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## CHAPTER XII—NIGHT ON THE ISLAND

Peter had a queer feeling that he ought to be surprised at Christine's amazing intuition and that yet he wasn't. The fact was that he and Christine, though they had known one another for little more than a day, were already in such perfect accord that they could almost read one another's thoughts.

"Yes," he said heavily, "it is Judith. I am engaged to her."

"It was she who proposed to you?"

This was not a question but a statement.

"Y-yes," Peter answered reluctantly.

"Oh, Christine," he burst out, "if I had only met you first—out—now—"

"Tell me," said Christine gently. "I want you to tell me everything."

"I must. It's only fair. But it isn't exactly easy."

So while the gale roared above them and the rain gusts hissed against the ancient stones he told her the whole story, beginning with the robbery of his claim by his double, going on to his mad attempt to burgle Yew Court and so to his encounter with Lanyon and his various adventures at Cranham, ending in his engagement to Judith.

It took a long time and before he had finished darkness had fallen. The gale still thundered and it had turned very cold, but the rain had ceased and a few stars were visible between the broken flying cloud wrack. Christine never said a word during the whole recital, yet Peter felt her intense interest enveloping him like a living thing. And it was that which made him talk as he had never talked before.

He finished at last and the silence was broken only by the steady roar of the wind overhead and the creaking and chafing of the twisting branches. Peter spoke again.

"I was a fool, Christine," he said with savage bitterness. "I knew better all the time. I was a weak fool."

"You were nothing of the sort," Christine's voice was clear and unharried. "In your place I don't see how you could have acted differently. Indeed, Peter, I'm not blaming you at all."

"You don't blame me?" Peter spoke in a tone of utter amazement.

"Indeed I don't. You couldn't help yourself." She paused and gave a sad little laugh. "In any case I can't talk after the way I've thrown myself at your head."

"You haven't. I fell in love with you the very moment I saw you yesterday, standing on the steps. I knew at once you were the one girl in the world. Whatever happens, I shall always think so. But I didn't want to hurt you, Christine. I had it all planned out. This morning I was going to telephone Mr. Timmins and make an excuse to go straight back. Then when you told me you had all ready for the fishing, I thought I'd have one day with you—

one that I could remember all the rest of my life. And now—now—"

"And now it's happened," said Christine softly. "And I'm not sorry. It would have hurt me much more if you had gone away without a word."

"But I shall have to go to-morrow, Christine." Peter said in a voice that was harsh with repressed emotion. "I'm bound to Judith."

Christine looked up at him. It was too dark to see more than the faint oval of her face but Peter knew the steadfastness of her blue eyes.

"Listen, Peter, if Judith insists, you must marry her. But I don't believe that it is you she is in love with. You told me that you don't remember seeing her at this dance at Singapore."

"No, I certainly didn't see her. But I don't know what you mean, Christine."

"Have you forgotten this double of yours, the man who swindled you over your claim? I believe it is he whom Judith Vidal saw at the dance and that it is only your likeness to him which has made her want to marry you."

Peter drew a long breath. This was a point of view that had never occurred to him.

"But the fellow was just a swindler who dressed himself up to look like me."

"He must have been amazingly stiff to you to deceive this native chief," Christine said. "I think you have a double somewhere, Peter. Have you any cousins?"

"None. I had a brother but he died when we were both quite small."

"It's very puzzling," said Christine. "But I still stick to my belief. If Judith is such a striking girl you could hardly have helped noticing her at that dance."

"That's just what I've thought a dozen times. Oh, Christine, I wonder if you're right." He paused, then went on:

"But even if you are, it isn't likely we'll ever see this double of mine again. He's out east."

Lanyon might know something of him," said Christine shrewdly.

"If he did he wouldn't tell," replied Peter.

"No—not unless we could make him. You say Lanyon is mad about Miss Vidal?"

"Yes, he's in love with her, but it's her money he's maddest about."

"You'll have to be careful about him, Peter," said Christine gravely. "I'm inclined to think that he is still tracking you."

Peter shrugged.

"I hardly care, Christine," he declared. "If I can't have you I don't care much whether I live or die. To-morrow I must go back to Cranham. But before I go I want to make over Glenfarne to you. It wouldn't appeal to Judith. She'd hate it. You love it and it would be some consolation to feel you had it."

"Not!" Christine's tone was firm. "I can't take it, Peter. Daddy Neil wished it to go to you. But I will stay here and take care of it for you. I have a little money of my own and I shall do very well."

"You'll have to take some of Uncle Neil's money, Christine. Macallister and I settled that before I ever saw you."



PETER

pipe out of his mouth and fixed his grey eyes on Peter.

"I've met Paul Lanyon," he remarked. "A nasty piece of work." He thought a while. "Don't seem I can do a lot for you, Peter."

"You can keep an eye on Christine—help her with the place and so on."

"She don't need it," said Bill briefly, "she could handle any moor in Scotland."

"Tim sure she can, but I'll feel better if I know you're here sometimes."

"I'll be around." There was silence again, and then Bill reached over and laid a big brown hand on Peter's shoulder.

"I'm damned sorry, old son," he remarked.

Peter said nothing. He wasn't expected to. He lit a second cigarette, and for a while the two sat side by side smoking. At last Bill got up.

"Must shove off," he said. "When are you coming back?"

"God knows," said Peter.

"Keep your tail up," Bill advised. "Things happen." He knocked his pipe out. "So long."

"Can't I drive you back?" Peter said. "No, I'll walk up to the loch. The boat's waiting."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Animals Avoid Quarrels; Fights to Death, Fakes

It should be well known that, however savage and bloodthirsty any animal killer may be, whether cat, wolf, bear, or of the weasel family, there is always uppermost a distinct respect for others of like nature and anywhere near the same size, for the severe wounds given in a contest are disabling, and no hunting mammal can well afford to be thus handicapped, even though it is sure of getting the better of the scrap in the end, writes S. F. Aaron in Scientific American.

Thus the puma and the bear respect each other, various silly stories and pictures to the contrary notwithstanding. The same may be said of the puma and the big timber wolf, the fisher and otter, the wildcat and raccoon, the fox and mink, and the mink and weasel, all of which seek the course of least resistance even when tidbits may be a cause of envy between them, for a law of the wild that holds the captor or first possessor of food, to be the rightful owner is generally obeyed.

Bloody warfare between killers and other creatures—often battles to the death which never occur even between rival lovers—is the most fruitful subject for Nature narrative thrills. And it is an unusual book or article by any of the fakers that does not include some such incident, often one ... least to each chapter. Thus we have our two wildcats meeting and fighting on general principles, and this is quite unthinkable.

**That Body of Yours**

By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto  
Excess Fat and the Heart

In a group of 136 patients all of whom were overweight it was found that although only 19 died as a direct result of an accumulation of fat in and about the heart, this excess heart fat and the excess of fat throughout the body was an important factor in greatly shortening the life span in most of the other cases.

Dr. Harry L. Smith and Frederick A. Willius in Archives of Internal Medicine describe their findings of fat formation in the underlying layer of tissue of the bag (pericardium) which surrounds the heart and also in and about the muscle fibres of the walls of the heart itself. This fat adds a burden to an already overworked heart which has to take care of all this added fat and weight of the body.

"Story's too long to tell you now," Peter said, swiftly. "And here's Christine. We must get her home as soon as possible. It's been pretty rough on her—she's been doing with yourself?"

"Miss Christine—is she right, sir?" were his first words.

"Quite all right, Donald," Peter assured him. "Here she is to tell you so."

A very tall, lean man raised himself from the stern of the boat and stepped out.

"Hullo, Peter," he drawled. "So you've been tying granny knots?"

"Bill, you old sinner, it's fine to see you again," Peter answered, clasping his friend's hand. "All the same, it's a bit of a shock to find you turned into a Highland laird."

"Same to you, Peter, but I'm laird. I came into a bit when my father died, and took a lease of Costello. Been trying to hear of you for months. What have you been doing with yourself?"

There was not the slightest sign of emotion on Bill Norman's leathery face, yet Peter knew that he was as pleased as himself at this meeting.

"Story's too long to tell you now," Peter said, swiftly. "And here's Christine. We must get her home as soon as possible. It's been pretty rough on her—she's been doing with yourself?"

"She don't show much sign of it," drawled Bill as he shook hands with Christine. "How did the boat get away from you?"

"That's what we've got to find out," said Peter. "Christine can tell you I didn't tie a granny knot."

Bills sleepy eyes widened.

"Someone borrowed my skiff yesterday afternoon. We'll have to find out about this." He turned to Christine. "Get in Miss Grant. Donald has the ponies at the foot of the loch."

"And you'll come to breakfast with us Captain Norman," said Christine.

"Please, Peter wants to talk to you, and he has to go South this evening."

"I'll come," said Bill simply.

"I got the boat safe, Miss Christine," said Donald as they drove down the loch. "Trout and all."

"I'm sorry you had all this bother, Donald," Christine answered. "But you know it wasn't our fault."

"I ken that, mem. I'll be looking for the man that played yen trick on ye." His lips tightened as he spoke, and Peter thought he would hate to be that man when Donald laid his powerful hands upon him.

They were home in less than an hour. Peter shaved and changed mechanically, for his mind was so full of the events of the past few hours that he had no attention to give to anything else.

At nine they sat down to an excellent breakfast. Old Macallister did most of the talking, but afterwards Peter took Bill aside and told him his story. Bill Norman was not the sort for half confidences, and Peter kept nothing back.

Bill lay back in his chair, a foul old pipe between his strong, white teeth, his eyes half shut. One who did not know him as well as Peter did might have thought he was hardly listening. Even when Peter had finished it was nearly a minute before Bill showed any signs of life. Then at last he took his

## Education Lasts for Life Says W. J. Dunlop

This being Education Week in Canada, the address this week at Toronto by W. J. Dunlop, well-known in Timmins and district, will be of special interest.

Mr. F. M. Scott, principal of Williamson Road school, introduced Mr. W. J. Dunlop, director of university extension, University of Toronto, at the Home and School meeting at Toronto when he spoke on "Careers for Boys and Girls." Mr. Dunlop said: "Do not leave it to the last year of public school before your child chooses a career. Let your child decide while young so that he will have an objective. He will change it in a few years but another objective will follow. Sometimes our young people graduate and still do not know what they are going to do. When I was nine years of age I was quite sure I was going to be a farmer. I have still to reach that objective.

"Continuously encourage your child to have an objective ahead. It will help to carry your boy or girl across any crisis that may arise. In third and fourth year of high school there is sometimes a yearning to get away from school and make some money and also an anxiety to get away from making the supreme test. Business men of today want employees with junior matriculation. It has become an artificial landmark. It used to be the entrance certificate that was wanted. In the future they will require a university education. See that your child gets all the education he can absorb.

"Parents, do you, by example, show that you think education is worth while? I suggest you take one night a week and take up a subject at the university. Education does not stop as long as there is life."

## Popular Cravat Named in Honour of the Croats

The National Revenue Review, issued by the National Revenue Department at Ottawa has the following of interest in its current issue:

"Feminine fashions are so often referred to that the following notes regarding the more prosaic apparel of men may be of interest. To be 'high-hat' once conveyed the sense of extreme radicalism. Contrary to general belief the top hat is a democratic and even proletarian garment, while many of the humbler articles of masculine attire are of aristocratic lineage. The bow on the left hand side of the felt hat, for example, is a relic of the buckle that used to secure the waving plume of the hibernal Cavalier, while the walking-stick is probably a substitute for the sword which it displaced after the age of chivalry. The golfer's plus fours hark back to the leg-wear of the Guards, whose trousers turn down four inches at the knee. The cravat was originally a scarf. The word is from the French 'cravate,' a corruption of 'Croate.' This was the name given by the French of Louis XIV's time to the scarfs worn by the Croatian soldiers in the royal regiment. The modern dress coat originated with the aristocratic Beau Brummell who is credited with establishing the idea of a uniform type of dress for men. In contrast to all this aristocracy, the humble silk hat is the modern counterpart of the high-crowned headdress of the French Revolutionaries."

Twice since Chevrolet introduced its six-cylinder models, it has had a million-car year. One of these was 1935; the other, the introductory year, 1929. Off the assembly lines last month rolled Chevrolet's six millionth Six. That's a million more than all the Chevrolets which were built before the Six came along. Honour of driving the six millionth Chevrolet Six goes to Mrs. J. F. Boden, of Detroit, who got it for a wedding present.

Chevrolet Six has changed considerably since 1929, and today's cars, despite their vastly increased performance powers, are more economical to operate than were the first sixes. Although they are larger, heavier, and of course wonderfully improved in appearance, prices are lower than those of the first Chevrolet Sixes.

The expectation of life (overweight) is unfavorable. Only four of their series of cases attained the age of seventy, the average of the entire group being 52 years, and their ages ran from 10 months to 75 years. There were 94 females and 42 males. The least percentage of overweight was 13 percent, and the greatest 170 percent.

The point is that although the fat actually crowded the heart and interfered to some extent with its activity, it was the great increase in fat and weight throughout the body that made the heart's work so great. Thus it was found that the heart itself increased in size in proportion to the great increase in weight. When the body weight remained at a certain point, the heart did not further increase in size.

The effects then is that while an increase in fat about the heart due to heavy eating and little or no exercise is itself a danger, the heart can in the majority of cases still do its work despite the fat. But if the whole body gets too fat the heart just can't continue to do the increased amount of work necessary to sustain life. And fat and weight can be reduced in every case, and strength maintained by cutting down on starch foods, fat foods and all liquids. Meats, eggs and fish should not be reduced.

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**ASTHMA BRONCHITIS**

FOR SURE RELIEF IN SHORTEST TIME

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Mrs. E. R. Hardlett, 286 Wilson St., Kingston, writes: "My two girls suffered terribly from bronchitis. Until I tried Buckley's they never slept well. After the first dose both rested well. Within 24 hours the bronchial tubes were cleared. Dr. H. H. Hargrave, St. Toronto, says: "I suffered greatly from asthma, and tried many preparations without success. Then I tried Buckley's and now feel like a new man."

BE BEAUTIFUL  
By ELSIE PIERCE  
FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

2-17  
ASTRID ALLWYN, whose home town of Springfield, Mass., knows many blizzardy and blistery cold days, chose this attractive costume for a recent skiing party. The sleeveless jacket is white suede and trimmed in flat nickel buttons. The collar and cuffs are of white balls of tufted yarn.