



CHAPTER XXIV—LONELY ROADS

Dirk woke to find himself flat on his face on the grass by the roadside. His head rang like a gong and at first he hadn't an idea where he was or what had happened. It was the sight of the bicycle lying against the grassy slope just below him that brought back his memory, and he rolled over and sat up. His right hand felt funny and he saw it was all over blood. There was a nasty cut on the palm. There was blood on his face too, from a cut over the right eye. His right knee was badly bruised, but seemingly there was nothing broken, for he found he could stand.

"Might be worse," he muttered as he twisted his handkerchief round his cut hand. Then he turned to the bicycle. That, too, seemed to have come off lightly. The front mudguard was bent but was luckily still free of the wheel, and the engine seemed none the worse.

The car he had seen, standing on the road, was now out of sight. The ponies too, were gone. Dirk realized that he must have been out for at least three or four minutes. That didn't worry him so much as his own shakiness. He was very giddy and blood was still dripping from the cut over his eyes.

But Dirk had in him much of the same good stuff that was in Peter. He knew that he was the only person on Lanyon's trail and the only one likely to be on it for some time to come. No help could be expected for a long time, so whatever was to be done he had to do it.

He got in the saddle and started on again. It was no use trying to hurry. For one thing he was too shaky to ride fast and for another he could not risk another tumble. The thing was to plug along quietly and trust to being able to find which way Lanyon had gone.

The road kept curving away to the west. It was just a track cut in the side of the hill. There was no room anywhere for two cars to pass and in many places the drop to the left was so steep that anything going over the edge would be smashed to pieces. The evening air was cool and clear, by degrees the cut on Dirk's head ceased bleeding, his giddiness passed, and he began to feel better.

He rounded a great curve and suddenly caught sight of Lanyon's car. It was all of three miles ahead, a mere dot against the hillside up which it seemed to crawl like a fly up a wall. Dirk slacked up at once. He did not want Lanyon to suspect that anyone was after him.

A few yards farther on with a mountain ash hanging over the road, Dirk

stepped behind it and waited until Lanyon's car reached the peak of the hill and vanished.

A tiny burn came trickling down and ran in a rough culvert under the road. Dirk knelt down and drank and then splashed some of the icy cold water over his aching head. This freshened him and he went on at a quicker pace.

When he reached the top of the steep hill he saw the car again. Now it was only about two miles ahead, but a good five hundred feet below. As he watched he saw it swing to the right into a road which intersected the one on which he was travelling.

This road when he reached it, proved to be better than the one he had been riding over, so he quickened his pace, and his speedometer flickered at 30 or over as he rattled up a long slope. At its head he again sighted Lanyon's car which was still keeping about the same lead. Dirk realized that he could easily overtake it and now began to wish that he had accepted Maggie's offer of Donald's gun. Unarmed as he was, it would be nothing better than suicide to tackle Lanyon. The man who had shot him once would certainly not hesitate to do so a second time.

He looked around in the hope of seeing some house where he might find help, but there was none. He was now in the heart of the hills, and the only dwelling in sight was a shepherd's bothy perched far up the mountain to the left. No smoke rose from the chimney and, even if Dirk could have reached it, the odds were that there was no one there. Again it came to him that all he could do was to keep Lanyon in sight, if possible, discover his destination, then return for help.

This trailing was no easy job, for Dirk dared not ride nearer to the chase than two miles. Even at that distance he was desperately afraid lest Lanyon's ears might catch the sharp bark of the exhaust which sounded startlingly loud in the quiet evening air.

The lonely road wound endlessly up hill and down. Once Dirk met another motor cyclist who seemed to be a tourist, and he passed two elderly roadmen on their way home. Those were the only human beings he saw in the next 20 miles. Then he came in sight of a big lodge, but it stood half a mile or more off the road, and he decided it was no use going there for help because, by the time he had found the owner and explained things, Lanyon would probably be out of reach.

As it happened, it was lucky he did not stop for, about a mile farther on there were cross-roads and Lanyon, instead of keeping straight on, turned to

the right. Once again Dirk found himself on a shocking surface, and the bumping did his aching head no good.

He reckoned he had covered more than 30 miles, and he had not the faintest idea where he was or where Lanyon was heading. And now the sun was getting very low, and he began to wonder what would happen when darkness fell. True, he would be able to follow the lights of Lanyon's car, but he would also have to turn out his own headlights which would, of course, show Lanyon that someone was after him.

He came to another hill, the longest and steepest he had yet encountered. The road wound up mile after mile, and the surface was simply brutal. Twice he came to a regular washout and had to get off and push the bike across. He wondered how the car had tackled these places. He was almost done when at last he reached the top of the pass, then to his amazement he saw that the horizon was bounded by water and realized that this was the sea. To the north was more water gleaming red under the last rays of the setting sun. Dirk thought at first it was a loch, but presently saw it was an inlet from the sea. Miles of country were spread out like a map beneath him and there was the car, far below, creeping like a toy along the narrow grey road.

Dirk got off and waited. He dared not start down the hill until Lanyon had got a long start for the pass that twisted downwards was all open. Yet now he felt a little more easy in his mind for the road ran in the direction of the inlet and, so far as he could see, there was no other road. Nor did there seem to be any way of crossing the inlet. It began to seem as if Lanyon's destination was somewhere in the angle between the sea and the inlet, and Dirk thought this the more likely because of the utter desolation of this corner of Scotland. Certainly the fellow could find no better hiding place.

The car vanished into a small wood in the distance and Dirk started down the pass. The curves were so bad he had to go slowly and by the time he reached the wood it was dusk and he could no longer see the car. But since there was only one road he kept steadily on.

The road became a mere cart-track, the light grew very treacherous, but Dirk dared not switch on his headlights, and had to crawl. Once or twice he stopped, hoping to hear the other car, but there was no sound of the engine, no light to guide him. This was flatish country, sandy soil, heather on both sides of the road, and many

**QUICK**

**ZEBRA**  
LIQUID OR PASTE  
STOVE POLISH  
BLACK AND BRIGHT

**That Body of Yours**

By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto  
**Rheumatism—Causes and Treatment**  
So widespread is the interest in rheumatism that there are medical specialists who treat nothing else. It is known that there are one hundred of these rheumatism specialists in the United States aside from physicians at spas or "watering places" where rheumatic patients make up the majority of cases being treated.

The idea is now general that rheumatism is not a local disease of a certain joint, but that somewhere in the body tissues something is causing the trouble and the organisms or substances responsible for rheumatism simply go to the joint or joints and develop the inflammation (arthritis) in the joint. Just what are the causes is not known but it is generally accepted that infections, deficiencies in certain foods, exposure to cold and dampness, injuries may all have a part. Something renders the tissues sensitive to, or unable to resist, the attack of certain organisms.

It is most generally agreed that infected tonsils stand at the top of the list as a cause of rheumatism in children. It is therefore advised that the tonsils be removed in every child attacked by rheumatism. Statistics show that the child who has had his tonsils out is less likely to have rheumatism and therefore serious heart complications are less likely to develop.

Further, even if no rheumatism attacks have occurred, if there have been repeated attacks of tonsillitis, the tonsils should be removed.

Although diet and the use of the electrolytes enter into the treatment, physical therapy—heat of various kinds and massage—offers the most relief.

It is because rheumatism cripples the patient and becomes "chronic" that so many patients try various forms of treatment often given under unskilled supervision. As the exercise and the amount of time spent in going to institutions to get the joints "baked," massaged or exercised prevents many from receiving this form of treatment. It has been suggested that teams of rheumatism experts—physicians, nurses and those qualified to give physical therapy—go among the local physicians and teach this type of treatment. The family physician could then supervise this form of treatment in the patient's home.

Acton Free Press:—The story is told of a man in Michigan City, Indiana, who slashed his wrists and started to bleed to death the night before his execution. Prison physicians gave him blood transfusions and worked 22 hours to save his life. Having succeeded, the prisoner was then successfully electrocuted.

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**Mother Wins Appeal in Case of Death Near Rouyn**

Appeal of Mrs. Alice M. Larkin, of Ottawa, widow, from a judgment of Mr. Justice J. C. Markins dismissing her suit for \$35,000 damages under the Fatal Accidents Act from P. M. Fleming, contractor, for the death of her son, John Raymond Larkin, was allowed at Toronto on Monday by Ontario Court of Appeal, which ordered the case go to trial.

The son died of injuries suffered August 28, 1935, while carrying out certain work in connection with the insulation of electrical equipment, at Stadacona Rouyn mine, near Noranda, Que. The youth, according to the statement of claim, came into contact with a charged wire, hung suspended from the wire until the current was cut off and then fell to a pile of rock below.

Larkin, a former student of St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N.S., was in the employ of P. M. Fleming at the time of the accident, his mother alleges. He was about to enter the last year of his course of university study for his degree of bachelor of science.

Mr. Justice Makins dismissed the suit upon a plea of the defendant that it was of a class barred by the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act.

The appeal was heard by Mr. Justice R. G. Fisher, Mr. Justice N. S. Macdonnell and Mr. Justice W. I. Henderson.

Hamilton Spectator:—It is evident that Rev. T. T. Shields thinks the police of Toronto need policing. And he's just the man for the job.

Montreal Star:—Young son: "Daddy, why didn't Noah swat both flies while he had the chance?"

**Customs Officials Asked for Proper Signature**

(Brantford Expositor)  
Last week United States customs officials at the Detroit-Windsor border stopped a portrait of General Frost being sent from Toronto. They examined the painting, could find no signature on the customs declaration and returned this important document for this necessary addition, holding the picture meanwhile.

With slightly malicious humor some newspapermen sent out the story that the customs officers had insisted that the artist sign the declaration, personally. In this particular case it would have been difficult, to say the least, to secure compliance, as the painter of the portrait had been dead for the last two hundred and ninety-five years. He was Sir Anthony Van Dyck, the great Flemish master.

Of course, once the jest got into hilarious circulation, the customs officials became annoyed. Indignantly they denied that they had called for the original signature. They had simply returned the paper, they said, in order to have affixed thereto a formal statement explaining why Van Dyck's signature was not available.

While this explanation may be less severe in its reflections on the educational qualifications and cultural background of the officials concerned, it still remains, which ever way you look at it, a caustic joke on a system that had become so encumbered by red tape as to deny its servants the right to use their intelligence.

Northern News:—Small boys with large ears will rejoice to hear that a little London, Ont., girl saved a playmate from drowning by holding him up by his ears.



**CANADIANS AND THEIR INDUSTRIES—AND THEIR BANK**

**TOBACCO GROWING**

**TOBACCO FARM OWNER:** "Henry, you and the other men are doing fine work and I hope you know I appreciate it."

**TOBACCO FARM WORKER:** "Thank you, I figure you know that we appreciate our steady jobs and good pay, too."

**OWNER:** "Oh, well, Henry, I don't deserve all the credit. I never could have started or carried on this business properly, without the assistance of my bank, the Bank of Montreal. Like hundreds of other tobacco growers, I have borrowed every year from the Bank to pay for plants, fertilizer and labour; and soon after I began the Bank loaned me money I needed for barns and other equipment. Of course, I've kept up my end by paying off the loans when I sold my crop. There's nothing like

good banking credit for making a sound business, regular profits—and giving employment."

**WORKER:** "So it's your bank, too! I think most of my friends in this district keep their savings at the same bank. Some of us have safety deposit boxes there, too."

In the development of the tobacco industry, as in other new and old Canadian industries, the Bank of Montreal has played an important part. From the time the plants and fertilizer are purchased in the spring and on through the growing season when money is needed for labour, equipment and buildings, the Bank's loaning facilities are at the disposal of its hundreds of tobacco-growing customers.

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**Goodyear Co. Shows Good Sales Increase**

**Quarter's Showing Higher than for Same Period Last Year, Says President.**

Toronto, April 1—In a letter to shareholders of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada Limited, accompanying dividend cheques for the first quarter of 1936, the president A. G. Partridge states: "While figures will not be available for a few days, it is estimated that the first quarter of the current year will show an increase in dollar volume of profit over the corresponding period of a year ago. Tire production has been moderately increased to meet prospective increases in replacement sales and in sales to car manufacturers for equipment purposes. Your company is adequately prepared to maintain its full share of the business and we again request your criticisms, suggestions and assistance towards furthering the sale of Goodyear products."

The letter is the first to be issued to shareholders by Mr. Partridge since his election to the presidency of the company in succession to C. H. Carlisle, now chairman of the executive and finance committee of the board. The practice of writing to shareholders periodically giving them briefly the latest information available regarding business conditions and their company's position, a practice followed for many years by Mr. Carlisle, will be continued by the new president, says Mr. Partridge.

Toronto Mail and Empire:—Mr. T. L. Church has an idea that a Minister of Sport should be appointed, although there is already a Minister of Transport.

**\$500.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST ANSWER**

**WHAT KIND OF TEA DO YOU USE MABEL? IT'S REALLY DELICIOUS**

**WHAT DID MABEL SAY?**

Your answer to this simple question may win a prize. Tell us just what you think Mabel did say, in not more than fifteen words. Send in your answer on the entry blank obtainable from your grocer,—or if you prefer, just write it on the blank card-board at either end of a Lipton Tea package and mail to us at once.

Read the contest rules carefully before sending in your entry. Get into a winning mood by first enjoying a cup of Lipton's—taste its delicious flavor, secured by special blending to appeal to Canadian tastes, and remember—Lipton's is better tea at no extra cost. That's why it's the largest selling tea in the world.

**CONTEST RULES**

1. Write or print what you think the best answer is, in not more than 15 words on an entry blank obtainable from your grocer, or on the blank card-board at either end of a package of Lipton's Tea. Be sure to write your name and address plainly; also the name and address of the grocer from whom the tea was purchased.
2. Send in as many different answers as you wish, but each one must be accompanied by the end panel (or facsimile) of a package of Lipton's Tea, carrying the "Thomas J. Lipton" signature. Mail your entries to Contest Dept., Thomas Lipton Ltd., 41 Front St. E., Toronto, to reach this office on, or before 6 p.m., Saturday, May 2nd.
3. Prizes: \$250.00 cash will be awarded to the person sending in the best and most suitable answer; \$100.00 to the next best answer and \$50.00 for the third best. In addition, there are 25 other cash prizes of \$2.00 each and 50 prizes of \$1.00 each. Originality, neatness and advertising value will be taken into consideration by the judges in awarding the prizes.
4. The judges' decision is final and the Company will not enter into any correspondence regarding the contest. Winners' names will be published in the newspapers on or about Tuesday May 12th, 1936.
5. All entries become the property of Thomas J. Lipton Ltd.
6. This contest is open to all residents of Ontario, with the exception of employees of Thomas J. Lipton Ltd. and their agents or their families.

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