



CHAPTER X—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Peter acted instinctively. His left arm he flung round Christine, with his right he reached up and grasped the nearest cable. He knew that it alone could not stand the strain and he was right, for almost as he gripped it, there came a second twang and it too parted. There was just one bit of luck for Peter and Christine—that it was from the far support that the cable was torn away.

In a flash the whole footway was loose and swinging down towards the lip of the thundering fall. As it swung it dropped and Peter just had time to twist his right leg around the wire rope before he and Christine were in the water being dragged inexorably towards the fall. He caught a glimpse of the great log that had done the damage, swinging past. Next instant it would have come down, it would have been over the brink and gone.

Even with his double hold on the cable Peter could hardly have held Christine against the remorseless wrench of the flood, but Christine had not lost her head. The moment she felt herself going she, too, had taken a grip on the rough wire with both hands. Together they swung sideways and were flung against the right-hand bank with a force that half stunned them.

There were trees further down in the gorge. There were none here. There was not a root, not even a clump of heather to give hand-hold. All that lay between them and the lip of the cataract was a rounded rock projecting a yard or so from the bank. With a horrid numb despair he realized that there was no way of saving Christine.

So long as his muscles could withstand the strain, he and she might cling to the cable, but the end seemed certain. Sooner or later their strength would be exhausted and they would be swept helplessly over that dreadful verge.

Then he heard Christine's voice high and clear above the deep-toned thunder of the fall.

"Climb up the rope. I can hold on till you're up." He looked at her and saw that she, like him, had managed to get a leg around the cable. Her small face was set in firm lines and there was no panic in the clear blue eyes lifted to his.

"You're sure?" he asked.

"Certain," she answered with such brave confidence that fresh courage surged through Peter's veins.

He began to climb. The wire was rusty with long exposure and cut his palms, yet at the same time this gave him a better grip and up he went foot by foot. The strain at first was terrific, but once he was clear of the tug of the flood it came easier. Christine's weight below kept the cable anchored against the side and presently Peter was able to get one foot on the top of the bank. He flung himself over on to firm ground, bent down, gripped the cable again with both hands, and with a strength of which he had hardly thought himself capable lifted Christine to safety. Christine looked up at him.

"You are strong, Peter," she said simply.

"And you—you are the pluckiest girl I ever knew," he answered. Christine glanced down at the swift water. She shuddered slightly.

"I was frightened. I was horribly frightened," she confessed.

"Then all the more credit to you for keeping your head as you did," declared Peter warmly. "I could never have got you out if you had clung to me."

"That's enough of compliments," said Christine with a small smile. She paused and the smile changed to a puzzled frown. "I wonder where that tree came from?" she went on.

"From the bank, I suppose," Christine still frowned.

"It's odd that such a thing should never have happened before. We've had much bigger floods than this. We had one only three weeks ago. You'd think, if there was a tree to come down, it would have come then."

Peter looked serious.

"You—you don't think it was done on purpose?"

Christine shook her head.

"I simply can't imagine anyone doing such a horrible thing," she answered, "and in any case, it would be very difficult to do." She gave herself a little shake. "I'm wet and cold and hungry. Let's go home to tea."

Nothing makes for intimacy like sharing a common danger, and by the time the two reached the lodge Peter simply could not believe that he had known Christine Grant for only half a day. Peter had read often enough of twin souls and affinities and been inclined to jeer. He was not jeering now. He was running into a whole lot of new emotions. He was exquisitely happy and rather scared.

The first thing Christine did was to attend to Peter's cut hands. She washed the cuts with disinfectant and carefully bandaged the wounds, and Peter watching her deft fingers at work could hardly resist the temptation to pick them up and press them to his lips.

He pulled himself up with a jerk. This would never do. He was engaged to Judith. He had no business to think of any other girl.

Which was all very well and very praiseworthy. Yet by nightfall Peter was deeper than ever in the toils. He was forced to realize that Christine was his ideal and that he was head over heels in love with her. The worst of it or—was it the best?—he knew that Christine was beginning to like him. As for dear old Macallister, he was almost pining. He saw how these two young folk were attracted to one another, and from his point of view what could be more perfect than that they should marry and share Glenferne between them?

Poor Peter! He had never spent a worse night in his life. Some men, in his place, would have coolly decided to break off their previous engagement, but not Peter. His was a very simple and straightforward nature. He had given his word to Judith, and it never occurred to him to break it. He lay and tossed miserably in his very comfortable bed and the one conclusion to which he came was that he must go away at once.

He decided he would get on the telephone immediately after breakfast to Timmings and then tell Christine that he was called back to Herefordshire on business. A cold bath did something to brace him and he came down to a day of glorious sunshine to find Christine, looking bright as the morning, waiting for him in the hall.

"It's a perfect fishing day, Peter," she said eagerly. "I've sent Donald up to get the boat and the rods ready. And Mrs. Malcolm is putting up luncheon." All Peter's stern resolutions melted like mist under the morning sun. To refuse Christine—to tell her that he couldn't come would be like hurting a child. Besides, what harm could one day do? Who could grudge him a few hours of happiness? To-morrow he would leave and probably never see her again.

"I'm ready when you are," he answered.

"Then come to breakfast. It's quite ready."

She slipped an arm through his and led him into the dining-room, and old Macallister on his way down the stairs saw them and smiled again.

Christine had pointed ready to take them up to the loch. She was bubbling with pleasure and excitement. She loved fishing, riding, gardening—all the things that Peter found best in life, and she looked her best on a horse. They reached the boathouse to find the keeper waiting for them.

"Are they rising, Donald?" was Christine's first eager question.

"Aye, mem, they're rising fine." He pointed to a broad ring under the sheltered bank. "Yon's a big one. Will I come with ye, Miss Christine?"

"Yes, you can row us this morning. Donald. In the afternoon we'll manage the boat, ourselves, for I know you have to go to Blairgowrie."

The rods were ready. There was nothing to do but tie the well-damped casts to the lines, and in less than five minutes they were afloat. A soft westerly breeze rippled the broad loch, and the fish were rising like mad.

At his second cast Peter hooked a beauty, which tore the line from his reel and landed madly. It was years since Peter had handled a trout rod, but fishing is like swimming. One never forgets. He kept his point well up, and brought the big trout steadily up to the boat. Donald slipped the net under it, and lifted it in.

"No! the first trout ye have taken, sir," he remarked, and Peter tingled at the praise.

"What a beauty!" cried Christine in delight. "Over a pound and the golden sort. That one will be pink-fleshed."

If the weather had been made to order it could not have been more perfect. The fish were rising everywhere, and more than once Christine and Peter were both fighting a strong trout at the same time. By lunch they had just over three dozen, and Peter had been broken by a monster that he had never seen.

"Gin ye do as well this afternoon ye will be breaking the record for the loch," said Donald cheerfully as he grounded the boat on a shingle beach near the spot where the bur ran out. "I'll be taking these doon with me to the lodge, Miss Christine. Will I send up Alec in the evening?"

"No need, Donald," Christine said. "We have tea with us as well as lunch and we can leave the baskets in the boathouse. You'll need Alec for the cows as you'll be away."

"Verra good, mem," said Donald and, after lifting the lunch basket and collecting the trout, went striding away down the glen.

"A good chap," said Peter.

"Never a better," Christine declared. "You'll keep him, Peter?"

"So long as he'll stay," said Peter with emphasis.

Christine was busy setting out the lunch. Tongue sandwiches, jam pasties, shortbread, buttered biscuits with cheese paste, a bottle of white wine and a thermos of hot coffee.

"I hope you're hungry," said Christine. She looked up brightly, but something she saw in Peter's eyes made her drop hers again while a faint colour stained her clear cheeks.

Peter suppressed a groan as he dropped on the rug beside her. This was harder than he had thought.

"I ought to have gone this morning," he said to himself. Christine saw his troubled face.

"What's the matter, Peter?" she asked softly.

"Just a twinge," lied Peter bravely. "You've been doing too much," said Christine anxiously. "You look so fit I keep forgetting how badly that man must have hurt you. And yesterday was a dreadful strain for you."

"I'm as fit as possible," Peter assured her. "My left hand is the only thing that bothers me, and that's a lot better. I'm enjoying every minute and I've never had such a perfect day in all my life." There was no doubting that he spoke the truth.

Christine smiled happily.

"Then eat your luncheon," she said, "and afterwards I'm going to row."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ottawa Journal:—A little truth goes a long way—if it isn't stretched.

Output of the Mines Exceeds Field Crops

Hon. Chas. McCrea Makes Interesting Points in Address to Toronto General Trusts Co.

Hon. Chas. McCrea, for several years Minister of Mines for Ontario, and noted then not only for his wide knowledge of the mining industry in Ontario and Canada, but also for his ability to inspire others with his enthusiasm for the development of the national wealth of the province, recently spoke as vice-president at the annual meeting of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. What he said about mining is worthy of general attention. In part, Hon. Mr. McCrea said:—

Great Expanse in the Mining Industry

"Fortunately for Canada, and particularly for Ontario, we see rising, and have observed the steady development and expansion of a great new industry. I refer to mining. To those who have not followed the development of this basic enterprise, it is enlightening to know just what a part this mining industry is playing in business stability and expansion. In the production of the great wealth which is now coming from old Mother Earth within this province a new chapter is being written in the history and progress of Ontario.

"Up to the end of the year 1934 Ontario's mineral output had reached the vast sum of \$2,189,542,915. To that will be added for 1935 a mineral production estimated to total over \$158,000,000, which is 12 to 13 millions of dollars greater than the value of the total mineral output in 1934. Incidentally the mineral output in 1935 is the largest in the history in the province. It may surprise some of you to know that in 1934 Ontario's produced mineral wealth exceeded the total value of Ontario's field crops for the same year. In 1935 this will likely be repeated, the value of Ontario's field crops (according to the Monetary Times Annual) amounting to \$132,845,000.

Impressive Figures

"Up to the end of 1935 Ontario's gold production, practically all produced since 1910, had reached the amazing total of approximately \$664,000,000, and there had been paid in dividends by gold mines \$204,736,360. The dividends from gold mines alone in 1935 were estimated to be \$24,787,505, while the total dividends of all mines up to the end of 1935 are estimated to be \$476,648,783.

"I should like to impress upon you the value of this industry and the part it is playing in the business life of Ontario and Canada. The biggest contribution to transportation is from the mining industry. The biggest payrolls for 1935 came from the mining industry. Disbursements by the mining companies in 1935 in Canada amounted to almost \$59,000,000, almost one-third of the total disbursements paid by all Canadian companies.

"Business men of Canada and beyond the boundaries of Canada are beginning to grasp and realize the importance of Canada's mining industry and its great future. Millions have poured into this country and many more millions will pour into this country to develop our great mineral deposits. This mineral development and expansion will create new markets within our boundaries. New money, new homes, added employment—having these we can be assured of our home markets. I venture the opinion that our agriculturists are pleased to see the rise of new mining towns and mining cities wherein their farm produce may be sold. With increased markets abroad for our farm produce, particularly our wheat, what safer course can our governments, and we as individuals, pursue than by assisting in a sane legitimate way to open up those great treasure houses of hidden wealth which lie in the bosom of old Mother Earth. Policies must be sane, capital must be treated fairly, we must have a broad national outlook for the expansion of this great basic industry.

Agriculture and Mining

"Agriculture has been our chief basic industry. It can grow and prosper with an expanding mining development. The lumbering industry, can profit as well. To illustrate what mining does for the lumbering industry, let me quote you what one mine—the great Frood mine of the International Nickel Company of Canada—does for Canada's lumbering industry. It takes down underground 3,500,000 feet, board measure, each month—40,000,000 feet of lumber alone annually going down underground into one mine, to say nothing of the indirect demand for lumber made for housing and other uses in mining areas. When one adds to the demand of the Frood mine the demands from the mining camps of Porcupine, Kirkland Lake, Noranda, Flin Flon, Northwestern section of Ontario, the Northwestern section of Quebec, one grasps the possibilities of general expansion in business which arises from mining development. It is a great legitimate business, hazardous it is true, but one which is steadily adding to Canada's wealth and helping substantially to lead Canada back to prosperity."

Detroit Free Press:—Justice often shrieks in American court rooms more shrilly than liberty did in Poland when Kosciuszko fell. When it escapes violation, it does so frequently in spite of those most sworn to its protection. A main reason why this sort of thing is possible, aside from a ridiculous worship of technicality, is the weakness of the elective judicial system. No matter how well intentioned he may be, a judge who knows he must please an emotional public if he wants to retain his job from term to term is handicapped from the start.

Premier Hepburn is Not in Good Health

Returned to Work Against the Direct Orders of Doctors, Say the Despatches.

According to information coming from Toronto, Premier Hepburn is by no means enjoying restored health. Indeed, it is claimed by those in close touch with the premier that his state of health is decidedly unsatisfactory and that he returned to Canada in defiance of the express wishes of the doctors who were attending him in the South. It is further stated that Premier Hepburn does not intend to announce his intentions as to his retirement, but that this is due to the fact that he feels it would interfere with the prospects of the party. The premier met the senior members of his cabinet at his suite in the hotel at which he stays in Toronto. The following despatch, after saying that Premier Hepburn is greatly worried over the undercurrent of discontent among his followers in the legislature at the lack of leadership shown in the House so far this session, continues as follows:—

"Contrary to rumour that his health has been much improved in recent weeks, it was learned that his physicians have expressed grave concern over Premier Hepburn's plan to take an active part in the House debates this year.

"From sources very close to the Prime Minister, it was learned that he returned from the South in absolute defiance of his Miami physicians' orders. An illness in his family and the trial at London in which he was complainant made his presence absolutely necessary, it was said.

"Having come back, the Ontario premier realized that if he failed to put in an appearance in the Legislature his followers would be critical, and he determined to take as active a part as possible in the deliberations.

"Premier Hepburn also feels that if he should announce his retirement at this time, there would be grave doubt that the contentious amendments to the Corporation Tax Act, in relation to separate schools, would pass the caucus.

"He is depending upon his own personal popularity among his followers to carry the bill past his own members.

"Once this bill is out of the way, it was learned on most reliable authority that Premier Hepburn will definitely retire from active political life.

"In the meantime he will not make any pronouncement upon the subject, either publicly or to a caucus of his own members, it is said.

"Except for occasions which make it absolutely necessary that he be present in the Legislature, those close to him say that the premier will be absent from the House for the greater part of the debates."

Leslie Stafford Clark Passes Away at North Bay

Following a lingering illness, the death occurred at North Bay on Sunday of Leslie Stafford Clark, former prominent North Bay contractor and broker. Born in Mascola, Ceylon, in 1888, the son of Mrs. Albany Clarke and the late Rev. Albany Clarke, he came to North Bay 30 years ago with the engineering staff of the T. & N. O. Railway. Later, in partnership with Ray Lounsbury, he carried on a very successful lumbering business.

The defunct L. S. Clarke brokerage business, with branches in North Bay and Sudbury, was another of his enterprises.

He is survived by his widow, two daughters, and his mother, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

Quebec Telegraph:—New the only thing that makes a girl turn pale is soap and water.



BE BEAUTIFUL  
By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



A famous manicure authority in New York advises the use of emery board in preference to a nail file both by the professional manicurist and for home use. She advises BETTY GRABLE to use the emery board daily to keep edges smooth and prevent brittle and broken edges. (Specially posed for Peggy Sage)

HAND SPECIALIST TABOOS NAIL FILE

I had a long talk with one of the leading authorities on hand care the other day. It is she who sets the fashion in fingernails from New York to Hollywood; she creates new nail polish shades constantly. In her New York salon there isn't a single file.

Files, in her opinion, should never be used on the nails. The file may be rusty and thus cause infection. Or may have an uneven, ragged edge and leave the nail that way. And you know how the slightest nip in a nail has a way of catching on the silk of one's dress or stocking, causing damage to the material and further damage to the nail.

Emery Board Recommended  
An emery board is recommended. This will fine the nail smoothly without leaving nicks to catch into things. And the nails will be so apt to break easily. Insist that your manicurist use an emery board. Then go over the nails for a second every day at home. This will keep the nails beautifully shaped and perfectly smooth always. It's a habit worth forming, because it avoids the necessity of doing a great deal of filing and only a little shaping occasionally.

Nails Don't Breathe  
Asked about the theory that the nails could breathe if liquid polish is left off, she answered "nothing at all to that." The nails are a horny plate and cannot breathe. They grow because of good circulation from the base of the nail, not from the top. This famous authority did recommend buffing the nails too and especially before the liquid polish is applied.

Good Circulation Important  
Good circulation is so important to skin, hair and hand beauty. And exercise is needed to stimulate the circulation. Massage is another circulation stimulant. Therefore she advises massage, particularly for women who slow up on exercise as they grow older. But when massaging, don't merely concentrate on working around the nail, but massage at the root of the nail and the entire finger to bring the blood to the nailbed. This type of massage will strengthen and correct brittle nails. Start the massage on the hand, then the knuckles, then the fingers and finally the fingertips and nail root.

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Henry Ford:—Next year will be a good year for those who have made up their minds to make it so; it will probably be a poor year for those who will sit and wait for somebody else to make it good for them.

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