



GET YOUR OUNCE OF PREVENTION EVERY DAY

Southern Atlantic

(Continued from page 2) have some explanation of how he came to know of it, of course, and he'll make it a condition that the Major is not to tell anyone else about it. Maloney interrupted him. "And why would he be doing

that?" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't that be giving everything away?" "No, it wouldn't," Toby told him. "It probably wouldn't be the right island anyway. But if it came off, it would ensure that the Major would be at this place—with the rest of the clue—some time to-day. So do you see what I'm getting at?" "You mean that these things would then go to this place—wherever it is—and help themselves to the other half of the clue by force?" the Consul suggested slowly. "Yes, I

see the idea. But of course, that's only a theory isn't it?" "Well, is it?" Toby retorted. "Look at the facts and see if you can explain them any other way? There's the lander's story of the old idiot's agitation when Diana didn't turn up to dinner; and the way he rushed her off for a moonlight sail the moment she did appear. A moonlight sail! I don't suppose it was part of his original plan to take her at all, but when he found that the clue only existed in her head, he had to take her. And then, when we picked up the trail of his mysterious pal here, it's to find that he's working with a bunch of fellow thugs and they've just stolen a sea-going motor launch! What for? You're not going to tell me that all this is just coincidence, are you?" "I begin to think you're right!" the little priest told him, with an expression of almost ludicrous dismay on his chubby face. "I sincerely hope you're not!" the Consul said emphatically. "I'm thinking of Miss Saiter's position in that case."

TRANQUILITY



Ready to start a new life in a new world, John, 10, and David, three, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Reeves, London missionary workers, have arrived in Canada. They study the C.P.R. memorial in Montreal. Their parents plan to return to English Bay, near Chatham. "I'm going to love it," Mrs. Reeves said. "It's so peaceful and tranquil."

"So am I!" Toby interrupted. "Look here! Have you got a map of a chart showing these waters. Between here and the Bahamas, say?" "There's an Admiralty chart in the next room," the Consul began. "I'll fetch it." And he rose and left the room. "Here we are," said the Consul. "Here's Antilla—and there's Carbonaras, away to the east!" "Good!" Toby returned, studying the chart intently. "Did I see a pair of compasses on your desk? Oh, thanks! Now, what's the scale? All right, I can work that out nearly enough. A degree of longitude roughly sixty sea miles, isn't it?" He was adjusting the compasses as he spoke, and a moment later he dug the point into the spot marking Antilla and described a quarter circle line in pencil, from north-east to north-west of the port. "That'll do to start with!" he said while the others watched him in puzzled silence. "Now there's just one other point. You say you know that launch that they stole? Do you happen to know her speed?" "Yes, it's about twelve or thirteen knots," the Consul told him wonderingly. "Why?" "Say twelve then," Toby muttered. "That means it would take

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WATER RATES.—Water rates must be paid by Wednesday 10th. L-296-7-9-21.

DON'T MISS BLACK HORIZON The Guardian's new thrilling story which begins Friday, July 9th.

TRANSFERRED — Mr. E. B. S. Ling, who has been relieving for the past six weeks at the Bank of Nova Scotia, Sherbrooke and Greene, Montreal, has been transferred to their branch at Kingston, Ont. Mr. Ling was formerly attached to the Charlottetown staff.

C. B. BANKER IS HONORED—Prominent Northside citizens honored S. R. Rowell, Bank of Nova Scotia manager in Sydney Mines, who has been transferred to Montague, P.E.I., at a presentation ceremony Friday evening. Acting as chairman for the occasion was J. H. T. Gibson, M.P.E.I., was one of the speakers. Among speakers at the affair were Mayor A. C. McCormick, W. H. Cuzner, J. Coffey, Keith Clarke and J. O. Hackett, North Sydney, who made the presentation on behalf of the Cape Breton Curling Club of which Mr. Rowell was a member. — Halifax Chronicle.

WEDDING — A quiet but pretty wedding was held on Thursday morning, July 4th at St. Peter's church in Dartmouth when Beatrice Welsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Welsh of Charlottetown, became the bride of Thomas Frederick Shimmers, son of Mr. and the late M. S. Emanuel Shimmers of North Sydney. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John E. Burns of Dartmouth. The bride was attended by Miss Priscilla Lawlor of Charlottetown. Mr. Herbert MacDonell of Charlottetown, M.P.E.I., was best man. Wedding breakfast was served at the Halifax Hotel, after which the happy couple left on a moor trip through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

them at least five hours to reach any point on that pencilled line—allowing for the fact that they'd lose a certain amount of time in getting out of the bay into open water and sixty miles is about right, I should think. Now, what does that give us?" He scanned over the chart for some moments, and then straightened up suddenly and looked at the other two with a kind of grim satisfaction. "Well, it's just about settles it!" he said. "There's only one place where that line touches the sand dunes—and that's at the southern end of the Columbus Bank!"

"They both stared at him uncomprehendingly when the Consul said: "But what are you getting at? What makes you suppose they've headed in that direction anyway?" "It's an supposition—it's a practical certainty!" Toby told him. He turned to Father Maloney. "You remember what you said the other night? It is Captain Saiter about thirty hours to get here from Carbonaras, having called at his cache on the way. And from that you deduced that it must be within a hundred miles of Carbonaras—and in a northerly or nor-westerly direction. Well, here we are! The southern end of this bank answers the description, doesn't it? It's roughly ninety miles from Carbonaras and lies nor-west from it. What's more, it's the nearest of the Bahama banks—and the only one he could have made in the time!"

The little priest leaned down and studied the chart short-sightedly. "I believe you're right!" he said slowly. "Yes, but where does that get you?" the Consul asked doubtfully. Even supposing you are right, you're no nearer knowing which particular cay he visited out of the hundreds of 'em there. And in any case, it's too late to do anything about it now. On your own account, these fellows would have arrived there somewhere around two o'clock—and it's nearly five now. Of course, I'll notify the authorities to keep a look-out for them."

"Oh, never mind the authorities," Toby interrupted with sudden rash impetuosity. "I'm not interested in them or the cursed money! It's Diana I'm thinking about! The odds are that those swine will have left her and her father stranded on some ghastly sand-dump while they make their getaway, and I've got to get to her somehow!" "But how can you?" the Consul expostulated, eyeing him sympathetically. "I appreciate how you're feeling, but what can we do? I could arrange to have a boat sent out there, but it'll be dark in little more than an hour, and they couldn't do anything till morning. "Never mind about a boat!" Toby cut in, turning to him. "That's no good anyway. But what sort of a gun will have you got with the local flying crowd?" "The local flying crowd?" the Consul echoed, staring at him. "How do you mean?" "I mean that I want a machine—now! And I'm prepared to buy, beg, borrow or steal it!" Toby told him curtly. "What can you do about it?" (To be Continued)

BLACK HORIZON

By Joseph Lewis Chadwick

The schooner Ventura, a ship without a destination, manned by a strange crew and carrying a stranger freight, moved softly through waters whose very quietness contained a threat.

Sonya Duraud had been kidnaped from the Island of Maglaya by Maya Jack Cannaghan and shanghaied aboard Rand Kirby's own schooner, where Rand himself was held a prisoner.

Hatred walked the decks of the Ventura—for Rand and Maya Jack both loved Sonya Duraud. Danger waited for all of them—in the too-quiet sea and the too-cloudless sky.

The first compelling chapter of this story of faraway islands appears this Friday in

THE GUARDIAN

Young War Guests With "Comrades" From London



There was not a fear nor a fearful question about their future as 200 tousle-haired, sleepy children arrived in Toronto after a long trip from the British Isles. With smiling confidence and cheery words of gratitude, they stood waiting for Torontonians who have opened their homes and hearts to them. Angus James, six, and his "kid" brother Jeremy, four, wanted to know if they were going to see any Indians. They are seen at (LEFT) with Venetia Fawcus, 12, who came with them all the way from London. The three children were met by Mrs. Herbert Bruce. With them in this picture taken shortly after arrival in Canada at an eastern port are (LEFT to RIGHT) the Earl of March, eleven-year-old heir to the Duke of Richmond, and Gordon and his brother, Hon. Nicholas Gordon Lennox; Left, Edward Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Hon. George St. Lawrence Pensonby, son of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough.

Boy from Bristol Finds Canadian "Wrong Way" Traffic a Bit of Lark



Broncho buster from Bristol was what 10-year-old Geoffrey Sutton turned out to be when a tour of Toronto brought the young war guest to Sunnyside. He threw a leg over a pony on the "round-about" and turned two wicked looking toy guns on the photographer. He carries four "shooting irons" all the time.



Salute of empire from an English lad to the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve. Geoffrey got one thrill when introduced to a sentry before the R.C.N.V.R. barracks, and a bigger one a moment later when the photographer was ordered before the commander to explain his taking pictures near the G.H.O.



His mouth watered, but not for the hot-dog. After obligingly posing with the strange Canadian delicacy and a cone, young Geoffrey Sutton decided in favor of a hamburger.



"Rounders" is a better game Geoffrey decided after his cousin, Dorothy Harrison, had shown the English visitor the rudiments of baseball, which is something similar. He thinks Toronto streets nicer than Bristol's because they're so much wider, but declares, "I'm afraid I'll never get used to this right-hand driving."