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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, a chauffeur to the General's party. A New Zealander, handsome in a rugged arresting fashion.

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued) FOR LORNA, HOME TRUTHS

As Lorna and Hawksford walked, the shadow of the woods fell on them, chill and gloomy. On all sides were the velvety black trunks of the beeches, a thick woven canopy of little leaves overhead; rotting vegetation underfoot, a faint scent of honey in the air. Her fright of him returned, mixed with the madness of her regret for what he was. She stole a glance at him, and met his eye, with a look in it which seemed to say that he knew and rather relished her fear. The track narrowed, he fell into step behind her, and almost at once she found herself on the edge of a small stream, with a few stepping stones lying across its course. She hesitated, about to take the first step over, when she found herself lifted bodily off her feet. The abruptness of it was so startling to her strained nerves, that she almost screamed, and could only cling to him shuddering, as he carried her across with three long strides. On the other side, he set her on her feet against a big boulder, but



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without letting go of her, and kissed her breathless lips. "No!" cried Lorna, gasping. "I will," he said. "I did it once before!" "No!" she said again; but she did not turn her face aside. When he drew back, his face was suddenly white, and his eyes were dark with anger. "I suppose that's what you call wanting to marry Richards," he said. He turned and strode away from her, on up the hillside, and she found herself looking at his retreating figure. Her scattered wits collected themselves in a storm of shame and rage. How could she have let him? How had she let that hateful attraction he had for her betray her so? And now he was going, going to his rendezvous at Gulliver's Bay!

She set her teeth, and ran on after him. She came panting up beside him. He had lighted a cigarette, and his brown hand was trembling. "Aren't you going back?" he jibed. "I'm going with you," she replied, her quivering lips set hard with determination. "You'd better keep out of this, from every point of view. Don't say I led you into it!" It was almost a confession! She glanced at him, and went on climbing doggedly. They came to the top of the hill in silence, and bush gave place to grass on which sheep were grazing among clumps of shrubs and white stones were scattered about. The track ran faintly towards more beeches further on. Hawksford's face was still hard. He broke the silence suddenly, saying: "Well, aren't you ashamed to have given way to your impulses like that?" She made no reply. She was conscious of nothing but a grim determination to see the thing through, and bring him to justice if she could. "If you're not, I am!" he said. "Ashamed to have done it. You may have no principles, but I have, and I'm squeamish. I told myself I'd never want anything to do with you again after that night, when you made me drive you to Port Hills with that chap from the dance."

She shrank inwardly, for the shaft went home. She had things to be ashamed about, too. The cold protest was forced from her against her pride. "We merely went for a walk. I'm sorry you didn't like waiting." "My dear girl, you meant me to stern in my juice! You think because you've got a pretty face, charming clothes, too much money, and a few relatives in 'Who's Who' that you can do things for which any man would get his jaw broken!" "I don't!" "Well, I wasn't worried. You know, you've a pretty face and figure, and all that—but it's not enough. All you think of is having plenty of money, and saying the right sort of thing—not doing it, by any means. Have a good time and the devil take the hindmost. You have no ideals, no sense of values, less heart than a week-old cabbage! A man with any sense wants more than that in a woman."

"Is that all?" Lorna was seeing the landscape through a red haze. "No!" said Hawksford. "In addition to that, you're a terrible little snob!" She turned to him as they walked. "And you," she said, choking back her fury. "What are you—a spy?" "A spy?" His voice was a shout of scorn. "What, then?" Her contempt cut like a lash. "Merely a common thief?" But his eyes just flickered as he gazed at her, and he never turned a hair. Her feet flagged on the track. She almost forgot what she had come out for in her impulse to run away to take the shattered remnants of her pride beyond further damage. She forced herself to go on beside him. So that was what he thought of

her—had thought all this time! The worst was that she felt his truth. That was what she had been all her life, if not in intention, in effect. She made a violent inner resolve to change; she would be different in future—if only to raise herself above the level of comment from such a person as he was! Oh, if she had only not been so weak, so vulgarly, madly, perverse as to yield an instant to his attraction for her! Her breast heaved. She could hardly see to walk. And she was going on into further trouble, some possibly dangerous, certainly sordid mystery! Suddenly he had stopped. She saw he was looking out to sea. It lay there on the left, across the rim of a hill beyond a stony valley which intervened. He was gazing at a ship, a mere pencil line of grey and a smudge of smoke, out on the far blue edge of the horizon. He turned to her suddenly. He was quite alert, quite different, all personal feeling had fallen from him. He took her by the arm, and drew her quickly over the brow of the ridge out of sight of the sea and the ship again.

CHAPTER XIX HAWKSFORD FINDS SOMETHING

"A ship," said Lorna. She looked at him questioning, with a chill of dread in her heart. "Yes," he countered drily. "There are ships in the Pacific. Didn't you know?" She went with him, saying nothing; she did not want to arouse any further suspicion that she knew what he had in mind. But his obvious interest in the ship made her speculate excitedly. Did he expect them to come by sea, whoever was coming to collect information? As soon as they were within the shelter of the trees he began to walk up the hill again through them; they passed over the crest and down through the thick tangle on the other side. "I think we'll go down to the sea now," he remarked. Did he, or did he not, know that she guessed why he had come? His tacit assumption that their quarrel was forgotten made her quiver with the knowledge of something afoot. They picked their way down the steep slope of a hill towards the sea; it ended in a cliff, and the scrub growing on its edge hid the shore of the lonely little cove below. He led her through all the deepest thickets, so that it was only now and again that they glimpsed the sea; then they came to the boulder strewn bed of a dried-up torrent and scrambled down it; the sound of the surf grew loud, the bushes thinned away to nothing, and they found themselves on the grey shingle of the shore. He moved forward on to it, looking to right and left, then suddenly checked his stride. Lorna, following him, saw a boat, half in the sea and half pulled up on the shingle, lying a hundred yards south along the shore. Her heart gave a leap.

Hawksford turned at once, his face expressionless, took her arm, and began to lead her back into the bed of the torrent where the cliffs came down on either side, hiding the boat from view. His fingers gripped her arm commandingly. "What do they call this place?" Lorna found voice to say. "Gulliver's Bay." The information was not unexpected. She dragged a trifle. "Where are we going? I'd like to walk along the beach." "I think we're going home again, pretty soon. But I'd like you to sit here for a minute or two." They were out of sight out of the boat, behind the tumbled boulders fallen from the cliff face. "But why? I'd like to—" "Doesn't matter what you'd like. Sit here, behind this rock. Do as I say, please. Wait for me here, and if I don't come back in about five minutes, go home!" "Wait for you here, and if you don't come back, go home?" she repeated his words calmly, but with a vast inward derision. Did he think she was quite so stupid? Was that how he had intended to get rid of her at the crucial moment? Had someone come in that boat to collect the information he had brought, and were they waiting for him somewhere along the shore. She looked innocently at his pre-occupied face. "Very well," she said, meekly. He turned from her and walked out on to the shore again, turning south in the direction of the boat. She climbed on to the rocks so that she could see over the top of them. He strode quickly along the shingle,

looking about him, glancing now behind, then at the cliffs above. A SHIP'S LIFEBOAT. She waited until he was within thirty yards of the boat, then she scrambled off the rocks, ran after him as hard as she could go. He turned a startled face at the sound of her feet on the shingle. "I might have known you'd do that!" was all he said, with a grim smile. He glanced to right and left, and she could see that every nerve in him was tense. She looked eagerly at the boat as they came to it. It was painted white, and it appeared to be a ship's motor lifeboat. Suddenly Hawksford stopped and picked something up. He snatched it so quickly from the shingle and pushed it into his pocket, that she had no time to see what it was. "What was that?" she said, her eyes vivid with suspicion. He didn't speak, he had moved round and was looking at the bow of the boat. She looked too, and saw the name in black letters: "M. S. Yama Maru." Japanese! She flashed a glance to sea, the smudge of smoke was still there on the horizon. Was it a Japanese ship out there, and had this lifeboat come from it? Hawksford was looking into the boat. Was he looking for a message? What had he picked up on the shingle? "Come!" he said to her abruptly, and took her arm as though to lead her away. "What was that you picked up?" Lorna said, summoning all her courage. "What is this Japanese boat doing here? I'm not going until I know."

She was aware of the reckless danger of attacking him like this, alone and single-handed. "Come along!" He set his jaw, and glancing to right and left again, drew her hurriedly, towards the cliff, near at hand, where the sheltering scrub came down to the edge of the shore. "Let me go!" She hung back and began to struggle. He shifted his grip on her to his left hand, and then she saw that with the other he was drawing something free from the hip pocket of his slacks; a black, short-barrelled gun, the reality of that sinister shadow she had seen on the hotel blind! For a horrible moment she fancied he intended to use it on her. She stopped struggling, and went with him quietly, and in a swift instant they were among the shrubs on the side of the cliff, which sloped backward here, so that they could just scramble up the sliding shingle face of it. The bush grew closely, on the hillside above. He drew her on into it, and a moment later they were resting, out of breath, in the shadows under the beeches. He had slipped the automatic out of sight again, and Lorna stared at his face as he sat tense, frowning, on the bole of a tree beside her. She said fearlessly: "You think I don't know why you came here! But you're working for the Japanese, aren't you? You were going to deliver information to them here today. I didn't know it was Japan that was getting the information until I saw that boat. I suppose it came in from the ship over there to collect the information?"

He had been peering down through the leaves and branches at the beach; now he flashed her a look of frowning surprise. "That's pretty good deduction!" he commented briefly. "Or did it come with a message for you?" she demanded. "What was that you picked up by the boat? Was it a message?" She sat up, taut with defiance. He put his hand over his coat pocket, which bulged with whatever it was that he had put in it. "It was a message of a kind, and one I've been wanting," he said. His lips tightened, and he looked at her oddly, almost sadly. "I shouldn't have said some of the things I said to you this afternoon!" "You seem to have thought me all kinds of a fool all along!" she retorted. She was scared at having said so

much. Now, if ever, he had reason to get rid of her! His expression changed to a hard amusement. "Well, what do you intend to do, if that's your idea? Hand me over to get a death sentence or life imprisonment for espionage?" (To be Continued)

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Pasteurization of Milk "Health" the official organ of the Health League of Canada in past years has paid a great deal of attention to the question of pasteurization of milk because if all milk were pasteurized mortality and disability rates would be greatly reduced. Milk, recognized as the finest of foods, should be an essential in the diet of everyone. Henry Wallace, when Vice-President of the United States, said in a famous speech, a few years ago, that every child in America should have a quart of milk a day. Were this objective achieved, the effect on the stature and health of children would be remarkable. However, Henry Wallace should have used the term "pasteurized milk" instead of just "milk" because milk unpasteurized may convey disease. It is known that milk can easily carry the germs of tuberculosis, typhoid and paratyphoid fever, undulant fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and septic sore throat. Besides it has been noticed that when pasteurization is effectively established, infant mortality rates immediately drop. These facts being known, it is ridiculous as well as tragic that in Canada only one province has a law enforcing province-wide pasteurization of milk. Failure to pasteurize milk results in disease and death. Health authorities have known this for many years and still much milk sold for human consumption is not pasteurized. It seems that health authorities have not acted because political leaders have been powerless owing to the influence of uninformed voters. Some interested or ignorant groups with votes are always ready to oppose this great life-saving measure and they are sufficient in number to influence political opinion. Until something is done to circumvent this ill-formed and selfish vote, it will be hard to pass legislation in the eight provinces which still lack it. The answer again lies in education. The speaker, the pamphlet, the poster, press and radio should be enlisted in a great Dominion-wide campaign. Again there is need for the volunteer—the man and woman keen to render service for the welfare of their fellow

citizens. This magazine "Health" sounds the clarion cry to action. The time has come to commence a vigorous campaign to the end that all milk sold in Canada for human consumption be pasteurized. The cause of compulsory pasteurization of milk in Great Britain was given a list recently when the opinion was expressed at a meeting of the Representative Body of the British Medical Association that the time had come when the sale or distribution of unsafe milk should be made a criminal offence. The London Times' report of the meeting follows: "The Representative Body of the British Medical Association, meeting in London, displayed intense interest in a motion, submitted by Mr. A. Lawrence Abel, Marlebone, and carried with little dissent, instructing the council to insist that the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Food should secure legislation immediately requiring all milk for human consumption to be pasteurized. In England and Wales in 1943 there were 4,000 deaths from non-pulmonary tuberculosis, of which it may be argued that some 1,200 were due to bovine infection. In the same year some 14,000 notifications on non-pulmonary tuberculosis were made, of which it might be presumed that some 4,000 were due to bovine infection. Pointing out that about 600 children died in 1943 from bovine infection, Mr. Abel said he thought that the money of the B.M.A. should be spent in indict-

ing the Ministries of Health and Food at the Old Bailey for the deaths of the children. Dr. Guy Dain said he thought the time had come when the sale or distribution of unsafe milk should be made a criminal offence." Party Held in Honour of Miss Marjorie Fera South Porcupine, Sept. 4th. Special to The Advance. Mrs. J. Fera's home on Bloor Ave. was the scene of a happy party on Saturday night in honour of Miss Marjorie Fera who left on Tuesday to enter St. Mary's Hospital, Timmins as a student nurse. All guests brought gifts, flowers, and good wishes to Marjorie wishing her the best of success in her new venture. Songs dancing and music were the order of the evening and the hostess served a wonderful lunch. Guests present included: Mrs. H. Blood, Mrs. J. Alexander, Mrs. George Humphries, Mrs. Henry Kaufman, Mrs. George Kaufman, Mrs. J. Giovanelli, Mrs. F. Bonnett, Mrs. E. Hodgins, Mrs. E. Hansen, Mrs. A. DeRosa, Mrs. J. Cattarello, Mrs. Cecil Helmer, Mrs. Jack Wilder, Mrs. R. Corley, Mrs. R. McJanet, Mrs. A. Schmelze, Mrs. W. Fera, Mrs. W. M. Morgan, and the Misses: Gena Higgins, Jean Adamson, Irene Ralston, Betty Hanson, Norbertine Ferrigan, Audrey Miller, Lorena Blood, and little Miss Blood.

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