



**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS**

FRANK CARTER, famous motor driver, is going to South Africa to take part in the Grand Prix. Accompanying him is his Aunt CHRISTINE.

Among aunt and nephew's circle of friends on the ship are Professor LEONARD ELLINGTON, the noted anthropologist, and his daughter DOROTHY.

Dorothy is engaged to be married to RUPERT FEATHERSTONE, the professor's assistant, who has been in South Africa for two years, and has just made an important discovery. The professor is going to investigate, Dorothy to be married.

The professor, however, is a very unconventional kind of professor, and Dorothy an unusual type of engaged girl. For one thing, she and Rupert destroyed all photographs they possessed of each other, before he left, relying solely, as she terms it, on "mental images."

Frank regards this as unhealthy in such a beautiful girl as Dorothy.

However, Dorothy gives him no sympathy, although he tells her he loves her. So Frank takes as his companion for the voyage FLORENCE SHAW, a pretty young actress, travelling to South Africa with a touring company under the direction of KNOX OLIVER, a well-known impresario.

Frank and Florence go ashore at Funchal, and an ugly-looking guide nicknamed by them "George," offers to take them in his car to various out of the way parts of the island. Miles from any habitation, George runs out of petrol. The ship is almost due to sail again.

(Now Read On)

**THE PETROL RACKET**

"What!" Frank stared at their guide. Then he approached George in menacing fashion. "You idiot! You nitwit! You—oh, what's the use! You mean to say that you brought us all the way up here without bothering to inquire whether or not you had sufficient petrol?"

"The car, she leaks," said George simply. "It is a great loss to me. You must not be too hard. I also suffer."

"Is there anywhere near at hand that we can get petrol?" asked Frank, rather hopelessly.

George's face brightened. "That is a thought! Yes, all is not yet lost. There is nearby a place where petrol may be obtained." His face clouded again. "But we are not friends, these fellows and I. It remains doubtful if they will supply the necessary spirit."

"They'll jolly well have to supply the necessary spirit," Frank said grimly. "I'll see to that."

George nodded. "Very well. It is down hill a little." He pointed. Then he paused. "If we were to turn the car—we might coast," he suggested brightly.

"Good idea!" said Frank.

By dint of much pushing they managed to turn the car. She slid slowly down the hill.

George turned her in at another of the narrow lanes which were frequent. The car glided under its own momentum for a short distance, then stopped. "We must walk from here," said George. "Be assured, however. It is only a little way."

The lane narrowed still further, until they had to walk in single file. Frank noticed that the vegetation was wild. The place was overgrown with weeds. Only the path showed that human beings had trod this way before them.

"Are you sure we're on the right path?" he asked. "This place seems pretty lonely."

"We are there," said George triumphantly.

They had come into a clearing, in the centre of which stood a roughly built shack. Two men lounged smoking in the doorway, almost as though they were expecting visitors.

George advanced towards them, pouring out a torrent of voluble Portuguese. The men listened, grinning. Frank did not like the way they grinned. George appeared to be sharing the joke. He, too, was grinning.

Frank felt suddenly uneasy. One of the men went into the hut. He emerged carrying a tin of petrol in either hand.

George turned to Frank. "They have the spirit, as you see. But there is a hitch."

"Go on," said Frank coldly.

"I have no money," George shrugged elaborately. "However, if the gentleman is anxious to reach the ship before he sails, undoubtedly he will not mind paying—"

"How much?" said Frank between his teeth.

George turned his eyes skywards. "Two English pounds the gallon," he said tranquilly. "Since the car leaks, we shall need four gallons."

Florence gave a little cry.

"What! Why, that's ridiculous! Don't pay it, Frank!"

"I was beginning to suspect it," said Carter gloomily. "This is their racket, Florence. I suppose we're not the first couple who have been caught out. George transports the mugs up here, and his friends charge the price for the petrol. Quite a neat scheme. There's nothing illegal about it, as far as I can see. George isn't charging the high price; his friends are. And I suppose they're at liberty to charge what they please. Of course the victim can always refuse. But being in a hurry to get back to the ship, for fear he's left behind, I imagine he generally pays up—as I'm going to do."

George turned to Frank. "I am sorry," he said in careful, slow English. "We have had a close watch kept on these men for some time. You were about to be the victims of a swindle. However, it is over. They will be placed in the dock to answer certain charges."

"Look here," said Frank, in a rush. "We've got simply no time to lay charges or anything like that. You seem to be aware of what has happened. Well, we're stranded here, and we've simply got to catch that boat!"

The policeman shrugged. "I am sorry. You will not be detained for the trial, which may not come about for some time. But you must tell me what has happened, and also give me your names and English addresses."

Frank fretted with impatience, but the policeman, it was easy to see, was inflexible.

Carter poured out the story, making it as brief as possible, and the policeman took it down in a large notebook. They were then required to sign it. Finally they gave their English addresses, and the addresses to which they were going in South Africa.

"And now," said Frank desperately, "for goodness sake help us to get into town! Can't we all drive back in his car?" He pointed to George.

The policeman produced a large watch. He consulted it, and frowned. "This villain's machine," he pointed out, "could not cover the distance in the necessary time. It is old and dangerous. To drive fast in it over so steep a road would be courting disaster."

"Then we're sunk!" said Frank gloomily.

"The situation may yet be saved," said the policeman tranquilly. "There is another way down the slope which is swift but totally without hazard, though perhaps it looks a little dangerous."

"How?" demanded Frank and Florence in unison.

"The toboggan," said the policeman triumphantly.

"The toboggan!" they echoed.

He nodded. "Yes. The carrinho de cesta. It is a Funchal institution. Come. I will lead you and you shall see for yourselves."

He addressed a sharp word to his prisoners, who started off along the lane. Apparently there was not need to handcuff them or take other precautions. Madeira is not a large island and there was no prospect of them getting away from it. Besides, the policeman's hand hovered over his leather holster. He followed the three men, and Frank and Florence fell in behind.

They emerged on the main road and went down hill for a little way. Then they took another side turning.

After a few minutes' brisk walking they came to a collection of white houses. Before the door of one these was drawn up a large wooden affair like a sort of super-toboggan. It had seats, and it was built on runners.

**TROPICAL TOBOGGAN**

The policeman knocked on the door of the house. A man emerged who was clad in the same costume as the drawers of the little carriages they had seen in the town. The policeman addressed a few words to him. He grinned, nodded, rubbed his hands down the sides of his embroidered shirt and turned a friendly eye on Frank and Florence. Then he put his head in the door of the cottage and said something to an unseen occupant.

Another man, identically clad, who was probably his brother, stepped blinking into the strong sunlight.

The position was explained to him. He nodded energetically.

"If the lady and gentleman will be seated in the toboggan," the policeman suggested.

Frank helped Florence in and sat down himself. In front of them a narrow road wound steeply downwards. Frank eyed it doubtfully.

"I'm not quite sure what's going to happen. I hope we don't break our necks."

The two men advanced on the toboggan. One seized a rope at the back, the other a rope at the front. The leader looked back, said something. His companion nodded. The leader tugged on his rope, gave a sort of whoop, and started to run down the down.

Very shortly they were gliding down the narrow twisting road at an ever-increasing pace. Frank looked back into the flushed face of his companion.

"Hold tight!"

Florence held on to the iron bar across the front of her seat with one hand. With the other she clutched her wide-brimmed white hat.

The toboggan gained speed. Soon

Beneath the grime, their sallow countenances visibly paled.

The policeman shot a brief but lava-like stream of Portuguese at them. They wilted.

George attempted to reply. The policeman did not heed him. He had turned to Frank and Florence.

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they were swooping like a bird, swerving dangerously round corners, while the steel runners whined protestingly.

The function of the man at the back, it soon became evident, was to keep the thing from running away altogether. Frank shuddered as he thought of what would happen if the rope broke.

The fellows were in splendid condition. Just as they were going, they breathed quite normally. Only the swelling of their muscles and the sweat that began to form on their brown foreheads showed the strain to which they were being subjected.

Smoke began to rise from the steel runners, heated by the friction of their passage over the stones. The leader gave a short word of command. The man at the rear pulled mightily. The toboggan slewed round and screeched to a halt.

The man at the back tossed his companion a strip of cloth that had been well soaked in grease. The leader spread it on the roadway and drew the toboggan over it. This was repeated several times. Then the wild passage began all over again.

The road skirted the gardens and plantations that dropped down the mountain side to the sea level. Frank glanced down. The roofs of Funchal had become appreciably nearer. In a few minutes they had descended several hundred feet.

Now they were passing houses, and Frank hoped fervently that no pedestrians would be found dodging in the roadway. The toboggan shot round corners, following the twistings and turnings of the hill. There was no means of warning anyone who might be in the way.

But apparently the inhabitants of Funchal knew all about the toboggans which dashed without any speed limit down this hill. The roadway was always clear. People stood in the doorways and watched their violent passage with bored indifference.

Now they were coming into the outskirts of the town, and were running over cobbles. The leader stopped the toboggan again to grease the runners. "We'll make it!" exclaimed Frank.

"I'm keeping my eyes closed," panted Florence. "That last blind corner was a bit too much for me!"

They started again. Still the men showed no signs of fatigue, though they had run over three miles at a killing pace, steering the giant toboggan on its steep course.

They whirled past a shop, and Frank cried out.

**BACK TO THUNDERCLOUDS**

"I know where we are now. This is the place that George called the Street of Difficulty. Look, there's the railway station. We haven't far to go now."

The slope ended. They were in one of the chief streets of Funchal, busy with traffic. The toboggan could go no further.

Above the shrill cries of street vendors rose the imperious wail of ship's syren. Frank sprang out, and helped Florence out.

He thrust a note into the toboggan leader's hand.

"I can't thank you enough, but I hope this repays for your trouble!"

The man took the note, grinned broadly, and waved it at his companion, who ejaculated. They evidently regarded themselves as being richly rewarded.

A taxi was passing. Frank hailed it and bundled Florence in.

"The jetty as fast as you can go!" he panted.

Hoffman, the German ace, had an infallible cure for headaches. Having heard that the beautiful English Miss Ellington had a headache, he insisted that she try it. Then he bore her in triumph to the upper deck.

Dorothy found him rather pleasant. Like most ugly men, he had charm of manner. Moreover, he was a stranger. In her present disturbed, unanalysable mood, she could not have been at her ease with one she knew well.

Little boats swarmed round the ship like busy bees. Women spread elaborate embroidered curtains and tablecloths and pretty lace and basket-work for the inspection of the passengers on deck. Swarthy Portuguese men shouted the prices.

Determined to make hay while the sun shone—which meant while there were wealthy English tourists in port—they shouted and gesticulated, creating a babel of sound on the blue waters of the bay. It was a colourful scene.

Hoffman was telling Dorothy about car racing.

He told her, in his deep, foreign voice, of the comradeship and heroism of the men of the speedway; repeated that story of the driver who had swerved to certain death rather than run over and mutilate the body of a fallen comrade, though that comrade was already dead.

"To a racing driver," said Hoffman, "a car—his car—is like a wife and a sweetheart in one."

Suddenly a launch shot off from the shore and sped towards the ship. Hoffman broke off and peered. Then he thumped the rail. "It is Carter! I had begun to worry about him." He grinned. "It would not do for him to miss the big race because he forgot the passing of time in the company of a pretty girl!"

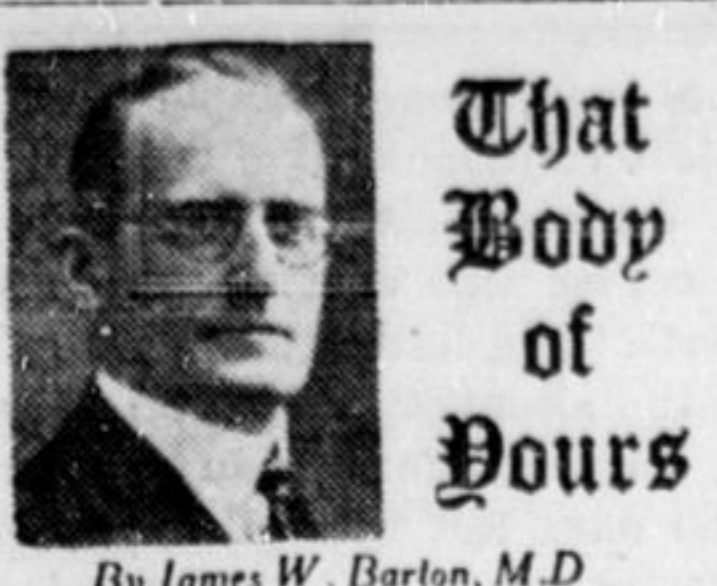
Dorothy said coldly: "Apparently he forgot that to a racing driver his car is like a wife and a sweetheart in one."

The words had been forced from her lips. She found herself crimsoning under Hoffman's surprised stare.

"Excuse me," she said, and retreated.

Frank came aboard unaware of the clouds that were gathering. He was soon made aware of them. Dorothy, he discovered, was going out of her way to avoid him. Several attempts to enter into conversation with her were dismal failures.

A spark of irritation was lit within him. No doubt he had been too precipitate in declaring his love for her. But she needn't treat him like a pariah. Christine sought him out that night, and found him in a vile mood.



**Why the Common Cold Travels so Fast**

We were taught as medical students that influenza was due to a certain bacillus. During the 1918-19 epidemic, this bacillus or organism was often found in the throats of those suffering with influenza and it was found also in individuals who were not suffering with influenza. Similarly with the common cold. Certain organisms that were believed to cause the cold are found in healthy throats.

To-day it is believed that while a certain organism causes the common cold, it is too small to be seen. "It belongs to the class of organisms known as 'filterable viruses' because they are small enough to pass through a porcelain filter, which will catch ordinary bacteria or organisms."

The fact that this organism is so small and can get through "anything" to get "somewhere" explains why the common cold is so common and why it travels so rapidly and so thoroughly through homes, offices, and factories. It is very difficult to stop this organism on its travels.

Illustrating how easily the common cold organism goes from one person to another was shown by Dr. L. M. Miller in an article in Hygeia.

It is because of our friendly habits with our families, our neighbours, our friends, and even strangers, that this virus or organism travels so rapidly.

We sneeze in crowded rooms and the virus rides in the air in tiny droplets until the next victim breathes it in. We blow our noses politely and then shake hands with a friend, who later takes a pencil in that hand and puts it in his mouth, or we kiss and give our love and our virus too. Or we leave it on door knobs for the next comer.

While there are many "home remedies" for treating a cold, some of which are effective even if not always recognized by physicians, nevertheless the one outstanding or important point in the treatment is getting off the feet and into bed. Taking hot drinks and putting feet into hot water shortens the time of the attack and eases the symptoms.

The idea behind getting to bed at once is to save the strength of the

She tried to comfort him in her cheerful way, and he snapped at her. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Christine!" he said almost savagely. "As if it were a game. It isn't. I've told you that I love Dorothy. It's mean to it. It's serious for men—the most serious thing in my life!"

(To be Continued)

**The Quality Tea**  
**"SALADA"**  
**TEA**

heart should any complications arise. The common cold in itself is not serious, but its complications—bronchitis, bronchopneumonia, and pneumonia—are very dangerous.

**The Common Cold**  
 The common cold may lead to many serious complications if it is neglected. Send for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet called "The Common Cold" (No. 104). 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 mention the name of this newspaper.

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**Bride-to-be Guest of Honor at Shower on Monday Evening**

Miss Taimi Forsberg Honoured by Friends.

Miss Taimi Forsberg, bride-to-be of Wednesday, May 16th, was guest of honour on Monday evening at a charmingly arranged miscellaneous shower held at the home of Mrs. T. Young, 39 Toke street. Hostesses at the event were Mrs. Young and Misses Nelma "Johnny" Johnson and Toini Laakso.

Many friends of the popular guest of honour were gathered together at the event, and expressed their best wishes for future happiness. During the evening, several interesting games were played, with Mr. Frank Winder winning the prize in a special imitation game.

The bride-to-be delighted the guests by singing "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" and other vocal selections were pleasingly given by Miss Juliette Gauthier.

After a very dainty and tasty lunch, the numerous beautiful gifts were presented to Miss Forsberg in an attractive basket, adorned in pink, white and blue with matching flowers covering the entire top, and the bride-to-be suitably expressed her appreciation.

Among those present were: Mrs. F. Winder, Mrs. C. Bowker, Mrs. E. Ellefson, Mrs. R. Buck, Mrs. Fred Jaakkola, Mrs. S. Slack, Mrs. V. Salomaa, Mrs. F. Rankin, and Misses Laura Canie, Joy McGillis, Margaret Latimer, Veima Eimes, Nelma Johnson, Toini Laakso, Nellie Laitinen, Helen Lehto, Esther Waidon, Doris Koskela, Juliette Gau-

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**WILL OPERATE**

**BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION**  
**FRIDAY, MAY 17th, 1940**

**TO**

**Pembroke Jct., Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec**  
**via North Bay and Canadian National Railways**

Excursion travel will be handled on Train No. 46, connecting at North Bay with C.N.R. No. 2

On the RETURN journey, tickets will be valid for travel on C.N.R. Train No. 1 from Montreal 8.20 p.m. Monday, May 20th, 1940

**BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION**  
**THURSDAY, MAY 16th, 1940**

**TO**

**Points in the Maritimes**  
**via North Bay and Canadian National Railways**

Tickets will be valid to leave destination points **WEDNESDAY, MAY 2nd, 1940**

Bargain Coach excursion tickets not valid on "The Northland," Trains 49 and 50.

**FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO LOCAL AGENT**