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DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

CHAPTER II THE FELLOW-LODGER

The man who came in was taller than Shane, but his shoulders were narrow and he had the stoop of a desk worker. He wore no cap, and his black wiry hair was tousled. His face was thin and lined, and had an unhealthy pallor. His long body was wrapped in shaggy plus fours of Harris tweed, which seemed too large for him. A pair of horn-rimmed spectacles rested on a broad, blunt nose. He was a young man who seemed to have grown old very quickly. His chin was weak, and his mouth had a sulky and petulant twist. He paused in the doorway, and his eyes, behind the thick lenses of his spectacles darted from one to the other of them with a quick, suspicious look. The captain made the introduction: "Mr. Shane—Mr. Halford."

A limp hand was placed in Shane's and quickly withdrawn. The eyes behind the spectacles flickered over him. "You're an artist, aren't you?" said Halford. The question was cold and direct. Shane wondered if Halford didn't like artists. "Yes," he replied cautiously. "Er—yes you?" He was returning the attack; and was amused to see Halford blink disconcertedly and lower his gaze. "Not me," said the other uncompromisingly. "I'm just an ordinary member of the workaday world, earning my living by the sweat of my brow."

"Ah!" said Shane. He resented the insinuation that artists didn't earn their living by the sweat of their brows, and were eccentric creatures to be held in contempt by members of the workaday world. Halford dropped into a seat by the fire, and removed a pipe from his pocket. He seemed to Shane to be suddenly tired out. His white face looked strained, and there were lines in it which should not have been there. His air of slight hostility seemed to have vanished. "Been in the islands before?" he asked casually. His voice had lost its harshness and become a slow, careful drawl. Shane told him. He had visited Skye twice, and Barra once. That was all. Shane recalled the house he had passed on the way. "That's an odd sort of place back there on the cliffs," he said, told of his meeting with the girl and the ugly Heinrich. "As he spoke, Halford's face gradually assumed the tense look which had been smoothed out of it as he talked. When Shane had finished he spoke briefly. "Yes," he said. "Very interesting. His voice was cold and hard again. Shane looked at him in astonishment. The man was like a chameleon. His manner changed from warm to cold, and from friendly to hostile, for apparently no reason. The captain jumped in. "So you've met my little shipmate," he cried. "I'll be de—no!" said Shane, and stuck the arm of his chair in vexation. "I'd completely forgotten. I'll have to return to the town tomorrow and get my case."

He walked across the room to where he had laid down the case and brought it back to the fire. He balanced it on his knee—it was small and light—and shook his head over it. "It's exactly the same as my own," he said. "I only hope the owner didn't get too much of a shock when he opened mine."

"How are you going to find out who's got yours?" asked the captain. "I'll probably kick up a shindy with the hotel people when they find he's been left with the wrong case," said Shane. "That is if he discovers the mistake before he leaves the hotel. I sincerely hope he does. I don't want my case to go off to Belfast or Dundee with some commercial traveler. I hate wearing other people's pyjamas, not to speak of using somebody else's shaving brush. But there may be a clue to the owner inside. I've opened it once already, so there's no harm in looking again. I didn't examine the contents very closely the first time."

He snatched back the catches and lifted the lid. He proceeded to remove the contents one by one. There was no identification mark on the pyjamas. They were decorated with horrible pink and yellow stripes which jarred on Shane's aesthetic sensibilities, and he laid them hurriedly aside. He plunged into the case again, and produced a novel, which was a cheap edition and bore no name or other mark on the fly leaf. There followed a shaving brush, a toothbrush, a soap, and a razor. "Wait a minute, though," said Shane, and brought out the last article which the case contained. It had got tucked into a corner, underneath the pyjamas, and Shane had not noticed it when he first opened the case. A small paper bag was screwed into a tight ball and contained some hard and sticky objects. Shane opened the bag with difficulty, and peered inside. He chuckled. "Not much of a clue in these!"

Inserting a finger, he pulled out one of the sticky objects. It was a hard peppermint ball, of the kind which children love to suck. The pike contained about half a dozen of them, glued together into a hard mass. Shane was glad he had found the bag when he opened the case on the road. He might have been tempted to eat them, and they looked perfectly poisonous. "Let me see!" Halford's voice was rough. He grabbed the bag from Shane's hand, and Shane looked at him in astonishment. The man's pale face had gone whiter still. He looked as if he were going to be sick, and the hand which held the bag of peppermints trembled. He stared at them in a hypnotized fashion, then thrust them back at Shane as though they were venomous snakes. (To Be Continued)

Paris Big Mecca For Dress Spies

By Gladys M. Arnold, Canadian Press Correspondent

PARIS, April 10.—(CP)—Bootleggers would have to join a bread-line if they depended upon alcohol for a living in France. So, instead they specialize in running cannons, bombs, rifles and machine guns—or emotional dynamite in the form of French model gowns. The street Faubourg Saint-Honore is a narrow and unpretentious one running parallel to the celebrated Champs-Elysees, but in the eyes of the world's best-dressed women, it is far more important. Here, behind its discreet doors are the creations of gowns, hats, wraps and accessories—which are seen each season on the backs of cinema stars, society and royalty. To get her nose inside one of these doors and past the haughty barricade which guards the showrooms is the ambition of every normal woman visiting Paris.

One of the reasons for the exclusiveness has been revealed. The other day the police pointed upon an insignificant little shop basking in the reflected glory of its aristocratic neighbors to find more than 1,000 copies of the gowns created by some of Paris' most famous couturiers and more than 15,000 samples of special materials designed by their artists. Sketches, designs in color, models, all were intended for the "showrooms." Though by no means the first, this was one of the biggest hauls made in a long time. Although the credentials or intentions are insisted upon, it is impossible to keep out copyists who arrive as buyers, journalists, clients—anything. Representing all nationalities, these spies sometimes buy a dress and a dozen. Naturally their talents are devoted only to those which are successful. As soon as the presentation is over they go usually to a cafe where they draw down and reproduce as much of what they have seen as possible.

As a showing usually contains between 150 and 300 costumes it is impossible for a copyist to remember them all. Therefore they are specialists, some do only sleeves, others skirts; others trimmings, another hem or necklines. After they are finished they get together and assemble the dresses as cars are assembled in a factory and the copy is exact down to the last button. The business is carried on ingeniously. Sketches, sometimes models, samples and materials are shown to customers (from Germany or America mostly) in a hotel room. These bootleggers have none of the expense of keeping up a smart establishment, models, articles, and they always pick winners. The original dressmakers must take the loss of the creations which fall to win favor along with other expenses.

People like Chanel, Worth, Jeanne Lanvin and Paquin have many of their own specially-designed materials. A customer is willing to pay the price to have an exclusive number. But to see it produced in thousands of yards of cheaper material selling at \$1.19 a yard, proves that a copyist has won again and one of France's most important industries has received another blow.

More than 2,000,000 people in France depend upon the luxury trade. Designers of whom 5,000 are unemployed, have been trying for years to have strict laws passed regulating it so severely that the bootlegging of Paris models will become too dangerous a business to touch.

Mystery of the Peppermints

By Gladys M. Arnold, Canadian Press Correspondent

Halford, with an obvious attempt to launch a conversation, "What are you going to-morrow?" He addressed himself to Shane. "Are you game to hike across the moor to-morrow?" "I'll be de—no!" said Shane, and stuck the arm of his chair in vexation. "I'd completely forgotten. I'll have to return to the town tomorrow and get my case."

He explained, "I took the wrong case out of the hotel lobby. I only discovered my mistake when I was nearly here, when I stopped to have a sandwich."

He walked across the room to where he had laid down the case and brought it back to the fire. He balanced it on his knee—it was small and light—and shook his head over it. "It's exactly the same as my own," he said. "I only hope the owner didn't get too much of a shock when he opened mine."

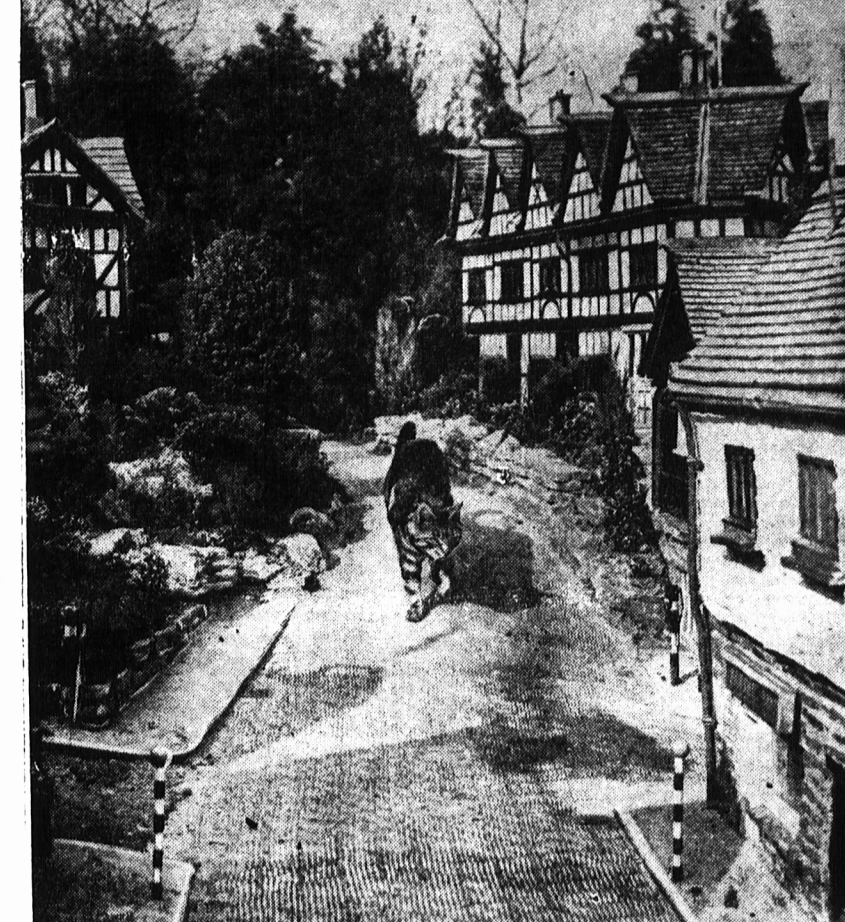
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Paul MacKay; 3. Vernon Cousins. Grade II C.—1. Jerry Adams, 2. Bobby MacKenzie. Grade I Jr.—1. Eliza Campbell. Highest Average—Gertrude Graham. Perfect Attendance—Eliza Campbell, Margaret Montgomery, Roma Montgomery. Teacher, Annie M. Dymont.

A Ferocious Tiger Stalks Down The Street



You'll want to go to the little village of Belton skot after you've looked at this picture. For this miniature town, near Beaconsfield, England, is built perfectly to scale and has all the features of an up-to-date country village. Children come from all over England to see it and just now its being 'all dolled up' for the Easter visitors. But doesn't pussy look large and forbidding in contrast with the tiny street and houses?

CRAPAUD SCHOOL

Senior Department Report for March: Grade X.—1. Muriel Cobb; 2. Gladys Trowdale; 3. Aletha Rogerson. Grade IX.—1. Eleanor Wood; 2. Ernest Norton; 3. Elsie Sturdy. Grade VIII.—1. Audrey Harvey; 2. Norman MacDonald. Grade VII.—1. Vera Gamble; 2. Willard Fall. Grade VI.—1. Fred Norton; 2. Noreen Simmons; 3. Mildred Dawson. Highest average—Audrey Harvey. Perfect attendance—Gladys Trowdale, Aletha Rogerson, Eleanor Wood, Audrey Harvey, Vera Gamble, Willard Fall, Fred Norton, Mildred Dawson, Lillian Fall, Earl Fall. Percentage of attendance 98%. Amelia MacDonald—Teacher.

Primary Department

Report for February and March: Grade V.—1. Hubert Harvey; 2. Lynn Harvey; 3. Gordon Cobb. Grade IV.—1. Pauline Case; 2. Harry Ferguson and Kathleen MacDonald; 3. George Nicholson. Grade III.—1. Harry Norton and Greta Rogerson; 2. Marion Fall; 3. Juanita Harvey and Cecil Sturdy. Grade II.—1. Jean Myers; 2. Jun-

Senior Department

my Nicholson; 3. Sheldon Ferguson. Grade I. A.—1. Shirley Myers; 2. Shirley Cobb; 3. Norman Lowther. Grade I. B.—1. Gwendolyn Fall; 2. Lois Boyce; 3. Nelson MacDonald. Grade I. C.—1. Ray MacVittie. Those making over 90%—Pauline Caseley, Greta Rogerson, Harry Norton, Jean Myers, Shirley Myers, Gwendolyn Fall. Percentage of attendance—91.2%. Florence Leard—Teacher.

Primary Department

Report for February and March: Grade V.—1. Hubert Harvey; 2. Lynn Harvey; 3. Gordon Cobb. Grade IV.—1. Pauline Case; 2. Harry Ferguson and Kathleen MacDonald; 3. George Nicholson. Grade III.—1. Harry Norton and Greta Rogerson; 2. Marion Fall; 3. Juanita Harvey and Cecil Sturdy. Grade II.—1. Jean Myers; 2. Jun-

MORELL SCHOOL

Honor Roll for March. Senior Dept.—Grade X.—1. Walter Coffin; 2. Mary Kelly; 3. Patricia Kelly. Grade IX.—1. Lloyd Cox; 2. Alexis Kelly; 3. Muriel Geldert. Grade VIII.—1. John Gaudet; 2. Alphonse Kelly; 3. Evelyn Geldert. Intermediate Dept. Grade VII.—1. Margaret Kelly; 2. Bernardine Kelly; 3. Bertram MacAdam. Grade VI.—1. Reginald MacAdam; 2. Teresa Coffin; 3. Beth Geldert. Grade V.—1. Jean MacAdam; 2. Catherine Kelly; 3. Lilla Robbins. Grade IV. Sr.—1. Helena Rossier and Gerard MacInnis, equal; 2. Lois Cox; 3. Lila MacGrath. Grade IV. Jr.—1. Robert MacEwen; 2. Harry Robbins; 3. Helen

POLAND APPEALS FOR COLONIES

WARSAW, Poland, April 10.—(AP)—Poland appealed for colonies today in nationwide demonstrations and lectures sponsored by the National Colonial League, an organization of 750,000 persons which has campaigned 16 years in that cause. The leader of the League termed Poland a "typical have-not" nation and said the desire for colonies grew out of the problem of over-population on Poland's farms.

INCOME INCREASES

HALLIFAX — An increase of \$583 in the income of the Nova Scotia Board of Censors for the last fiscal year was noted in a report before the provincial legislature. Revenue during the 12-month period ending Nov. 30, 1937, was \$175,893, as compared with \$175,310 for the previous year.

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BALTIC SCHOOL

Standing of Baltic School for March: Grade X.—1. Ronald Delaney. Grade VIII.—1. Robert Pierce. Grade VII.—1. Doris Matthews; 2. Eunice Clark. Grade VI.—1. Evelyn MacDonald; 2. Elwood MacKenzie; 3. Eldon Harty. Grade IV.—1. Archie MacDonald; 2. Harold MacKenzie; 3. Keir Clark. Grade III.—1. Reuben Wall; 2. Muriel Wall; 3. Marion Holmes. Grade II.—1. Earle MacKenzie. Grade I Jr.—1. David MacKenzie and Janette Clark, equal. Grade I Sr.—1. William Cousins. Grade I (b)—1. Gordon Anderson; 2. Eric Holmes. Teacher, J. Weeks Murphy

LOWER FREETOWN SCHOOL

Report for months of February and March: Grade X.—1. Dorothy Rogers; 2. Evelyn Rogers; 3. Una Burns. Grade X.—B.—1. Frances Cairns. Grade IX.—1. William Cousins; 2. Robert Cairns; 3. Laura Hill. Grade VII.—1. Preston Hammill; 2. Audrey Reeves; 3. Gordon Hammill. Grade V.—1. Joyce Reeves; 2. Edith Stavert; 3. Pearl Stavert. Grade V Sr.—1. William Cairns. 2. Freda Hammill; 3. George Hill. Grade IV Jr.—1. Betty Proffitt; 2. Walter Stavert. Grade III.—1. A. Fred Cairns; 2. Helen Cairns; 3. C. I. Ella Jean Stavert; 2. Ruth Stavert. Grade II.—1. Winifred Cairns; 2. Bruce Proffitt; 3. Albert Matthews. Grade I.—1. Albert Stavert. Perfect Attendance: Laura Hill; Betty Proffitt, Arnold Hill, Fred Cairns. Teacher, Winifred I. Burns.

NEW HAVEN SCHOOL

Report of New Haven School for the month of March: Grade X Sr.—1. Louis Deveraux; 2. Catherine MacNevin. Grade X Jr.—1. Ronald Greenan. Grade VIII.—1. Verna MacKinnon; 2. Foster MacKinnon. Grade VII.—1. Arthur Pollard; 2. Ewald Cavanagh; 3. Watson MacNevin. Grade VI.—1. Woodrow MacPhail; 2. James Murphy; 3. Austin Cavanagh. Grade III.—1. Melville Pollard; 2. Wilbur Gass; 3. Alex MacNevin. Grade II.—1. Louis Tierney; 2. James Tierney; 3. Anita MacDougal and Leo Cavanagh. Grade I.—1. John Gass and Edison MacDougal; 2. Ve'ima Frizzle; 3. Jean Pollard and Margaret Hoy. 1. Verna Harding. Teacher, G. Ivan Wilson.

PARK CORNER SCHOOL

Report of Park Corner School for March: Grade IX.—1. Gertrude Graham. Grade VIII.—1. Willard Stewart. Grade VII.—1. Roma Montgomery and Nina MacLeod; 2. June MacKenzie; 3. Irene Underhill. Grade VI.—1. Bessie Cousins; 2. Urban Hardins. Grade IV.—1. Jean MacKenzie; 2. Doris Delaney; 3. Donald Cousins. Grade III.—1. Bertha Lamont; 2. Margaret Montgomery; 3. Jimmy Montgomery. Grade II Jr.—1. Boyd Adams; 2. Helen Lamont. Grade II Sr.—1. Verna Harding. Grade II B.—1. Amy Cousins; 2.

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Advertisement for 'LORD ANDRUFF' hair oil and 'LINDARD'S' hair cream, including a small illustration of a woman's face.