



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.

Fortunately, no bones are broken, and both the men, after treatment, will be able to sail in a few days' time to Africa where they are taking part in an International Grand Prix race.

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

The professor is going to Africa to investigate an anthropological discovery made by his assistant, RUPERT FEATHERSTONE, to whom his daughter, DOROTHY, is to be married.

Frank finds something distasteful in this engagement, for although the couple have been separated for two years, and are to be married on the Ellingtons' arrival in Africa, before the parting, each had destroyed all photographs of the other, retaining only "mental images," as Dorothy described them.

In a conversation with Dorothy, Frank voices some of the opinions he has in the matter and in his earnestness he is somewhat rude and discovers that Dorothy is not as coldbloodedly scientific as he has suggested, for she gives him a smack across the face as a reply to his rudeness. He decides to discuss the matter with his aunt Christine who is to accompany him to Africa. Now read on!

As the Train Drew Out  
Aunt Christine had the singular merit of being able to travel light. A trunk in the van and a suitcase in the rack above her head sufficed to see her through the tropics and across half South Africa. "For you must take me to Jo'burg," she told Frank. "I want to see a gold mine."

A man on the carriage seat opposite took his pipe out of his mouth. "Singularly like any other mine," he said.

He was tall, with a brown face like leather and crinkles at the corners of eyes from looking at a too dazzling sun.

Christine had a habit of pulling complete strangers into her conversations.

"You're a South African," she stated rather than queried.

"Yes."  
"Fine. Then you can tell me about gold mines?"

The stranger smiled attractively. "And sultanas and sheep and citrus and copper and wheat and maize and diamonds, if you like. I've had a shot at raising or digging for most of them."

"You're returning to South Africa?"

"Yes. Been over here for a vacation." They plunged into discussion.

Frank leaned out of the carriage window and gazed along the length of the boat train. Crowds clustered at each window, chattering to departing friends and relatives, talking faster and more nervously as the time for the train's engine to move drew nearer. The train was packed. Many of the passengers

were accompanying voyagers as far as Southampton for the rather futile satisfaction of a last wave from the quayside.

Porters bustled to and fro. Small boys pushed extremely large wheeled newstands loaded with magazines and papers, or carried trays full of oranges and chocolate. South Africans, to whom the trip to Southampton was a five minute crawl, regarded these provisioners of mind and body with mild amusement.

Overhead the sky was softly blue, with fleecy clouds, and the air was warm—a typical English day.

But Frank was interested in neither the weather nor the crowds. The thought that he was on the eve of a 6,000 mile journey, and that it would be some months before he would see these pleasantly familiar scenes again, hardly ever crossed his mind.

He was looking for a man and a girl. He had contrived to get Christine to the station early, and had carefully inspected the train before getting into it.

Professor Ellington and his daughter were not on board. He glanced at his watch. In two minutes they would be pulling out of the station.

One of the minutes passed. A man carrying a green flag passed the carriage window. He was glancing at his watch. Frank had an impulse to tell him to wait for two important passengers. He resisted it.

Busy slamming of doors came nearer and nearer. A hand caught the handle of his own door and twisted it expertly. The man passed on and the slamming decreased in volume as he worked his way down the train.

People were already standing back and beginning to wave. Craning his neck, Frank saw the green flag raised. A whistle blew. A last carriage door was slammed.

Then from the far end of the platform a figure appeared running. A tallish man in a soft black hat whose brim was absurdly tipped up on his high bald head, was blowing vigorously through a bristly black moustache. A blue shirt cuff, shooting beyond the confines of a black overcoat sleeve, was waved frantically.

"Hold it!" puffed Professor Ellington. "Hold it!"

At his heels came a dark haired girl, walking swiftly.

Neither of them carried luggage. To see them was to act. Frank threw open the door of the compartment. The train was already in motion.

"This way, professor!" he shouted. The professor put on a final spurt. Frank grasped a shirt cuff and a part of a hand inside, rather like a Christmas cracker, and pulled.

Professor Ellington came aboard. The girl, seeing her father perform the miracle of actually catching the train—which he had not believed would happen—abandoned her walk for a trot, and then a run.

"The Old Girl's Gone!"

As she came abreast of the compartment recognition dawned, and she instinctively halted.

But Frank was having no nonsense. He gripped her arm, and she had to jump. The pair of them sprawled rather than backed into the compartment.

Professor Ellington pulled the door to with a slam. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Haven't run like that for ten years! I've got to thank you young man— Then, belatedly, recognition dawned. "Carter! The chap in the motor smash!"

"Well, this is a coincidence, meeting you," said the professor, not too logically. "One good turn deserving another, eh?"

He turned to his daughter, who had regained her composure and seated herself beside the other woman in the compartment unaware that she was merely turning from one conspirator to another.

"Dorothy! Isn't it a remarkable coincidence?"

"No," said Dorothy.

"No?"

"We knew that Mr. Harker—"

"Carter," said Frank between his teeth.

"—Carter was sailing on the Enfield. There is only one boat train."

"But all together in the same compartment," protested her father.

"Thanks solely to Mr. Carter."

"Yes, by jove!" said the professor, with a returning flood of enthusiasm.

"We certainly are grateful to you, son."

"What held you up?" said Frank.

"The old girl's gone," said Professor Ellington, in a hollow voice.

"The—old girl?"

"Father," said Dorothy incisively, "is talking about that awful car. Rupert advised that he buy a new model and warned that something like this would happen. I thought the Manchester business would finally have—"

"Ah yes. Now that was a jark," said the professor comfortably. "Started out to address a science congress at Manchester, and where d'you think I ended up? At a fair with a crowd of cheap-jacks and gypsies! You see, the old girl shed a wheel, and when this caravan came along—I'd been driving at night to get the benefit of a clear road—I asked for a lift—"

"Mr. Carter is not interested in your past misfortunes," said Dorothy. "And anyway you'll have no more of them. Your 'old girl' can hardly survive the engine dropping out of her in the middle of Piccadilly."

"You ought to have seen the policeman's face," said Professor Ellington. "Won't you introduce me, Frank?"

It was Christine's voice. Frank, who had forgotten all about his aunt, turned to meet the cool gaze of an innocent and childlike a pair of brown eyes as had ever gazed upon a mixed company in a railway compartment. But he was not deceived. Christine wanted to be in on this.

"Excuse me!" he said quickly. "Let me introduce my aunt Miss Christine Carter. Miss Ellington, Professor Ellington—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Professor Ellington stared. "Look here, haven't we met before? Yes, I remember now. You're the cheeky young thing—Good lord! Did you say your aunt?"

"I didn't have the chance to correct the impression at the time," said Christine coolly. "And I certainly didn't think you'd remember me. But I am Frank's aunt. Appearances are often deceptive professor."

"I remember now," said Ellington slowly. "Freckles—ah—Miss Whittaker did say something about her friend Miss Carter. I said, 'Well, where is she?' and she said, 'You've just been talking to her.' So I said, 'Nonsense, that was one of the senior pupils, and a prettier little—hmm. D'you remember those chocolate eclairs?' A wide grin spread over his blunt features. 'I say, this is a stunning coincidence! I said it before, and by gosh, it's truer than I thought!'"

"Let me introduce Mr. John Forester," said Christine, and turned to the stranger in the corner seat, who had sat sucking his pipe and watching this by-play with an amused twinkle in his grey eyes. "He's a South African—a real colonial, though he tells me the description is definitely frowned on in Cape-town circles—and he's been telling me all about gold mines."

Cunningly she drew the two men into her orbit.

Frank and Dorothy were left facing each other.

"No Vulgar Emotionalism"

It is not easy to open a polite conversation with a girl who, the last time you saw her, was slapping your face.

On the other hand, they were on the boat train; it was the start of an adventure; and Frank was not shy in any circumstances. As it was, the occasion emboldened him.

"Well, here we are!" he said brightly.

"Yes," said Dorothy. "Here we are. England—for a time!"

"Er?"

"I'm not going to say I'm sorry for—the last time we met. You asked for it. On the other hand, I'm not going to be haughty in the best tradition. As you so admirably put it, here we are. Since we're going to be fellow travellers, let's forget the—incident—and start from scratch."

"Well!" said Frank, pleased. "That suits me. Absolutely!"

"Good. I thought it out just now. Scenes are so stupid—"

"Oh!" said Frank, dashed. "So that's it! The higher life again!"

"What?"

"No vulgar emotionalism. No scenes. All tranquillity and calm rationality—"

"Well, call it what you please," said Dorothy. "But I won't let you provoke me. If you don't want to be friends, don't. If you do—"

"All right," said Frank. "Well, I do!"

He felt he had got the worst of the second round. There was something to be said for the higher life—as a method of attack.

But when they glided into Southampton they had wandered far from the vexed topic of the higher life, and were pleasantly engaged in desultory conversation.

"But what about your luggage?" asked Frank. "You came aboard with nothing—"

"Oh, that's all right. It was sent on before. Unless they've got the labels mixed up, the 'wanted on the voyage' stuff will be in the cabins and the rest stowed away wherever they stow it. That is mostly father's scientific stuff."

"And we're not likely to be needing any old bones on the voyage!" laughed Frank.

"No. I'm going to try to make him forget old bones for three weeks. He hasn't had a holiday for a long time."

The liner towered mightily above the quay. Threading a way through the other pinnacles clustered there, they ascended the steep gangway to the deck. Stewards, those blue-coated diplomats of the sea, took firm possession of them.

"See you on deck when we've seen to our luggage!" said Dorothy gaily.

Frank found himself, with Aunt Christine, going along a carpeted corridor lined with numbered doors.

Not a porthole, but a curtained window, looked out on the water. An inconceivable number of chromium plated gadgets for heating, air-conditioning, lighting, hanging and washing had been ingeniously backed into a small space. There was a table, a sofa, an armchair and a bed.

"Well!" said Frank. "They've done you proud, Christine. I must pop along and see what they've done to me."

Christine pulled off her gloves. "How did you make out?"

"Splendidly! We are reconciled."

"That Professor Ellington," said Christine dreamily, "is a charming man."

"Well, you knew him before."

"But only for a few minutes. He improves on acquaintance."

"So does his daughter," said Frank. "Well, I'll see you on deck, Christine."

He sped away. In his cabin Reddy was waiting for him.

"I saw the bus put aboard last night," he said. "Gosh, my heart was in my mouth when they slung her up! Suppose their infernal crane had bust—"

"Always my little optimist," said Frank. "You never fail to have heart failure at these crucial moments. But she's okay?"

"So far as I could see," said Reddy lugubriously. "I'd have had to unpack her before I could be satisfied, myself. But what's done's done."

"Don't let's have any fatalism from you," said Frank. "I am getting enough of it from other quarters. Well, where have they put you, Reddy?"

"Not a bad spot," said Reddy complacently. "I like the steward. He's going to teach me to play poker."

"Heaven forbid! Well, I must dash along now. Come along after we're on our way and we'll have a yarn."

After he had gone Reddy gazed sadly at the closed door. "Women!" he said bitterly. He had a feeling that technical chats about acceleration—which was Reddy's idea of a 'yarn' with anybody also 'on the job'—would be strictly limited this voyage. Still, that steward seemed a nice chap; and there was a young passenger to whom Reddy, as one of the big race men, was already an idol. Reddy had promised to get Frank's autograph for him. Life had its compensations.

Two in a Ship

The departure of a big liner is always a solemn occasion. Even the cheerers on the quayside who had audaciously thrown coloured streamers to their travelling friends on deck, and now held the other end while they bawled facetious parting shots, were conscious of this atmosphere. Indeed, they were there because of it—to supply plenty of convivial noise that would drown the sound of snapping ties.

Some of those travelling were going on pleasure bound; some were going to seek jobs in a new and strange country; some were returning home. Some were blasé, some thrilled, some hopeful, some anxious, some rich enough not to care. But all felt that atmosphere, which is as perceptible on the hundredth as on the first voyage, of a setting out into the unknown.

The jovial speeders of the travellers would be strangely silent on the homeward train journey. . . .

When Frank came on deck those not travelling had already been scurried ashore. Ropes were being cleared. The telephone, the last link for some with friends in faraway places, was just being removed.

He found Dorothy Ellington at the rail, and was glad to see that she was alone. Surrounded by a mob of people, certainly; but alone in the sense that the other jostlers at the rail were strangers.

She turned to him with a smile.

"Well, we're nearly off. Goodbye, England—for a time!"

"Is this your first voyage?"

"My first long voyage."

"Do you feel it?" he asked.

"What?"

"I don't know. But it's always there, at the beginning of a long voyage. A feeling of strangeness, adventure, anything-may-happen-round-the-corner. A fresh start. A blank sheet. And—good-bye, England!"

"Yes," she admitted. "I do."

"And are you thrilled?"

"If I say 'yes,' you'll say, 'Aha, the girl's human after all. And if I say 'No,' you'll upbraid me for being unnatural."

"Well, just tell me how you feel."

"Yes. Thrilled. In a way. Do I pass as human?"

"You do. But that's just the point. I know you are. Only you try to pretend to yourself you're above such weakness—"

"There you go." She laid a hand on his sleeve. "Please don't lecture. You may be right. I do feel somehow different than when you said certain things about what you call the 'higher life.' But I don't want to talk about it now, please."

"Lock, we're moving!"

The last rope had been cast off. The great ship began to glide, almost imperceptibly at first, then faster, from the quayside. The narrow moat of water far beneath them widened. The coloured streamers were paid out to the last. They straightened out. They began to break.

A young crowd on the quay raised a cheer.

"Good old Bertie!" someone yelled, and a young man on deck waved furiously and shouted back.

"Don't get sea-sick, old man!"

"Don't play poker with strangers!"

"Don't forget to write!"

"Send a card from Madeira!"

"Remember me to John!"

A woman on the quay had a handkerchief to her eyes.

Somewhere a band was playing "God Save the King."

The young man called Bertie was still waving furiously, and shouting, and his friends were shouting back, though neither could possibly have heard now what the others were shouting.

The crowd on the quay receded and grew smaller.

A few wisps of coloured streamers hung down the sides of the great ship, or floated forlornly on the water.

The line began to turn.

"Well," said Frank tritely, "we're off!"

"Yes. We're off!"

The voyage had begun.

(To be Continued)

Sure, It Would

Candidate—How did you like my speech on the agricultural problem?

Farmer—It wasn't bad, but a day's rain would do a heap more good.—Exchange.

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During the afternoon, the guests enjoyed dusters for the bride-to-be, and sewed piano and vocal selections by Mrs. P. H. Carson. All of the friends joined in community singing, and a number of photographs were taken of the group, as souvenirs of a very pleasant event.

The tea table was beautifully decorated with vases of bright red tulips. Mrs. Webb, mother of the guest of honour, poured tea, and Mrs. Cretney poured coffee. They were assisted by Miss Nellie Kennedy and Mrs. Chas. Ellies.

The bride-to-be was presented with a beautiful Boston fern and walnut stand for her new home, and received the best wishes of her many friends.

Among those present were: Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Cretney, Mrs. Schlone, Mrs.

P. H. Carson, Mrs. Jas. Harris, Mrs. Chas. Ellies, Mrs. J. Kennedy, Mrs. Harry McCullough, Mrs. A. Booker, Mrs. Gedge, and Misses Madge Webb, Ruth Arnold, Nellie Kennedy, Ann Jopson, Mima Habb, Marjorie Becker, Dorothy Cadman, Peggy Gedge; the hostess (Miss Adella Ansara), and the guest-of-honour, (Miss Gwen Webb).

Those who were unable to attend but contributed to the lovely gifts were: Mrs. Alex Borland, Mrs. Frank Burke, and Misses Burnie Bailey, Peggy Gedge, Mamie Borland, May Cadman, Doris Reid, Margaret Hargreaves, and Verna Lacey.

Her Question, Too

The schoolmaster, was explaining the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Now, James," he said, "if your father works hard all day, he will be tired and worn out." James: "Yess'r!" Master: "Then, when evening comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?" James: "That's what mother wants to know." Sudbury Star.

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