

**THAT'S SURE GOOD BREAD MOTHER**

**Mother Says:** "The kiddies need a lunch when they come home from school, and I'd rather have them eat a slice of bread than anything else I know. I find that since I've been using REGAL Flour the children relish these snacks much more. I know that REGAL is responsible for the extra flavour and lightness."

# REGAL FLOUR

## AFRICA FLIGHT

By VAL GIELGUD

"Bats!" snarled Larrimore. "No one can imagine it till they've been through it. And that's why the adventure isn't a bit of a romantic figure, but an almighty tool!"

Larrimore took on that Pacific light for a bit, and I've taken on his job of your father's hard cash!

"You can't stop me from admiring you, you know," said Carol softly. "May I sit down again, please?"

Larrimore dropped his hands, muttering an apology. "I can understand your uncle's motive," he said hastily, to cover his embarrassment. "But where do you come in?"

"Just to prove to you that you are," said Carol calmly, arranging the folds of her frock. "There is romance in an adventure. I don't care how much you rub in your point of view with your beautiful strong fingers!"

Larrimore winced. "I'm sorry. I let myself go—for the first time for weeks. It was unparadiseable of me."

"O please!"

"Of course," Larrimore went on, "there's another possibility. I may be just piling on the melodrama. Perhaps I've just—lost my nerve."

"You?"

"Yes. You know—I'm not really the ill-mannered boor I've shown myself today. But since that smash I've felt somehow—stifled!"

He made a baffled awkward movement of one arm, and his lips twitched.

"Is it—the result of the court-martial?" asked the girl gently.

"I don't think so. I'm not the type to be really lapped in any sense. It's poor young Farquharson I can't get out of my head."

"But you couldn't help it—I was here—I saw."

"Oh! It was an accident all right—but one of us misjudged the distance. What I do know is that the e was one split second, in which I had a decision just how timely my machinations should come together—and I chose to save my own bacon."

Carol snarled. "No, deliberate," she whispered.

"No," admitted Larrimore. "I don't think it was deliberate. I'm pretty sure it was subconscious—I was a bit quick. But there it was, I killed that boy as surely as if I'd shot him through the head."

"This is melodrama, Mr. Larrimore. You're letting your imagination play tricks with your nerves," Larrimore hopped rather than sa, on the end of the sofa, and knuckled his forehead. To Carol he seemed suddenly very much like a small boy, horribly hurt, and pathetically ignorant of what had hurt him. She wanted to comfort him, but she could not see how it could be done. So she simply sat still with infinite pity in her eyes.

Larrimore looked up with a jerk. "This won't do," he said fiercely. "Now you can see why I'm glad to have a job of work to do again. Anyway I've given myself away good and proper. And you must have dressed yourself up and cut your party just to meet the adventure! I'm sorry to have disappointed you so horribly."

"I only wanted to know you better," Mr. Larrimore.

The airman achieved a rather lopsided smile.

"Might we shake hands on that—without prejudice?" Carol went on. "I think perhaps we might," said Larrimore. "Wasn't it the provincial schoolboy who said that one's friends were the people who knew one well—and liked one in spite of it?"

They shook hands accordingly with a curiously embarrassed formality. And their hands were still clasped when Anthony Sothern opened the door and walked in.

### CHAPTER VII END OF AN "UNDERSTANDING"

For a moment neither Larrimore nor Carol noticed the young secretary. He stood just inside the doorway, looking perhaps the merest trifle too well-dressed in his evening clothes. The muscles of his face—aided perhaps by the necessity for holding his eye-glass firm—did not so much as twitch at what he saw. To guess at what he felt was a sheer impossibility. Balliol, his public school, an ingrained sense of good manners, all combined to preserve that impassive mask which is held in England to be the infallible hall-mark of good breeding—which it isn't quite.

He coughed gently, and examined with some care the wrapping of a spray of orchids which he carried in one hand.

"Hello Anthony!" said Carol, and faced him. "What are you doing here? And incidentally have you met Rupert Larrimore?"

Sothern gave a stiff little bow. "Your father looked in on your uncle on his way to the Strand," he said. "He told me he'd left you here, so I thought I'd come and collect you."

"Collect me?" repeated Carol. Larrimore's eyebrows rose.

"We're joining the 'Haywards' party at the 'Porchester,'" Sothern went on.

"Have you forgotten?" inquired Carol. "I'm in a hurry and told you I wasn't coming?"

"I have not. You also said you felt tired and were going to bed early. When your father mentioned that you were both up and dressed, I naturally concluded that you'd changed your mind."

"I'm sorry, Anthony—you've had your journey for nothing."

There was an uncomfortable pause broken by Larrimore making his apologies and saying he must go.

"Coming on any of the trial flights Miss Manson?" he asked.

"Every flight—what do you think?" retorted Carol.

"Then I'll be seeing you." Larrimore moved deliberately over to Sothern. There was something of the inspector officer in the way in which he looked the young man up

and down.

"I believe you are coming on the trip too, Mr. Sothern?"

"I believe so," replied Sothern coolly.

"You don't sound particularly keen."

"I shall be most interested."

"But you don't exactly yearn for the great wide open spaces, do you, Anthony?" put in the girl.

Sothern said nothing. Larrimore smiled comprehensively if a little grimly, and went out.

Carol moved as if to follow and see the airman out. When Sothern in two quick movements dropped his flowers on the edge of the sofa and caught her by the wrist.

"What are you up to?" he demanded. "Why are you throwing me down on this party?"

Carol kept her temper.

"I've been to it so often before, and so often with you, my dear, that the thought of it bores me to death," she said.

"I see."

"I doubt it very much. But put it down to the cussedness of the eternal feminine. We're all unreliable, you know. Now run away and don't argue with me to-night."

But Sothern did not move.

"It's not so easy as that," he said. His lips were very dry, and he licked them furtively.

"If you never meant to go to the Haywards," he said jerkily. "Just why did you get all dressed up?"

"You surely don't expect me to answer a question put to me in that tone?"

"It's hardly necessary, my dear. The answer's obvious. You meant to impress the gallant Rupert Larrimore!"

The girl turned away.

"If we were married, Anthony, that type of jealousy would be merely bad manners. As we aren't it's merely impertinent."

Sothern flushed, but he had his own share of stubbornness. "There's no need for your high horse, Carol! At this rate we're hardly likely to be married."

Carol took a deep breath, as though about to dive. "Did you ever think we were likely to be, Anthony?"

"Of course—you mean—you didn't?"

"No, Anthony. Not really."

Sothern bit his lip. "I see."

Carol's self-possession cracked suddenly. "Go away, Anthony—go away at once, or we shall quarrel!"

"No," said Sothern. "We've got to be married."

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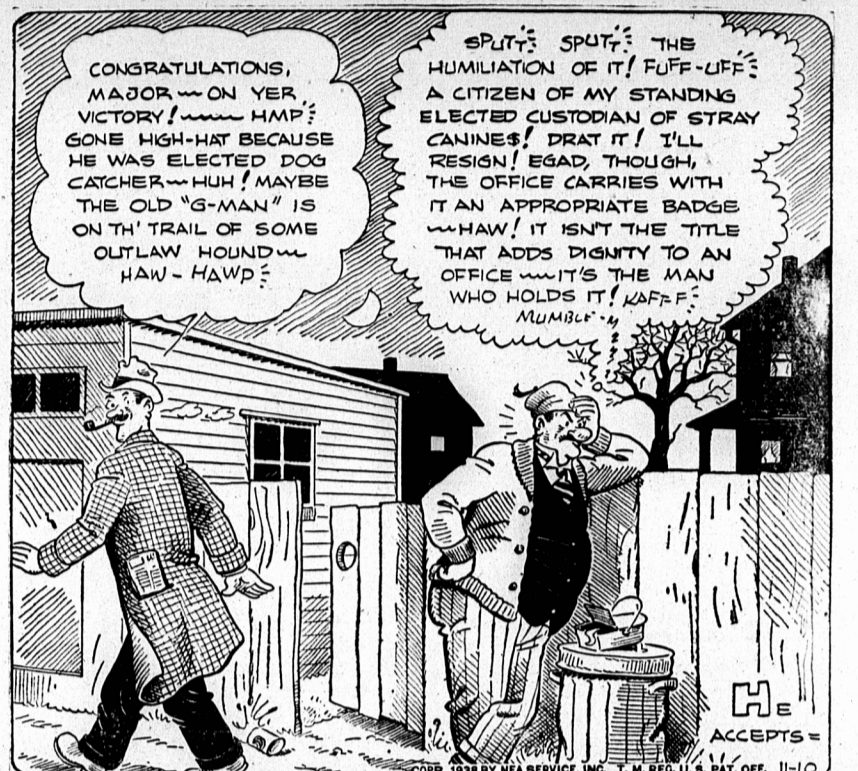
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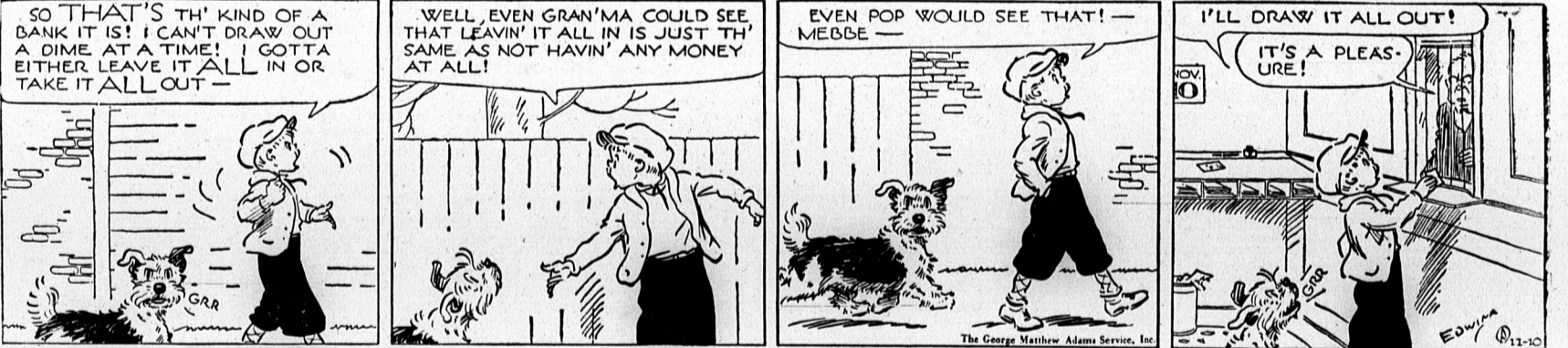
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