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Principal Characters
ROGER KENT: Young ambitious private secretary to E. C. Smallbridge, a business magnate.
Kitty Smallbridge: Daughter of Roger Kent's employer. She is somewhat spoiled and very obstinate but charming in her more rational moments.
GEOFFREY PAISH: Kitty's cousin and accomplice in rash exploits.
CAPTAIN CULLEN: Master of E. C. Smallbridge's yacht "Glorious Kate".

ADVENTURE AT LARGE
 It was at the time when the war in Spain was at its height. The fact was brought home to Roger Kent even before he left for the Mediterranean. In London, newspaper placards reminded him of it, and as he was hurrying along Southampton Row he ran into Gavin Erdhart.
 "Hello, Erdhart! What's the matter? Motor smash?"
 "No," said Gavin Erdhart. "I've been in Spain. Came back a month ago."
 His left arm was in an orange coloured sling and his chin above his flowing magenta tie was seamed with a recent three inch scar.
 "Ah," said Roger Kent, nodding wisely. He was as carefully and discreetly groomed as one might expect a young man who catches the eight-thirty to town every morning, to be. The only scar on his good looking face was the line of worry between his eyebrows.
 He didn't stop to say much to Gavin Erdhart. Perhaps he envied Gavin his

freedom to collect scars and slings in Spain, but Roger was E. C. Smallbridge's private secretary; Smallbridge had sent for him to go out to Saint Raphael and he was hurrying to get away.
 On the terrace of his villa at St. Raphael on the following noon, E. C. Smallbridge was showing signs of consuming anxiety.
 "Gullick! Gullick!"
 "Yes, Mr. Smallbridge?"
 "Has Kent come?"
 "No, Mr. Smallbridge."
 "I heard someone come."
 "Only the milliner, sir, with a hat for Miss Kitty."
 "Hat howled E. C. Smallbridge. "She'll be wanting no hats unless Kent gets here soon!"
 "I am keeping an eye on the road, sir. I shall let you know as soon as I see a taxi, as I told you."
 "Did you 'phone the station to see if the Paris train had come in?"
 "Yes, sir, it came in ten minutes ago."
 Gullick retired to the front of the terrace of the villa to watch the road.
 E. C. Smallbridge reached for the glass beside the decanter of Scotch at his elbow, and lay back on his extension deck chair with a groan. His left leg was stretched along the chair under a rug, the other pawed the ground impatiently. A small florid faced man, aged about fifty-five, he seemed totally oblivious of his exquisite surroundings which should have soothed the most pugnacious temper.
 Looking down from the villa one could see the listless Mediterranean filling the bay with glistening calm.
 A cloudless sky arched above the marble pillars supporting the villa roof. Oleanders reared their tops above the balustrade and a magnolia pushed enormous lemon-scented flowers towards Smallbridge's chair. But he looked about him with an indignant and excited air.
 After a moment, he suddenly seized and jangled the little bell beside him frantically. Gullick came at a hasty trot. Smallbridge demanded:
 "Has the wastepaper basket in Mr. Geoffrey's room been emptied?"
 "I couldn't say sir."
 "Then find out and if it hasn't bring it here."
 "Very well sir," Gullick retired again.
 Four minutes passed during which Smallbridge looked at his platinum watch several times and Gullick returned bearing a blue wicker basket containing a few scraps.
 "There don't seem to be a great deal in it, sir."
 E. C. Smallbridge took it and emptied the contents including a liberal quantity of cigarette ash, on to the rug on his knees.
 He was still sorting scraps of paper cigarette packets and match sticks when Roger Kent arrived.
 Gullick showed him on to the terrace.
 "At last!" cried Smallbridge. He discarded the refuse from the waste paper basket, checked Gullick's efforts to shake the ash off the rug and held out his hand to Roger.
 "I thought you'd never get here!"
 "How do you do, sir?" said Roger somewhat surprised by the violence of his welcome.
 "Everything's Wrong"
 He had never thought himself personally indispensable to E. C. Smallbridge, though he had tried to make himself indispensable to Smallbridge's business of exporting hardware all over the world.
 "I came in accordance with your instructions, sir," he said, sitting down on the chair Gullick brought forward.
 "Yes, yes! But I want you more urgently than I did when I wrote! It's

lucky you were due to arrive to-day! Gullick bring Mr. Kent a drink. Oh, I forgot you don't drink do you? Have you had lunch? Gullick bring Mr. Kent something to eat out here on a tray. What I have to say to you, my boy won't wait another ten minutes—not another ten minutes!"
 "Is something wrong, sir?"
 "Wrong? Everything's wrong! Here I am helpless, phlebitis in the leg; I can't move as you see. Someone must act for me, and you're the only person who can! You can handle a yacht can't you?"
 "I can," said Roger, and his heart gave a bound.
 So what ever was afoot concerned Smallbridge's motor-yacht, the "Glorious Kate", that \$5,000 beauty Roger had seen illustrated in the yachting magazines—Smallbridge leaned towards him frowning and emphatic.
 "My daughter Kitty," he said, "has run away with the "Glorious Kate"! She's taken the "Glorious Kate" against my orders, my express wish, and gone off to Majorca on a hare-brained errand that I definitely forbade her undertake!"
 "I see!" said Roger. His elation was dimmed by a startling doubt—many startling doubts in fact.
 "I want you, Kent, to go after her, get the yacht, and get her too, if possible and bring them both back here! Bring them back! Bring them back here!"
 It was worse than Roger had expected. He had never met Kitty, but he had gathered that her obstinacy was the bane of her father's existence.
 Besides he was no adventurer! His life had been a routine matter during the nine years since he had left school to go into a city office.
 He had schooled himself grimly to push his way up in the world. His sole qualifications for the job in hand were his knowledge of Spanish and French and a trip he had made across the channel to Donquerque with a friend in a 20 ft. ketch; his one, his only escape from the cares that had fallen on him too early in life.
 He played for time for a distracted moment.
 "And where are they now?"
 "On the way to Marseilles. My daughter had disappeared this morning and she left a note behind her saying she had taken the yacht I sent down to the harbour and found that the yacht went out at three a.m. I could do nothing! I had no idea that my daughter was going to do it, I thought I had settled the matter when I forbade her go last night. I gather my nephew Geoffrey went with her too." Smallbridge produced a handkerchief and wiped his perspiring brow.
 "He, at any rate shall never darken my doors again!"
 "And they're going to Marseilles?"
 "Yes. I know they're going to Marseilles first. They should take about nine hours to get there. Kitty mentioned that they were to go there for instructions on the way. I've just been looking through the wastepaper basket there, looking for more clues as to what they propose to do. Found nothing of course!"
 "Those two are in charge of the yacht then?"
 "Oh, no; it's manned by a boy, and an engineer navigator, with a master's certificate, named Cullen. Cullen has been in my employ for years. But, of course, there he is taking Kitty's orders—I should have warned him!"
 "Can't you radio Cullen?"
 "That's the rub! There's no radio aboard. The radio was dismantled last week and sent for overhaul to the makers in Milan."
 "I see."
A FATHER FRUSTRATED
 "I can telephone the police at Marseilles and get the yacht held up there. But that means scandal. Kitty would be arrested there would be endless complications."
 "Yes, sir," said Roger. "And is it possible to give me some idea of your daughter's mission in Majorca?"
 "You can know as much as I know!" said Smallbridge. "Kitty has a scheme afoot—that Geoffrey put her up to it!—to rescue an Englishman who was fighting, and who is now a prisoner in Majorca. I don't know the details of the scheme. All Kitty would tell me when she came to me for permission to use the yacht was that the prisoner's escape was being arranged on shore, and the yacht was being used to take away. I don't know who he is. I don't even know his name! All this year she's been mixed up with a set of cranks. My nephew Geoffrey is one of the most impossible of them. Where they heard of this English prisoner of theirs, and how they got the idea of rescuing him in the "Glorious Kate" I don't know Kitty would tell me next to nothing."

"When I forbade her to go she seemed to think I was some sort of criminal for refusing to help a fellow-countryman. But think of it—think of the risk!" said Smallbridge. "If there's and suspicious of what she's up to, the "Glorious Kate" will be bombed out of existence, and Kitty with her probably. Another British protest, and another excuse that it was "accidental" and that will be the end of the matter. It's too much. This time Kitty must be stopped!"
 "I want you to fly to Marseilles immediately and intercept her there. I'll give you a note to Cullen authorizing you to take charge of the yacht. If the yacht has already gone you'll have to hire a motor launch and overtake her." Orders are orders.
 This was decidedly a tall one, but Roger subdued his doubts and took it calmly.
 "Very well, sir, but what about Miss Smallbridge will she object to handing over the yacht?"
 "What? If she does, you're to take no notice! None, do you see? I want the yacht brought here, to Saint Raphael, and I want you to do your best, Kent, to bring Kitty with it. I've finished with giving Kitty any consideration!"
 Roger rose, and Smallbridge looked at him searchingly, his face distracted with anxiety and irritation. Roger felt sorry for him tied to his deck chair helpless victim of his daughter's whims.
 "This is nothing like the work you've done for me before," Smallbridge said, "but you've shown yourself pretty able on the business side of things I know this job is unprecedented, but I've noticed you're a determined young chap, and your head is pretty level. There's no one else here that I can trust and this leg has me beaten at the start!"
 "I won't admit, sir, that I think I'm the best person to do it," Roger said. "But I can see that it's got to be done!"
 "Gullick has telephoned the airport and there's a taxi plane waiting for you now. You'll want money, so I'll give you ten thousand francs and arrange credit for you at Marseilles and Barcelona. And there's another thing—there's an automatic in the drawer of the writing desk in my room. Not a bad idea to take it along!"
 Roger didn't argue but went into the large cool looking library as Smallbridge directed him to look for the automatic in the drawer of the writing table.
 He found it there a .22 Mauser black and compact. Above the writing table a pair of dark eyes flashed at him over

a glimpse of white shoulder in a photograph on the wall.
 Kitty Smallbridge wayward Kitty Smallbridge, beautiful, pampered, and rash.
 Amazed and somewhat dismayed by the task that had fallen to him, he gazed grimly at her portrait. Girls of her type were as strange to him as the cold, hard weight of the gun in his hand.
CHAPTER II
THOUGHTS IN AN AIRPLANE
 "This is not I", thought Roger like the old lady in the ballad, as the plane zoomed westward through the blue towards Marseilles.
 The affair was not in his line. His public school education cut short by the collapse of the family fortunes, he had been thrown on his own at the age of sixteen, to sink or to swim. He had accepted the dreary grind of a hardware exporter's office devoted all his energies to getting on, and had grimly eliminated every other interest in his life. He was twenty-seven and he had risen from office boy to the post of Smallbridge's right-hand man with an eye on the London managership. It had taken some doing, and hadn't left him much time for anything else.
 His attitude to Kitty's romantic mission to Majorca was completely sceptical. Life had given him no opportunity for heroics.
 Towards Kitty herself his attitude was somewhat cynical too, if not quite so assured. He fancied he knew the type. Gavin Erdhart's sisters had been like that when Roger had stayed with the Erdhart family in the days when he and Gavin had been friends at school. Discontented, wild, egotistical, and spoiled. Possibly most girls in soft circumstances who had any life in them tended to go that way.
 Roger gazed impatiently from the window of his plane at the wrinkled expanses of the sea below.
 How had E. C. Smallbridge, extremely competent in the export of hardware been so inept in handling a mere daughter?
 The Cote d'Azur spread with vineyards, ribboned with roads splashed with the white of towns and villages, fled steadily away below; in the northeast the Alps Maritime were dark in their clothing of chestnut and pine and in the extreme distance were touches of alpine snow seemingly suspended in the blue.
 Marseilles was a great bite out of the land, a maw of blue dotted with white towered islands, the serrated blackish

grey strip of the dock area adhered to the city edge and the masts and sails of the old harbour seemed to enclose in the town itself, a flock of ships ashore. His mind on the "Glorious Kate" Roger gazed searchingly at the harbour as the plane circled to the airport. The time was then twenty minutes past two.
 In order to save delay, Smallbridge had instructed Roger to go straight to the office of a friend of his Monsieur Lemann, manager of the Niceoise Maritime company. Monsieur Lemann knew the harbour and its various authorities intimately and could make the inquiries Roger would have to make in a quarter the time it would take him.
 Roger sprang into a waiting taxi, was driven with violent toots through the Marseilles traffic and found Monsieur Lemann leaning his elbows on his desk, cigar amid a glitter of glass and chromium plate.
 Roger introduced himself in French. Monsieur Lemann was affable.
 He read the note Smallbridge had written to him.
 "You wish to get in touch with the yacht of Monsieur Smallbridge before it goes from Marseilles? That should not be difficult—I will ring the superintendent and find out in what dock she is."
 (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.

GOOD BEGINNING
 Youthful father—Our baby is beginning to recite "Baa, baa black sheep, have you any wool?"
 Neighbor—And he's only 8 months old?
 Father—Well, he doesn't say all of it yet, but he's got as far as the "Baa baa."
 —Montreal Star

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CANADIAN NATIONAL

Lest We Forget

WHILE we celebrate this Season of Goodwill in comfort, our brothers, sisters and comrades across the sea live 'neath the shadow of death... death let loose from the skies by the monstrous hordes of Nazidom and Paganism.

At this season we are particularly reminded of the debt we owe to those whose service and sacrifice make it possible for us to enjoy our Christmas midst the carefree happiness of children and fond parents... those valiant men who patrol the skies, man the ships, stand by the guns, and place their all — even unto life itself, between us and the enemy.

How can we pay our debt to them?

The least we can do is to Save every dollar that we can and lend it to Canada, so that Canada can provide everything in munitions and equipment to fortify these men for the defence of our country and our civilization.

Our savings should be invested in War Savings Certificates, and we should continue to save and invest in War Savings Certificates until Victory is won.

The widow's mite counts as much as the more fortunate ones' plenty, as evidence of service, sacrifice and determination.

So then, whatever else you do at this Christmas season, save and invest in War Savings Certificates. The very consciousness of your service in the Defence of your homeland will make greater your personal enjoyment of Christmas.

W. H. Somerville and de Gaspé Beaubien, Joint National Chairmen, War Savings Committee, Ottawa