wheat-producing area in the Soviet Union.

The Union of South Africa has nine universities with combined average enrolment exceeding 20,000 students.

Help yourself to

BIGGER

(Each flake provides bran, nature's laxative food)

CRISPER

(Toasted in Kellogg's radiant ovens)

TASTIER

(Secret flavorina developed by W. K. Kellogg)

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES



JUST ARRIVED AT

KAYS DRY GOODS

SHIPMENT OF RUBBER BOOTS

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

- Child's City Boots \$2.10
- Misses' City Boots \$2.60
- Women's City Boots \$2.98
- Youths' Red Sole Boots \$2.75
- Boys' Red Sole Boots \$2.98
- Men's Red Sole Boots \$3.98

Specials on Men's Split Grain Leather Work Boots, Panco soles and heels. Sizes 6 to 11. \$3.49

Men's Army Type Work Boots— all leather \$6.75

We also have all kinds of children's boots and shoes at bargain prices.

THIS SALE ENDS MARCH 10

KAYS DRY GOOD STORE

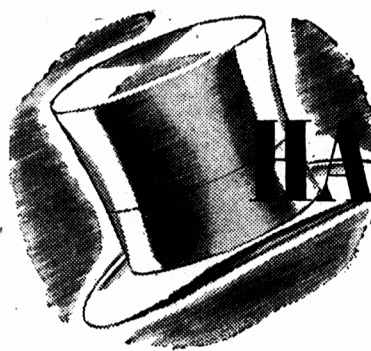
109 Richmond St. Phone 2466

TIRED FEET

Soothe them with

MINARD'S LINIMENT

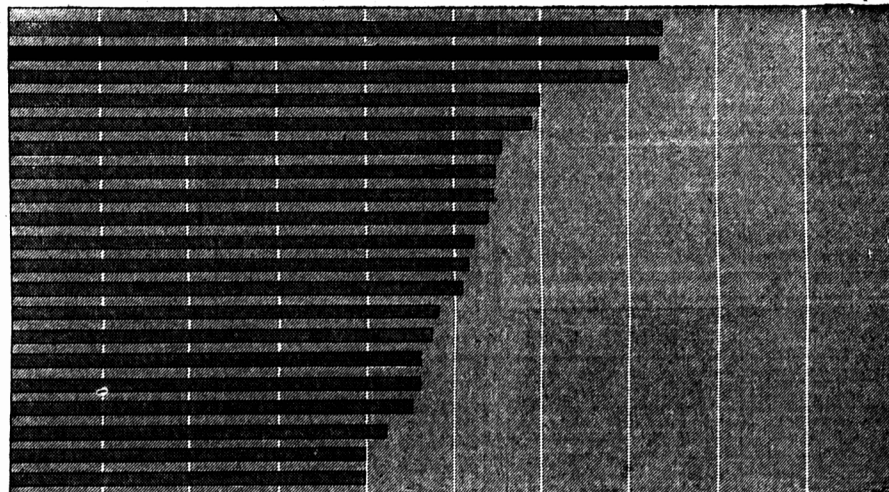
Rub on freely, and soon get relief. Grasshopper. Fast-drying. No stinging odor. 18-24



HATS OFF TO CADILLAC!

Exhaustive tests made with 20 leading cars during the past year by Motor Trend Magazine, the great authoritative magazine of motoring, are reviewed in the February issue just out on the newsstands. *Performance, Handling, Safety, Economy & Maintenance* were the principal classifications of comparison.

- CADILLAC
- WILLYS
- CAR C
- CAR D
- CAR E
- CAR F
- CAR G
- CAR H
- CAR I
- CAR J
- CAR K
- CAR L
- CAR M
- CAR N
- CAR O
- CAR P
- CAR Q
- CAR R
- CAR S
- CAR T



"FINAL STANDING" chart is shown here exactly as in Motor Trend Magazine. This publication stated all the above mentioned test factors were considered in its conclusions. You should read the entire Motor Trend Article.

Aero-Willys is proud to stand next to the "Standard of the World"

The FINAL STANDING Chart (above) tells a story of great importance to you and to everyone who owns a motor car.

It tells of the amazing record of the finest Willys car in 50 years, which combines both aerodynamic and automotive engineering.

This test, and many others, pile up new proof that the Aero Willys, built with the ruggedness of

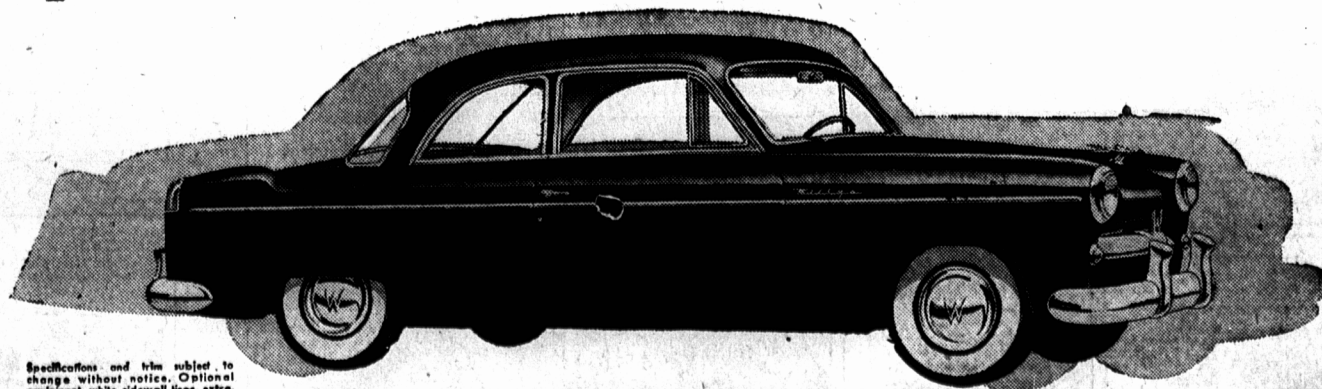
the world famous 'Jeep' and designed with the superb styling and comfort of an airliner, has set new value standards in performance and economy.

Willys dealers give you the most startling comparison of all in the new low Aero Willys price.

No matter what car you are considering, you owe it to yourself to drive the Aero Willys before making up your mind. Willys-Overland of Canada Limited.

SEE YOUR NEAREST WILLYS-OVERLAND DEALER TODAY

Aero-Willys



See illustration and this subject to change without notice. Optional equipment, white sidewall tires, extra.

MacKAY MOTORS

St. Peters Road,

Charlottetown

Phone 1048