

### Slow Boat From Marseilles

By Michael Hastings  
continued

"Because you were brought here by Prinz, Lacoate feared that you might be another of them. He would gladly knife Prinz in the back. He wanted to be first mate."

"Anybody else?"

"There are two seaman who are awkward at their duties....."

"I know them. Are they German?"

"Yes. From concentration camps. They were guards."

"Are there others?"

"There are bad men among the crew—men who are wanted by the police—who dare not go ashore at certain ports. But not one is closely associated with Prinz."

There was silence in the cabin. Then, timidly, Zakas asked: "What are you going to do now?"

"I'll go up and leave you in your bunk."

"Wouldn't you prefer me to help you?"

"I don't trust you well enough," said Oliver.

Zakas shrugged his shoulders. He made no attempt to struggle when Oliver obtained rope and bound him securely. But before a gag was placed over his mouth, he said: "You'll find a revolver in the drawer of the table."

Oliver nodded, and fixed the gag. Then, helping himself to the revolver, he left the cabin.

### MUTINY

Quietly he moved aft. Going down the companionway, he encountered the French youth, Jacques Dautry, who was on duty. He stopped him and drew him aside.

Speaking quietly, he said: "I've discovered that this ship is run by Germans. Both Prinz and Rutter are Nazis."

The youth's eyes flashed.

"What are we going to do, sir?" he asked. There was an eager note in his voice.

Oliver grinned at him. "Get hold of Jim Crow and bring him here. I'm going towards the saloon—but I'll be back in a minute. Find some sort of weapons, if you can. We're going to seize the ship. Mind, not a word to anybody for the moment."

### CHAPTER TEN

#### VANYA TAKES A HAND

In the saloon somebody was playing an accordion. John Oliver opened the door a little way and peeped in. He looked anxiously for Vanya or Jan. Fortunately for his purpose, the girl was nearer of the two. Chairs were arranged more or less in rows, and she was at the back, sitting next to her father.

Oliver felt in his pocket for a scrap of paper, pressed it into a small pellet and threw it towards her. It fell into her lap. She started slightly, half-rising and then sat back again. But she turned her head. Oliver's eyes met hers. He raised a hand to his lips enjoining silence, and then, beckoned. She gave the slightest of nods to show him that she understood.

She waited a few seconds, then leaned over to whisper to her father. After that, she moved to the door. Oliver closed it behind her and look her along the alleyway.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I've made a discovery," he said. He knew that it was no time for breaking the news gently. "Rutter and Prinz are Nazis."

Fear came into her eyes; but she held her chin high.

"Does that mean we are in their power?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Not so long as I'm free," he assured her. "But you must help."

"Anything. What can I do?"

"Prinz must not leave the saloon. Convince him to speak to Jan Kiernik. Tell him I'm from me that Rutter and Prinz murdered his friend Stefan. It's up to him to get what support he can from the others. When Prinz tried to leave the saloon he must be overpowered. Jan must try to take him by surprise, because he may be armed. Can you arrange all that?"

"Of course," she said. "I'll help him."

Oliver shook his head. In the dim light of the alleyway his hand groped for hers.

"You mustn't run risks," he said quickly. "Leave that part to Jan."

"But what are you going to do?" she whispered.

His smile broke out. She felt that she had never seen anything so free from care, so reckless.

"I shall be looking after things," he said.

It was her turn to feel anxious. She reached out and held him by the arm.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

His eyes flashed, as if in sheet enjoyment. The smile remained.

"I'm going to seize the ship," he said. "The captain is already tied up in his cabin."

"But you can't do that alone!" she cried in sudden dismay.

"I shall have some help," he assured her. "There are at least two of the men who will come in with me."

She was greatly troubled, he could tell that. But he discovered something else which set his blood tingling, and filled him with zest for the adventure. She had faith in him.

"Don't worry about Prinz," she said. "He will not leave the saloon." She hesitated, and in a low voice added: "But John, take care

### FOR BRONCHIAL COUGHS YOU CAN'T BEAT BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

of yourself." It was the first time she had used his Christian name.

For a moment he looked at her. He didn't know quite how it happened, whether it was purely his own action, or whether she swayed towards him, but she was in his arms. For a second or so he enjoyed the closeness of her slender, firm body. His lips pressed against her own. Then slowly, reluctantly, he let her go.

Bewilderingly, his calm power of direction had forsaken him.

"You," he said in a whisper. "must be careful, Vanya. I can look after myself. Perhaps I had better come to the saloon and deal with Prinz."

She shook her head and gently pushed him away.

"You have other work," she said. "Good luck."

To be continued

### Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

people and spending a lot of time with them which she should be devoting to cultivating people who could be of great assistance to me in a business way. A wife's plain duty is to assist her husband in every way she can, even if it means dropping her old associates and making herself agreeable to the people whose friendship will push his success. Don't you agree?

J. B. S.

ANSWER: Certainly a woman should help her husband by making herself agreeable to his business associates even if they bore her and she has nothing in common with them, but, on the other hand, she has no right to ask her to sacrifice the society of the people she loves and enjoys for them.

Friendship loses all of its sacredness and meaning when you make of it nothing but a ladder on which to climb and that you kick down behind you when you have risen to the top.

I have known many people like you who cast off their old friends as soon as they got up in the world and who catered and flunked to the people above them and whom they meant to use, but they were never really taken into the inner circle. They were never more than chance acquaintances. Nobody really cared for them. So in the end they were left friendless. For, after all, nobody ever loves a snob.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am 35 years old and, as I am very lonesome, I would like very much to get married. I have thought of advertising in the hope that I might find someone who would marry me. Kindly advise me as to what action I should take.

LONESOME

ANSWER: Use a little common sense and try to visualize the kind of a man who would answer an advertisement for a husband. Men who are fit to marry don't get their wives that way. It is a lot better not to be married at all than it is to be married to the wrong sort of a husband.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers but will answer letters of general interest through her column.

### Low-priced dish



with priceless flavour

### WHEATLEY RIVER SCHOOL

The following is the report for October:

Grade X: 1, Jimmie MacDonald.  
Grade IX: 1, Emerson MacRae;  
2, Jean Chandler; 3, Jackie Chandler.

Grade VIII: 1, Vaunda Murphy; 2, Alice MacLean; 3, Jacke Barrett.  
Grade VII: 1, Bloyce MacRae;  
2, Glennas Axworthy.

Grade VI: 1, Marilyn Sellar; 2, Alma Chandler.

## Now Available! TRIPLE INDEMNITY INSURANCE

A new policy providing accidental death and dismemberment benefits to protect your loved ones. Your beneficiaries will receive:

- Face Value of the Policy if you die from a natural cause.
- Double the Face Value of the policy if you die by accident.
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You yourself get liberal dismemberment benefits providing cash for loss of parts of your body. Ask for our pamphlet "Confederation Life Announces" giving particulars of these benefits. It will interest you.

## Confederation Life Association

Branch Office: Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Charlottetown  
S. W. WILLIS, Divisional Manager.

Grade V: 1, Mary MacLean; 2, James Murphy; 3, Harold Stead.  
Grade IV: 1, Mary DeRoche.  
Grade III: 1, Eileen MacRae; 2, Greta Murphy; 3, Grant Rackham.

Grade II: 1, Robert Buntain.  
Grade I (Sr.): 1, Ruth MacLean.  
Grade I (Jr.): 1, Donna Ling.  
Helen M. MacRae, Teacher.

### HOT SPRINGS

A Government study of vast underground reserves of natural steam is being conducted at Wairaki, New Zealand.



# CRISCO IS CREAMIER!

## IT'S HOMOGENIZED! FINER TEXTURED! EASIER BLENDING!

It's cooking magic! Crisco gives you richer cakes!  
Flakier pastry! The most digestible fried foods ever!

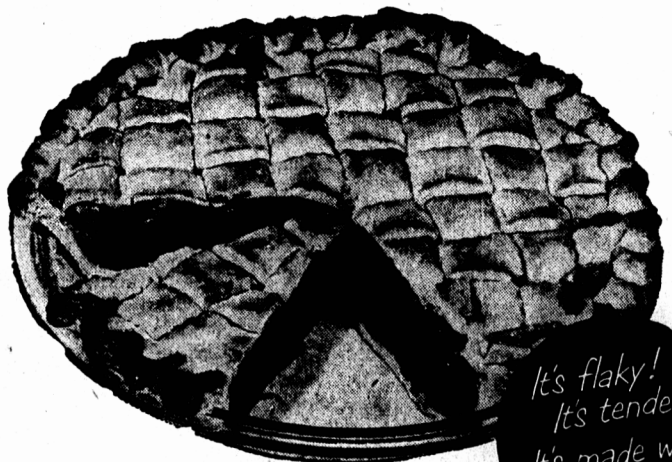
Oh, what a wonderful treat's in store for you! It's the new, creamier Crisco—the finest, creamiest shortening ever made! Finer textured! Easier blending! It's Homogenized—the greatest cooking aid you've ever known! It beats all for all 3!

**1. BEST FOR CAKES!** M-m-m-m, wait'll you see what this new, creamier Crisco does for cakes! How easily it blends into creamy batters. How quickly it mixes up the lightest, most tender cakes you ever tasted! For Crisco's magic blending action is specially made for cake success. And with Homogenized Crisco and the cake recipe on every label, you can be sure of a lighter, richer, more tender cake than with any other type of shortening or recipe.

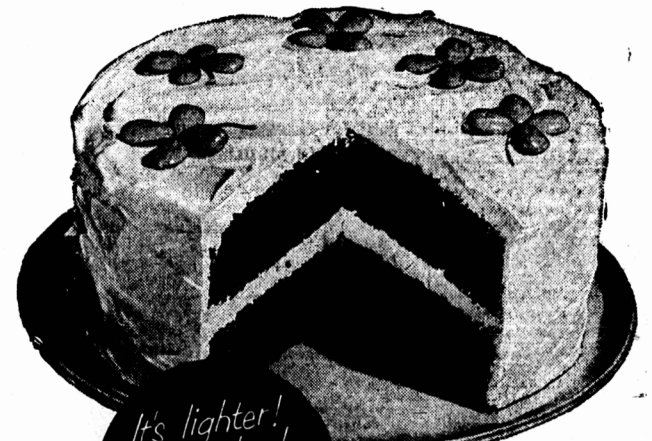
**2. BEST FOR PIES!** When it comes to pie crust, my, oh my! Homogenized, creamier Crisco is made to blend thoroughly, evenly, with the least amount of handling. Result—flakier pastry than with any other type of shortening! The tenderest pie crust that ever melted in your mouth!

**3. BEST FOR TASTY FRIES!** Goodness, what goodness this new, pure, all-vegetable Crisco adds to fried foods! Homogenized, finer-textured Crisco browns foods smoothly, evenly, to crisp, digestible perfection! Yes, digestible! Crisp, light, Crisco-fried foods are as digestible as they are delicious. Doctor after doctor will tell you so!

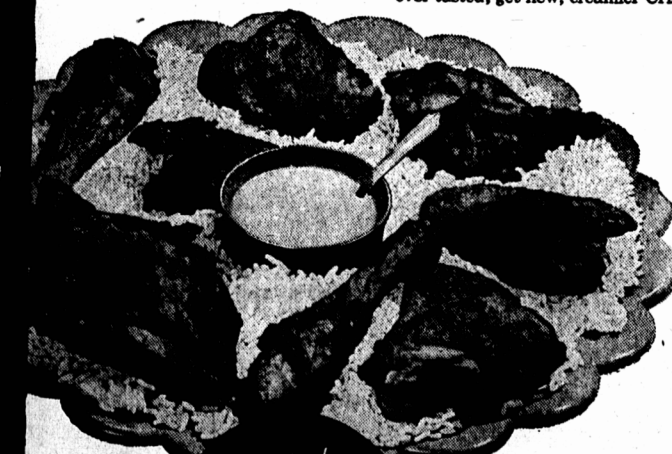
So hurry! For the best cakes, pies and "fries" you ever, ever tasted, get new, creamier Crisco—today!



It's flaky!  
It's tender!  
It's made with new Crisco!



It's lighter!  
It's richer!  
It's made with new Crisco!



It's light!  
It's digestible!  
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See the Maritime Life T. W. Bentley, C.L.U., Mgr. P.E.I. Branch, Charlottetown, P.E.I.