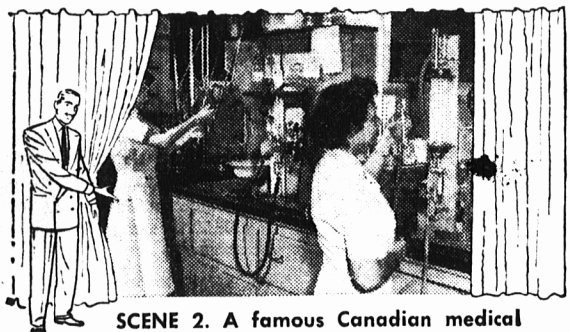


Meet a man who stars behind these scenes



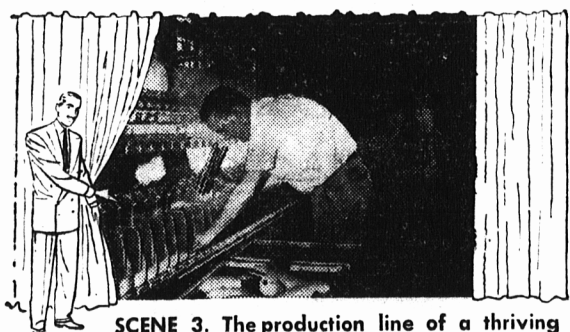
SCENE 1. A new home being constructed in a Canadian Community.

Playing a vital part behind many construction scenes like this is a man who exemplifies millions of Canadians. He's the typical life insurance policyholder—a portion of whose premium money is invested in new homes, stores, roads, power plants and other useful works.



SCENE 2. A famous Canadian medical research laboratory.

The man who plays a key role "backstage" in this scene, too, is a life insurance policyholder. Thanks to him, the life insurance companies are able to contribute funds to assist various medical research projects. Their aim: to help Canadians live longer, healthier lives.



SCENE 3. The production line of a thriving Canadian industry.

Here the life insurance policyholder renders another valuable unseen service—because the money he puts aside for his family's security also helps to keep the nation's economy strong. As the backbone of our expanding defense effort, a strong economy is important to all freedom-loving Canadians.

Happy ending: Every life insurance policyholder should take a bow for his performance behind all these scenes. For, while he provides security for his family, he also helps in these ways to make Canada a better land to live in!

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

"It is Good Citizenship to own Life Insurance"

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False Face

By E. C. Buley

College Boy began to sing, in the crooning, flexible tenor voice which he managed so easily. As he sang, his eyes wandered about the room. There, at one table in a corner, sat Sacchoni himself, and by his side the fluffy-haired, narrow-chested little man known as Frame—the killer by instinct and choice. At another table were more of the gangsters; big burly fellows known as "muscle men," who did the bullying and intimidating necessary for the smooth working of the racket. Fingers himself sat with these, and they, like Sacchoni himself, were leaning forward with rapt faces, drinking in every note and every word of the sugary song.

College Boy crooned on like a man in a dream. He was telling his hearers that he was not really gay, but only "painting the clouds with sunshine." Sacchoni brushed a tear from his cheek, and the dopey little killer beside him gulped hard, to swallow his patent emotion. Lola's story of killing seemed, in that moment of easy conquest, the most absurd fable College Boy had ever heard. "Hands up, every one of you," roared a harsh voice, cutting across the crooning melody. "You Sacchoni—just move a finger and you'll never move another."

"Men in blue uniforms thronged the Octagon hall. A horrified whisper rose from the tables, and rippled across the stillness. "The bulls!" College Boy's voice died away, and his nerveless fingers let slip the guitar. Here was hideous confirmation of Lola's story. The High Spot had surely been taken for a ride! And he was on the very edge of escape from the racket, to be swept into the police net?

CHAPTER THREE

COLLEGE BOY MEETS MARCIA

To College Boy came an imperative whisper: "Sing, you big boob! Cover it up!"

He looked through the open door which admitted performers, to see Tony, the club proprietor, making emphatic gestures. And, standing beside Tony was Lola, her eyes eager and her lips curved in an encouraging smile. Courage and hope came back in a flood.

Plucking at the guitar once more, College Boy lifted up his voice, just a little shakily at first, but smoothly enough when he saw that the police were departing with their captives. It was not so bad, after all; in fact, nothing could have taken place to suit his plans better.

His voice took a new and sweeter note, as he fitted the words of his ditty to his new exultant mood.

"Though things may not look bright, They'll sure turn out all right. If you keep painting the clouds with sunshine."

That was how it was with him. Sacchoni and the others would have something else to think of, beside the rivalry for the vacant position at the head of the gang.

They would suppose that he, College Boy, would have plenty to do, in fulfilling his customary duties. To set the law in operation for the protection of the racketeers, to approach counsel, judges, and police officials, and to enable Sacchoni and the others to "beat the rap;" those were the particular uses of College Boy in the cosmos of the gang.

His song came to an end, and he had to follow with another. Then he was free to rejoin Lola, in the same secluded room, now gratefully put at their disposal by Tony.

"Youse will have plenty to talk about," said the club owner. "Tough luck on the boys, eh? But they'll be with us to-morrow night, I reckon."

And with a wink which conveyed his appreciation of the position, he left them together.

College Boy turned his eyes inquiringly on Lola. He tried to ask the question which was so important to him, but though he moistened his lips, they would frame no sound for him. "Listen," said the girl. "I fixed

with Slaherty to pull that arrest. I promised him ten grand, see, Sacchoni and Fingers will be held until to-morrow's court, for that money." "Did you get the papers?" the boy asked. "Sure I got them. Now you take the powder, boy. See? Get your hands on the kale, and go right down to the quay. Pick me up with the car at the all-night dump on the corner." "The drug-store?" "Sure! We'll go motor riding until it's time for you to get on the ship. Dive straight for your cabin; and stick there."

College Boy took her in his arms, and for a long minute she clung to him, as though she could not let him go. "Now beat it," she ordered. "But listen. I've got to put up a front, when they begin looking for you, and cannot find you. Well, I expect to hear from you. And if I don't hear, when I think I ought, I'll come running to find you. And don't think I'll come alone, either. You'll be alive just twenty-four hours, after I set my feet in Europe." "Honey!" he said reproachfully. To be continued

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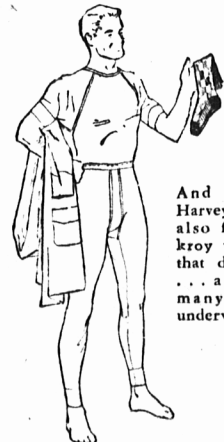
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OTTAWA, Nov. 23 — (CP) — Members of the Commons applauded Friday when George Drew, Progressive Conservative leader welcomed the return of

Gordon Higgins (PC-St. John's East). Mr. Higgins was seriously injured in a motor car accident several months ago.

And with a wink which conveyed his appreciation of the position, he left them together. College Boy turned his eyes inquiringly on Lola. He tried to ask the question which was so important to him, but though he moistened his lips, they would frame no sound for him. "Listen," said the girl. "I fixed

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