

NOTICE

The Hosiery Department at MOORE & McLEOD LIMITED request their mail order customers to observe the following rules when ordering hosiery by mail.

1. Write name and address clearly, or better still, print it.
2. Be sure to state size, color, kind and quality of hosiery desired.
3. Mail order customers who have charge accounts please ask us to charge hose.
4. Mail order customers who have no charge accounts are asked to send postal note or money order with order.
5. Do not ask us to send hose C. O. D. as this puts an extra burden on an already busy office staff.
6. Do not enclose loose cash in letter as it is apt to be lost in mail, postal notes or money orders are much safer.

Mail orders will be filled as promptly as possible if the above rules are observed. We will appreciate your co-operation.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

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RACING DRIVER

By
Alexander Campbell

TWO PASSENGERS FOR AFRICA

Further conjecture was interrupted by the return of the doctor.

"Got a harder knock than you," he said cheerfully. "But nothing to worry about. I gave him something to send him to sleep. No bones broken, and no concussion. When he wakes up he'll have a headache and feel a bit stiff, but that's all."

"I'm very grateful to you, doctor."

"Prestley's my name. Happy to be of service."

"Dr. Prestley. But tell me. Where are we? Whose house is this? Jolly good Samaritans who ever they are!" He added with feeling.

"Ellington's the name," said the doctor. "Professor Ellington." The temptation to gossip overcame him. He sat down.

"Never heard of him? Oh, well, not much in your line. But a pretty bigwig in his own! That fellow knows more about us than we know ourselves!"

"About us?"

"Well speaking generally. The human race. The origin of man. That's his pigeon."

"Oh!" said Frank, disappointed. "I know the thing you mean. Old looser who picks up a bone the size of my little finger and tells you it's from a scaled carnivore that roamed the steaming forests of Europe when Adam was a boy?" He suddenly recalled the girl and his imaginary picture of her parent. "Is he one of those little old dried up johnnies with a bald pate and snuff?"

Dr. Prestley chuckled. "Ha ha! you too."

"En?"

"Well, they all get caught out. They all think a man who scurries around in old bones in caves must be about as smart as your carnivore. Whereas in reality—well, wait until you see him."

He was struck by a thought.

"I said! Didn't you say you were going out to South Africa?"

"That's right."

"A week on Tuesday?"

"Yes."

"On the Athlone Tower?"

"Yes but—"

"Well!" said Dr. Prestley, as one who marvels at the inscrutable workings of Providence. "Well now, what do you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why said Dr. Prestley with another of his chuckles. "That you'll have plenty of time to revise your notions about Professor Ellington. Because he also is visiting the cradle of the human race."

"Africa," said the doctor. "Or at least that's his theory. That Africa, not Mesopotamia or Asia or any where else, is the cradle of the human race. He's had a young fellow cut there for two years now, working on the theory and trying to find proof. Well young Rupert has found it—or so he has. A missing link between the professor is going out to Africa on the Athlone Tower to check up on it."

"The professor is going out in the Athlone Tower to check up on it," echoed Frank.

Somehow the statement meant to him something of some sort of vista. He felt caught up in a stream of strange circumstances. Things were coming too fast off the bat. A car smash—wakening up to find a disturbingly pretty girl bending over him—finding that her father's curious occupation was deducing things from old bones—and learning finally that his unexpected host was to be his travelling companion on a three weeks' voyage. His mind grasped at this last fact. Could that mean that she also—

"Check up on it" repeated the doctor self-consciously. "That's the influence of the cinema. Even in a small place like this. Why, before the talkies came I wouldn't have known even what that meant."

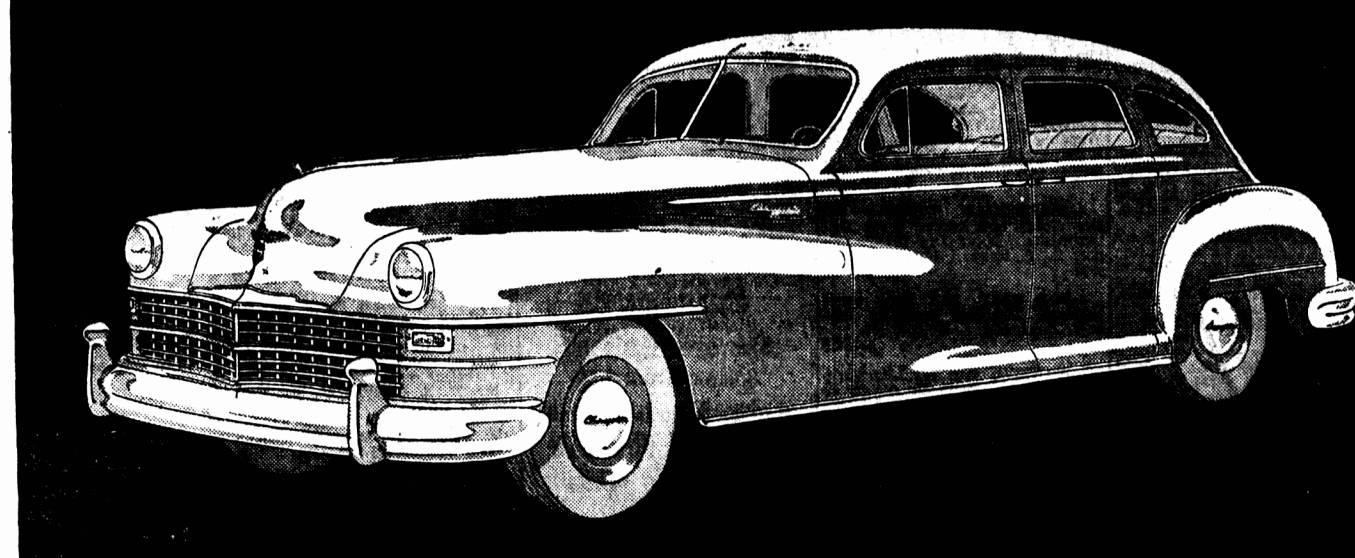
But Frank was not interested in the effects of the cinema in the language of the inhabitants of even remote country districts.

"I suppose," he said casually, "that Professor Ellington will be going out as the head of some sort of expedition? I mean, there'll be a whole gang of scientists and professors."

"Why, not exactly," said Dr. Prestley, and chuckled yet again. "You see, the professor is not exactly at one with most of his scientific conferees. I have heard him refer to them on one occasion as sheep's heads and on another as Tertiary fossils. At the moment he is carrying on five separate controversies with the heads of five different University colleges."

"No, Professor Ellington will be travelling alone—or at least accompanied only by his daughter."

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, Windsor, Ontario

PROFESSOR'S FIRST QUESTION

"Ah!" said Frank. "Is she interested in old bones, too?" he asked. "Yes and no. Yes, because in a manner of speaking her future is tied up with old bones." The genial doctor frowned, as at some unpleasant thought. "Young Rupert—young prig," he muttered to himself, and to Frank: "You see, she's going out to—"

Collector's Item



War veteran D. E. Blane, of Hollywood, Calif., dreamed up a good business for himself when he got the idea of collecting bad debts by parking his car, with sign seen above, in front of debtors' homes and waiting patiently until embarrassment compels victims to pay.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



JOE PALOOKA By HAM FISHER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoop

