

BENEFITS OF THE DIABETIC ASSOCIATION
It was a common sight less than twenty years ago to watch an overweight friend or acquaintance begin to lose weight and with it loss of health and strength. The cause was diabetes. In a few months, in a very few years at least, he passed away because there was no known treatment for diabetes that would postpone death longer than this. Since the discovery of insulin, diabetics are now kept alive and most of them are able to carry on gainful occupations.

THE ADDED WORD
A young widow commissioned a monument cutter to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My Sorrow Is More Than I Can Bear." Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the cutter asked her if she still wanted the inscription. "Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'Alone'."
—Exchange.
Toronto Telegram—You can lead many a man to the loudspeaker but you can't make him think.

"We'd Better Get Back"
Frank, gazing at the narrow opening, had a sudden vision of a bowed, hair-covered beast snarling there, half man, half ape, with thick club upraised. Involuntarily he lifted the torch higher. There was nothing there.
The rushing of water came to their ears.

"What's that?" asked Professor Ellington, sharply.
"That's the stream which runs down here," replied Rupert. "Normally it's merely a trickle but the storm has swollen it. That's the danger you see. My digging has already loosened the grip of the earth on the two big rocks. They might collapse and seal up the cave. If the stream soaks through, everything of value will be washed away."

They scrambled up the hill, and a moment later were squeezing one by one through the narrow opening.
The rocks were buried deeply in the hillside, and, like two cupped hands, they formed a little hollow—the cave. In the centre of the floor a pit had been dug—and Rupert exclaimed in dismay. "The water has begun to seep through!"
The pit was about a foot deep in water.

Frank lifted his torch. He exclaimed in surprise, for the rough, rocky walls were bedaubed with red ochre drawings of men and deer, something that looked like a giraffe, and other animals. The drawings were like the scrawlings of a child, but the figures were clearly recognizable. Some of the men carried bows and arrows.
"Your cave-men were artists!"
"No, I scraped the walls and uncovered these. But Professor Ellington will tell you that they are much later work—bushman's paintings. My primitive men were a few hundred thousand years before that stage in human development."

Professor Ellington gazed uneasily into the pit.
"What are we going to do?" he asked.
Rupert frowned. "The storm has passed. Let's hope it doesn't begin again. Eventually the water will go down. But there is still danger. There is only one thing we can do—bail this water out somehow, and then lay some sort of covering down to keep more water from seeping in."

They set to work. It was a long, back-breaking job, for they had not had the opportunity to bring proper implements with them. Finally, however, the pit was clear of water. The rock was covered by a thin layer of mud. There was a long crack in the stone, and through this the water was seeping.
They filled the crack with rubble, and laid a covering of bushes and pieces of wood.
Rupert had gone to the back of the cave, and he came back with some objects wrapped in sacking. He carried them very delicately.

"Flints and bones," he explained. He smiled at Frank's astonished look. "It doesn't sound much, Carter, but to the scientific world they may prove more precious than radium! With these we may be able to re-construct a whole lost age of the world's pre-history."
"I don't want to leave them here," he continued, "in case the worst comes to the worst and the place collapses. We'll put them in the knapsacks." He cheerfully abandoned the flask of brandy and the sandwiches which he had put into his knapsack and placed the wrapped objects in their stead.
"I'll share you fellows' grub. But I don't think we'll need it. We've done all we can here to-night. I think we'd better get back to the hostel. The girls will be worried."

"Better have some of this before we go," rumbled the professor, waving his brandy flask. "I rather imagine we've earned it."
They each drank a little of the spirit and then left the cave.
It was as dark as ever, and there was a threat of further rain in the air. Lightning quivered faintly on the horizon.

"I think we'd better hurry," said Rupert.
Cry in the Night
He led the way back to the path and they began the descent.
They had got about half-way down when Rupert halted.
"More snakes?" asked Frank, with a grimace.
"No. Listen."

They stood still and strained their ears.
"Do you hear it?" asked Rupert sharply.
They shook their heads.
"My ears are keener than yours, because I've spent more time in the hills," said Rupert slowly. "Of course I may have been mistaken, but I thought I heard a cry."
Carter thought of the black cave which they had just vacated, and recalled his fanciful vision of the figure

of the man-beast crouching there, with club upraised, as assuredly the ancestors of men had crouched in that very spot, thousands of years ago.
The night pressed down on them like a stifling blanket. The black bulk of the mountain seemed to be silently watching and encompassing them.
Had the primitive folk come out of the past to revenge the desecration of their bones?

He shook his head impatiently. One must not give way to foolish fancies. Rupert had spent months here alone, by day and night. He had been unharmed.
"Well, let's get on," said Rupert. He shrugged his shoulders. "It must have been my imagination, after all."

They were about to resume the downward journey when Professor Ellington held up a hand.
"Wait! I heard it."
They stood still again. This time they all heard it—a faint cry which seemed to float up from beneath them.

"That was a woman's voice!" Carter's face was tense.
He gripped his torch and his stick and bounded past Rupert.
"Come on!"
They tore recklessly down the path. Frank rounded a sharp bend and halted abruptly.

A figure was struggling upwards towards him—and a moment later she was in his arms.
"Dorothy!"
She lifted her face to his. Her breath was coming in great gulps.
"Frank! Have you seen her? Did she meet you?"
"Who?" he asked sharply.

"Florence! I saw her leave the hostel. She had got a coat and a hat and a stick from somewhere, and she was going after you. I saw her cross the bridge and take the path up the mountain."
"I followed her. I kept calling, but she didn't answer. I kept climbing and climbing, but there was no sign of her. Then I began to get scared. I was too afraid to turn back, so I carried on, hoping I would meet you."
"But didn't you see her? Didn't she find you?"

Frank shook his head. He was thinking of the treacherous turns and twists in the path—and of the snake which they had encountered.
"Look here, Rupert!" Professor Ellington's voice was rough. "Is there any other path up this mountain?"
Rupert spoke stonily. He had not moved since Dorothy had run into them. Frank noticed in the light of the torches that the knuckles of the hand which gripped the stick were white.
"Then," said Professor Ellington slowly, "if she came straight up, she should have met us. Unless—"
He left the sentence unfinished.
"We must organize a search party," Rupert spoke with his usual cold efficiency—but the curt note in his voice deceived no one.

In Search of Florence
"There is no time to lose. As I told you, the path ends and then continues again, branching away to the left. She may have taken that direction while we were in the cave."
"Carter and I will return and search for her there. But we must have more men! Professor, and you, Dorothy, please go down as quickly as you can and rouse the hostel. They're trained in this sort of work and will know what to do."
"Father, I want to stay with Frank and Rupert," said Dorothy.
Ellington hesitated.
"Very well. The path is easy to follow from here. I'll go down and get help at the hostel. You people start the search. Good luck!"
He turned and plunged down the path without another word.
"We have no time to lose," repeated Rupert. "We'll go up to the end of the path. Then it will be best if we separate. You two cut along to the left. I'll go higher up to where the path resumes. She may possibly have found her way there. We can keep in touch by shouting."

He led the way upwards. When they came to the end of the path, after some hard, breathless climbing, he pointed.
"You go along that way. I'll continue upwards."
They watched him scramble up the rough, boulder-strewn hillside.
"What on earth impelled her to come after us?" Frank asked.
"I can understand how she felt," replied Dorothy. "I felt the same myself, and I imagine Christine did, too. Perhaps Florence had less faith in Rupert's ability to look after himself than I have in you." Following Rupert's directions, they scrambled along the shoulder of the hill.
Rupert Featherstone climbed doggedly. Every now and then his lips framed the soundless word:

"Florence!"
If anything had happened to her, it would be his fault. He had asked her to come on this trip. If it had not been for his insistence on going to the cave at once, in the storm, she would never have been tempted to follow them.
His keenness to collect a few ancient bones, to add a few chapters to a mere theory, had perhaps cost a girl her life.
Rupert found himself blaspheming. Curse science! Curse these theories! Curse everything connected with so-called research that bemused a man's brain and blinded him to realities until perhaps too late.
What did fame and knowledge matter if the price were to be the loss of the most precious being in the world?
He skirted a boulder and regained the path, where it recommenced. He stopped to peer, holding the torch high. Ah, yes! Here was the place which in an idle moment he had reconnoitred some months ago. The path went up steeply, so that one had to use both hands and feet to climb, and then turned sharply to the left, along the shoulder of the hill.
He could not remember where it went after that, but that did not matter.

Surely, if she had got so high as this, she would realize in time that she had lost them, and retrace her footsteps! Otherwise she might wander off the path altogether and be hopelessly lost.
The hostel was in a dip of the ground and hidden by trees. The Drakensberg was vast and sparsely inhabited. There were certainly no whites within fifty miles, apart from the hostel. There might be a few native kraals, but that was all. Florence might wander very far indeed before she encountered someone to guide her back.
Rupert scrambled on. Every now and then he stopped to wave the torch and shout. Occasionally a reply came back, and he strained his ears, his heart was pounding. But it was only Frank and Dorothy, answering as they had agreed. They had not found her, or they would shout the message.

The path turned upwards again, and the shouts of his companions grew fainter. He was leaving them far below—and till there was no sign of Florence.
Rupert Turns Cave-Man
Hark! What was that? He had shouted again, almost mechanically, and he had been answered by a faint cry—and it came, not from below, but from above!
He shouted as loudly as he could.
"Florence!"
The cry came again, stronger this time.
He started to run, careless of the rocks that barked his shins.
She was seated on a boulder beside the path, and in the light of the torch she was very pale.
He was down on his knees beside her in an instant.
"It's my ankle," she said. "I twisted it."

"Thank heaven!" said Rupert fervently.
A strange remark—but he had been thinking of snakes and their deadly bite.
"I'm sorry," said Florence faintly. "I'm afraid I've given you a lot of trouble. I oughtn't to have followed you."
"Trouble!" he stared at her. "You give me trouble!"
He laughed rather wildly, while she stared at him; and then suddenly he was pouring out incoherent words.
Rupert Featherstone had ceased to be a scientific machine.
Presently, disregarding her protests that she could manage to hobble if he gave her his arm, he picked her up bodily and strode back down the path.
Florence laughed.
"What is it?"
"Nothing, darling—but I was just thinking that we must look rather like a couple of the primitive folk ourselves! The cave-men carrying off his woman!"
"Some of their customs," said Rupert appreciatively, "were rather sound."
"Where are the others?" asked Florence presently.

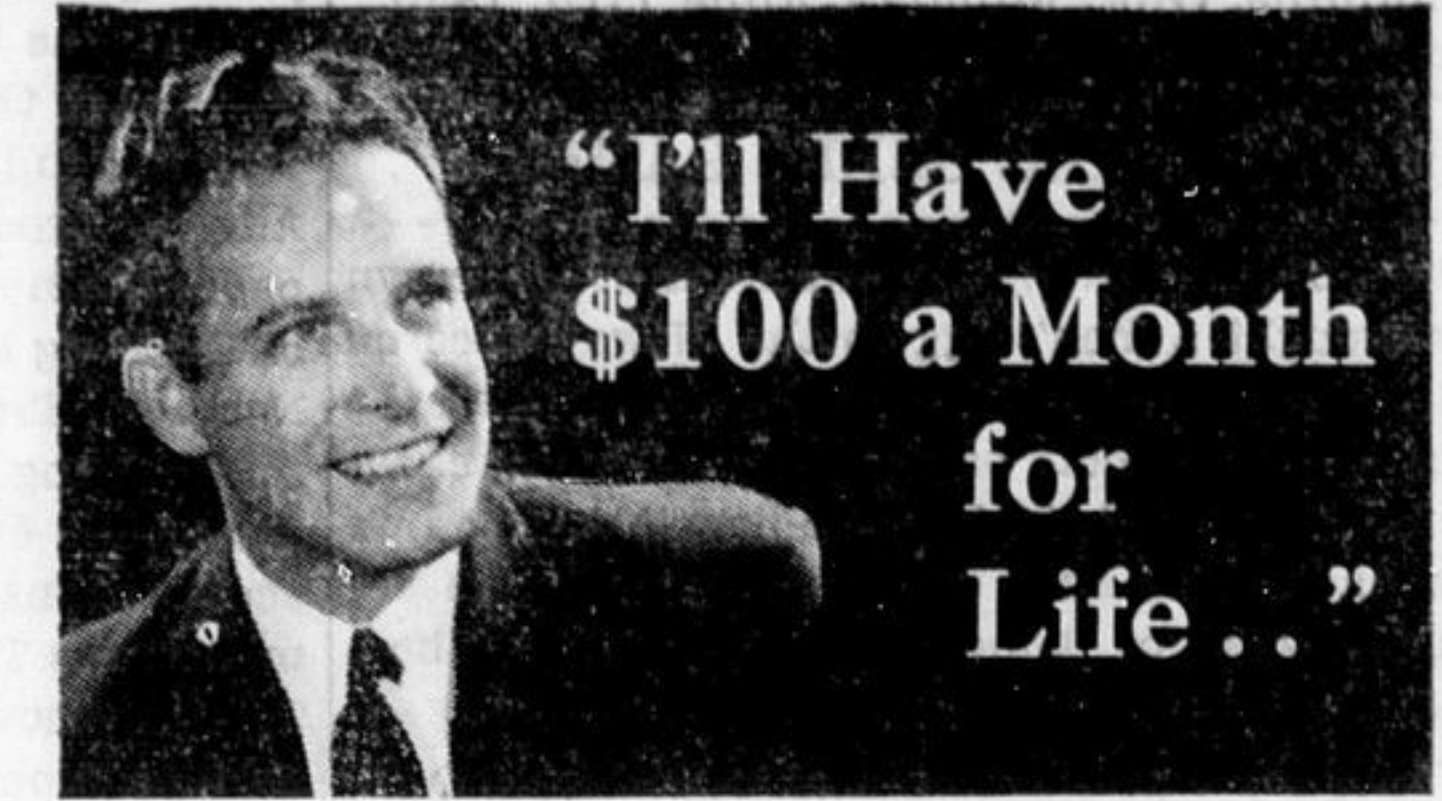
Rupert started. He had almost forgotten the others.
"Frank and Dorothy went along that way," he pointed. "We were to meet here again after half an hour or so, if we had had no luck."
"Then they should be back soon. I think you'd better put me down, and have a rest."
"Not at all a bad idea," agreed Rupert. "For I find that I have a great deal I want to tell you."
Further along the hill, Frank and Dorothy peered into the darkness. Dorothy pointed downwards. Lights were flickering and moving in the valley.

"Father has roused the hostel. The search party is coming up. I think we'd better turn back and meet Rupert." He may have found her."
They began to retrace their footsteps.
"She must be very much in love with him," said Dorothy. "It was a foolish thing to do—but very brave."
Frank nodded gravely. "Did you see Rupert's face? I rather hope he's the one to find her. I think your engagement to him is now definitely broken off by mutual consent, Dorothy!"
They rounded a huge boulder; and he gripped her arm and drew her back. "All's well!"
On the other side of the rock were Florence and Rupert. And their attitudes left no doubt that Professor Ellington's party had finally sorted itself out into three couples.

Skull Aids Romance
His wife-to-be laid a gently restraining hand on his arm. Professor Ellington glanced from Florence to the face of his assistant, and was abruptly silent.
Back in the safe shelter of the hostel, Florence's ankle was examined. It was discovered that she was suffering from no more than a strained tendon, painful, but quick to mend once hot water and bandages had been applied.
The following day broke bright and clear. The sky was once more blue, and there was little trace of the storm of the previous night. Only the swollen streams rushing down the mountainside told their tale.
Rupert and the professor, with a handful of native helpers, ascended the mountain again. They returned to report that the hasty measures taken overnight had proved successful. The cave, and Rupert's discovery, were safe. A few days later Professor Ellington stood before a long wooden table on which were arranged, carefully ticketed and classified, the uninteresting looking but highly significant bones, and flints which had been dug up in the cave. The professor beamed and rubbed his hands.
"By jove! This ought to make this fellow Jackson sit up!"
He brooded.
"I think I'll send the fellow a cable. Let me see. Ah, how about this?"
"DAWN MEN DISCOVERIES DRAKENSBERG PROVE CONCLUSIVELY YOUR THEORIES HASTY COMMA ILL-CONSIDERED COMMA BIGOTED STOP MUD IN YOUR EYE STOP ELLINGTON."

"I imagine that should meet the case," he said complacently.
The specimens were carefully packed. The party turned their backs on the lovely, fantastic peaks of the Drakensberg and returned to Durban. From there Rupert and Florence went to Johannesburg, for Florence was determined to appear with Mr. Knox Oliver's company, as she had promised. When the show was over she had promised Rupert that she would quit the stage.
"Looking after you," she declared, "will be quite enough work for one person."
The professor and Christine, and Frank and Dorothy, were travelling back to England together.
Their arrival in Capetown was marked by three happy omens: a long message of congratulations from Frank's chief on his success in the Grand Prix, tributes for Professor Ellington and his assistant from nearly every scientific institution in the world, and the first newspapers by air from the Rand containing glowing accounts of Knox Oliver's show, with particular mention of that talented young artiste, Beryl Dall, better known to her friends as Florence Shaw.
Frank and Dorothy had decided to wait until their return to England for their marriage.
Three weeks later they stood on the deck of a liner and gazed down on the busy scenes at Southampton.
Dorothy, as she stood by the rail, with her hand in his, had that same feeling, as on the last occasion that she had looked down on the same scene, of a great adventure ahead.
But in this future she knew, as she glanced happily up at him, that there would be no misunderstandings.
The voyage had ended, but it had also begun.

THE END
The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.



● "Sure I'm young . . . and sixty's a long way off . . . but I know a lot of older men who could easily have set aside enough to retire at sixty with a guaranteed income for the rest of their lives . . . but they just didn't do anything about it . . . I'll take no chances . . . I'm starting now."
● "And don't think I'm only taking care of number one . . . If I shouldn't reach sixty, there will be a monthly cheque for the wife and youngsters from the day I am no longer here to look after them . . . It's a mighty nice arrangement . . . yet we'll be able to spend more now on the things we want than we could by saving in any other way."
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THIS WEEK
Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday
June 18, 19 and 20 at 2.30 p.m.
HARMONY HALL
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Plan to join your friends from 2.30 to 4.30 each afternoon to share in the thrill of discovering new recipes, new ways of marketing, planning, preparing, preserving and serving foods. The sessions are conducted by
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