

False Face

By E. C. Buley

"Oh!" Peter said, scenting some explanation of the mystery which surrounded him. "What is your advice, then?"

"Nothing at all," suggested the fellow, with a knowing wink. "You just cannot account for yourself, and that's all that's to it. Then you go to Ellis Island for medical observation for a week or two, under deportation order. If you behave yourself you'll be drinking tea and eating porridge and marmalade in London, before you know where you are."

"And if I reject your advice?" Peter asked. "Well, what have you got to say? You are Marchant, and you've been spending a week or more in Lola's apartment? Isn't that how you account for yourself?"

"It's true, you know," Peter said, watching cunningly face which frowned. "It's true, perhaps, that you've friends in England, who would be none the better pleased with you, if your story came out," the intruder retorted. "Think of that, now; and make up your mind, before you come before the night court."

He went off, with never a backward glance; and Peter had plenty of time to consider his advice. It was clear to him, muddled though he was by his experiences, that he had made a succession of blunders which would not rebound to the credit of Peter Marchant, if the details of them were made public. His adventures in New York were not such as he desired to advertise; and his handling of the negro janitor that day probably constituted a serious offence.

It almost sounded as though his best course would be to take the advice proffered him; although he suspected the motive of the person who offered it, just as he suspected everything and everybody about him. Still, if he were merely charged with an offence against the immigration laws, and deported to Great Britain, he would be easy to rehabilitate himself and penetrate the mysteries which so confounded him at present. Easier, certainly, than to fight the case on foreign soil, handicapped by all the disabilities imposed by his own conduct, as well as by what he believed to be a conspiracy against him.

The result of Marchant's cogitations was announced to Lola, late that night, over the telephone at the Octagon Club. "Well," Flaherty said. "He took it like a lamb. Never a word from him to explain himself; and not much from the boys, except that he was an Englishman, unable to give an account of himself, and suffering from delusions, maybe." "Come to the point," Lola ordered. "What happened to him?"

"He was sent to the island for medical observation, and a permit further inquiry by the police," Flaherty answered. "He's to be deported in the end of it; and that's what ye wanted." "When does he get away from the island?" Lola asked. "When ye give the word, and not before," Flaherty said. "I told him it would only mean a week or two—to shut the mouth of him. But he can say he's the Prince of Wales now, if he likes; and who'll be paying any attention to him?" "Nice work, Flaherty," Lola approved, her anxiety relieved at last. "And it costs money," said Sergeant Flaherty.

CHAPTER IX

COLLEGE BOY FINDS THE TREATMENT IRKSOME

Relieved of her anxiety about Peter Marchant, Lola had time and opportunity to consider the strange behaviour of Sacchoni, and of the other members of the gang from which she had assisted College Boy to escape. The arrests, on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of the gangster Briley, had followed by the release of the men in the usual manner.

Ball had been supplied on the day following the arrests; and after that formality, practically nothing had been heard of the case. Lola had expected a swift invasion of the Octagon Club, and some very close questioning of herself, as one of the intimates there of the missing College Boy. But no member of the gang had shown his face in or near the Club, since the dramatic night of the raid.

As the days and nights slipped away, and nothing happened, Lola became more and more concerned at this significant absence of the gang. It marked her down as in danger, more surely than the closest questioning and the most embarrassing attentions. It was the sign that the gang did not merely suspect her being concerned in the evasion of College Boy; they were certain about it.

To be continued

If You're TIRED ALL THE TIME

Everybody gets a bit run-down now and then, tired-out, heavy-headed, and maybe bothered by backaches. Perhaps nothing seriously wrong, just a temporary toxic condition caused by excess acids and wastes. That's the time to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's stimulates the kidneys, and so help restore their normal action of removing excess acids and wastes. Then you feel better, sleep better, work better. Get Dodd's Kidney Pills now. Look for the blue box with the red band at all drugists. You can depend on Dodd's. 52

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2

straw, leaves and similar material are of any particular value in preventing winter-kill. There is danger of over-protection with mulches of one sort or another in sections where the minimum temperatures range between 15 degrees above and zero. Leaves are often unsatisfactory because they tend to become too wet and soggy.

Elaborate methods of holding soil around the plants, wrapping and covering with various materials are of questionable value for general use. Actually, the old soil mound is the simplest method and is probably still the best in most sections. Hardy Rugosa Roses do not require any covering, the Grootendorst roses grow into large bushes and are hardy, also that grand Canadian rose, Agnes, has lived in this garden for many years without any covering in the winter.

It's a good plan to bring buckets and baskets of loam, leaf mould or old rotted straw from an old straw stack, fine shredded manure suitable for potted plants and sand for starting small slips of house plants and keep them where you need them when the ground is covered with snow. When planting your early tuberous Begonias in March you will be glad to have all these different soils, and in the country it is a matter of a short time and effort and all can be procured.

This season has been wonderful for walking in the woods and at any time now Christmas greens should be gathered. Take the children and it will be one of their happiest days when cones and fragrant fir and spruce are brought home for the holiday season.

If you would see the footsteps of the forest, go look in the woods when others turn away, during the dark weeks between the blaze of October's foliage and winter's bright contours and blue shadows. This is an intimate adventure. Instead of the colossal telescope we stand close to view the spacious time dimension of the forest, this calls for a hand lens, or the naked eye—and the touch of your finger tips. In the smoky grey of goldenrod and aster, in the

fluff of cattail and thistle, in capsules and catkins, bowls and pods, berries and nuts, scattered in multitudes among the black twigs and crisp stems, you will discover how the forest moves. All the massive activity from spring to fall has been leading up to the still small voice of the seed. When that is reached, leaves drop, flowers fade, stems shrivel and life is scaled down to such minute proportions that people who see trees and flowers by the acre think the outdoor has turned dark and dingy.

When we see hickory, oak, walnut, elm, ash, beech, poplar, willow, and so on, from the roll call of these trees—trees—trees—trees—woodland flowers and shrubs—we can not doubt that the seed, as a footstep, has turned in the right direction.

At least it brought the forest to us intact over long paths out of the mist of time. It has not matured that the seed appears to be cast forth aimlessly. Even the direction of wind has nothing to do with the direction of travel. Plant associations travel against the wind if hospitable ground and climate lie in the opposite direction. Also we have seen portions of forest move with ease up mountains. This is against the relentless force of gravity. The seed carried them up—yet the greater number of seed must have fallen and rolled to the downslope. All plants produce enough seeds to insure a healthy balance of the forest as a whole. It takes a thousand seeds to insure that one grows and adds a member to the forest.

The encasing of the seed was the beginning of all sorts of fruits, nuts, pods, capsules. Put to another use, the encasing which begins as the ovary of the flower, supplies a living compartment in which amazing kinds of seeds can be cradled. For instance, members of the orchid family grow high up in trees. Therefore, orchids brew seeds as light as dust. This buoyancy insures that one seed at least shall reach a suitable high-up spot.

The ovary case usually clings to its seeds. If it does not turn into an apple or acorn or berry, it may grow wings, as maple, elm, ash, or form propeller blades, as allanthus, or deevop barbs that stick to passing animals, as burdock or tick-trefoil. This would



\$1,000,000 Damage

seem incredible if it were not spread out before our eyes.

Plants, with much fanfare of leaf and flower, make miniatures of themselves. These are set free with food to keep them alive, equipped to take advantage of every outside agent to keep them moving. Nuts and acorns use squirrels. Berries and grains use birds. Hooked and sticky disseminules use furry animals. Some use rain; others rivers or sea; many, wind. Anemones and hellebore equip their seeds with oil used by ants which lug them off.

If this seems like uncanny ingenuity, what shall we say about mechanisms that kick off seeds with the same kind of energy used to kick off footballs? Of all the contraptions that scatter seeds, and thus move the forest, these are the most startling. The force of growth is used always and everywhere in the plant's activity—except in the astonishing little slingshots, springs, and catapults that fling out seeds. They are easy to see, especially in the late summer and fall.

SMALL REPUBLIC

Smallest of the South American republics, Uruguay has an area of 72,000 square miles.

Damage was estimated at \$1,000,000 as the biggest fire in its history swept Corner Brook Nfld. Fifteen stores were destroyed in the town's west business section.

Firemen were hampered by lack of water pressure. Work was being done on the town's water mains on the day the fire struck and pressure was low. (CP PHOTO)

SUMMERFIELD C. W. L.

The November meeting of the Summerfield Sub-Division of the Catholic Women's League was held at the home of Mrs. Regina Smith and Mrs. Reggie Smith with eighteen members responding to the roll call.

The director, Rev. Eugene Murray, was present and opened the meeting with prayer. The president, Mrs. Joseph Croken, presided. The minutes of the previous monthly meeting were approved as read by the secretary. Correspondence as read by the secretary was received from the following: Mrs. James Pendergast, re an executive meeting in Charlottetown; Mrs. J. Callaghan, president St. Veronica's Guild, Charlottetown; Catholic Sacred Welfare Bureau, in appreciation for a donation received from the Sub-Division; a card of thanks from Mr. and Mrs. Earl Blanchard.

The treasurer Mrs. A. C. Hughes gave the financial report.

New business consisted of a letter to be written to Miss Cutcliffe to arrange for the organization of a Girl Guide Company in Emerald; arrangements were made for card parties to be held throughout the parish during the winter months; committees were appointed to take charge of same. The object of these card parties is for social entertainment among the parishioners and the proceeds will be used to purchase electrical equipment to assist in cleaning the church.

Father Murray stated that he had written to the Oblate Fathers in regard to the CANA conferences.

It was moved and seconded that one mass be offered for the living C. W. L. members of the parish and one for the deceased members. It was moved and seconded that all bills be paid. Father Murray in a few well chosen words voiced his appreciation for the help and cooperation among the parishioners at the chicken supper which was held in Emerald

hall October 28th.

The president was asked to invite the provincial president, Mrs. Lorne Noonan, to attend the next meeting which is to be held at the home of Mrs. James Lawless.

There being no further business the meeting was then adjourned and the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin repeated.

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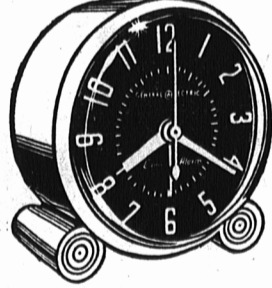
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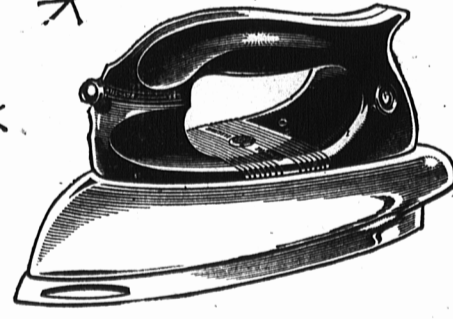
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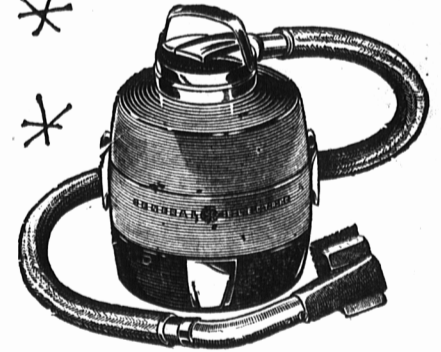
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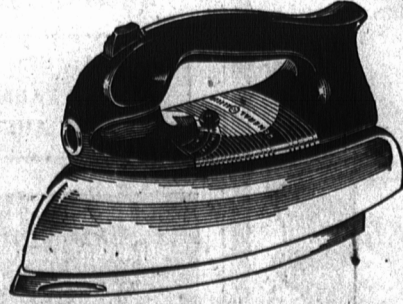
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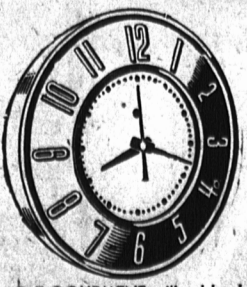
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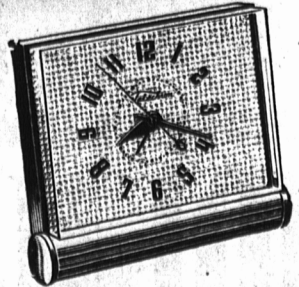
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