



FIRST INSTALLMENT To Disaster, With A Roar

The red car rocketed between blurred green walls down the long stretch of straight white road. It was low built, with a bulbous rear and a snarling front. The roar of its exhaust tore the peace of the English countryside to shreds.

Leonard Ellington was in more ways than his unexpected affluence (for scientists, like poets, are popularly believed to be either poverty-stricken, or pretentious frauds) a rather odd sort of scientist.

A big, burly man, with a hard bald head and a bristling black moustache, he looked like something between a practical industrialist and a rugged gamekeeper. The hint of the gamekeeper was probably conveyed by his clothes. He habitually wore at rough tweed shooting jacket (one pocket of which was entirely torn away) and a pair of old and stained flannel bags. His shirt cuffs perpetually shot beyond the confines of his jacket sleeves and muffled his large, strong, black-haired hands.

He was standing in his study gazing gloomily at a skull like a large brown stone which rested on top of a bookcase when a manservant entered with what professor Ellington cursed, in moments of irritation, as a catlike tread.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man. "Well, Tomkins?" said the occupant of the Chair of Anthropology at Maxton University. "And stop gaping at that poor chap's cranium!" he added sharply. "You're always doing it, Tomkins. Dashed rude of you. The fellow's been dead for 80,000 years at least—Jackson says only half that, but these Americans are so unreliable."

"Sorry, I'm sure, sir," said the man; and, without stopping to take breath, "There's been an accident, sir."

Professor Ellington clutched at his high forehead. "If the cook," he began, "has ruined my dinner again—"

"Not that sort of accident, sir," said Tomkins hastily—between him and the mangled cook there was an "understanding"—"a motor accident, sir. Two young fellows in a car smash down in Potter's field. Potter's son was cycling past and he saw them. He thought they were dead, so he didn't stop but came right on here, sir, hard as he could pedal."

For the first time Professor Ellington showed some signs of real interest.

"Potter's field, eh?" he said. "That road's a death trap. I've always said so. Nice and straight, tempting any young chap in a car with a bit of sporting instinct to have a crack at setting up records. But of course the surface is rotten. All right Tomkins." His voice had taken on the brisk note of authority which had been heard in France, when Professor Ellington forsook his Chair and curious studies to join the infantry.

"Ring the doctor. No use waiting for the ambulance, though. Hour before it gets here, at least. I'll drive down to Potter's field myself."

He stopped half way to the door. "Oh Tomkins! Call Miss Dorothy, tell her what's happened and ask her to stand by to do a spot of first aid. She'll know what's wanted."

Professor Ellington hurried round the side of the house to the garage—he disdained chauffeurs. A minute later a large, black rather prehistoric monster was fuming on the drive. It went sharply into reverse and shot off with a screech and in a mist of blue smoke which far outdid the noise and smoke of the red car.

The big man drove violently through the screen of trees which overhung the path to his domain, jerked violently on to the main road and sped across the bridge.

wrong with him!" He turned to the other form, and noted with approval the tanned features, now a little pale, and the clean, square-cut jaw. All the time his hands were busy.

He straightened up. "Pair of lucky young devils! Not a bone broken between them!" His wandering eye fell on the red car, and glinted.

"A nice job!" his Maxton students might (and might not) have been surprised to hear him murmur. "A sweet bus!"

Professor Ellington would not for worlds or super-salesmen part with his own lumbering "bus," of old vintage; but he had an eye for streamlines.

The road was still utterly deserted. The pleasant afternoon was passing into cool evening. Professor Ellington had no intention of standing supinely by and waiting for help. He was accustomed to going ahead and doing things in his own way.

Now, without perceptible effort, he stooped and slung the unconscious mechanic over a broad shoulder. He strode back on to the road and laid the little man gently in the capacious back seat of his big car.

The driver of the red car was not such a light weight. His slimmness was deceptive. Ellington grunted as he lifted his second burden, and the young man stirred uneasily.

"You were right, Reddy," he murmured. "Shouldn't have stepped on the Rotten road."

He lapsed back into unconsciousness. The professor carried him to the road and laid him beside the mechanic. Then he started his engine and drove back the way he had come, this time at a slower and more cautious speed.

He was greeted, as he pulled up in front of his own house, by an agitated Tomkins and a cool and self-possessed but exceedingly pretty girl.

Tomkins gazed into the car as one beholding a minor miracle. He peered in awe at the two pale faces in the rear seat.

"Are they dead sir?" he asked, not without the pleased excitement of one who sees his name in the Sunday papers after various vividly written interviews with the gentlemen of the Press.

"Well, they might have been, if they'd been left to the mercy of you fellows," snapped the professor, whom action had for the moment transformed into that almost forgotten martinet of the Western Front.

To his daughter he grinned, jerked his head back, and said, "Nice pair of sleeping beauties, aren't they?"

Privileges for Veterans Enlisting in R.C.M.P.

Ottawa—Veterans enlisted in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for war-time duties receive the medical and surgical treatment privileges accorded to regular members of the Force.

Stole Shirts but Not the Bright Yellow Neckwear

Came up to Officer and Asked to be Locked Up. When Officer Refused the Man Produced Reason Enough.

Wearing a vivid gold-yellow tie with red spots, Aurele Lajeunesse pleaded guilty to the theft of seven shirts from Bucovetsky's Store.

"Did you steal the tie too?" asked Magistrate Atkinson. The accused grinned and admitted that he had taken more time in the selection of the tie than he did with the shirts. He will have thirty days in Haileybury Jail to atone for his sartorial ambitions.

Reason Enough Felix Bouchard came up to an officer and asked to be locked up. Said the officer: "I have no reason to lock you up."

"Oh, haven't you," replied Bouchard and from his pocket he pulled two bottles of wine, one of which was three-quarters gone. The officer did his duty. After he was sentenced to a fine of \$10 and costs or the alternative of 30 days in jail in court on Tuesday, Bouchard asked for time to get the money.

"No," said the Magistrate, "you waited too much to be locked up and be locked up you will if you can't pay the fine now."

Sunday Gamers Five men were charged with Sunday gaming. Those who paid fines of \$10 and costs each were Antoine Brunet, William O'Connor and Emile Groulx. Charges against Steve Cibo and Elie Ranger were remanded a week.

Walter Mulski accosted Sergeant Des-Roches, who was in civilian clothes, on the street and asked him for ten cents. The officer warned him and when he again saw the man begging, he picked him up and brought him in. Mulski was fined \$10 and costs with the usual alternative of thirty days.

Record Too Long "Your record is too long to read," said Magistrate Atkinson to Thomas Latendresse, charged with third offense drunkenness. He sent him to jail for three months.

"I prepared two rooms," said Dorothy in her unfurled voice. "I've got hot water and towels and brandy ready. And Dr. Priestley is coming round as quickly as he can. I rang the cottage hospital and said we would be taking care of everything."

"Good girl!" said her father briskly. "I'll call you when we've got 'em tucked in. Then you can look after the patients until the doctor arrives. I've got work to do."

He turned abruptly. "You know what that fellow Jackson has the impudence to suggest now?" His voice blared indignantly. "He says if we have found anything—if, mark you!—it probably doesn't date back to 10,000 B.C. I'm writing an article to Anthropologia, a flat reply, and I'm going to crush him. Flat! I'm going to point out—"

"I think Rupert's report will make your friend change his tune," said Dorothy. "After all, if he can convince you—"

But the cloud, observable before, had descended once again on the professor's blunt but not normally unsunny features.

"Rupert's report," he said. "Yes, of course. But we'd better get these young fellows between the sheets. Look sharp there, Tomkins, bother you!"

"Yessir," said the dutiful Tomkins. The little procession of mercy marched indoors.

Frank Carter woke up in heaven. He was lying on the softest of clouds. His forehead felt delightfully cool and moist. And an angel in well-cut tweeds was bending over him.

Interesting Career of Dominion's New Governor-General

Second Time He Has Been Appointed to This Post

There was much interest last week in the announcement that the Earl of Athlone has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, to succeed the late Lord Tweedsmuir. Lord Tweedsmuir was born a commoner, being the son of a Scottish minister. He had attained wide fame, however, as an author and historian, and also as a diplomat and public servant. He was elevated to the peerage after his appointment as Governor-General had been decided upon.

On the other hand his successor is of royal lineage being a brother of the Queen Mother, Queen Mary, and a great-grandson of George III. Word from London, England, says that the date of departure of the Earl of Athlone for Canada is uncertain, and it is also a question as to whether or not he will serve the full term of five years as Governor-General of Canada. These questions have particular interest in view of the fact that this is the second time that the Earl of Athlone has been appointed Governor-General of Canada. It was on the eve of the last war that the Earl of Athlone was first appointed Governor-General of Canada, to succeed the Duke of Connaught, a son of the late Queen Victoria. In 1914 the Earl of Athlone was named as Governor-General of Canada, but his services were needed in the military organization when the war came and the appointment was cancelled as a consequence.

The Earl of Athlone who is 65 years of age was born at Kensington Palace, the great red brick pile at the west end of the huge tract of land that forms Kensington and Hyde parks. His father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, spent the early part of their married life there. That house also was the birthplace of Queen Victoria.

The Buckingham Palace announcement last week was characteristically short. It merely said: "The King has been graciously pleased to appoint the appointment of Major-General the Earl of Athlone, K.G., as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada."

Last Monday the Earl and his wife, Princess Alice, daughter of the Duke of Albany, dined with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and remained for the night.

The vice-regal couple have had busy lives. Besides his military career, the Earl has been governor-general of South Africa for two terms, governor of Windsor Castle and chancellor of London University. Since 1936 he had been a personal aide-de-camp to the King.

Princess Alice has been commandant of the women's transport section of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry. Recently she inspected ambulance units leaving for Finland including six ambulances donated by the Canadian Red Cross.

The Earl and Countess have one daughter, Lady May Cambridge, 34, wife of Major Henry Abel Smith whom she married in 1931. He was then an aide-de-camp to her father in South Africa.

Last year the future occupants of Ottawa's Rideau hall went to Teheran, Iran, to attend the wedding festivities of Iran's crown prince who married a sister of King Faud of Egypt. In 1938 they visited Saudi-Arabia at the invitation of King Ibn Saud.

Alexander Augustus Frederick William Alfred George Cambridge, first Earl of Athlone is tall and soldierly and enjoys wide popularity. His military career has been a distinguished one and he has won rank and honour on his own merit and ability. He served in the South African war and also in the last war and was decorated in both for distinguished services.



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

The Spastic Colon—Large Intestine "The symptoms are fullness immediately after meals, gas coming up from stomach, gas pains in stomach region, stabbing or dull ache under or in heart region, small stool with much gas, with perhaps fullness and bloating in upper part and both sides of abdomen. The individual is worried that he has heart trouble, pleurisy, and ulcers because of heart burn or high acid condition; appendicitis because of frequent jabs of pain in appendix region. He loses weight because of the bloating and discomfort even after small meals and is afraid to eat because of this. He becomes more nervous, cannot sleep well because he imagines all sorts of ailments are present in his abdomen and chest. He resorts to laxatives and even enemas for relief of the constipation. Finally, when he is sure of the worst, he comes to the physician for examination."

What has happened to this individual (and it could be any of us at times)? His colon—large intestine—has become "spastic"; that is, there are spasms at different parts which prevent wastes and gases from going downward and out of the body. The spasms cause all the symptoms.

The above clear picture of spastic colon—colitis—is given by Dr. Theodore H. Maday in Medical World. What causes spastic colon? Physicians are agreed that it is the new or rapid rate at which so many of us live in these days that interferes with the digestive processes before food is eaten, while it is being mixed with digestive juice in the small intestine (first part) and stomach, with absorption of food into the blood from the small intestine, and with the passage of the wastes through the colon or large intestine.

The treatment consists in showing the patient that as the cause of his symptoms is nervousness or emotional disturbances, he must learn to be calm at mealtime, eat his food slowly so as to mix it well with the saliva or alkaline mouth digestive juice; the extra amount of alkaline digestive juice flowing down to stomach calls for an increased amount of acid juice to overcome the alkaline mouth digestive juice. This extra supply gives more complete digestion and preparation of the food for absorption.

A happy attitude at mealtime is of great importance and as free of worries as it is possible to prevent nervous contraction (spasm) of stomach and bowel."

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