

### Fool's Fortune

By FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Wishing the old country postman a pleasant "good afternoon," Mr. Frank Fielding, poultry-farmer of Hurstton-under-Warrington, casually accepted the proffered letter.

It was not until his eye caught the exotic look of the two South African penny stamps, with the Simonstown postmark upon them, that the first faint thrill came. For the name of that sun-washed little naval base brought memories of a life which had not always been set among hen-houses and the green countryside of England.

Five minutes later he was looking out very pensively from the window. The glowing English countryside had suffered some subtle and disenchanting change. The merry cackling of his fowls sounded meaningless and irritating in his ears. A ship's bows, snoring through the sea; the stamping of engines underfoot; the roar and rattle of chain cable in a hawse-pipe; how suddenly that had come back to him! And all because of three pages of H.M.S. Doncaster's wardrobe notepaper, scribbled over with the babblings of an idiot.

A dear old idiot, though. "Dreamy!" the world's worst watch-keeper! Lieutenant Stephen Davison, despair of all navigators—but the best messmate who ever climbed round a chair without once touching the deck! With all these successive naval scrapings and limitations and consequent windings of the "axe," the dear old ass should have been out of it long ago! How on earth had he managed to keep in the Service all this time?

Well, evidently the axe was poised to strike home at last. Hence the letter and the utterly insane suggestion therein contained. It was the sort of idea that could only have occurred to a fellow like Davison. He would write by the next mail and tell him exactly the sort of silly chump he was.

Still, first he would ride over to Ransett's place. Ransett would be amused to hear of Davison's latest lunacy. By dint of luck and some wangling, through commission after commission, Ransett had been the "party of the third part" in their irresponsible trio—almost from reach of days, long before he had reached that pinnacle of mechanical genius which is denoted by the rank of Engineer—Lieutenant—Commander. Rather comic, in a sense, after all those years of intensive training, at high cost to the State, in the handling of turbines and intricate steam and electric auxiliaries, that Ransett should now be endeavoring to produce a prize-winning strain of Large Blacks in the village of Hatching Burrow! But no funnier, after all, than the spectacle of himself, an expert specialist, attempting the profitable extraction of eggs from White Leghorns.

There would be time to run over on the old motor-cycle before pivoting those blessed hens of his to their suppers. Snatching his hat from the table, he went out to the shed which housed his machine.

He found Ransett superintending the laying down of a new concrete floor to one of his sties. His corduroy trousers were dusted greeny-white with cement and there was a smear of it across his round and normally cheery face. At the moment he looked preoccupied.

"Cheery!" shouted Fielding, with a kind of quarter-deck timbre in his voice. "Pack up the Housing Question for a minute and come and look at this!" He leaned his machine precariously against the stone outer wall of the pig-sties and flourished his letter like a Morse flag-waver. "Dreamy! Dreamy Davison!"

Like magic the name acted. Ransett leapt clear over his mud-pile of half-mixed concrete and strode up eagerly, much as a condemned criminal might approach for his papers of reprieve.

"Here! Let's look!" he belted. "What's he been up to now?" Fielding held out the sheets. His friend grabbed at them and read absently.

"My dear Old Bird,— in the near future, for sad tidings of the utter collapse of the Service. I'm leaving it, or it's leaving me—anyway, after the thirty-first of next month I'll have to struggle along without my expert eye of the course, and naturally anything might happen after that. Look here, I've got the most spiffing scheme that ever was! I'm going into the local coasting trade! Got the offer of a perfectly good little hooker called the Mona, about four hundred tons and not so very old, dirt cheap at £8,000. She's insured for £27,000, so you can see how cheap it is. I've had her surveyed and she's O.K., so there's no nigger in the woodpile there. Lots of money to be made out of it, especially if you skipper her yourself, as I'm going to. The big lines only call at the big ports and there are tons of little places they don't serve. There are only small coasting interests to compete with; and between ourselves I don't think the owners of the Mona are much good anyhow. They can't be much good or they wouldn't offer her to me at such a silly price. Must be mismanagement somewhere to make 'em willing to sell. The trade's all right. Now this is where you come in. I haven't enough capital to go in for it alone, but with you two standing in it ought to be easy. Sell up your best farms and come to sea again! You can be my mate and old Cherry Ransett engineer, and we'll go equal whacks in everything. We're bound to make it go, because we'll all three be directly interested—see? Well, what about it? Let us know quick, there's a good chap. I don't want to lose this chance. You must both be sick to death of egg-collecting and hog-fostering by now. Send

us a cable and let's get together again, for the Lord's sake!

Yours ever,

STEVE.

Ransett looked up at Fielding. Fielding was already looking at Ransett's eyes strayed away, with a growing expression of disfavor, towards the sties and their grunting occupants.

"A blighter called Hodgkins offered me three thousand five hundred for my place and stock, a couple of months back," thoughtfully pursued the breeder of Large Blacks. "I wonder—"

"I had a fellow sniffing round my place too, not so very long ago," interrupted the poultry-farmer.

"At about the same time as the above crucial conversation occurred—allowing, of course, for a two-hour difference in civil time—the Managing Director and General Manager of the Southern Cross Steamship Company were crossed earnestly together in the latter's private office.

"We must have ready money!" emphasized the former. "Is he going to bite, do you think, after all?"

The General Manager looked up at the wall-calendar. "We should be hearing in a day or two," he answered in his careful English. "It will depend on what his friends in England say."

"Well, when he pays up and starts coasting on his own, we freeze him out of business—we can do it easily—and buy her back at the finish for less than she cost."

"In the meantime we have our loan of ready money to tide us over this slump—and the lender pays us interest too! That is what it comes to, not so?"

"I hope his friends are as soft as he is," commented the Managing Director. "They may smell a rat."

"I think it will be all right. You will see, sir."

In due time they saw. Business is business, of course, and they contemplated nothing illegal. . . .

The coaster's blunt bows dug viciously into the sea and took several angry tons of it over the fore-castle-head, topped by a smother of spouting white. Roaring in triumphant malice, the wind pounced upon it and hurled it against the quivering little bridge.

Setting his rapped chin more deeply into the sea and took several angry tons of it over the fore-castle-head, topped by a smother of spouting white. Roaring in triumphant malice, the wind pounced upon it and hurled it against the quivering little bridge.

The glow from it revealed a face whose sun-wrinkled grey eyes and clearly-moulded, almost unlined features gave a suggestion of boyish optimism and good-humour, in spite of the surface-irritation that clouded them. The fact was that he was both annoyed and apprehensive. The first of his afflictions was the persistent southwesterly weather. Amounting almost to a gale, it had headed them ever since they had left Port Nolloth, away in the north; knocking up a sea which at times seemed to stop the little ship dead. His apprehension was due to the Southern Cross Steamship Company, whose machinations, the joint owners of the Mona had just begun to realize.

It was five months now since he had left the Doncaster and the Service; and three since Fielding and Ransett had joined him. Though their financial success had so far been anything but overwhelming they had nevertheless joggled along in their happy-go-lucky way, content so long as they were together again, keeping their ship on the sea and themselves out of the Bankruptcy Court. Lately, however, the latter had begun to loom altogether too closely for their liking.

And now here was the weather conspiring to reduce their slender living still further. While the engines ran at full speed and the firemen labored to keep pressure in the boiler, she could make little more than three knots against it—an expensive drain on the bunkers, apart from the delay. No wonder the captain was not feeling very happy.

A hand dropped on his shoulder. "Hullo, skipper!" came the voice of Ransett. "How's she going?" "Pretty rotten, Chief." He felt under his oilskins for his pipe and tobacco. "Give us a match." "I've a thundering good mind," said Davison, "to put into Steenberg (till this moderates a bit. As it is we're simply wasting coal."

"There are few sheltered anchorages on this west coast of South Africa, and most of these are only partially protected. Steenberg was a tiny village in St. Helena Bay, which is a wide indentation in the land, facing north—actually more of a "step" than an indentation, as a good map will show. It was, therefore, a refuge from the present gale.

"Yes," growled Ransett, "and while we're lying there those bouncers'll be scoffing all the cargo that's going in Cape Town and everywhere else!" There was not need for him to specify "those bouncers" by name. "Lord! What fools we've been!"

Wish we could get back at the swine somehow!" pronounced Davison with an air of decision, thrusting the unpleasant subject from him. "I'm altering in for Steenberg straight away. It's no use carrying on like this."

"All right. When d'you reckon we'll be there, Dreamy?" "The captain turned to the chart, and we're about here. . . . Somewhere 'Mm . . . Mm . . . it's ten-thirty now around one a.m.," he reported, presently.

"Good enough! We'll have a bit of the night in, anyway. Cheerio—and don't sink her!"

Now, the science of navigation would be perfectly simple and straightforward were it not for the fact that a humorously-inclined Navigator has gone and introduced a lot

### Baby Lyon and Lion Cub



A friend of Bea Lyon and Bebe Daniels, movie stars, presented this young lion cub as a playmate for their daughter Barbara who has now reached the audible stage.

of troublesome details. One of these irritating complications of hers is found in the earth's property of magnetism, which actuates the compass. You would suppose that the obvious place for this force to set up in business would be the northern geographical Pole—but that would have been much too easy. Instead, it wanders restlessly around like a gipsy, in an irregular circle, a long way from the Pole; with the result that the mariner's magnetic compass does not by any means point to the true north.

Fortunately, the Admiralty has been able to checkmate Nature's jest, in that its erudite officials are able to print a drawing, on each chart, of the errant compass, showing exactly how far from rectitude it happens to be straying at any given time and place upon the globe.

On this occasion, in so far as Captain Davison and the Mona were concerned, the Admiralty might just as well have saved itself the trouble. His mind was obsessed with rosy dreams of what he would do to the General Manager of the Southern Cross Steamship Company if he could only lure the brute aboard one dark night and shanghai him. Consequently, in the preoccupation of his thoughts, that obscure entity known as "the sub-conscious egg" had slipped noiselessly into gear, and now took charge of the navigation. And, having been accustomed for years to the use of navel gyroscopic compasses—which do not depend on the freakish earth-magnetism but point unerringly to the true north—Captain Davison, in setting his new course for Steenberg and shelter, failed to allow the least correction for the Mona's old-fashioned instrument. The result was over twenty degrees of error.

The thing would never have happened if he had not been so distracted by his impracticable visions of vengeance. For many weeks he had used this standard compass without confusion or mistake—because his wits had been about him. But now, of his guard against it, the force of old habit resumed its sway.

At midnight, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, came Fielding to stand his watch.

Fielding stamped up and down a few times to set his circulation going, then went into the wheelhouse again to check the new helmsman's steering—for the wheel also had been relieved at midnight.

"What's your course?" he asked the man.

"South eighteen east, sir," was the answer.

"South eighteen—What?" gasped the mate. In two hurried strides he was at the chart-table. A moment's study of the course which Davison had plotted told him all too clearly what had happened. Evidently he ruled off the actual direction the ship was following, then

flung down the ruler and pencil with a smothered oath.

He ran out on to the bridge, peering anxiously into the spray-obscured night. It seemed very dark a head. Terrifyingly dark. He spun round, his mouth opening for a urgent order—and was hurled bodily against the forward rail of the bridge, ears ringing and his very soul jangling to the shock of the Mona's groundings.

She had struck at almost her full seven knots, and went ripping drunkenly on for half her length before her bows crunched to a smashed and buckled standstill against the very headland itself.

Dizzily he picked himself up, the helmsman clawing at his shoulders in a blind panic.

"Stop that! Let go!" he roared, shaking himself free, and rushed back towards the wheelhouse.

The captain stayed outside, staring slowly about him, like one waking from nightmare. He could feel the ship shudder to every impact of the seas on her starboard quarter. They broke over the poop, showering the after well-deck with their spray. But they were not nearly so heavy as they had been in the open ocean; and apart from her sick shuddering the Mona did not move. She was hard and fast.

He came into Fielding; and it seemed that he had steadied himself. There was even a hint of relieved anxiety in his bearing. He shouted something; but the roar of suddenly released steam up the escape-pipe above them drowned his words.

"She's practically high and dry!" he repeated in a shout, his mouth close to Fielding's ear. "We can stick to her for the—"

Ransett came up at that moment, with the news that the engine-room was filling. It was a mercy, he said, that the boiler had not taken them all sky high. "Next time you want to make a short-cut overland, skipper," he said in conclusion, "let me know and I'll fit wheels to her!"

"Thank you," acknowledge Davison in a colorless voice. "We'll wait for the sun and then go ashore. We're sheltered here by the Point—we've run on the northern side—and she'll hold together for days. . . . I'm sorry, you chaps," he went on, contritely, in a changed and unsteady voice. "I knew what I'd done the moment she struck."

"That's all right, old man!" cried Fielding. "What does it matter so long as we're all safe?" Their captain and friend looked so miserable at that moment that the other partners could not find it in them to blame him.

"It's all my dam carelessness," he blundered on. "I'm afraid our little coasting business is finished now. And I let you into it."

The General Manager reached for the ringing telephone. The afternoon paper was open on the desk

before him; and even now, minutes after the blow had fallen, his slightly protruding eyes seemed unable to tear themselves from the headline.

"COASTER GOES ASHORE!" it belted blackly—half across the page. From the news point of view it was an off-day, and the wreck of the Mona must have come as a perfect godsend to the Sub-Editor—to say nothing of the nautical expert on the staff.

"Yes . . . Yes, yes . . . I have just seen it. Yes, sir. A total wreck. I do not care what the Enquiry does to Captain Davison! They can take away his ticket, they can put him in jail! It is our ship I am thinking of!"

"Well, how could I know that he would run her ashore?" he burst out in a sudden gust of anger.

"Pardon, Sir, I am perhaps upset. We cannot buy back the ship now, as we intended, no; and somewhere we must find another when the boom comes. . . . Don't rub it in. I know we will have to pay for her through the nose. . . ."

"What?" "Oh, yes! They will take away his ticket, perhaps; but that will be all. . . . The insurance? They will pay him up. . . . Why did I not think of it myself? I am not a criminal. . . . No; they will not dream of suspecting him. Everyone on the whole coast knows him—and the sort of fool he is. He would never have thought of it. Why, they call him the Mug of the Mona! If we had put her ashore everyone would have. . . ."

Savagely he replaced the instrument.

"Twenty . . . seven . . . thousand . . . pounds!" he moaned. "Why did I not think of engaging him for one of our captains? It would have been worth paying him thirty pounds a month—or even thirty-five. . . . He flung himself back in his padded chair, staring dazedly up at the ceiling, as one who has seen a golden opportunity pass him by.

### Astrophysical Researches

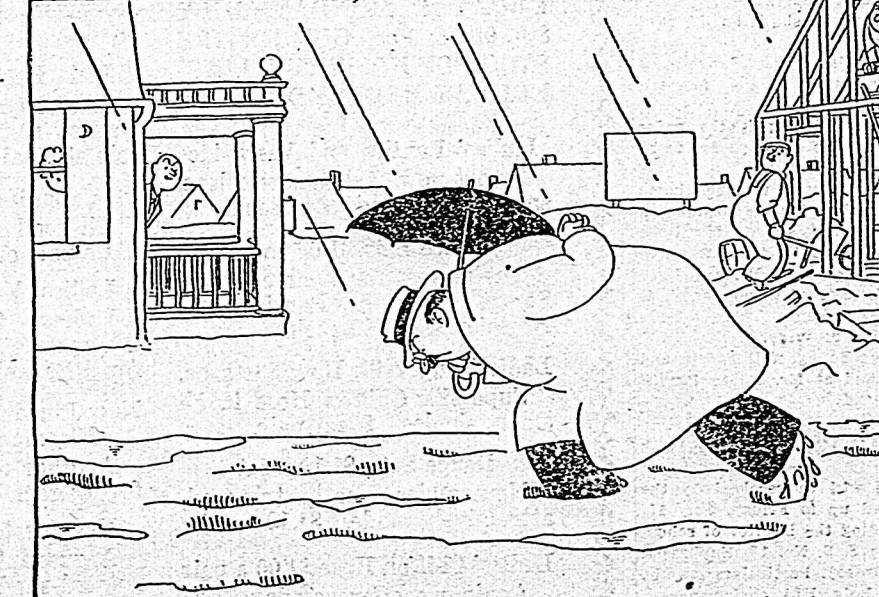
Recent researches at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, Department of the Interior, at Victoria, B.C., confirm the existence, throughout interstellar space, of an extremely tenuous cloud of gaseous particles. So rarefied is this cloud that millions of cubic miles of it would weigh only a fraction of an ounce. Notwithstanding this extreme tenuity it betrays its presence by its action on the light coming from distant stars.

### Game Abounds on B. Is.

Paris.—The Bois de Boulogne, a fashion parade and playground by day, is, after nightfall, a game preserve. Deer, foxes, quail and pheasants abound in the wooded coverts and are often seen late at night.

### SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY IS THREATENING TO SUE THE TOWN BECAUSE WHEN HE REACHED THE STATION AFTER COMING BY WAY OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT HE FOUND THAT SOMEWHERE HE HAD STEPPED OUT OF ONE OF HIS RUBBERS; AND BY THE TIME HE HAD RETRACED HIS WAY AND FOUND IT, HE HAD LOST THE OTHER ONE, COMPLETELY RUINING HIS DISPOSITION



### What Is In a Name?

In the game of Scouting, Troops are divided into Patrols, and each Patrol is called by the name of some Animal or Bird. For instance there is the Bear Patrol, or the Eagle Patrol, etc.

There is a very large variety of name to choose from: in the Scout Department also, wherever there are sufficient boys available, Lone Patrols of from four to nine boys are formed and they choose a Patrol Name for their group.

These pairs endeavor to collect as much information as is possible about their Patrol Animal or Bird. Some of them are even lucky enough to obtain a live specimen for a Patrol Pet, such as the Bulldog Patrol, etc., whereas others sometimes find a dead specimen of their "name," which they stuff and mount. (Scouts, of course, do not kill animals or birds wilfully.)

They study the habits and surroundings of their bird or animal, and learn a lot of useful information in so doing. How would you like to be as patient and industrious as a Beaver, as cunning as a Fox, as strong as an Eagle, to stalk as well as a Panther, or to be as agile as a Monkey?

Lone Scouts should also individually, where they are not members of a Patrol, select an emblem as do the Patrols, and study the habits of the bird or animal they select, in particular, concentrating on this emblem to a greater extent than on the other live creatures.

From the Stores Department, for a few cents, you can obtain a Flag, to tie into the end of your Scout Staff, on which is depicted the animal which you select, and which you can use as your banner.

### Naval Cutter for Sea Scouts

A fine naval cutter was recently presented to the 1st Barbados Sea Scout Group by the captain, officers and crew of the H.M.S. Repulse. The presentation was an expression of appreciation of the courtesies extended Deep Sea Scouts when ashore.

### English College Scout Visitors

A change of policy to travelling within the Empire instead of visiting Europe is being to eastern Canada this summer a Scout party of the 2nd Framingham College Group, Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, under Scout-

master the Rev. R. H. W. Kueca. The Suffolk Scouts are anxious to visit a number of Canadian Scout Camps.

### Lone Scout Camp

When this paragraph appears in the press the boys who were fortunate enough to spend two weeks in camp at Ebor Park with the Lone Scout Staff from Headquarters will just be thinking of returning to their homes, and we know it will be with regret.

Although the numbers who have attended this camp are not so large as we had hoped for, due, we presume, to the difficult times we have recently passed through, nevertheless there are enough Lones to make the camp worth while, and to have a great deal of fun together.

The park is now at its best, and the swimming pool is great, and there is no doubt that those who attended this year will want to repeat the experience the first opportunity.

An interesting point which will undoubtedly appeal to all Ontario Lones is that a friend of our Commissioner, Scout Kurt Topp, of Troop 800, Chicago, Ill., has journeyed all the way from Chicago especially to attend this camp. Kurt is 15 years old, and was Capt. Furlinger pleased to see him again? Oh Boy, I should say!

Empire Scouts at World Gathering  
The number of Scouts to represent the British Empire at the next World Scout Jamboree in Hungary, next summer, has been increased from 2,500 to 4,200.

Several Scout districts in Hungary are inviting British Scouts to visit them for a few weeks this summer. Their idea is to develop friendships and improve their knowledge of English.

Members World Scout gathering in Hungary will go as members of the British Empire group, and probably will be attached in small units to Old Country troops.

Perhaps you too would like to be a Lone Scout, if you cannot join a Regular Troop? If you are interested write for particulars to the Lone Scout Department, The Boy Scouts Association, 230 Bay St., Toronto 2. Full information will be gladly sent, and you will be placed under no obligation.—"Lone E."

### Free Medical Care Advocated in London

London.—The economic situation as it affects the ill is reflected in three schemes for the relief of persons requiring medical or surgical treatment here.

A report to be presented at the annual meeting of the Socialist Medical Association will urge a universally free medical service under central and local government supervision. Members of Parliament are being asked to sponsor a scheme which would enable persons who have incurred expenditures for medical care during illness to claim rebate on income tax.

An organization called the British Provident Association has just launched a comprehensive scheme for enabling persons of small means to obtain private beds in hospitals and first-class medical or surgical treatment at reasonable prices.

The first scheme would radically alter the medical organization of Great Britain. In addition to universally free medical service, a national hospital system is urged. It is proposed that facilities be arranged which would enable all citizens to have continuous medical supervision from birth to death; that scholarships shall be granted to poor students wishing to become doctors, and that the existing "poor law" medical service be abolished.

### Charles I Bedstead Found

London.—The bedstead on which Charles I. is said to have slept when spending a night at the Old Priory, 1800, after battle of Naseby, has been discovered after being missing many years.

It recently came to light through the sale of some old furniture. Through an advertisement of the sale, Lord Camden, a former owner of the Old Priory, learned about the missing royal bedstead and after a friendly correspondence it was bought. It is still the subject of inquiry among local antiquaries.

The bedstead was preserved and when in later years Priory House was rented to several families, eventually sold.

### Duty

True life is just a going on  
To duties still ahead.  
For, when today is past and gone,  
Tomorrow comes instead—  
And thus the duty I have done  
Is prelude to another one.

This life's reward for every task  
Is that I shall fulfill.  
The further service life may ask,  
And do my duty still—  
Since at each morning's opening gates  
Another sacred duty waits.  
—A. B. Cooper.

### The Human Mind

The human mind will become more various, piercing, and all-comprehending, more capable of understanding and expressing the solemn and the sportive, the terrible and the beautiful, the profound; and the tender, in proportion as it should be illumined and penetrated by the true knowledge of God. Genius, intellect, imagination, taste, and sensibility, must all be baptised into religion, or they will never know and never make known, their real glory and immortal power.

—Channing. (Fenelon.)

### Animal Protection

The primary work of the Humane Society is to promote education on the proper care and treatment of animals and to get children interested in this great cause, said J. J. Kelso at a recent conference in Peterborough.

Here, he said, are some of the main objects of the Society:  
To stop the overcrowding and suffering of animals in transit to slaughterhouses; the docking of horses' tails into an unnatural position for show purposes; the Society opposes the clipping and cutting of dogs' ears and tails.

In the matter of vivisection, while determined at all times to prevent unnecessary suffering, the Society has never taken the position that all experiments on animals should be prohibited. The attitude is one of cooperation with science and medicine—gaining the support of professional men in the humane treatment of animals used for experimental purposes.

An important feature of humane work is the regular feeding, housing and care of all domestic animals; proper space and natural surroundings for all wild animals on exhibition in zoological gardens and some limitation of the exhibition of trained animals on the stage, encouraging only such tricks as can be developed by kindly and patient training.

The cruelties inflicted by the steel trap in catching fur-bearing animals gives much concern, and constant efforts are being made to introduce traps that will capture without maiming these creatures of the wild.

In all its work the Society confidently appeals to the public for intelligent and sympathetic support.

### German Air Lines Aim at Speed Record

Berlin.—Germany will make a bid for the fastest commercial air service of the world this summer when a fleet of planes now under construction is expected to be put in operation on important domestic and international lines. The planes are reported to have a maximum speed of 300 kilometers an hour. Today's average speed in the German commercial air service is 180 kilometers an hour.

The extent of the airline net to be covered by these fast express planes remains to be determined, but officials of the German Lufthansa have already worked out a tentative plan. It is intended to make it possible for commercial travelers to fly from Berlin to such traffic centers as Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Cologne in two hours. This, it is pointed out, will enable them to attend to their business and then return to Berlin in the evening.

The record in the decrease of flying time is hoped to be attained on the Berlin-Vienna line. A run for which express trains now require fourteen hours should be covered by the new planes in two hours.

Sir Walter Scott, while travelling in Ireland, was one day accosted by a beggar. He felt in his pocket for a sixpence, but finding that he had nothing smaller than a shilling with him, gave it to the woman with the words, "You must give me the change next time we meet." "I will, sorr," replied the beggar, "and may yer honor live till ye get it!"