



young lady—a very determined young lady—who'll shoo you back to bed if we don't forestall her."

"Women, eh?" said Reddy darkly. "I had an aunt like that . . . Okay, guv-nor!"

He sped back to his own room.

They left the communicating door open, and while they dressed Frank briefly explained what had happened since the crash.

He had barely finished dressing when Tomkins tapped and entered.

"You shouldn't be up, sir," he said, shaking his head. "Miss Dorothy said—"

"You can't keep a good man down, er—?"

"Tomkins, sir."

"Tomkins. D'you think you could rustle up some shaving tackle?"

"In the bathroom at the end of the corridor, sir. Breakfast downstairs when you are ready, sir. I'll tell the professor you have decided you are well enough to get up."

"Diplomat!" commented Frank.

"And—er—the other gentleman, sir. Your mechanic. I understand?"

"That's right."

"Will breakfast in the servants' hall, sir," said Tomkins.

"Oh, said Frank, slightly dashed. He was a democratic soul, and was used to sharing a sandwich and a beer with Reddy at whatever spot they might happen to find themselves. "Oh right!" Tomkins retired.

Ten minutes later they descended the stairs together.

Tomkins, the indefatigable, was waiting for them.

"This way," he said, and beckoned distantly to Reddy.

At the same moment Professor Ellington emerged from his study.

"Ah, there you are, both of you!" he exclaimed briskly. "Well, come along, breakfast is ready—and I'm starved! Tomkins told me you were determined to get up. Don't blame you. It's a glorious morning."

Reddy paused hesitantly. It was an embarrassing moment. The professor's eye fell on Tomkins.

"All right, Tomkins, run along!" he barked. "Hang it, I can conduct my own guests to breakfast, I hope! No need for you to trail them."

They passed into the breakfast room. Frank was surprised to see that Dorothy was not present. The professor interpreted his look of inquiry.

"Up at six," he said. "Cold bath, Swedish exercises, long walk. There was a time," he went on morosely, "when I had to threaten to pour water over her head. To get her up, I mean. But Rupert!—he stabbed viciously at a piece of bacon—changed all that."

He fixed Frank with a penetrating look.

"Carter, did you know that the body thinks?"

"No, sir," said Frank, rather taken aback. "Of course, my scientific knowledge is a bit rusty—haven't kept quite abreast of the latest—"

"She Talks Like a Book"

"Yes," said the professor grimly. "The body thinks. And if you let it get sluggish it thinks sluggish thoughts. Let's you down, Rupert says so. There cannot be an A1 brain in a C3 body. Rupert says that too."

"I don't know who this Professor Rupert is," said Reddy tactlessly. "I'm sure he probably knows what he's talking about, far more than I do. All the same, I'm entitled to my opinion, and speaking from experience I'd say he's a bit of a crank—ouch!"

He looked reproachfully at Frank, who under the table had stamped him hard on the foot.

But the professor was delighted. "Yes, yes," he said. "Go on—er, Reddy, isn't it?"

"Reddy it is, sir," said that worthy, and glared defiantly at his guv-nor. "Well, as I was saying, I've met a lot of these fellows on the race track who do complicated exercises and practise holding their breath for five minutes at a time, and are generally, they are fond of saying, trained to a hair. But all the same they are just the chaps who crack up. It's the fellow who's calm, cool and collected without trying to be a blooming super athlete who keeps his head and pulls through."

"You see, sir, the way I figure it, the normal man retains his initiative; the other fellow is so tied up with rules and regulations that he can't trust himself to act without really thinking at all, and at the same time act right."

Reddy drew a deep breath after this long speech, and the professor beamed upon him. "I quite agree! Just what I've always said myself."

From that moment the professor and the mechanic were almost soul mates.

And when breakfast was over Ellington suggested that Reddy might care to have a look at that prehistoric monster which the professor called a car.

"My daughter," said Professor Ellington, looking at Frank, "should be returning from her—um—jaunt. If you'd care to stroll down to the copple, at the back of the house, you'd probably meet her. I'm sure she'd be delighted to show you round the place . . ."

"Thanks, I would," said Frank. "But really, we can't impose ourselves on you any longer sir . . ."

"Nonsense!" said Ellington vigorously. "Stay as long as you like. After lunch you can run down to the village and see about your bus. Nothing much wrong with it, I think. But as for running off, altogether—fiddlesticks!"

At the back of the house a path ran gently downhill to a wood and a stream. Frank followed it thoughtfully.

A rustic bridge crossed the stream. A girl was perched on the wooden rail, looking down at the water.

"Good morning," said Frank.

"Good morning!" said Dorothy Ellington, and smiled in friendly fashion. Then she stopped smiling and frowned. "But you shouldn't be up. The doctor said—"

"Oh, I'm all right," he said carelessly.

You can start the story right here. Only a few chapters have been missed. The synopsis below will give you all the details of the story to date and you can read on and enjoy this pleasing story. Here is the synopsis:—

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

FRANK CARTER, famous racing driver, and REDDY, his mechanic, while testing a new car, crash at speed near the country residence of Professor LEONARD ELLINGTON, noted anthropologist.

They are taken into the house and when Frank regains consciousness he finds DOROTHY ELLINGTON, the professor's pretty daughter, bending over him.

Fortunately, no bones have been broken, and both the men will be ready to sail in a few days time to Africa, where they are taking part in the International Grand Prix.

As it happens, the professor and his daughter are sailing on the same boat, and as Professor Ellington is keenly interested in motoring, they look forward to an enjoyable voyage.

The professor's mission is the investigation of an important anthropological discovery made by his assistant, RUPERT FEATHERSTONE, who has been there for two years digging.

Frank learns from Dorothy, that on her arrival she and Rupert are to be married.

Frank finds something very distasteful in the engagement, for although the couple had been separated for two years they did not appear to be considering each other in the way a loving couple might. There appeared to be too much of the "scientific" about the affair, each of them having destroyed the photos they had of each other, retaining only what were termed "mental images." (Now, read on!)

The Professor Ponders Too

When Rupert Featherstone had first appeared on the professor's horizon the older man had been attracted to him. He appeared modest; he knew his subject inside out; and he was incredibly efficient, a quality which the professor rather admired, being an incredibly slipshod man himself. Rupert, he had quickly discovered, had

many valuable traits which qualified him for the role of assistant. He never lost his temper (which the professor often did), he could write letters and memoranda without trailing off into grumbings and speculations (unlike the professor) and he had a card-index mind (which the professor lacked).

There might not be much inspiration in his work, but there was neatness, order, method.

Now, to his daughter the professor had transmitted a good many of his own characteristics. This was not surprising, since her mother had died when she was quite young, and the child had been left to him to bring up.

And, he was sadly admitting about the time when Rupert appeared on the scene, he had carried out his parental duties in an extremely hazy, sketchy, though good natured and well-intentioned way.

Dorothy was growing up—or rather, he noted with some surprised apprehension at the time—had already grown up (it must have happened during that fiery and protracted controversy with the American heretic, Malone, over the alleged Indowa Indaba finds) altogether undisciplined and uneducated.

It was, therefore, with some pleasure that he noted a certain warmth—or the nearest that his young assistant could get to warmth—in young Rupert's attitude towards Dorothy.

It occurred to him that, just as Rupert was the perfect counter-balance to his own erratic genius, so he might prove a very good influence on Dorothy.

He gave the projected union, when in due course their relationship blossomed into that, his enthusiastic blessing.

Only Rupert had begun to prove too dashed strong an influence. His strong point was the schooling of his emotions and he began to teach Dorothy to school her emotions.

The professor's dim suspicions that all was not working out according to plan were crystallized when the controversy with his old enemy Jackson, long a smouldering, burst into open flame, and it became necessary for him to crush that crabbed reactionary with some convincing proof of the soundness of

his own theories about the origin of man.

He suggested that Rupert go out to Africa and make certain investigations on his behalf; never doubting that love would protest most violently against his separation, and demand wedding bells before skull huntings.

But his own suggestion that this should be the procedure, tentatively advanced, was decisively rejected. There was, he was told, no need for undue haste. All in good time. After all, this was the twentieth century, and civilized people did that sort of thing with the maximum of thought and minimum of emotion that it deserved.

So Rupert sailed placidly for Africa, and Dorothy continued placidly to follow the course of reading which Rupert had prescribed for her.

It had flattered the professor at first to find his daughter taking a knowledgeable interest in his work. Also in psychology, economics, first aid, the causes of war, the place of women in the modern State, and the Marxian interpretation of history. But this had swiftly palled. A little song and dance about the house would have pleased him more. But in Rupert's rational scheme of things, song and dance were ruthlessly ruled out as outbursts of vulgar emotion.

There could be no doubt of it. Professor Ellington's first fine careless rapture over his efficient young assistant and prospective son-in-law had grown faint. Unfortunately, although Dorothy never betrayed any emotion of any sort, and under Rupert's tuition would have regarded any demonstration of affection towards her absent fiancé as the worst of form, she seemed to be sticking to the fellow.

Gloomily Professor Ellington thought of the young man upstairs. Fine, upstanding chap, he decided. Probably knew nothing about the Pekin Man and would have cracked jokes about the missing link. But all the same . . .

He rose. Stretched. Yawned. Put on the light. And went to bed, these half formed thoughts still swirling restlessly in his brain.

He had yet to meet Miss Christine Carter, who would give these thoughts form and send them flowing rapidly in a definite direction.

Forestalling a Lady

Frank Carter woke for the second time in the house of Professor Ellington this time to find himself looking up, not into the face of an angel, but the more homely features of his little mechanic, Reddy.

"How d'you feel, guv-nor?" asked Reddy anxiously. He was dressed in a pair of striped pyjamas much too large for him. His red thatch was tousled and he needed a shave.

Frank grinned. "Right as rain—or okay, as Dr. Priestley would say."

He looked round him. Sunshine filled the room. From the window he could see part of the well kept lawn and the trees at its foot.

"And you?"

"Fit as a fiddle!" said Reddy confidently. "But where are we, guv-nor?" He scratched his head. "I remember waking up to see a doctor chap. He gave me something to drink. Some sleeping draught, that was! We're still in the same year, aren't we? I feel as though I'd done a Rip van Winkle!"

Frank threw aside the bed clothes. "I'm going to get dressed," he declared. "That's a good idea!"

"Better hurry up if you're going to do the same," said Frank. "There's a

One-Way Streets Seen as Traffic Problem Solution

St. Pats Club Boys Troupe Entertains with Tumbling and Gymnastic Display.

Solution of Timmins traffic problems was to create a system of one-way streets in town, said Mr. M. E. Scott, who spoke at the regular meeting of the Lions Club, held in the Empire hotel, on Thursday evening.

Mr. Scott's plan would make the streets between Sixth and Kirby Avenues, one way streets. One street would be for traffic travelling eastward and the next would accommodate only west-bound traffic. Similarly the streets between Hemlock and Mountjoy would be designated as one-way traffic streets. On Spruce Street, for example, only northbound traffic would be permitted; on Pine street, southbound.

Traffic problems in Timmins were caused by narrow streets which jammed traffic and made double parking necessary for commercial traffic. In addition, traffic was slowed down considerably.

Mr. Scott prefaced his talk with the early history of transportation in the

camp. At one time, he said, the end of the railroad was at Kelso. From there one had to take a stage to the Porcupine. The road, which was built by convict labour, followed, for the most part, an old Indian trail leading to the Mattagami River. The present development of the camp was not dreamed of and, consequently, there was not the foresight used in road building that there might have been.

The speaker solicited the aid of the club in putting his plan into effect. Questions were freely asked, and after general discussion, the president asked the Safety Committee to look into the plan and report back to the club.

Jack Burgoyne, athletic director at St. Pats Boys' Club, introduced a troupe of his young tumblers. They put on an interesting gymnastic display which was well received by the members of the club.

Introducing Mr. Burgoyne, Dr. M. J. Kelly said that about a year ago Mr. Burgoyne began this boys' work. He now had over 200 boys in his classes.

Wendell Brewer thanked Mr. Burgoyne and the boys for their display.

Guests were Mr. Scott and Councilor Bill Roberts. President William King introduced Rev. Gilmour Smith as a new Lions Club member. Singing was under the direction of Garfield Bender. Recent British naval victories off the coast of Norway may have been the reason that "Rule Britannia" was sung particularly well at this meeting.

Tea and Coffee Party in Aid of Sacred Heart Church

Mrs. Ricardo Bernardi, of 156 Maple street, south, was hostess on Sunday afternoon at a very enjoyable event, when she received about two hundred guests at an afternoon tea and coffee party in aid of the Italian Sacred Heart Church. The event was a definite success, and the proceeds will be used in the work of the church.

Tulips and daffodils were used in decorating the rooms and the tables, which were presided over by Mrs. Bruno Bernardi, Miss Louise Ferrari, Miss Pontello and Mrs. Gonzales. Assisting in serving the guests were Miss Core Amadio, Mrs. Gentile, Mrs. Grecco, and Mrs. Marin.

South Porcupine Y.P.S. Enjoys Address on Ireland

South Porcupine, April 20th—(Special to The Advance)—The Young People's Society of the United Church met on Wednesday evening in the church with Mr. G. Trueblood presiding, who announced that next week's meeting would be in the hands of Mr. John Bottenheimer, the Christian Fellowship Convener. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Matthias were heard in a very pleasing piano duet which all enjoyed.

The speaker for the evening, Rev. J. A. Lytle, gave a most interesting and enlightening talk on the Northern and Eastern coasts of Ireland. He spoke of Dublin and Belfast, illustrating his talk with colored slides, and gave a detailed picture of Irish peasant life, colouring his descriptions with extracts of Irish wit and humour. He entertained his listeners with much of the history and romance of the country.

The president thanked Rev. Lytle on

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Bargain coach excursion tickets will be valid on Train 46, Thursday, April 25. Passengers will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C.P. Depot and take C.P. Train No. 8 leaving 1:00 a.m. Friday, April 26, 1940.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train No. 7, from Montreal 8:15 p.m. Sunday, April 28, to connect at North Bay with our Train No. 47, Monday, April 29, 1940.

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