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ADAPTABLE SNAKES

Snakes tend to have the temperature of the earth on which they rest or in which they are buried rather than the temperature of the surrounding air.

WARY WOODCOCK

The woodcock has eyes set far back in its head so that it can see its enemies when its long bill digs deep in the ground for worms.

MERMAID'S PURSE

Many leathery-cases often found cast up on shores and commonly called "mermaid's purses," are coverings protecting the eggs of some species of skate, a Canadian commercial fish.

Africa Flight

By Val Gielgud

How the girl stuck to her guns! "That of a restless, rather reckless vital, gallant person, with the idea firmly fixed in your immature mind that you're cut out for adventure. Please don't get angry—you asked for it!"

"I'm not in the least angry. Why don't you think I could be an adventurer?"

"I'll tell you, Miss Manson. Oh, I know that you've tried your hand at surf-riding, and speed-boating; that you go well to hounds; that you're game for any new experience with a spice of risk to it—"

"Well?"

Something suddenly snapped in Rupert Larrimore. He took a step forward, and took the girl by the shoulders. His fingers brushed her, but she neither flinched nor recoiled. "You're simply not facing the facts," he said harshly. "I know that you may break your neck hunting—but the odds are that you won't. You've your friends all round you, and you trot home to tea. You don't know a thing about real adventure—what it's like to fly blind in a fog for hours when you're miles and miles from land; when you've no audience to encourage you to pretend how brave you are; when your inside has turned to water; when the rain's freezing on your goggles so that you can't see your instruments. I tell you there's nothing in the least romantic about real adventure."

"But that's why I've admired you so much. I can imagine it all!"

"Rats!" snarled Larrimore. "No one can imagine it till they've been through it. And that's why the adventurer isn't a bit of a romantic figure, but an almighty fool! I took on that Pacific flight for a bet, and I've taken on this job of your father's for 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 how wrong 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 unpardonable 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—stified!"

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 happy in any Service. It's poor young Farquharson I can't get out of my head."

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

"O it was an accident all right—but one of us misjudged the distance. What I do know is that there was one split second in which I had to decide just how those two machines should come together—and I chose to save my own bacon."

Larrimore shuddered. "Not deliberately," she whispered.

"No," admitted Larrimore. "I don't think it was deliberate. I'm pretty sure it was subconscious—it was all so 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 flopped, rather than sat, on the end of the sofa, and knocked 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 adventurer! I'm sorry to have disappointed you so horribly."

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

The airman achieved a rather lop-sided smile.

"Might we shake hands on that—without prejudice?" Carol went on.

"I think perhaps we might," said Larrimore. "Wasn't it the proverbial 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 Antony Sothorn opened the door and walked in.

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—altered 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. Bailiol, 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 hallmark of good breeding—which it isn't quite—

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

(To be continued)

CITY'S VISITORS

According to the Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau the estimated number of visitors to Montreal this summer will be 23,000.

LAST CALL

Tattoo, the military bugle call, was originally the signal to end the evening's beer drinking.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

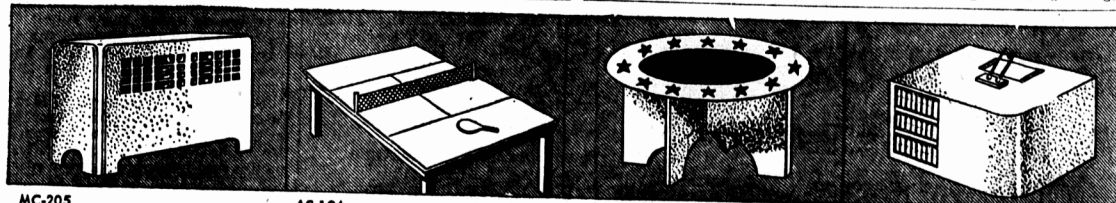
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