

# Supplement to Canadian Champion

## Breaks

By MILDRED R. WHITE  
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"TOO bad about Kent Stewart." Jim Watkins flicked the ashes from his expensive cigar neatly into the receptacle on the glass-topped desk.

"Sure is," the man opposite him nodded in sympathy. "Know the family pretty well, don't you?" Sudden, dim recollections that Dora Holden had refused Watkins five years ago to become Mrs. Kent Stewart brought a slight flush to the speaker's face.

But Jim was not embarrassed. "I've known them both a long time," he replied briefly.

"Well," the other shrugged his shoulders, "Kent should be cheerful about one thing, at least. There can't much else happen to him. He's had about all the bad luck there is."

The man across the desk moved not a muscle. But how well he knew that Kent Stewart was not finished with his run of bad breaks!

At one time young Stewart had had a fortune in bank stocks. Now he was being assessed proportionately.

"If he hadn't been so damned ethical," the visitor commented. "The wise ones got out early. All very well to be so scrupulous when you've got a hundred thousand behind you—but it's being a little too honest at the expense of his wife, I think."

Again Jim Watkins' face remained impassive. It had taken him exactly three weeks and almost the limit of his supply of impersonal friendliness to make Dora see that point, without arousing her suspicions as to his apparently altruistic motive.

"Somebody said he'd dropped the insurance on his car just a couple weeks before the accident, too."

Watkins nodded his head slowly.

"Yes. He didn't renew it this year." He tried to make his voice sound sympathetic. Kent had naturally thought that Jim would take care of it and bill him. As he always had before. He had begun the habit in the first place, hoping for just such a break.

The prescience that had enabled Jim to withdraw a young fortune from the bank a few weeks before it closed was not held by Kent. In fact, about that same time Stewart had transferred several balances from small banks to this large one.

It had certainly taken a series of lessons to prove to Dora that she had chosen wrong—but Jim had finally succeeded.

And then this automobile accident. He was glad Kent hadn't been killed. Not that he gave a damn what happened to him afterwards—but right now, when his and Dora's plans were about perfected, he didn't want even Kent's funeral to hold them.

Dora had been the deuce to convince. He had had to color the facts quite a bit. Safe doing it, though, because Stewart would never tell her about conditions. Kept his business affairs strictly to himself.

That Kent Stewart always had been a failure, the town would recall—after Dora's Parisian divorce people forgave wealth everything. And after all, Jim Watkins had been practically engaged to her in the first place.

But the insurance agent was still rambling on.

"Wouldn't have had the accident if he hadn't swerved to avoid hitting a dog. Wouldn't you know that the pup would run along, uninjured, and Kent's car be almost totally wrecked?"

Jim looked at his watch significantly. In just one hour he would be at the Union depot. His bags were checked there now. With hers!

He paced the wooden platform at the depot nervously. And then she was in front of him. Slender and dark and fragile. She stopped him imperiously as he was about to hurry her on the train.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I've been—all wrong." She hadn't been running, and yet her words came in gasps.

"Kent never needed me as he does now. I didn't realize." Her face was aglow. She looked—different.

The sudden stab in his chest enveloped his whole body with pain as he looked down at the vivid face, and knew the stary eyes were not for him.

"Everything terrible has happened to him except—" she forced herself to look directly at him—"the worst of all, the most despicable of all. His wife running away with his friend. When I learned today of this latest trouble—well, it was the last straw. I couldn't walk out on him now."

She was in a hurry, could scarcely wait to get back to Kent. Jim Watson threw his bags into a cab, snapped out an order to the driver. His plans, hopes, visions—all gone. It was—hell. He flung himself into the seat, in the blackest mood of his life, and muttered bitterly.

"Some folks get all the breaks!"

**Sturdy-Stemmed Plants**  
In selecting bulbs, annuals and perennials, keep to the low-growing varieties. If spring breezes are likely to turn into gales, go in for hyacinths, narcissi and cottage tulips, rather than for tall-growing daffodils and Darwins. For summer be content with modest-flowered dahlias rather than giant plants with heavy-headed blooms. Remember that roses with full double flowers will take whippings more gracefully than the fragile-flowered single varieties.

## On Guard 24 HOURS A DAY



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Herodotus.

When there's a storm, most people seek shelter, but that is when Hydro is busiest. Between darkness and dawn come hours of rest and sleep, but, with Hydro, every hour begins a new day.

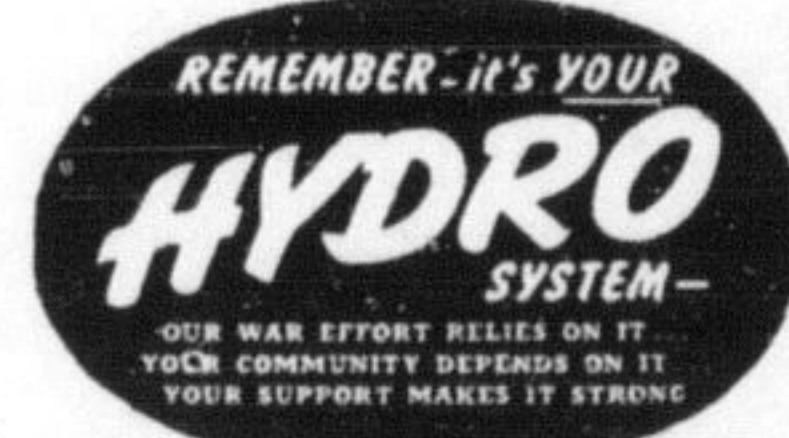
Light for homes, hospitals and factories—heat for blast furnaces—or to cook meals in your home—energy to turn thousands of motors in factories, mines, shipyards—this is the work of your Hydro.

Hydro is helping to shorten the war. Over 1,000,000 Hydro-electric horsepower is at work on war materials.

Let us all be thrifty in our use of Hydro. New war plants must be energized and existing plants are constantly being harnessed to the war effort. Let war needs come first.

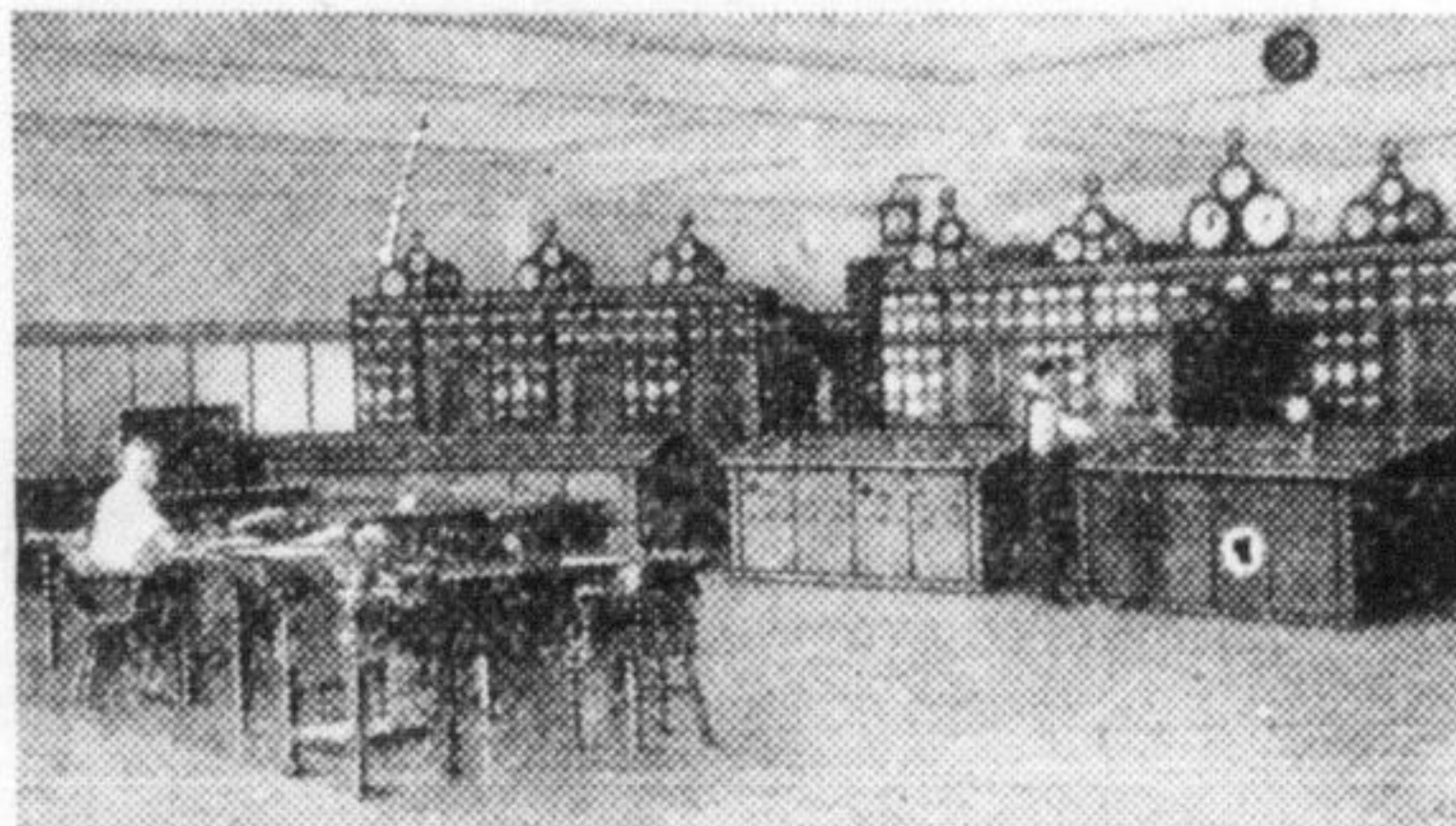
### AN APPEAL TO THE HOUSEWIFE

You can do so much to save electricity. Don't let the kettle over-boil. Watch the switches on your electric range—turn out all lights when not needed. Resolve to save some current every day to help Ontario's war industries.



### PICTURE AT RIGHT SHOWS A HYDRO CONTROL ROOM

Where the doors never close. Every hour of the day and night, every day in the year, watchful attendants are on the alert studying meters, keeping records and regulating the flow of Hydro current to consuming areas.



THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO



## SAVE FOR CANADA

Save something regularly, because: You strengthen Canada's might for war.

You help finance purchases in Canada for our Allies. You form the habit of thrift that safeguards your future. You open for yourself the door to opportunity. And you smooth the path for post-war readjustments.

Money in the bank gives you a comforting sense of security.

To Save is Practical Patriotism

THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

## Behind the Green Curtain

By KATE EDMONDS  
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IT WAS a fashionable bazaar at the beautiful country home of the Forbes family, who were keen about charitable affairs. They were generous themselves and schemed to lure money from the unwary rich for philanthropic purposes. So all the world of society was there, among them Boyd Mercer, one of the richest young men in the country, and one of the best! Everybody liked him, and many scheming mothers thought of him as a desirable husband for young daughters. Boyd had met a thousand girls, and not one had raised more than a thrill of admiration in his stony heart.

Boyd was here today at the Forbes-Forbes bazaar, and as usual he was wandering around, finding friends and a welcome at every turn. He took all sorts of chances and had phenomenal luck, and then, suddenly bored, he wandered off by himself.

In one tent he found the smell of fresh violets. Within this tent a pale green curtain separated the crystal gazer from her clients. Boyd stood there in the outer tent, gazing down at a bowl of violets, and hearing the sound of a gentle voice nearby. Suddenly he was aware that it must be the voice of the crystal gazer, and he listened eagerly, for he was fascinated by the sweetness of the tone with its occasional tilt. Then the voice ceased and he heard a girl's soft laughter, and a merry good-bye, then utter silence. At last, a slim mulatto girl in swatches of Eastern draperies glided toward him and salaamed. Then as she straightened herself, she swept one arm in a graceful gesture inviting Boyd to enter behind the second green curtain.

Boyd found himself in the presence of a woman, a straight, slim figure, clad in a long medieval gown of jade green with the lower part of the face hidden in a swathing of white.

The woman lifted such wonderful eyes to Boyd Mercer that for the first time in his carefree bachelorhood, he felt a peculiar agitation in the region of his heart. "Hold it!" he told himself savagely, "the rest of her face is most likely hideous. Eyes are deceiving!"

As she pulled a crystal ball toward her on the green-covered table, she looked up and caught his intense gaze with the snare of her unusual eyes. Then she dropped them swiftly and murmured, "Now, I will gaze into the heart of the future, and read fortune's gifts for you."

"Well done," Boyd was thinking. "Very well done. I should like to know that girl."

"Deep in the well of silence lie the great secrets. Think not—concentrate on nothing—the future will be revealed," came the voice of the crystal gazer.

Boyd lost himself in thoughts of what she was doing, gazing deep, deep into the crystal's heart. He sat intently trying to think about nothing—a difficult task for an amateur. Then came the voice again, strange, faraway, as if her mind was in the future and her sympathy with it. "You have wealth—all the wealth of the world could not make you richer if you were not the poorest man in the world! You have not the love of any woman who is not related to you—you have looked in countless eyes—and looked away. Always you will be alone, surrounded by friends who are fond of you. Your face is here in the crystal—but you are always alone. Fame you may have, for you are talented. Go forth and seek the love of a woman for no fortune teller can tell the fate of a man who—"

Noislessly Boyd Mercer crossed the rug and stood on the other side of the table. He, too, leaned over the crystal gazer's great ball and their faces were reflected together in the dark surface.

"Who says that I cannot love, oh, gazer of the crystals! Tell me who you are in real life, where you have been all your days that I have never met you before!"

At the sound of the tension in his subdued voice, the crystal gazer sighed deeply, then murmured lightly. "I have always lived in California. When my people took a trip around the world they left me with your cousin, Mrs. Hilton, who was my godmother! I am Grace Allen. Your interview is over, sir. A silver dollar for sweet charity's sake!" And then the brown maid was bowing him out, perhaps with subdued laughter in her eyes.

Of course, Boyd Mercer sought and found his cousin, Myra Hilton, and heard about her friend the crystal gazer. And later, when Grace Allen came from her tent, laughing, radiantly lovely, she held Boyd's cold heart in the hollow of her little warm hands. And she never gave it back to him!

### No Agreement on Patents

There is no agreement making foreign patents effective in this country; protection for an invention in this country can be obtained only by the grant of a United States patent on a regularly filed application and upon payment of the fees required by law, according to the chief clerk of the United States patent office. The grant of a patent in a foreign country, however, on an application filed more than 12 months before an application is filed in this country is an absolute bar to a valid United States patent.

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