



PROFESSOR ASKS A FAVOUR

Urged on to wound, he asked: "And how is your romance going?"
"What do you mean?" asked Christine.
Frank shrugged. "I understand bets are already being placed on when Professor Ellington will propose!"
"That's quite enough, Frank," Christine spoke glacially. She shook her head. "You're quite impossible to talk to tonight, I'm sorry. Perhaps we'll both feel better in the morning. Good night!"
"Christine!" he protested; but she had gone.
He turned moodily to the rail, and lit a cigarette. They had left Madeira behind them. The ship was forging on to Capetown.

"I'm an ass!" he informed the sea.
"Why?" asked a voice.
It was Florence. The fair-haired girl looked lovelier than ever in a golden evening gown.
She saw him looking at it, and laughed.
"I hope you like it. It has cost me my reputation."
"Your reputation?"
"Yes. I heard one of these bejewelled old hags remark to a croupier, 'My dear, she must have some very wealthy men friends.' As a matter of fact," finished Florence cheerfully, "I made it myself!"

Frank's heart warmed to her. She was so jolly, so vivacious—and so completely unspoilt.
"Florence," he said, "there are some very snooty people on this boat. I move that we therewith form a partnership and proceed to show them that life is something worth living and laughing about!"
She looked at him shrewdly. Perhaps she divined that he had been hurt. She suddenly felt that she wanted to comfort him. She put out a hand.
"Grand! I'm with you all the way."
As the Athlone Tower forged her way steadily through sunny, calm seas, down the coast of Africa and into the tropical zone, the partnership proceeded to put their intentions into practice. They became the acknowledged leaders of gaiety—and there was hardly a passenger who was not the better of their campaign. They organized dances and games and competitions.

On a certain sparkling morning they had just emerged from a friendly splashing competition in the ship's swimming pool.
"I must change and get ready for rehearsals!" said Florence.
He pulled a face. "Rehearsals again?"
Florence laughed. "You forget I'm not on this boat solely for pleasure! Rehearsals have to go on just the same. Besides, we've promised to give a concert before we reach Capetown."

Frank watched her go, smiling as he did so. They had become great pals. If it were not for his "obsession" about Dorothy Ellington—for what else could he call it, when the girl seemed to have developed a complete loathing for him, far worse even than her earlier aloof and detached manner?—he might very easily find himself falling in love with the fair-haired girl. But his obsession, however futile, remained as strong as ever.

Frank was no psychologist, or he might have read a great deal into Dorothy's abrupt change of manner.
He dropped into a deck chair, and found himself next to Professor Ellington. The professor put down his book. "Ah! Hello, Carter! Look here, I have a favour to ask. It seems almost different. 'Christine—that is, your aunt—has been telling me about this race of yours. And—well, I'd like to see it!'"
Frank stared; and at the same time his pulses quickened. "Splendid! But—"
"He hesitated. 'I understand that Mr. Featherstone will be meeting you at Capetown. And that Dorothy and he—'"
"Yes, yes!" The professor spoke a little testily. "That will be quite all right."
"Oh!" said Frank. "What the devil did this mean? 'Well, naturally I'd be delighted to arrange it for you, sir.'"
AND FRANK IS INVITED

"Good!" Ellington beamed. "And now—I've another favour to ask. When the race is over—will you join our little expedition to the Drakensberg? Christine," he added hastily, "has already accepted."
Frank's eyes widened yet further. "I'd be delighted!"
"Good!" The professor groped for his pipe. "That's settled then." He stared out to sea for a moment. Then he said abruptly: "In case you're wondering... Rupert has sent us a radiogram. He says that in the interests of science it would be better to postpone the marriage until the expedition is completed. He adds," said Ellington, in rather a deadly voice, "that in the circumstances there will of course be no question of a honeymoon. There will be too much work to do. And that he knows Dorothy will understand."
Frank gasped. He was stunned. "I say! And—does she?"
Professor Ellington turned swiftly in his chair.
"Carter," he said, "I like you. As man to man—that's the trouble! She isn't in the least affected by the radiogram. Instead of raising Cain, she says of course she understands. In fact, she finishes the professor wrathfully, 'instead of raising a human being for a daughter, I've got an unemotional robot!'"
He rose and stalked away. Frank sat where he was, but his heart was bitter. For a moment Professor Ellington's announcement of his drastic change of plans had—he admitted it—given him fresh hope. It meant at least another fortnight of Dorothy's company, when he had thought Capetown would mean the parting of the ways.

But the professor's last words had destroyed that hope. Dorothy had not changed. Cut to Rupert's pattern, she was cold, detached, completely without emotion. She was a perfect match for Rupert Featherstone, her coldblooded, passionless fiancé.
Frank might have been a happier man if he could have read the thoughts of Dorothy herself at that moment.
Rupert's radiogram had hurt her. Her defences were tumbling. She was not the emotionless person she had imagined herself to be. New forces were at work within her.

These last few days, she had watched the others enjoy themselves, no longer disdainfully, but wistfully. They were so obviously having a good time. She had never known her father to be so jolly. It had been a revelation to her. Christine was enjoying herself. And—Frank Carter and Florence Shaw were the ring-leaders of the merriment.

She denied angrily to herself that she was jealous of the fair-haired girl. How could she be? He meant nothing to her.
She must not allow the disappointment which she now admitted she felt over Rupert's behaviour to get mixed up with any false emotion about Frank Carter.

Nor must she be unfair to Rupert. He was merely acting as he had always acted. His work, his scientific research, came first. In the past she had admired him for it.
It was not he who had changed, but she.

Nevertheless she had schooled herself too well in the analysis of her own emotions—as Rupert himself had taught her to do!—not to be aware, and frankly to face the fact, that as Rupert's image grew more distasteful to her, Frank Carter's grew brighter.

Unfortunately the ability to read thoughts is reserved for the few, if for any, and Frank knew nothing of Dorothy's inward turmoil. Otherwise he would certainly not have committed his gravest blunder to date.

WE MEET RUPERT
Rupert Featherstone glanced at his watch.
There was half-an-hour to go before the boat docked.
He had always thought that the people who waved to passengers on incoming ships made singular asses of themselves. Most girls, of course, fed as they were on trashy love stories, would expect their fiancés to be there at least two hours before the time, especially after such a lengthy separation. They would imagine their heroes rising sleepless at the crack of dawn and rushing forth into the wind and the rain to scan the horizon...

Rupert's lip curled. Thank goodness, Dorothy indulged in none of that sort of hysteria.
He leaned back in his arm-chair in the lounge of his hotel, picked up the book he was reading, and resumed where he had left off. In twenty-five minutes precisely he would summon a taxi, and exactly five and a half minutes after he would be marching up the gangway of the Athlone Tower—dead on time.

He was not an ill-looking young man. In fact, he was rather handsome. A large pair of black horn-rimmed spectacles rested on his straight nose. But that was the only touch of the "high-brow." The brow was broad and white, but not bulging or lofty. The mouth and chin were firm. Behind the screen of the glasses very dark blue eyes were tranquil, conveying a sense of confidence and strength.

As he read, Rupert passed a hand absently through his thick crop of dark, wavy hair. He was clad in a white drill suit, and he had his legs crossed. The toes of one foot, encased in a brown and white shoe, wriggled in intellectual ecstasy as he grappled with some knotty problem presented by the writer.

However, he was reading, not a treatise on the origin of man, but a murder mystery. Even Rupert had his weaknesses.

A figure erupted into the lounge. Large and broad-shouldered, its name was the Hon. Reginald Wells, and its owner had, as he put it, "tropped down from Kenya to see the Grand Prix." Like attracts unlike. Rupert and he had become rather friendly.
"What-ho!" said the Hon. Reginald, this being his invariable form of greeting. Then a look of amazement passed over his large red face.
"Hallo! Has the ship been delayed?"
Rupert glanced up.
"I hope not."
"But look here!" said the Hon. Reginald in alarm. "You're late, old man. Your watch must be slow. The ship'll be in by now."
"I think not," Rupert looked again at his watch. "She is due in fifteen minutes. I just have time to finish my chapter."
"But hold on!" The other showed growing bewilderment. "Won't your girl be looking out for you? Won't she expect a frantic handwave and all that sort of thing? Won't she be frightfully annoyed?"
"I," said Reginald feelingly, "have been married for five years—and jolly nice, too. But if I were to roll up to the ship just on time, not early, not late, I can imagine that there would be black looks coming my way! Especially if I added that I'd wanted to finish the chapter where the butler slugs the hero and reveals that he is the Green Terror!"
Rupert sighed. He had had to make these explanations before.
"You misunderstand the position," he said patiently. "Dorothy and I share the same ideas. We have no time for romantic nonsense—illusions—of that sort. Dorothy knows that I shall be there. Why should I rush down to the decks an hour in advance or even ten minutes in advance? The thing is absurd."
Reginald sighed. "You're a queer fish," he commented. "However, you know your own affairs best. I suppose! But you can't possibly stop here a minute longer, or you will be late. I'll run you down, if you like. I'd like to have a glimpse of these racing chaps, anyway—particularly Frank Carter."
FLORENCE BECOMES MORE IMPORTANT

"The British ace," said Rupert absently. "Thanks very much, Wells. I accept your offer with pleasure."
Methodically he marked his place in his book, secured his hat, and tranquilly followed the now visibly fretting Reginald out of the hotel to the latter's car.

Rupert might not have bowed so tranquilly through the wide, sunshine-filled streets of Capetown, under the lee of Table Mountain, if he could have had a glimpse into the minds of some of the passengers aboard the Athlone Tower, at that moment drawing alongside a quay.

For a great deal of considerable importance had occurred since the receipt of Rupert's radiogram.
Things had come to a head on the night of the concert given by the revue company.

It was, perhaps, too much to ask of a young man thrown into the constant company of a pretty and vivacious girl, and seeking desperately to forget an other girl, that he should remain oblivious to his fair companion's charms.

Frank had given up hope of winning Dorothy. He refused to listen to his aunt's reasoning.
"Now don't be a perfect ass!" Christine pleaded, much more like a loving sister than an aunt. "You saw how she received that radiogram from her precious fiancé postponing their wedding until after the professor's expedition to the Drakensberg. Stony, icily calm. Too proud, of course, to show any emotion. But if that radiogram hasn't finally convinced her that she and Rupert are no more soul-mates than I and one of these frozen jellies we had for dinner are soul-mates, I'll eat my hat and yours, too!"
Frank filled a pipe. He was in a sullen mood. "You've got it the wrong way round, my Aunt," he told her. "The fact that she took that radiogram so calmly only shows that she and Rupert are soul-mates. She wasn't in the least concerned. Weddings are trifling things in comparison with the March of Science! And Dr. Schwartz-vegel or some other bird has proved that romance is just an illusion of the Jiver! They'll make a perfect pair," he concluded bitterly.

In that frame of mind he sought the company of Florence more and more. Florence was no fool. She had a pretty shrewd notion of what was wrong. But she could not see what she could do about it—apart from being as pleasant as possible to him, so that he would not brood.

Because in affairs of the heart once bitten is never twice shy, this was a foolish thing to do. A man who has

What's the Matter With Canada? The Question is Asked
Emphasis Placed on the Need for All to Speed Up War Effort.

(From The Globe and Mail)
What's the matter with Canada—that part of it this writer moves around in daily?
There's something missing. It is sensed, rather than known. One cannot feel the pulse beat, it is so low. Its throbs evade even the practiced touch!

There's nothing the matter with the boys who answered the call to arms so quickly; nothing the matter with those who train and wait, train and wait, held in barracks while bombs crash and mass murder goes on at the orders of the blackest and most treacherous beast in history.

Neither is there anything the matter with those engaged in making munitions or other war supplies, though their work is hidden from gaze and therefore fails to create the ardor and the enthusiasm that should be our—every one of us.

While it may not be justified by facts—while those charged with conduct of Canada's part in this war may be doing their level best, everything that is possible—nevertheless there is a feeling that our efforts are not total, more or less perfunctory—too much procrastination, too much caution, too much regression, too little of the burning enthusiasm that makes for victory and which must originate and be fanned in high place. Has elimination of martial music, glamorous uniforms, public parades affected us? Surely patriotism goes deeper than that!

In the first days of the war last fall men everywhere—youth, middle-aged and old—offered their services to the Government as of one purpose. Nothing happened. Weeks passed and then came court, if courteous, stereotyped replies, thanking the recipients, but advising them there was nothing at the moment they could do to help the work along; they would be notified if anything turned up. And that was that—eight months ago!

The younger, the more adventurous and physically fit clamored for enlistment, but the cavalier treatment with which their patriotism was greeted dampened their ardor, too. Only a few days ago a lot of these young fellows were told there was no place for them in the air-training schools—the lists were full. Thousands wait the call, and yet over there in Norway, France, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and the North Sea planes are being shot down by the hundred. Never, who must be young, keen of eye, steady of nerve, fearless—afraid of nothing on land or in the sky.

What's the matter? Those of us who know what war means, who would if we could, have a right to ask. We know the hideousness of it all, a beloved Empire at grips with Anti-Christ and bestial barbarism. Is it not possible that unappreciative treatment of Dominion-wide, spontaneous patriotism, offered freely and without regard to service or pay, has killed the glow of enthusiasm absolutely necessary to win wars, or at least dimmed it?

If that be so, why not give every man who offers his services some kind of work, some place in the mosaic pattern that must be welded into one great national effort? Make him part of it, no matter how small his role may be, instead of condemning him to futility!

Why not, too, release, at least for duration of the conflict, the spirit of initiative that has been so largely destroyed by vitiating bureaucracy? Set men free, including those who now hold a restraining influence over others and at great expense to the nation. Tell prospectors and promoters who cannot join the ranks to go forth into the bush and find more mines, as they did years ago before this country dammed the rising spirit of enthusiasm and pioneerism for things Canadian that must be ours—if maximum help is to be hearn from a vast and promising mineral empire. If democracy is worth fighting for, let's practice it!

Men, planes, guns, bombs, supplies are just been rejected by a girl is far more likely to imagine himself in love with the next girl he meets than a man who is completely heart-whole. For the rejected suitor has a wound which he wants to have healed as quickly as possible—and a fresh face may help to blot out the memory of the old.

Dorothy watched the pair of them from the ivory tower into which she had withdrawn, and fought a losing battle with herself. She was trying to tell herself emphatically that she was not in love with Frank Carter and therefore not jealous of Florence Shaw.

On the night of the concert Frank sat in the audience tingling with pleasant anticipation. They had all heard Florence as a mimic, and knew what an expert she was; and tonight they were to hear her sing.

The show was an excellent one. It soon became clear that Mr. Knox Oliver had got together a great deal of real talent under his paternal wing.

One man in the front row turned to his companion.
"Hope this show comes back to London after showing in the Dominions," he said. "I'd certainly make a point of seeing it!" His companion agreed.

Florence came on near the end of the show. She wore a simple black gown, which showed off her fair skin and hair to advantage. Frank thrilled to the sight of her. He really began to wonder seriously if he might not be getting over his obsession regarding Dorothy. Surely Florence and he were ideally matched?

(To be Continued.)

Trial of Stadacona Mine Officials to Start May 27

Montreal, May 15—Trial of five men accused in the Stadacona Rouyn Mines Limited fraud conspiracy and conversion case was ordered Tuesday by Mr. Justice Wilfrid Lazure to proceed jointly May 27 on the first charge of conspiracy alone.

Defence motions had been made for separate trials for Secretary-Treasurer A. C. Trew, of Ottawa; R. P. Pattee and J. Barton Niver, of Montreal, directors; and Fred E. Graham, of Ottawa, a bond salesman. The other accused in the \$4,000,000 case, is Roy Anderson, of Montreal, president.

The first charge on which the trial will proceed is one of conspiracy to defraud the public, shareholders, note-holders and creditors of the bankrupt company of \$2,429,404.

In addition, all five face charges of having received and converted to their own use money and securities worth \$1,540,417. The four officers are accused of having made false entries and with having omitted to make entries. Anderson faces two additional charges of forgery.

In ordering trial to proceed on the conspiracy charge alone, Mr. Justice Lazure granted a motion for severance of the counts.

The crown, the judge said, had proceeded quite legally in joining the counts but he felt it would be better for the accused if there were a severance of the charges.

NORANDA FINNS HELPING COUNTRYMEN OVERSEAS

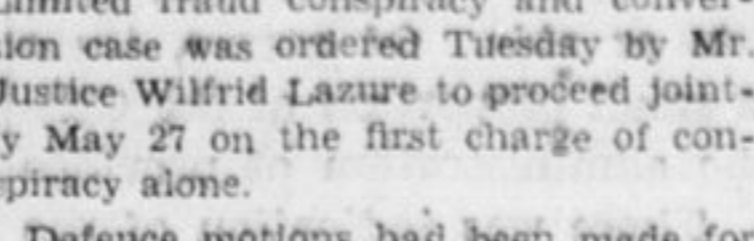
Rouyn, May 15—The Finnish Group of the Rouyn-Noranda Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society is continuing its good work for its stricken fellow countrymen, and is sending clothing, blankets and other necessities to Finland. A very large consignment of these commodities was shipped to Montreal, for transfer to Finland, this week. The sum of five hundred dollars, which had been raised locally, was also sent.

needed in ever-increasing volume if this war is to be won. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, coal, oil and a dozen other minerals will help to pay for them in a neighboring country where cash-and-carry barriers have been erected, loans made impossible to combatants—no matter how just their cause—how desperately important to our way of life, to civilization.

Canada has the innate spirit and the underlying wealth that may prove the deciding factor. But has she used them sensibly, wholly and to the best advantage? It is time she did—to the very full!

Globe and Mail:—In the Soviets Marshal Timoshenko replaces Marshal Voroshilov as Commissioner of Defense. The only real difference to be noted is in the spelling of the names.

That Body of Yours



The Emotions Can Cause or Aggravate Skin Ailments
It is hard to understand why one individual has a skin ailment which lasts for weeks or months and another individual eating the same food and doing the same work has no skin symptoms whatever.

It is known that certain substances taken by mouth or breathed in from the air can cause hives or other skin irritations in everybody. These substances do not cause hives or other skin irritations in everybody. There must be something about the make-up of these afflicted ones that is different from others.

For years it has been known that nervousness, emotional disturbances, can cause disturbances of heart, stomach, and intestines. That nervousness, emotional upsets, can cause skin disturbances had now become an accepted fact. Thus the social and economic changes during the past ten years has caused an increase in certain types of skin disease. A careful study of these patients shows that the overactive and oversensitive at times show abnormal emotional reactions. Thus a favourable change of scene, or change in employment, may bring about a "cure" in a skin ailment that has defied treatment for months. On the other hand, a change of scene or employment that brings greater responsibilities or disturbs the individual's emotions, may bring on skin ailments or aggravate the symptoms of an existing skin ailment.

Dr. S. William Becker, M.D., in an editorial "The Newer Dermatology," in Digest of Treatment, says that treatment directed toward the underlying nervous instability and exhaustion has been considerably more successful than the usual methods used heretofore.

Health Booklets
Ten health booklets by Dr. Barton are now available to readers who send Ten Cents for EACH one desired to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., mentioning the name of this paper. They are:

- (No. 101) Eating Your Way to Health.
- (No. 102) Why Worry About Your Heart?
- (No. 103) Neurosis.
- (No. 104) The Common Cold.
- (No. 105) Overweight and Underweight.
- (No. 106) Allergy or Sensitiveness to Various Substances.
- (No. 107) Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis).
- (No. 108) How Is Your Blood Pressure?
- (No. 109) Chronic Rheumatism and Arthritis.
- (No. 110) Cancer: Its Symptoms and Treatment.

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Geraldton Organizes Regular Tourist Bureau

Geraldton, May 18—A Geraldton tourist bureau has been organized, with representatives from the business associations, service clubs and municipal council. Ross Kelly is the first president of this new organization.

One of the bureau's first acts will be to press for the completion of the new Geraldton highway to the Longlac end of the trans-Canada project. The bureau hopes to attract many tourists to the Geraldton district this summer.

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The model illustrated is the McLaughlin-Buick SPECIAL four-door touring sedan.

YEAR after year we see the same thing happening—people "stepping up" to bigger cars and better cars—people getting for themselves the better things in life.

This year is no exception.

Many buyers of the good-looking Buick SPECIAL you see pictured here traded in a car from the lowest-price group. Some of them were merely fulfilling a long-time ambition to own a full-sized car, a big straight-eight, amply powered, steady-riding, roomy.

Others were simply taking advantage of a bargain too good to pass up.

But all of them found it easier than you'd think to step up to a McLaughlin-Buick.

For this big straight-eight costs less than some sixes. Its price includes many things you'd pay extra for elsewhere. It includes features you can't buy anywhere else, such as recoil-mounted Knee-Action, pressure-sealed cooling, and coil springs that never need lubricating, combined with torque-tube drive.

And above all is the simple fact that this is a Buick, precision-built to Buick quality standards.

Why don't you look into how easy it is to buy? Why not get the net figures, delivered price including equipment?

Work out the per-week cost, count in the lower, long-haul maintenance of a car that's built to take it for years and years.

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