

False Face

By E. C. Buley

CHAPTER XXV

Continued

"What does it matter?" Peter asked.

"If you knew how I've suffered, at the thought of her," Marcia went on. "Of you and her together; and everybody talking about you."

"There was also a certain Mr. Henry Smith," Peter ventured to remind her.

"I know," Marcia said. "I must have been mad, I think. Peter, darling, I'm not sure that he didn't mean to kill you that day."

"One gets all sorts of fantastic notions about him," Peter said. "I've had some myself; but there was no real reason for them. But I hope that he'll take himself off quietly now; I could never feel quiet comfortable in his presence, somehow."

"No, but there is really something uncanny about him," Marcia said earnestly. "I . . . I have had strange ideas about him, too. It was partly because I was trying to find out the truth about him that I . . . I suppose I encouraged him, Peter."

"It certainly looked like it," Peter said. "But that will keep until some other time. What matters for the moment is what are you doing . . . about him?"

"I've written a note, enclosing his ring. You knew that I accepted his ring."

"Lola said so," Peter answered. "I had to believe it."

"We don't want to see either of them again, do we?" Marcia asked, turning up her face to be kissed.

Peter Marchant took up the challenge, even at that moment, like a man.

"Certainly not Smith," he said, "but I'll need two or three sittings to finish Lola's picture."

"But, Peter," Marcia objected, drawing back a little. "She confessed to me that she kidnapped you, and kept you for days under drugs. Just as if it was nothing. And then bribed police to keep you shut up . . . Is it all true? Because she ought to be in prison herself, if it is."

"Probably she ought, if we all had our deserts," Peter agreed. "But where should I have been at this minute, but for Lola?"

"She was outrageous," Marcia said. "I was never spoken to in such a way; not even by Aunt."

"Well, her picture is the best bit of work I've ever done," Peter said finally. "And I mean to finish it."

"When I ask you not to do so?" Marcia pleaded.

"You said, not half-an-hour ago, that you would not set yourself against me again," Peter reminded her. "Come, Marcia, just

think of all that has happened. It is no use your pretending any jealousy of Lola. I might as well resign that. I was jealous of Smith. We know one another too well for that, old dear."

"But I am jealous," Marcia said. "She as good as told me that she would take you away from me. If I went on acting like a little fool. Her own words, Peter."

"Think again," Peter insisted. "Has anything really come between us, except my work — and your confounded money?"

The answer Marcia was about to make was cut off by the roar of a high-powered car outside, and the grating clash of brakes recklessly applied.

"What is it?" the girl asked breathlessly.

"Lola's voice," Peter said. "She's excited about something."

They heard flying feet on the stairs, and then Lola came into the room like a whirlwind.

"Where is he?" she asked, speaking directly to Marcia. "Have you seen him this evening? He has not been to the inn."

"Do you mean Smith?" Peter asked. "What's the trouble now, Lola?"

"I mean that double-crossing College Boy," Lola said. "Call him Smith, or anything you like. They are after him, Peter. I saw them ride by in a car."

"Take hold of yourself, Lola," Marchant ordered. "You told me that Smith . . ."

"Never mind what I told you," Lola interrupted. "Get this, both of you. Smith is just that yellow pup College Boy, made over like an ape. And the old gang is on to him. Have you got that? I dropped a word too many in New York; and I suppose they ran him down by trailing me."

"You are not imagining things by any chance?"

"I saw them, I tell you," Lola said desperately. "I ought to know them, I suppose. Fingers and Frame, and a big man whose name I don't know. A greaspot. Where can I find him?"

She was questioning Marcia again, but Marcia shook her head.

"I wrote Mr. Smith, asking him to go away," she said. "I can only hope that he has done as I asked."

"And you don't care if he hasn't," Lola sneered. "His bags are at the inn. Peter, are you going to stand by, and let them bump him off, without a word of warning? He's a yellow dog; nobody knows it better than I do. But he's bound to have a chance for his life, isn't he?"

"Wait here, Marcia," Peter directed. "I'm ready, Lola."

Lola led the way down the stairs; but Peter, as he prepared to enter the car, was shocked to see Marcia slip past him and take a place by Lola.

"Marcia," he said sharply, "you know you will only be in the way."

To be continued

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 7

do it, no matter how much hard work it may require. So, having found the leak in the dam, they set to work to stop it.

It was in a place hard to get at. They had to tear away part of the outer side of the dam to get at the hole through which the water was working up from below. Of course when they made the opening bigger the water ran out faster, and the pond grew smaller and smaller while they did their best to find out just where the trouble was. And how they worked! They didn't stop long enough to get even a bite of bark. And all the time they had to watch out for Old Man Coyote, or Yowler the Bobcat, or Glutton the Wolverine, should come that way.

Croaker the Raven discovered what was going on. He perched in a tree and watched.

"Silly things," said Croaker, talking to himself, but loud enough for them to hear. "Anybody is silly to work that way. What good does it do! They get themselves all tired out for nothing. What's the good of working for things you can get without working? I don't work, but I manage to live."

Paddy stopped work long enough to look up and say, "When did you

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eat last?"

"Yesterday," replied Croaker.

"How far have you flown today? Looking for another meal, flying on an empty stomach, can't he fun; it must be work," said Paddy, and went to work again.

Late that day two tired folk crept into their den in the bank of the brook. They were so tired they ached all over. But that dam was tight once more, and the pond was coming back instead of running away.

CLYDE RIVER W. I.

On Monday evening, January 19th the Clyde River W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Livingstone, when there 12 members present. The meeting opened with the collect. Roll call was answered by a "New Year's Resolution," and the minutes were read, approved and signed. One member paid dues, and several further donations were received towards the proceeds of the December auction sale.

Business arising from the minutes

was then dealt with. It was decided to pack the parcel for Everett Gillespie after the next meeting to roll call for the meeting to be answered with a gift for the parcel.

The matter of a suitable play was not decided. It was left for Mrs. Livingstone to ascertain the name of a play previously suggested, and if possible to obtain a copy for reading.

The sick committee reported several gifts and cards sent during the month and presented their bills which were duly paid. There was no report from the school committee.

Correspondence was read, including a number of "thank you" cards from shut-ins and the sick. A course for Red Cross First Aid Instructors was discussed. Unfortunately it was too late to arrange to send any representative from the district.

After considerable discussion it was decided to change the date of the meetings as it appears in some cases correspondence is in the hands of the president or secretary for some weeks, and by the time the

meeting is held it is too short notice for members to take any action on it. It was also decided to hold a Valentine measuring party. The secretary was appointed to get in touch with the hall committee on the matter of coal for the evening. Mrs. Mont Hyde offered to see to the fire, but further details were to be left until the next meeting.

The secretary reported that the 1,000 Cod Liver Oil capsules had been purchased and distributed, any one requiring further supplies to notify the secretary who will arrange for a further purchase to be made.

Collection for the evening was then taken up, and amounted to \$1.25.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Roy MacKinnon, with the lunch committee as follows: Mrs. John Gillespie and Mrs. Mont Hyde; sandwiches, Mrs. Thomas MacKinnon and Mrs. R. D. Matheson.

The meeting was then adjourned and closed with "The Queen." Lunch

was served and a social hour enjoyed by all.

CURE FOR CORNS

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa — (CP) — Moist skin shed by the puff-adder, a poisonous snake, can cure corns, according to C. Crois of Vanderbijlpark, who keeps snakes as pets. He said the skin should be rolled into a damp pad and worn over the corn for two weeks.

FINE DISTINCTION

CRAWLEY, England — (CP) — Children who are given savings stamps as prizes for Coronation Year sports might be debarred from amateur sports for life, the Coronation committee of this Sussex town was warned by a stickler for the rules.

GREAT COMPOSER

Franz Schubert, the great Austrian composer, was only 31 years old when he died in 1828.

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The first stage of the big aluminum development at Kitimat — 400 miles north of Vancouver — is moving ahead on schedule. KENNEY DAM is finished and water is rising in the 350-square-mile lake it is creating. The ten-mile TUNNEL, with a drop sixteen times that of Niagara Falls, is now driven about one-half of the way through the mountain toward the half-completed KEMANO POWERHOUSE. Rock miners, working under a mile-high mountain, are carving out a cavern three city blocks long, preparing the way for the installation of three 150,000 h.p. generators. TRANSMISSION LINE work is well advanced; the fifty miles of right-of-way between Kemano and Kitimat has been cleared and many of the 250 towers erected. The SMELTER is steadily rising in the cleared forest site. Target date for the first pour of aluminum is spring, 1954. Operation Aluminum in British Columbia is on schedule!

PERIBONKA
... nearing completion

The new CHUTE DU DIABLE powerhouse on the Peribonka River, in the Saguenay district, is in full operation. Its five 55,000 h.p. generators are now feeding power to Alcan's smelters in the Saguenay valley. CHUTE-A-LA-SAVANNE, downstream from Chute du Diable, is also rapidly approaching the day when all five of its generators will add 270,000 h.p. to the Saguenay power network. ISLE MALIGNÉ smelter addition is now in production and its full capacity is available for civilian and defense needs. In 1953, Alcan's four smelters in the Province of Quebec will produce over 1 billion pounds of aluminum ingot for the markets of the free world.



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