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South From Mayfair

by PEARL BELLAIRS

Principal Characters
General Sir Weston Marris, a highly-placed officer of the General Staff visiting New Zealand on duty.
Lorna Marris, his pretty, luxury-loving daughter.
Miss Hilda Marris, sister of the General, accompanying him to New Zealand and giving Lorna such supervision as a high-spirited girl will tolerate.
Captain Allen Richards, the General's Aide-de-Camp, who is engaged to Lorna.
T. H. Hawksford, chauffeur to the General's party, a New Zealander, handsome in a rugged arresting fashion.

CHAPTER XIV

"ARE YOU SO INFATUATED?"
Indignant that her aunt should dare to talk to her as if she were a school-girl still, Lorna was too astonished to speak. She had expected a mild scolding for being rude to Mrs. Shane, but apparently this was something worse!
"Are you so infatuated," Miss Marris went on, her voice quivering with scorn, "that you have to put aside commonsense, and fitness and manners altogether?"
"Infatuated?" echoed the astounded Lorna.
"Yes, infatuated! It seems so at any rate, for you to do a thing like this! Do you think I didn't know what was going on in New Plymouth? I saw every look you interchanged with that man, and I've no doubt your father noticed it too!"
A wild glimmer of the drift of her aunt's complaint began to dawn upon Lorna. She stared, white-faced into her aunt's angry gaze in the mirror, and said:
"I don't know what on earth you're talking about!"
"Are you going to deny," said Miss Marris breathlessly, "that you went to Christchurch because that—chauffeur, Hawksford, was going there. Or that you stayed down there yesterday because he was there? I think it's too much, Lorna! Your father's chauffeur!"
Lorna opened her lips to speak, but having started, Miss Marris was too worked up to stop.
"You carry your modern ideas too far beyond dignity and good taste! What would Allen think if he knew of this sort of thing going on while he's away. What would his people think—people with such a sense of family pride? Do you think one of Allen's sisters would behave as you do?"
"He doesn't get on with his family—he never sees his sisters!"
Anger jerked the words cuttingly from Lorna's lips. She was incredulous, but she was furious. Her aunt's interpretation of her actions was so utterly wide of the mark—yet had a sufficient element of truth in it to upset her in a manner she could hardly account for. She rose abruptly.
"You're completely wrong!" Lorna's voice was hard with energy. "But if I think to say against me except that you were right, you seem to have no—I'm not sufficient of a snob!"
"I beg your pardon?" said Miss Marris, blinking.
"I am not infatuated by Hawksford. I didn't go down to Christchurch for that reason! But I want to say that if I were, if I had been down to Christchurch to see him, I wouldn't be deterred from it because of a mere vanity like class distinction!"
She stopped, her eyes on fire with righteous passion. Her aunt's accusation was absurd in the face of what had really happened. There were objections to Hawksford a thousand times more cogent than that he was a chauffeur—but for some reason her soul could not allow it to pass. She must assert that that was not the barrier between her and the man—!
"For the rest," she ended breath-

lessly, all her indignation drowned in sudden distress. "You're absolutely wrong. I admit to you that I didn't go down to see the dentist. I couldn't say why I was going, but I had to give some reason that would prevent Mrs. Shane feeling hurt. I'm not going to say why I went, now, but you'll probably know when father comes back!"
A sudden injection of doubt into the suspicions she had been nursing all day threw Miss Marris off her balance. She gaped speechlessly.
"We've always been good friends, Aunt," said Lorna. "You looked after me and helped me after mother died, and no one could have been better. But you shouldn't attack me like this. I know I am apt to be wild and rash by your standards—but this isn't anything like that. It's something serious, more serious than anything that has ever happened to me yet!"
"Serious!" repeated Miss Marris, with a complete change of tone. "You're not going to say that you're really in love with this man?"
"No! It's nothing that affects me personally, nothing that affects any of us personally!" she hastened to say. "It's something quite outside. You shall know when father comes back!"
"But I can't bear these mysteries! You tell me something, is seriously wrong, and you won't tell me what it is! You see what I've been thinking in consequence!"
LORNA KEEPS HER SECRET
Lorna could see what would happen if she took her aunt into her confidence. Miss Marris would get thoroughly worried, be quite certain that Hawksford would murder them all, and insist on calling in the aid of the police or the Intelligence Department.
Lorna was determined to hold out until her father came. She would not be put in the position of having weakly thrown the responsibility on to her aunt, leaving everyone, Hawksford included, to draw their own conclusions about why she had kept quiet so long. Hawksford himself must realize, it must be made plain to everyone, that she had collected the facts about the case deliberately in order to place them before her father.
Lorna made her now thoroughly worried aunt sit down, and told her:
"Father knows what it's about—it's to do with something he told me privately about his work here. You know he's dealing with official secrets all the time! He told me to tell no one about it—so how can I tell you? I've been following up an interesting development of what he told me. Please, aunt, help me by not asking any questions I can't answer. Don't breathe a word of this to anyone and just behave as if everything were normal."
"But it's so mysterious!" complained Miss Marris.
"Couldn't you trust me for just two days until father comes back from the Chathams?"
"Well, if I must, I must, I suppose!" Miss Marris said, with a return to her normal calm. She dropped the matter with the abrupt decision she sometimes showed. She got up, and looking at Lorna searchingly, added:
"And you look ill, wretchedly ill! You haven't been yourself for days!"
Lorna shook her head, saying nothing. She remembered her aunt's wild accusation of her being "infatuated" with Hawksford; and the idea gave her a queer ache of distress, shot through with wry amusement. All she said was:
"You won't say a word about this, will you?"
"Do I usually go round chattering?" inquired Miss Marris drily. "But I'll be very glad when your father gets back!" she added.
"Well, we'll be at Kaikoura tomorrow and he joins us there two days

after that," said Lorna, turning away with a sense of exhaustion.
"I don't see why we should go to Kaikoura to-morrow. We needn't go until the twenty-eighth. That would give Hawksford time to drive us over there, and then go down to Christchurch to fetch Weston on the twenty-ninth," Miss Marris began.
Lorna suddenly flew at her with a white face, and gripped her shoulders.
"We must go to Kaikoura to-morrow!"
"What? Why on earth—More mysteries! Why must we be in Kaikoura to-morrow?"
"Because—I can't tell you. And because I don't want anyone else to know I want to go over there to-morrow, but I do. Not for myself. Please, Aunt, help in this! Don't stay here to-morrow!"
"But I practically agreed to stay when Mrs. Shane suggested it."
"Then you must get out of it!"
"Really, Lorna!"
"It's imperative that we leave to-morrow! If you don't come, I shall go tomorrow, and I don't know what she'll think then." Lorna sat down on the bed with a pale, set face.
"Very well, very well—I can see when you're serious! If only I knew what it was all about! But we'll leave to-morrow. I'll say the arrangements in Kaikoura have all been made."
"And you won't breathe a word—not a word of this to anyone?" Lorna asked breathlessly.
"I'll be dumb!" said Miss Marris. "My lips are sealed! But if I don't hear what it's all about when Weston comes back I'll abandon this tour and go home!"

CHAPTER XV
PICNIC WITH HAWKSFORD.

"Good morning!"
"Good morning, Miss Marris." There he was, smart in his uniform; blue eyes cool in his arresting brown face, waiting with the car to take them to Kaikoura.
It had been in Lorna's mind again that he might slip away. But no. Evidently he thought himself a match for her with all her suspicions, and that he was safe until her father and Aunt came back.
She tingled with nervous apprehension as she got into the car after her aunt; her aunt, too, looked a little conscious, presumably thinking of those shocking accusations she had levelled on the previous day.
"So sorry I had to go to town and miss so much of it!" Lorna told Mrs. Shane; and Miss Marris said how delighted it had all been. Mrs. Shane said for the fifth time that she hoped to see them in Christchurch early next month.
And then they were on the road through the pines alone with their dubious driver; and the hospitable house, like some last outpost of sanity and safety, was left behind.
Mrs. Shane had provided them with a large hamper, for the eighty-mile run to Kaikoura, and a tin billy, in which she assured them, Hawksford, being a New Zealander, would be able to make tea by the roadside.
They halted for luncheon at noon in a gully under some willows by a creek, in a lonely tract of country among the hills north of Waiaho on the Kaikoura road.
At the risk of lending colour to her aunt's notion that there was something "between them" Lorna tried to be as easy as possible with Hawksford. She was more concerned with putting him off his guard than with what her aunt might think.
He discarded his cap, opened the collar of his tunic, and set about making billy tea for them; Miss Marris in her grey flannels and moccasins had wandered by the creek; and Lorna cool in white linen, watched him make a fire between two stones and prop two crooked boughs over it to hang the billy on.
"You seem to be an expert at this kind of thing," she remarked.
"I've done it often enough!"
"Aren't you a townsman, then?"
"I was brought up in the back-blocks behind Gisborne. Given a knife and a gun, I could keep alive in the bush for days before I was fished!"
"Oh!" she said. "I imagined you began life in a town."
She had not imagined that a career of crime would be likely to start in the country. He smiled slightly, as he thrust more wood into the fire.
"I began my career on a farm, but I didn't like the fellow I was working for, so I took a job driving a service-car—look out, you'll get the smoke in your face there!"
She stepped aside, but not in time to escape a stinging gust of wood-smoke. He laughed a little, and asked:
"Don't you know better than to stand in the lee of a fire?"
"I've never been by a fire out of doors before," Lorna said.
"Nor milked a cow, nor made jam, nor hoed a row of beans. I imagine!" he added, smiling still.
"They don't keep cows in Knightsbridge, nor at the Swiss finishing school, where I began my career!" said Lorna. "And in the country—if one can stand living in the country at all—there's a gardener's boy hoing all the beans! Would you have had me put him out of a job? As for jam—one buys jam in pots; one doesn't make it!"
"Besides which you'd hate doing any of those things, anyhow!" he

BYRON NELSON WINS SEAGRAM GOLD CUP



Byron Nelson, Toledo, Ohio, won the Canadian Open Golf Championship and the Seagram Gold Cup, one of the most coveted trophies in golf, on Saturday, Aug. 4, at Thornhill Golf Club, Toronto, against a field of top-ranking Canadian and American players with an outstanding score of 280. The picture shows Mr. Frowde Seagram, on the right, presenting the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner, Byron Nelson, who also received the Tournament First Prize money of \$2,000.

like! Think I'm anxious for his welfare, if you want to! How different you would look if you only knew the truth!"
She found that she could see Hawksford's window from the bath-room, and haunted the bath until, at eight o'clock, she saw the light go on behind his blind.
"Ah," she thought, "he is not going out!" She watched a while, and saw his shadow on the blind as he moved about the room. He came near to it, taking off his coat, in silhouette. She felt she was safe for the night—he was certainly staying in. Then his shadow put a hand behind and drew something from a hip pocket—
Something—!
Lorna stared at the shape on the blind and quivered uneasily. The thing held in the shadowy hand was exactly the shape of a gun. His two hands came together, lifting the thing, and his face was bent—exactly as a man bends his face to examine the ammunition in a pistol. The gun-shape came into view again, unmistakable, held in one hand, and then Hawksford's whole shadow flashed out of view. Lorna stood dumbly watching for five—seven minutes. The light did not go out, and she assumed that he was still there.
But the sight of the gun—and surely it was a gun—had given her a horrid little shock. Yes, this affair was serious, serious and dangerous. A man playing games such as Hawksford was playing had his liberty, his very life at stake.
"It's bad for you to soak so long in the bath," said Miss Marris, when Lorna went back in the room. Lorna made no reply, but went silently to bed. She felt she would never sleep until the risks and uncertainties of the affair were over once and for all.
But she did. She had been thoroughly tired by the adventures of the last few days, and she fell soundly asleep within half an hour.
She awakened to see sunlight streaming in, the maid pulling the curtains, and her aunt putting on her bed jacket.
Lorna sprang out of bed, ignoring a dark cup of tea at her bedside, and hurried into the bathroom, where she looked out of the window. The blind in Hawksford's room was up. Lorna peered into the yard; no sign of him there. She stood irresolute, and almost decided to find the maid and ask rapidly: "I suppose you're giving some breakfast to the chauffeur?"—but as she came out of the bathroom a window across the passage gave her a view of the hotel garage, and she glanced out.
There was Hawksford, in his shirt sleeves, washing down the car, his hair hanging over his brow, water flashing on his bare tanned arms in the sunshine.
With a gasp of relief she went

back to bed, drank her morning tea and then rose and dressed quickly. She didn't want to be out of the way a moment longer than was necessary. The paper in Hawksford's notebook had said "the afternoon of the 28th", but she was afraid at any moment he might slip away.
While they were at breakfast in the dining-room, the waitress brought in a message.
"Would either of them be wanting the car that afternoon, because Mr. Hawksford wanted to put it in the workshop to have the brakes tightened."
"No," said Miss Marris. "I shan't want to go anywhere in it. I had enough of it yesterday. Will you want it, Lorna?"
"Definitely not," said Lorna, not daring to lift her eyes from her plate.
Her heart was pounding as the girl went away with the message. The request came as the confirmation of every suspicion. Hawksford was making certain of his freedom for the afternoon so as to get to Gulliver's Bay—and to Gulliver's Bay, without the slightest question, she would be following him.
Lorna pattered about the hotel and the garden for the next two hours, with a restlessness anyone might have wondered at if they had known she was on the watch to see that Hawksford did not give her the slip.
Then, just before eleven, with the unexpectedness, and something of the shock of a bombshell, she was sitting on the veranda in front of the hotel when she saw a car draw up at the door—and out of it stepped Allen Richards.
(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.
Canadian service men permanently incapacitated through enemy action in the field will be confirmed in acting ranks held when wounded, Defence Headquarters announced July 19. Under previous regulations, acting rank was relinquished after 90 days in hospital.
Statistics indicate that every 11th person now living may expect to die of cancer. Each year cancer causes the death of 15,000 Canadians.

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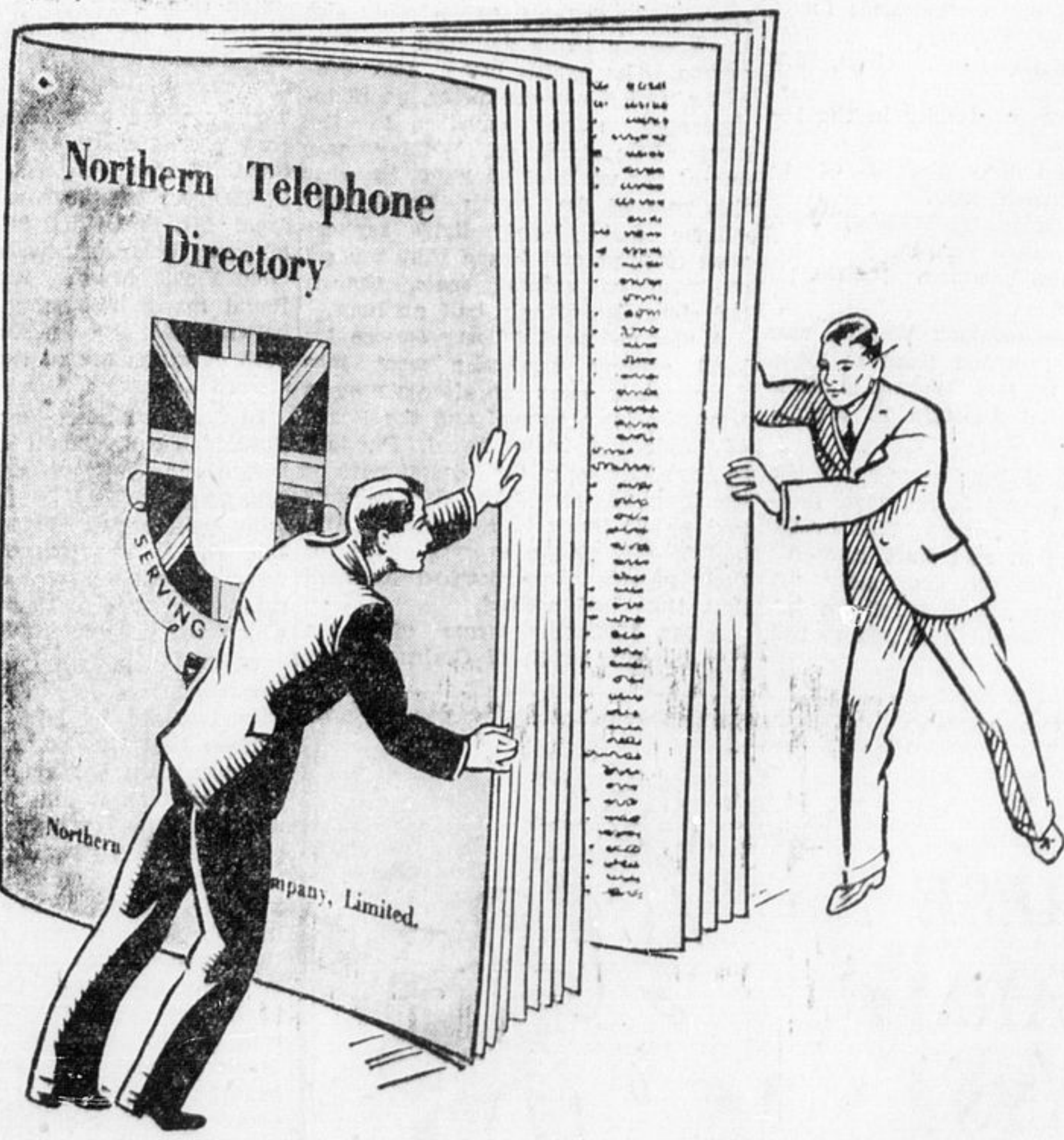
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