

### Exit Tony Blount

by Sydney Parkman  
CHAPTER XIII  
Continued

Down the slope to the left, the huddle of palm-thatched native houses presented a fantastic pattern of silver light and black shadow. There was a coming and going of black figures between the back of the bungalow and the house-boys fane under the shadow of the cliff, but from the village itself all was quiet in spite of the comparative earliness of the hour. The rooking fires had been raked out in the wide space between the houses; the huts themselves were in darkness; and for all the sound that could be heard, it would seem that their inhabitants had all retired for the night.

The captain remarked upon this with some surprise.

"You've certainly got the quietest bunch of boys I've ever struck!" he observed. "In most villages there'd just be gettin' lively by now, an' half-a-dozen drums would be under way."

"Yes, that used to be the case here," Strang told him. "But we stopped that kind of nonsense some years back. They used to keep up the dancing all night and be fit for nothing in the morning. So Porson issued an order that all drums were to be destroyed and no more made — and as they can't dance without drums, they go to bed early instead!"

The captain whistled softly. "And don't they kick?" he asked. "From what I know of Kanakas, half their lives seem to be tied up in dancing in one way or another. They've got dances for everything that happens — from bein' born to gettin' buried."

"There was a little trouble at first," the trader admitted with a glance towards Thurlow. "It was nothing very serious though, and it soon blew over. We stuck to our guns and once they got used to the idea, they settled down all right. Actually, it made quite a big difference to their working powers."

"There is much to be said for a benevolent autocracy as a form of government," the doctor observed contentedly. "And all these people are your employees?"

"In a sense, yes," Strang answered. That is to say they all want trade goods of one kind or another and as there's no cash here and they've got nothing of value to exchange for them, they pay in labour. It's a primitive system, but it's the one that prevails in some form right through the Pacific."

"Yes, but it don't work quite so well in most places," the captain put in thoughtfully. "If you want labour in the Solomons, frinstance, you've got to get hold o' the village headman an' do a deal with him first. Then, when you've squared him, he sends along the hands you want an' you fix things up with them. An' then, maybe, they walk out on you before they have served half their time, an' you've got to start in an' fix things all over again. I've never struck a place before where things was run as smooth as they seem to be here."

Strang shrugged. "It's just a question of administration," he said. "Porson had certain definite theories about it, and I must say they've worked pretty well. But let's drop the subject now! Thurlow's going to get a tummy-ful of it in the next few days, and we can surely find something better to do than talk 'shop' on an occasion like this!" He rose to his feet and looked through the open window into the lamp-lit room. "What about coming inside and really getting down to it?"

They had followed him into the living-room again, and from then onwards the proceedings had taken on a distinctly more lively tone. Strang had produced more bottles, and urged them to make a night of it, and the captain, for one, had accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm.

Thurlow and the doctor had been slower to respond, but the latter was not proof against the trader's hospitable entreaties and in the course of the next hour he had become decidedly hilarious under the influence of successive stiff pees of whisky. Thurlow had pleaded his late illness as an excuse for moderation, but the doctor, in his new mood, somewhat disconcertingly advised him to throw restraint to the winds and enjoy himself as much as he liked.

"It will do no harm," he asserted, his normally meticulous English sounding slightly Gaelic for the first time. "You are too restrained — too inhibited. Abandon yourself, my friend! Talk, laugh, sing — do what you will! It may be that when you lack consciousness of yourself, the springs of memory will bubble up and we will hear more of your past!"

To be continued

### That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

these findings, industry has been slow in making use of them.

"Of course, we can understand how an employer, as he reads and sees about him the heart strokes and deaths from heart disease, naturally thinks of the confusion that might arise from deaths in his establishment.

"The skills of workers with heart diseases are an asset to industry only if they are used. When they are not used, the worker becomes a liability to the community.

"The miracles of medical science have conquered many of the dread diseases which once scourged mankind and because diseases of the heart and blood vessels are now the chief cause of death, the uniformed consider a diagnosis of heart disease as a death sentence." As a matter of fact, the truth about heart disease dispels fear, for on

every side we see many individuals with heart disease leading normal, active lives.

"When a patient with heart disease is lucky enough to find out about his condition early and when he is wise enough to cooperate with his physician, he has every chance of a useful, satisfying, and long life."

Some jobs require little effort and other jobs considerable effort. Matching the worker to the job is the key to successful employing of heart disease workers.

### Dorothy Dix's Column

Continued from page 2

disinterest. To overcome both the real and the fancied failings, you must learn to become more friendly. As a help, I can suggest some good and inexpensive booklets giving tips on getting along with people. A self-addressed, stamped envelope will bring you the list.

DEAR MISS DIX: We are two confused girls. How can we be sure we're in love? We go with two very nice young men, and when we're with them we think they're the only ones, but when we're apart, we wonder.

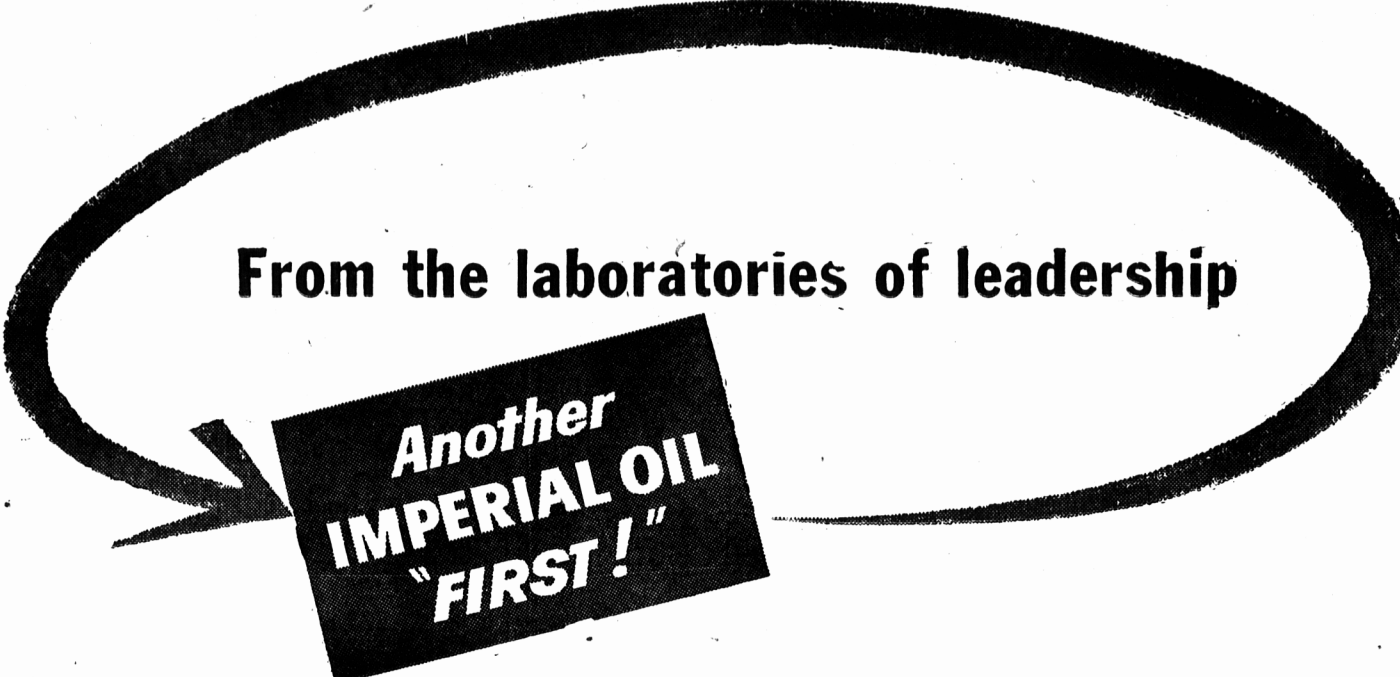
ANSWER: If there's a doubt, it's not love! Settle for friendship

with these boys and wait for the big emotion to come along.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been going with a boy for four years. When we are out, he doesn't want me to look or speak to another boy. He is very jealous of me, but when we're together he always has something to say about other girls. He will also speak to those he meets. He has never said anything about us being engaged or married. Please tell me what to do.

ANSWER: Give up this one-sided friendship, pronto! Without committing himself to anything, the boy has you practically wearing a bell and chain.

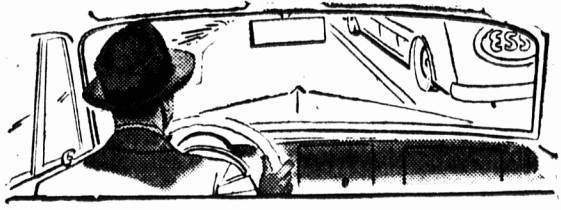
Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.



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