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The Rhett Butler of the China Seas!
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PICTURE
STARTS MONDAY
2 DAYS ONLY

THE LIKEABLE MAN

BY SYLVESTER CAIRN

"I'd been meaning to ask you." He looked at her. "I'm trying to carry on till you get someone. And I didn't like to rush you. After all—" his voice lost that new formality which she hated. "You've lost a friend as well as—a servant."

"Thank you for putting it like that. But—won't you stay on?"

"You won't need an assistant when you've a capable young man. Dixon needed me only because he was getting old."

"We can see to that later." She was the proprietor speaking with decision. "But there's no reason why you shouldn't succeed him. He told me a week or two ago that you'd a good grasp of the work and a keen brain for figures, but you were absurdly self-distrustful. In fact he said he could retire with an easy mind knowing that my affairs were in your hands."

"Oh," Gerald did not know what to say, and added lamely. "But—I'm afraid."

"Just what he said. That you—were afraid. You've never got over that wretched affair in the north . . . I'd hate a stranger about the place. Please stay on."

"If you want me to, I'd be glad to stay." Their eyes held each other. "But I'll probably make a mess of things——"

"Of course you won't. And—details—er—salary and all that, I leave to the lawyers. And—I'm very glad you'll stay."

"I'm very glad you want me," he said simply.

"What about a man under you?" she asked.

"May I try and see how I manage first?"

"Can't I help a bit? I'd really like to. Mr. Dixon always treated me like a child—but I'm not a fool, and I'm interested."

"I wouldn't dream of tying you down to it." He knew it would be hard—working with her every day—and remembering that she was his employer.

But she was puzzled by his attitude; he had been so friendly and now was so stiff. Yet he was as nice as ever to other people; it was only to her that he had changed.

Events ran smoothly for some weeks. Gerald had to be in the office more than he liked, but that was inevitable. Even if he had an assistant as he had had at Lowbridge, he would never leave the office work to him. He had learnt his lesson. Yet, knowing his past Elizabeth had trusted him, he would be worthy of her trust.

One day when he returned to the office, he was surprised to see Elizabeth sitting at a paper-strewn table. She looked up when he came in, but did not seem to see him. He felt a stab of fear.

Had Mr. Dixon's efforts to put things right been unsuccessful?

His mind raced, he must pursuade her not to tell Mrs. Dixon. Now he realized what a shock this must have been to Elizabeth he had never thought of that. In his desire for honesty, he had never thought of her suffering. To him, it had been a simple matter of right and wrong.

Elizabeth spoke and her voice cut like a knife.

"Perhaps you forgot that I had Mr. Dixon's keys. Now I see why you didn't want my help! I have been looking through these papers, and I can't quite understand those figures. Or should I say—I understand them too well?" Gerald made a quick gesture, but she went on, "No, you can not explain. Some of the entries have been altered—very badly, Mr. Ashley. No auditor would pass them.

There was a pause, scarcely perceptible, but he intervened.

"As you say, they speak for themselves."

The words were like a blow. She had hoped against hope that he could explain. She could not believe that Gerald Ashley, whom she had regarded as her friend as well as her servant, had cheated her. But he had been different lately. Was this the reason? He had been robbing her and was ashamed of his perfidy.

He stood looking at her face pale, his eyes looking bluer than ever.

"You mean?" she said quietly, when he stopped.

"They don't leave much room for doubt, do they?"

"But—they don't tally." She spoke pleadingly.

He remembered his promise to the dying man.

"No," he said. "They don't. I never thought you'd see them." The words were literally true, but they served as well as a lie would have done.

"To think that Mr. Dixon trusted you——" she drew back in horror as if she dreaded touching him; but now it was too late to clear himself. "You—needn't say any more. I can see for myself. This explains—something else that puzzled me. You've been—on your guard—stiff, reserved. But it must have been difficult to go on—knowing I trusted you—and you weren't worthy of trust." He stood with his head bowed. He could not say that he had avoided her because he loved her too much.

She went on.

"I suppose I was credulous to believe your story. After all, "Not proven" doesn't necessarily mean innocent. But—have you anything to say?"

This was the girl with whom he had danced ridden and golfed, the girl who had been so friendly as to make him forget she was his employer—and the girl he loved. But now she was miles from him, a haughty woman, accusing a servant.

"Nothing." He squared his shoulders and faced her.

"And Mr. Dixon trusted you," she repeated, her voice breaking. "And I—believed you and was glad to—give you a chance."

His eyes fell before hers. This was worse than the Sheriff's Court—and the verdict was "Guilty." She looked down at the papers, playing with them nervously, and when she spoke her voice was cold.

"But—Mrs. Dixon's fond of you. You have been kind to her. So I won't prosecute. I suppose an example should be made. But it would hurt her—and I would dislike the publicity. So you can go."

She made a gesture of dismissal.

"Go," she repeated, her hard-worn control nearly breaking. "Go—at once. I never want to see you again."

CHAPTER XVI

ELIZABETH EXPLAINS

As the door closed behind Gerald, Elizabeth's head sank in her hands. Gerald Ashley had cheated her, he had not said one word to clear himself. But no future agent must discover his disgrace. Illogically, she felt that was the first consideration.

Gerald had never thought of this development. He had meant to protect Dixon's name, but had not expected that in doing so he would draw suspicion on himself. Yet that was what he had done. Even if he wanted to he doubted if he could persuade Elizabeth of his innocence. Naturally, she would trust the older man. He was only a stranger—with a bad record.

Leaf shadows danced across the dusty road just as they had done when he entered the office, but he felt as if years had elapsed. Everything had changed, including his future. He lit his pipe and walked more slowly.

Mrs. Parsons was out when he reached the cottage. He unearthed his cases for himself, and started throwing in clothes and books in his usual haphazard fashion, wondering when he would see them again. Mrs. Parsons came in, to find him on his knees beside a half-filled case.

"Deary me, sir. What's wrong? Not bad news, I hope?"

"I'm just leaving." he looked up. "Just got word must go at once." He found the half lie easier than he had expected.

"Got a wire, sir? Them nasty things!" She jumped to conclusions with her usual haste. "But if it's illness, sir, won't you be back?"

"I'm afraid not. I'm sorry to go, and you've made me awfully comfortable."

"Deary me. I'm that sorry. An easier pleasanter-spoken gentleman I never did have."

"I'll want these things sent on, and take my light stuff with me." A rucksac was light enough, he reflected grimly.

Then, there was Mrs. Dixon, to consider. But he could not face her. He would write her a note. One could omit things more easily in writing than in speaking.

He left by the evening train. If it took him only to the junction, no one was any the wiser. Everyone knew that old Thomas Toole was stupid in making out tickets, so it was usual to go to the junction and make further arrangements from there.

He felt dully that this was the end of decent civilized life; by tomorrow he would be back to the hand-to-mouth existence he had loathed. Hardship and loneliness, aching muscles and blistered hands, things he had nearly forgotten in the ease of the last few months. He headed North. He did not know why, unless on the assumption that harvesting would last longer, and unskilled labour be in demand further into the autumn.

(To be Continued)

Witnessed Historic Statesmen's Meeting In The Atlantic

The following from the New Glasgow Evening News will be read with interest locally:

EARL RIGGS

An authentic account of the Churchill-Roosevelt conference at sea this month, containing many details hitherto not available, is contained in a letter which Bruce Riggs formerly of The Evening News and now with the mechanical department of The Sudbury Daily Star, has received from his brother, Earl, (of Charlottetown) who is serving with the Royal Canadian Navy.

Earl is a leading stoker on board the Canadian destroyer Assiniboine" which was one of the escort vessels for the giant battleship "Prince of Wales," which carried Churchill to his rendezvous with his fellow champion of democracy.

Because fo the tremendous interest which the meeting of the two great leaders has stirred in all parts of the world, and because descriptions of the conference have been somewhat lacking in detail, the letter is published in full:

The Letter

'I will give you a few of my impressions of the world's two greatest men, as I saw them." Leading-Stoker Riggs says, after a brief introduction. 'As probably you have read in the newspapers by this time, the "Assiniboine," the ship which I have been on, convoyed Churchill across the ocean both ways.

"On August 4, we picked up the 'Prince of Wales' at sea about nine o'clock in the morning. She loomed out of the fog all alone and we took up our positions in convoy. There were three of us—two Canadian destroyers and one English.

"We steamed at a fast clip for four-and-a-half days when we picked up the U. S. fleet, with the President aboard the 'Augusta,' an American battleship. The day was Saturday, August 9.

"On Sunday, there was a church service aboard the 'Prince of Wales,' and I was one of ten lucky men from our ship able to attend. We went aboard about 10 o'clock in the morning and about 11 a. m. the 'Augusta' came alongeside and the president came on board the 'Prince of Wales.'

Saw Churchill

"I first saw Churchill shortly after I came on board. He came up on deck and appeared to be giving his final O. K. to the arrangement of the seats. He is a man of very robust health to all appearances and I would have said, to look at him, that he had not a care or a worry in the world.

"He looked to me like a man who has made a stake and retired to live on his money and who, as a hobby, has bought a small boat and is spending his time fooling around the lagoon. Now I don't know what gave me that impression except that he wore a yachting cap and a blue suit with brass buttons—the same as most men who spend their time around the yachts at the local boating club.

"I got quite a surprise when I saw President Roosvelt. I knew that at one time he had had infantile paralysis, but I never had any idea that he was as badly crippled as he is.

"He walked aboard the 'Prince of Wales' and seemed to be under a great effort in doing so. I felt sorry for him until his face wrinkled up in one of the kindest smiles that I have ever seen. And then I had nothing but admiration for him and I began to realize why the people of the United States have elected him as their leader for such a long time.

"With him were his son, Frank, and chiefs of the army, navy and air force. Our own leaders, Sir John Dill, Sir Dudley Pound and Sir Andrew Portal, heads of the three fighting services were also present.

"The service opened with a prayer, followed by the singing of 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' the reading of the Scripture, and the singing of "Fight the Good Fight." There were more prayers, and the service closed with one for those in peril upon the sea.

'Some Ship!"

'After the service, the President inspected the 'Prince of Wales'—and we also, looked her over. She sure is some ship! Only two months before, she was locked in combat with the 'Bismarck.' Our ship also took part in the chase after the Nazi vessel, but because of a shortage of fuel we never caught up to her.

"I received a parcel from the President containing cigarets, fruit cheese and biscuits, as well as a card extending his compliments and best wishes as commander-in-chief of the U. S. navy, and President of the United States. Needless to say, it is one of my most-prized possessions today!

"We convoyed Churchill back again, and, on Saturday, he boarded our ship and we proceeded to Iceland where he visited for the day. The people there gave him a great cheer and held up two fingers to form the letter V for victory.

"We left him on Sunday, and he arrived back at 10 Downing Street for business on Monday morning.

"Well, we had a very uneventful trip after 33 days a sea. I am now ashore for the next ten weeks while I take a course of instruction in a petty officer's duties."

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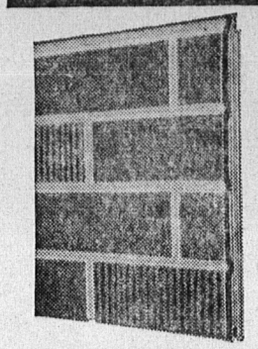

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MATINEE 2.30—NIGHT 7 AND 9.00

STARTS MONDAY — 3 BIG DAYS
The Year's Prize Package of Fun And Excitement!

THE VALUE OF FRESH VEGETABLES

Most of our Vegetables are picked the day they are sold, and the value of this is not recognized or appreciated as much as it should be. The weather man has made the mistake of giving us October chill—instead of the usual warm sunshine of August, and the result is such vegetables as Corn, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Squash, Peppers will be a very short crop. In spite of this we have some very fine Cucumbers, Carrots, Beets, Turnips, Cabbage, Onions, Head Lettuce, Celery, Wax Beans and Green, Potatoes, and a limited quantity of Ripe Tomatoes, etc. Our plan of selling direct to the consumer is increasing our sales. We save the delivery expense and the buyers receives the benefit of this saving.

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L-368-9-4-6.

CONSERVATION

A WEEKLY COLUMN OF PRACTICAL OPINIONS OF THE VITAL ISSUES AFFECTING THE USES AND ABUSES OF NATURAL RESOURCES BY MR. LUDLOW JENKINS MARSHFIELD.

PROTECTION OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS

Cruelty in any form is subversive to the peace and Co-operation upon which civilization depends." (From an A. P. F. A. Poster.)

Those members of the Association who are giving much of their income and scant leisure to assisting in the mighty victory effort realize the inconsistency of abandoning, even temporarily, a war identical in principle to that in which the Empire is engaged.

The reckless tyrant against whom the A. P. F. A., wars is he who tears from the backs of his forest kin their (to him) one valuable possession, and how like he is to that national despot hurling his robot-might on a smaller nation to snatch from it the one natural endowment which gave it a place in the markets of the world.

You who may have had secret qualms about 'fighting on two fronts', hold high, too, this torch and know that it is revealing isolated roots of that exploitation and tyranny which, in collective might, today is straddling a bomb cratered Europe!

That man has failed to divine the natural kinship of all creation is lamentably evident in his reckless torture and destruction of animal life for every purpose, including that of raising money to assist the greatest humanitarian organization in the world- the Red Cross The current Rodeo Show-a brutal exhibition of braggart tyranny-allies its name with the Red Cross as also last Spring's bunny massacre at Antler, Sask. Here is the press publicity given this last elevating bit of patriotism:

BUNNY DRIVE FOR RED CROSS

ANGLER, Sask. Feb. 24—Many have been the ways devised by Canadians to raise money for the Canadian Red Cross, but the residents of Antler made an animal pest pay dividends. More than 157 rabbits were chased into specially built corral by women and men who covered an area of approximately four miles in their search for the bunnies, the sale of which netted 20 dollars. The money will be added to the Red Cross money already gathered by Antler residents."

WINNIPEG BRANCH—Our President paid a brief visit to Winnipeg this summer and much enjoyed meeting some of the members of the Winnipeg Branch. His report follows: "This branch is at present experiencing all the difficulties and discouragements with which we here in Toronto had to contend when we first started. Their task is, indeed, rendered doubly hard by the war, which creates conditions that are obviously disadvantageous to any new organization. They have nevertheless succeeded in holding regular meetings, and, even if they cannot extend their activities much at the present time, they hope to be in a position to do so when conditions become more favorable. The greatest credit is due to the President, Mrs. Reeve, and the Secretary, Miss Sturrock, for their energy and perseverance."

TORONTO MEETING—Despite a wet and blustery evening, many turned out for the first meeting of the season when Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin) spoke on "Some Writers and Their Animal Friends". The discourse was in reality a clever symposium: readings from two modern novels, "Bambi" and "Jalna"—the animal versus the human viewpoint, and their co-ordination, in that fascinating film "I Married Adventure", featuring the Martin Johnsons, African Explorers, whose Acquaintance Mrs. Garvin made several years ago.

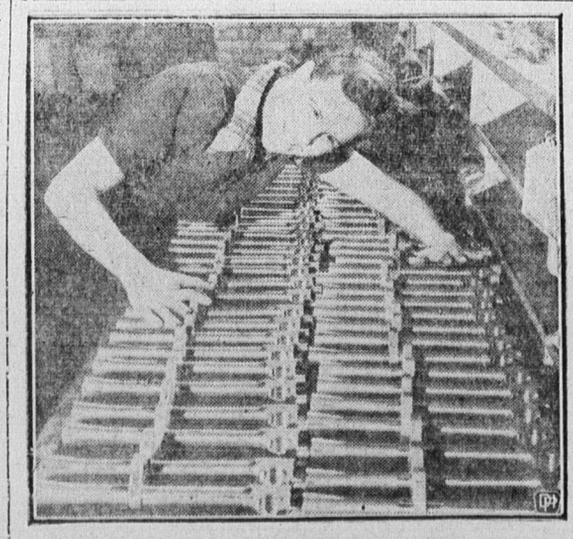
*We are pleased to advise that Mazo de la Roche, author of the popular "Jalna", has recently joined this Association.

On December 5th the Toronto membership will enjoy an address by Dan McCowan, Banff Naturalist, wild game photographer, lecturer and writer. His address, "On Nature Trails in the Canadian Rock'es", will be illustrated by 200 fine lantern pictures in color This will be an outstanding event.

(To Be Continued)

Girl Pilots Anxious to Be Useful

Girl pilots across Canada are discussing ways and means by which they may be useful to the department of national defence. Elianne Roberge, president of the Flying Seven (LEFT), who came from Ottawa to discuss the matters with Toronto girl pilots, believe that some could be employed by manufacturers to ferry planes to airfields. She is shown with Florence Elliott, one of the Toronto pilots anxious to see a national organization of girl pilots formed. Beryl Armstrong, Vancouver, vice-president of the Flying Seven, proposes the girls start schools to train girls in aeronautics.



FLOW OF BREN GUNS INCREASES

A pretty girl worker in the Canadian Bren gun plant making final inspection of flare-guards. Many women are to-day holding down key jobs of highly technical nature in this modern machine gun plant, which is turning out an ever-increasing flow of weapons for the British Forces.

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