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MONTREAL, Feb. 25—(CP)—A tumor threatening the eyesight of J. J. Duffus, liberal member of the House of Commons for Peterborough West, was removed today during a lengthy operation at the Montreal Neurological Institute performed by Dr. Wilder Penfield, eminent neurologist and head of the institute.

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CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

WHAT IS IT YOU KNOW?

She simply sat looking at him, very wide and dark, and he gazed into them, accustomed to finding the character of people lying open to him through their eyes; and was all the more interested because of the deliberate evasion which he always seemed to find in hers.

"What is it that you know," said Hewitson, suddenly, "that you think I don't know?"
The wild surprise which flashed into her face for an instant showed him that he had somehow stumbled on the secret, a more conscious affair, apparently, than he had ever supposed it to be!

Her face calm again, she leaned back in her chair and looked at the light through the sherry in her glass before she spoke.
"I'm younger than you are, but I've seen more of life."

"Heavens! Where is the world, if it isn't in the human mind? What do you think there is that I don't know about life, spending my days in doing, raking the muck of one little human brain after another, and finding each one so much like the last?"

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Dr. Sanders with Molly Hewitson. Molly looked thoughtfully glowing—she was, in fact, a few days over twenty—in a picture frock which was just a shade duller than her corn-colored hair. The effect was charming; but as they passed through the grill room to their table it was Christabel towards whom all eyes were turned.

The two men noticed this; and Molly, wrapped up in her affection for Sanders with a perfect faith in his love for her, willing to give away admiration to any woman who could get it; she had arrived at that happy stage in a love affair when every eye outside it seems superficial. She regarded Christabel with an eager, interested enthusiasm as a sort of lovely toy found by the three of them.

The dinner went well, became quite gay. At one time Christabel heard Sanders laughing heartily in pure, lighthearted amusement, and felt surprised and strange, as she realized that for fully five minutes she had forgotten herself and her circumstances.

To her the ballet was a glorious experience of sound and colour and movement, and she watched it in a state between intoxication and tears. It was ten times more vivid and beautiful to her starved senses than it was to her companions; and coming away was as sad as wakening from some delightful dream.

Hewitson proposed supper, but Molly had promised her mother that she would be home by eleven-thirty.

Sanders had come in his car, but Hewitson's was temporarily under repair. It was arranged that Molly should go with Hewitson by taxi, as she had in her handbag a letter which was in his direction; while Sanders should run Christabel out to Barking.

It seemed to Christabel rather inappropriate, and Molly made a tentative suggestion that she should come too, which Sanders did not appear to notice, as he fastened there was a shadow on Hewitson's face; but before Christabel could be sure that the whole thing was not her imagination, Hewitson had hailed a taxi and she and Molly were saying goodbye.

Christabel thanked the girl; her hand rested in Hewitson's, her glance met the friendly warmth in his eyes, and she thanked him, too, with that odd mixture of feelings.

And then she and Sanders were walking through the crowd to the great garage in which he had parked his car.

Christabel looked about her at the well-dressed, pleasure-surfetted throng... surprised that in less than two months since her release, she could have taken her place again in the respectable life of middle-class London.

Sanders took her by the elbow to escort her across the road. She wondered why his usually cheery sort of face was so strained-looking, and what was that had indeed his eyes so that they looked abnormally dark.

"I really could get a bus from the Bank," Christabel said, "why bother to take me all the way?"

"I want to be said, and added, suddenly: 'Let's go somewhere for a drink somewhere, first shall we?'"

Christabel doubted, almost refused, unweary aware of the strangeness of his manner.

"You must come!" he said, almost roughly.

Surprised by his urgency—and yet not surprised for his manner had been odd enough for her to ex-

I LOVE YOU, CHRISTABEL!

"There's something about you that fascinates me," he began, desperately doggedly. "Ever since the first time I set eyes on you at the Clinic I've been fascinated by you! I can't help it!"

She gazed at his mutely. "I hope it doesn't annoy you that I feel like this," he said. "I've tried to get the better of it, but I can think of nothing else! I don't know what has happened to me!"

"That seems—rather unfortunate, doesn't it?" said Christabel, quietly, wondering as she looked at him, what his chances would have thought if she could have heard him. Or Hewitson, for that matter.

"Yes, I suppose it does!" said Dr. Sanders, frowning.

He lit a cigarette with fingers that shook slightly, and sat back in his chair, venturing to look at her to her discomfort.

shame-facedly, as though it was a relief to have got his confession over.

"I thought you were engaged to Molly Hewitson."

"Yes, I am!"

"Then don't you think that she might—?" Christabel left the suggestion unfinished, and looked at him inquiringly.

Dr. Sanders flushed darkly. "I'm an utter owl! But I only told you because I don't know what to do about it! I tell you I love you, Christabel!"

He made the last statement with a sort of violence, as though it was a fact which altered everything.

"You know nothing about me," said Christabel. "For all you know, I may be married."

He put that aside with a movement of his hand, and merely repeated doggedly: "You might be anything—I'd feel just the same about you."

But her thoughts were of Hewitson. One could see how fond Hewitson was of Molly; it showed in every look and word he gave his sister, however careless his tone might be. With a lift of her finger she could take him away from Molly Hewitson, break their engagement, ruin the friendship between Sanders and Hewitson—in fact, make Hewitson suffer!

"I've pretty nearly got into such a state of conflict," Sanders, was telling her ruefully. "I don't know about Molly, I mean! What am I to do? There's our engagement, you see, I feel such a cur. But she wouldn't keep me to it—she's such a decent soul, she'd understand. Oh, what am I saying! I'm an utter fool, I don't even know that you're the slightest interest in me, and I'm talking like this!"

He ended in utter self-abasement.

(To be Continued)

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy at Home

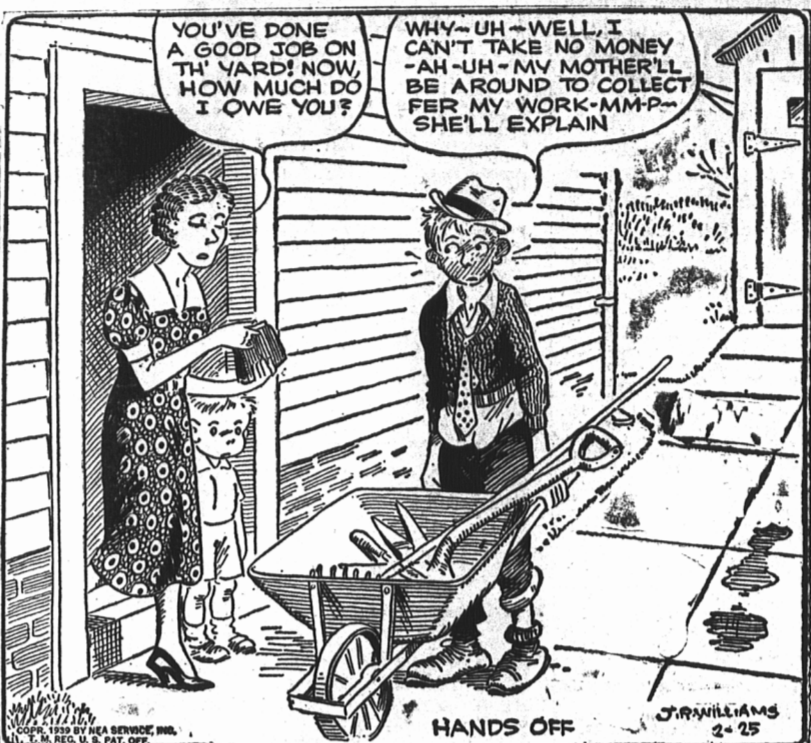
Quick Relief. Big Saving. So Easy. No Cooking. This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them a much more dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it. From any drugist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, a compound containing Norway Pine in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes. Then make a syrup by stirring two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. It's no trouble at all, and takes but a moment. No cooking needed. Put the Pinex into a 10 cc. bottle and add your syrup. This gives you 10 quick-acting and dependable, usually get four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils, and is very pleasant—children love it. You'll be surprised by the way it takes hold of severe coughs, giving quick, satisfying relief. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membrane, and helps clear the air passages. Money refunded if it doesn't please in every way.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

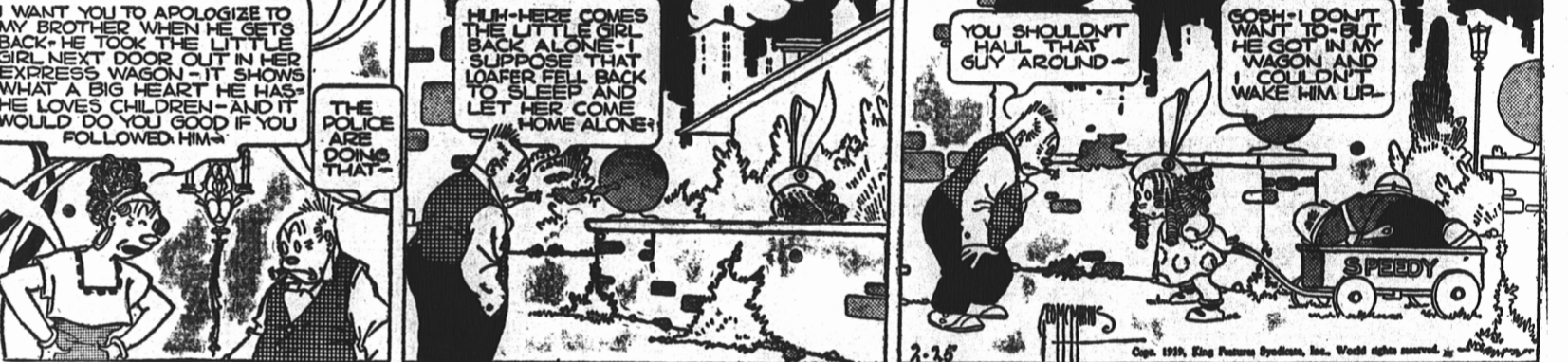
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