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That Body of Ours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

Testing The Strength Of Your Heart

It is interesting to see the difference between an older or experienced boxer and a beginner...

Compares Increase in Living Costs in Last War and in This

Canada Escaping Better Than Many Other Nations

In his recent speech in Toronto Prof. H. R. Kemp, economic adviser to the Wartime Price and Trade Board...

No Daylight Saving This Year for Noranda or Rouyn

Last week Rouyn had about decided to take up the Daylight Saving Time idea...

Matachewan Men Receive Awards from Lloyd's, London

Bankers Who Foiled Hold-up Given Gold Watches

His Majesty's mail delivered last week to two Matachewan bankers...

Foiled Hold-up

The "resourceful and courageous services" of the pair consisted of foiling a hold-up by wounding and capturing one of the two bandits...

You can start the story here. You will like it. It is in line with the regular Advance serials...

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

FRANK CARTER, noted racing motorist, is involved in a slight accident outside the home of Professor LEONARD ELLINGTON...

at one time or another, beaten them or been beaten seen them get injured and have miraculous escapes from death...

Imredy had raced for nothing to raise money to nurse Hugo Lebrun back to health after a smash; Mancini had stopped in a race to save Knickerbocker from certain death...

It was of him they spoke after a while.

"He leaves a wife and three children," said Hoffman. "Bah, it is a fool's game. I think I will find another job after this race."

Hoffy had been going to give it up for years.

But Frank was not in the mood for talk. After a while he excused himself and walked along the swaying deck...

It was a dark night. Stars ran up and down the sky and the mast lights pitched far above him.

"Hullo," said a voice in his ear. "You were at Uncle Oliver's table, weren't you?"

"Have you got a cigarette, please?" she asked rather diffidently.

"Certainly," He groped in his pocket. "Uncle doesn't allow me to smoke. I sing a bit in the show, you know. But I get a notion for one occasionally. Only it's so occasionally that I've always lost the last packet I bought when it happens."

"How do you do?" said Frank amused. "You're Frank Carter, I know. I've drawn you."

"Drawn me?" "Yes. The minute we heard about this race we got up a sweep—the company, you know. Uncle Oliver fished the names out of a hat. I hope you win."

"For my sake, the Empire's, or your own." "All three. Look, there's a falling star."

They looked at the falling star, a brief path of light in the dark sky. "I'll never get as far up as that so I don't need to take it as an omen."

She sat down on a deck chair very conveniently placed in the shelter over the deck. There was another one beside it. She patted it. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks." "He sat down. "My name's not Beryl Dall, really." "You just said it was."

"I know. I wanted to hear how it sounded. I've just got it. Uncle Oliver says it will look good on the bills. But it sounds awful. My real name's Florence Shaw."

"Much nicer," Frank agreed. "But not very high class." "Neither is mine."

"No, but you're a man. It sounds pretty good and rugged. I thought racing drivers were rugged. You don't look a bit like one."

Fate's Test "You ought to meet Hoffy," said Frank. "I fancy he would be rugged enough for anybody's taste."

"Who's Hoffy?" Frank explained. It occurred to him that if Hoffy came round the corner of the deck now there would be some explanations in demand. This was his second female companion

of the evening. They were both exceedingly good looking. And he had excused himself by saying that he was sleepy.

He didn't feel in the least sleepy, Miss Beryl Dall, or Florence Shaw, was a bracing spirit. If only Dorothy could be as obviously unaffected and care-free.

"What's your worry?" "The higher life." "Hm?"

"What time do you generally rise in the morning, Miss Shaw?" "Well, I have to be up bright and early. No sluggards need apply in the show business. These stories about temperamental stars who get up at 11, rest in the afternoon, and drink champagne out of slippers until three in the morning—don't you believe them."

"But do you like getting up early?" "Of course not. Who does?" "You wouldn't think if you lay in one morning that you were stunting your spiritual growth?"

"I wouldn't give it a thought." "Do you believe in emotion?" "Look here," said Miss Shaw firmly. "If you're trying to pull my leg, let me warn you that I have an uncertain sense of humour."

"Better an uncertain sense of humour than none at all," said Frank. "I bet you have a pretty wicked temper, too."

"Friends who pinched my stockings have been known to say so." "But you like a bit of fun?" "It depends on the fun," said Miss Shaw cautiously.

"If you saw, for example, a very fat man bending down to pick up a pin; or if you saw a man with a funny looking high hat and there was a lot of crisp snow on the ground—"

"I have perfectly human impulses, if that's what you mean," she said. "Putting it more vulgarly, I like a good laugh and I have yielded to the temptation of even the lowest forms of practical joking."

"And you like dancing? Music? Having a good time?" "Is that an invitation? There's a dance to-morrow night—"

"If you like," said Frank recklessly. "Then I accept. If I don't, Bertie—that's one of the boys in the company—will insist. And I'm not sure that Bertie should be encouraged. He's perfectly charming, but—well, you know how it is."

"I suppose I should be annoyed," said Frank. "Accepted from the lowest motives. But thanks just the same."

"Don't mention it. I could have stayed away from the dance and darned stockings or something. But it will be fun being escorted by a racing hero."

"Spare my blushes." "Don't mention it again. You get into the habit of talking that way when every second thing is supposed to be stupendous and marvellous and a smash hit. I say, what time is it?"

"Ten o'clock." "Then it's time little girls were in bed."

She rose. "Good night, Mr. Carter. Thanks for the cigarette. See you to-morrow." "Good night," said Frank.

He watched her walk briskly away. He had been flirting? He asked himself, and decided that if he hadn't, he had been distinctly on the verge. A fascinating young woman.

And then he thought of Dorothy Ellington. Slim, straight, beautiful, rather intolerant—but very warm and human underneath.

Frank smiled. The fates had been testing him by throwing in his way so soon another girl of considerable charm and personality. He was rather glad that the fates had. So swift had been his subjugation to Dorothy's charm that a faint trace of his scepticism regarding such powerful attraction at first sight had lingered with him. He had wondered if his heart had not been trying to fool his head.

But now he knew. No other woman, however charming, however vivacious, could distract him a hair's breadth. He was in love. Romantic. Perhaps absurd. But—true.

"It's got to be bad luck for someone," he mused, staring into the salty darkness. "For me—or for my unknown friend Rupert. And—I wish him no harm, but I hope it's going to be Rupert!"

(To be Continued.) The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

Calgary Albertan—Pedestrians are never in the wrong, says an objector to warping given in our "deathless days" campaign. But who the heck wants to be dead right?

While in many cases this slowness of heart rate and quick return to normal after exercise in the experienced boxer is due to a stronger heart, in most cases it is the nervousness of the beginner that increases his heart rate and the length of time required to return to normal. This fact is even more noticeable in taking blood pressure, the blood pressure of beginners or nervous individuals is often 10 to 20 points above normal just before the reading is made.

Notwithstanding these facts, the test of the strength of the heart in an athlete, soldier, or average individual is usually estimated by this simple test. The heart rate is taken with the individual standing easily but squarely on both feet. He is then instructed to jog (stationary run) fifty steps at the rate of two steps a second, 120 to the minute (double-mark time it is sometimes called). The heart rate is then taken and he is instructed to stand in an "easy" position for two minutes. If heart rate is back to normal at the end of the two minutes, it is considered a "good" heart, and capable of withstanding athletics or war efforts.

When the heart is rapid before exercise, it will usually be back two minutes after exercise to the rate at which it was before exercise, that is if it is just nervousness that is causing the increased rate. In fact, in many cases it will be lower two minutes after exercise than it was just before the exercise. This is a good sign in that it shows that exercise is not only safe but that exercise, taken regularly, will help to "slow down" the rate of the heart beat.

You can try this simple test of your heart beat should you be wondering if your physician was right in pronouncing your heart sound despite the fact that it was beating at a fast rate.

Why Worry About Your Heart?

Is it beating rapidly? Is it irregular in its rate? Is it enlarged? Has it a murmur? Send for Dr. Barton's informative booklet about the heart entitled "Why Worry About Your Heart?" (No. 102). It will help you to understand your own heart. Address your request to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., enclosing Ten cents to cover cost of handling and mailing and mention the name of this newspaper.

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Courses in French Popular With the Troops Overseas

Legion War Services Find Remarkable Response to Plans for Educational Advantages.

Ottawa, May 4—Canada's fighting men who have enrolled in the Canadian Legion War Services' education programme should be able to "parlez-vous" by the time this war is over.

Upwards of 4,000 men are attending French classes in Canada and England and to facilitate their efforts the Legion has issued a 60-page handbook containing hundreds of questions and answers they are most likely to encounter in France. The booklet, published in collaboration with the Canadian Association of Adult Education, also contains an extensive English-French vocabulary. A large supply of them have already been shipped to Robert England, M.S., M.A., Legion's Overseas Director of Education, at Aldershot, and others have been sent to French instructors for distribution in the various Military Districts throughout Canada.

A statement released by national headquarters of the C.L.W.S. shows that, of all courses of instruction being given, the study of French is most popular among the men. In the Aldershot Area Command, in response to a questionnaire, 2,500 applications were received from English-speaking Canadians for classes in the French language, and about 500 applications from French-Canadians desiring to learn English.

Assistance to the Legion in rendering this service is being given by Prof. A. Lloyd James, and by Prof. Deseigne, head of the Department of French at the University of Reading, England. One hundred French-speaking officers and men, drawn from the 1st Canadian Division, are acting as group leaders. The teaching of French, aside from being of considerable cultural value, will contribute greatly to the military efficiency of the men, especially when they arrive in France and become associated with the armed forces of our gallant allies.

against Allied shipping had much to do with the shortage of food and greatly increased prices in Britain and France during the last two years of the Great War.

With regard to the present outlook, Sir Thomas added:

"With an unprecedented surplus of commodities of all kinds in Canada and the United States and with no immediate prospect of a demand for munitions on any scale comparable with that of the Great War it would seem reasonable to expect, unless the character of the war radically changes (as it may), that with normal harvests and no greater decline in the exchange value of our dollar, there should be no further substantial increase in the cost of living in Canada during the current year—at least let us hope so."

The cost of living for the corresponding period in the United States (which was not then at war) is shown as having risen 2.7% for 1914 to 5% for 1915. In Great Britain the rise was more striking, the increase to July, 1915, having been no less than 23%.

Rise Least in Canada

"Further comparison shows that the rise in the cost of living in Canada during the Great War (great though it was) was less than in any other country engaged in the war, not even excepting the United States, which did not become a belligerent until the spring of 1917. Again taking 1913 as the base for comparison, the cost of living in Canada had risen in 1917 by 31%; in the United States by 42% and in Britain by no less than 76%. In 1919 the increase in Canada was 66%; in the United States 71% and in Britain 108%. In 1920 when the peak was reached the cost of living in Canada had increased by one hundred per cent.; in the United States by 111% and in Britain by 152%. In France in 1920 the index figure had risen to 341, a rise of 241% over 1913. The German submarine campaign

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Sittings may be arranged by writing to our Toronto Studio, 83 Bloor West.

Please note the names of our representatives and be on guard against other claimants.