

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL
 • Report of St. Margaret's School for the month of March.
 Grade IX — 1. Vanita Deagle; 2. Frances Feehan.
 Grade VIII — 1. Mary MacDonald.
 Grade VII — 1. Arnold MacDonald; 2. Dorothy MacDonald; 3. Mary Montgomery.
 Grade VI — 1. Elizabeth MacCormac.
 Grade V — 1. Eileen MacCormac,

2. Marion MacCormac.
 Grade IV — 1. Bernard MacCormac, 2. Francis Montgomery, 3. Emmett MacCormac.
 1. Mary Deagle, 2. Arnold MacCormac, 3. Charlie Feehan.
 Grade II — 1. Elaine MacCormac, 2. Gerald MacCormac, 3. Gary MacDonald.
 Grade I — 1. Mary Gillis, 2. Bernadette Feehan, 3. Wayne Montgomery.
 Teacher — Joan Howlett.

Exit Tony Blount

By Sydney Parkman
 CHAPTER IX
 Continued

He paused, and knocking out the ashes from his pipe over the side, began to fill it again with the fearsome tobacco which he affected.

"We hadn't hardly got the hook down in the lagoon," he resumed, "when old Porson comes off in a whale boat to see who we was. He'd got another white man with him, a big, black-haired fellow called Strang, who was running the tradin' post there — an' they was nat'rally interested to know what brought us there, for they only get a tradin' schooner call there twice a year in the ordinary way. Well, as soon as Porson sets eyes on this sky-pilot, he gets straight up in the air. He's fought missionaries off for years, he holdsers, an' he ain't goin' to start havin' 'em now, so we can take our specimen out of it. They put wrong ideas in the Kanakas' heads an' make 'em saucy, an' he don't hold with 'em nohow."

"O' course, our Yank talks back at him an' tells him he ain't got no more Christian feelin' than a hog, an' at that the old boy goes blue in the face an' tears a line of backchat that no missionary couldn't answer, with this feller Strang standin' by an' grinnin' kind of sarcastic. Well, that put the kyboosh on things. He was the Resident, an' it was his say-so, so we just had to pull out again with Holy Joe swearin' he was goin' to report everything to the American Government in Pago-Pago. He wanted us to go straight back there, but I didn't see it that way, an' we finished up by takin' him along with us to Brisbane. He wouldn't pay the extra passage money because he didn't want to go there, an' what with one thing an' another, we was glad to see the last of him. I dunno what sort of row he kicked up when he got ashore, but it didn't do old Porson no harm from the look of it, for he stayed on at Arafu till he died there last year."

"He was within his rights, I suppose?" the doctor asked. He had become interested in the story despite himself.

"Sure," the captain answered.

A Resident's a little king in these out-of-the-way dumps, an' if he don't want missionaries he need not have 'em. But if you was to ask me, that trader had a pretty good pull with him. He never said much, but I could see he didn't want no missionaries around the place neither. It looked like they'd got the Kanakas eatin' out o' their hands between 'em, an' they was not anxious to have no one else interferin'."

The doctor glanced sideways at his patient, who was staring out over the sea with a slight frown on his face.

"And the trader?" he asked. "He is still there?"

"So far as I know," the captain returned. "I ain't never been there since, an' I only heard that the old boy had died when this Manuwal business comes up. As I say, they only get a visit from a schooner twice a year, so no one knows much about what goes on there."

He turned to Thurlow. "But from what I saw, you won't have no trouble with the boys there, mister. They're as tame a lot as ever I struck."

The latter started slightly at being addressed, but made no response. It seemed to the doctor, who had been observing him closely, that he had been interested enough in the story, and had even identified himself with the Resident's position, as might have been expected in normal circumstances.

It was puzzling in the extreme, but it showed clearly that the man's brain was unaffected in so far as his ordinary mental processes were concerned. Also it indicated that this was no typical instance of complete loss of mem-

ory, for his experience had proved that a little prompting produced definite results — which would not have been the case in that event. Indeed, it seemed certain that had they been acquainted with the details of his past life, it might have been a comparatively simple matter to restore his own recollection of them.

He was of opinion, however, that no useful purpose could be served in forcing matters too hard while the man was in this weak and highly nervous state. They had already established one or two points which might help, and it seemed probable that as his physical condition improved more missing links in the memory chain would be restored. The man was evidently struggling to complete them for himself, but the wisest plan would be to treat him as though such a condition was purely normal in the circumstances. The more confidence he gained, the more likely he would be to recover his lost past.

When Thurlow had gone below again, he informed the captain of his conclusions.

"It is a curious problem," he said. "But there is little more that we can do to help matters at the moment. He is suffering from what one might describe as retarded memory, but I see no reason why he should not take up his duties on this island. From what you say they do not appear to be particularly difficult, and it is quite probable that in the course of time his memory will be completely restored. Our best plan now is to leave things alone and behave as though we saw nothing unnatural in his condition, considering the ordeal through which he has



MONTY IN CANADA—Gen. H. D. G. Crerar (right), former commander of the 1st Canadian Army, greets his wartime chief, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery (left) on the latter's arrival at Rockcliffe air port, Ottawa. Viscount Montgomery also has been invited to open officially this year's Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto in August. (CP from National Defence)

passed."

"Good-oh!" the captain agreed. "He ain't dippy, which is what I was scared of at first — an' that's the main thing. What he does say is sensible enough, but when you

come to think of it, a man can't say a lot, when he don't rightly know who he is or what he's supposed to be doin' here at all, can he?"

To be continued

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IT WON'T HELP TO CHANT THE BEALE STREET BLUES ABOUT YOUR IRON MAN, MAJOR! YOU MIGHT COME UNTIED AT THE TOP THAT WAY! — COME ON, I'LL BIRDWALK YOU TO THE CORNER FOR ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE K.O.'S STOGIES!

LET'S BREAK THE TENSION BEFORE HE SNAPS!

There Ought To Be A Law By Fagaly And Shorten

PETUNIA WAS SUCH A FRAIL, TIMID LITTLE CREATURE. SHE CLUNG TO HIM FOR GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION—

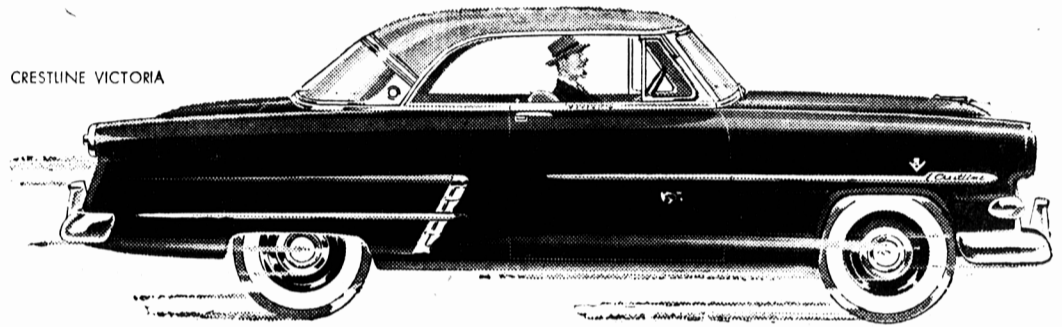
LIGHTNING! OH, DON'T LEAVE ME, HOMER! I'M SO AFRAID OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!

YOU POOR KID, YOU'RE TREMBLING! WHAT YOU NEED IS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU FOREVER AND EVER!

SO HE MARRIED HER, AND OBOY! THE ONLY THING HE'S PROTECTING THESE DAYS IS HIS OWN LIFE!

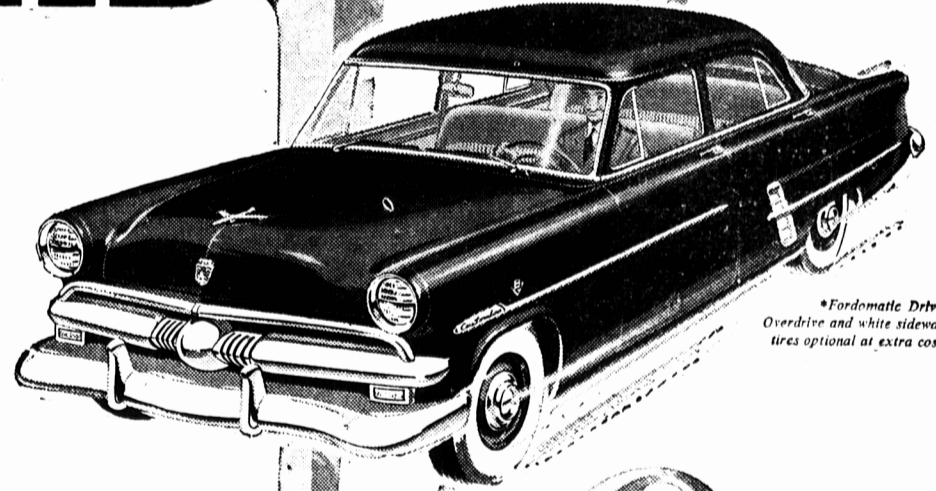
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