

# RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL  
Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

Frank leaned out of the carriage window and gazed along the length of the boat train. Crowds clustered at each window, chattering to departing friends and relatives, talking faster and more nervously as the train's engine to move drew nearer. The train was packed. Many of the passengers were accompanying voyagers as far as Southampton for the rather futile satisfaction of a last wave from the quayside.

Porters bustled to and fro. Small boys pushed extremely large wheeled newsstands loaded with magazines and papers, or carried trays full of oranges and chocolate. South Africans, to whom the trip to Southampton was a five minute crawl, regarded these provisions of mind and body with mild amusement.

Overhead the sky was softly blue, with fleecy clouds, and the air was warm—a typical English day. But Frank was not interested in neither the crowds nor the weather. The thought that he was on the eve of a 6,000 mile journey, and that he would be some months before he would see these pleasantly familiar scenes again, hardly ever crossed his mind.

He was looking for a man and a girl. He had contrived to get Christine to the station early and had carefully inspected the train before getting into it.

Professor Ellington and his daughter were on board. He glanced at his watch. In two minutes they would be pulling out of the station.

One of the minutes passed. A man carrying a green flag passed the carriage window. He was glancing at his watch. Frank had an impulse to tell him to wait for two important passengers. He resisted it.

Busy slamming of doors came nearer and nearer. A hand caught the handle of his own door and twisted it expertly. The man passed on, and the slamming decreased in volume as he worked his way down the train.

People were already standing back and beginning to wave. Christine's neck. Frank saw the green flag raised. A whistle blew. A last carriage door was slammed.

Then from the end of the platform a figure appeared running. A tallish man in a soft black hat whose brim was absurdly tipped up on his high bald head, he was blowing vigorously through a bristly black moustache. A blue shirt cuff, shooting beyond the confines of a black overcoat sleeve, was waved frantically.

"Hold it!" puffed Professor Ellington. "Hold it!" At his heels came a dark haired girl, walking swiftly. Neither of them carried luggage. To see them was to act. Frank threw open the door of the compartment. The train was already in motion.

"This way, professor!" he shouted. The professor put on a final spurt. Frank grasped a shirt cuff and a part of a hand, he was rather like a Christmas cracker, and pulled. Professor Ellington came aboard.

The girl, seeing her father perform the miracle of actually catching the train—which he had not believed would happen—abandoned her walk for a trot, and then a run.

"THE OLD GIRL'S GONE!" As she came abreast of the compartment recognition dawned, and she instinctively halted.

But Frank was having no nonsense. He gripped her arm, and she had to jump. The pair of them sprawled rather than backed into the compartment.

Professor Ellington pulled the door to with a slam. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Haven't run like that for ten years! I've got to thank you, young man!" Then, belatedly, recognition dawned.

"Carter! The chap in the motor smash!" "Well, this is a coincidence, meeting you," said the professor, not too logically. "One good turn deserving another, eh?" He turned to his daughter, who had regained her composure and

seated herself beside the other woman in the compartment, unaware that she was merely turning from one conspirator to another.

"Dorothy! Isn't it a remarkable coincidence?" "No," said Dorothy.

"We knew that Mr. Harker—" "Carter," said Frank between his teeth.

"Carter was sailing on the Enfield. There is one boat train. "But all together in the same compartment," protested her father.

"Thanks solely to Mr. Carter." "Yes, by jove!" said the professor, with a returning flood of enthusiasm. "We certainly are grateful to you, son."

"What held you up?" said Frank. "The old girl's gone," said Professor Ellington in a hollow voice.

"The old girl?" "Father," said Dorothy inclusively, "is talking about that awful car. Rupert advised that he buy a new model and warned that something like this would happen. I thought the Manchester business would finally have—"

"Ah yes. Now that was a lark," said the professor comfortably, "I stepped to address a science congress at Manchester, and where d'you think I ended up? At a fair with a crowd of cheapies and gypsies. You see, the old girl shed a wheel, and when this caravan came along—I'd been driving at night to seek for a lift—"

"Mr. Carter is not interested in your past misfortunes," said Dorothy, "and anyway you'll have no more of them. Your 'old girl' can hardly survive the engine dropping out of her in the middle of Piccadilly."

"You ought to have seen the policeman's face," said Professor Ellington.

"Won't you introduce me, Frank?" It was Christine's voice. Frank, who had forgotten all about his aunt, turned to meet the cool gaze of as innocent and childlike a pair of brown eyes as had ever gazed upon a mixed company in a railway compartment. But he was not deceived. Christine wanted to be in on this.

"Excuse me!" he said quickly. "Let me introduce my aunt, Miss Christine Carter. Miss Ellington, Professor Ellington—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Professor Ellington stared. "Look here, haven't we met before? Yes, I remember now. You're that young thing—Good lord! Did you say your aunt?"

"I didn't have the chance to correct the impression at the time," said Christine coolly. "And I certainly didn't think you'd remember me. But I am Frank's aunt. Appearances are often deceptive, professor."

"I remember now," said Ellington slowly. "Freckles, ah! Miss Whittaker did say something about her friend Miss Carter. I said, 'Well, where is she?' and she said, 'You've just been talking to her.' So I said, 'Nonsense, that was one of the senior pupils, and a prettier little—hrrm! D'you remember those chocolate eclairs?' A grin spread over his blunt features. 'I say, this is a stumbling coincidence! I said it before, and by gosh, it's truer than I thought!'"

"Let me introduce Mr. John Forster," said Christine, and turned to the stranger in the corner seat, who was sucking his pipe and watching this by-play with an amused twinkle in his grey eyes. "He's a South African—a real colonial, though he tells me the description is definitely frowned on in Capetown circles—and he's been telling me all about gold mines."

Cunningly she drew the two men into her orbit.

Frank and Dorothy were left facing each other.

## LONG RIVER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The July meeting of the Long River Women's Institute was held on Wednesday evening, July 19th at the home of Mrs. Hedy Paynter with an attendance of fifteen members. Meeting opened in the usual way by singing the Institute Ode, followed by repeating the Creed in unison. Minutes of June meeting were read and approved. Reports of the different committees for sick, two visits and taking treats to same. New committees were then appointed. Sick, Mrs. J. Bernard, Mrs. Ralph Johnstone and Miss Vivian Paynter. Programme, Mrs. Heath Campbell, Mrs. Elmer Paynter and Mrs.

Murdoh MacLeod. Lunch all the members. The treasurer, Mrs. Ralph Johnstone reported \$11.15 being proceeds of play and that the Institute had about \$50.00 on hand. On motion decided that \$45.00 be handed to the Hall Treasurer to pay carpenters and bill at store. Mrs. W. J. Profit was appointed to see Mr. Ralph Thompson about putting finish on inside of hall. Correspondence was then dealt with. The secretary read a letter from J. M. Constable, secretary of Long River School thanking the Institute for their co-operation and financial support in the past year. Mrs. A. A. Campbell was asked to write a letter of thanks to New London Institute for their invitation to meet with them at a picnic at Cavendish Beach. Also to write inviting Coronation In-

stitute to meet with us in August on our regular night, Tuesday the 18th. The secretary reported \$4.85 had been forwarded to Red Cross Account collected by school children. Much discussion took place on ways and means to raise money to help pay off hall debt. The following committee appointed to be look out for plays, Mrs. W. J. Profit, Mrs. Elmer Paynter and Mrs. A. A. Campbell and the following to be entertainment of same, Mrs. W. Johnstone, Mrs. Dan Campbell, Mrs. Murdoch MacLeod, Mrs. Edwin Bernard and Mrs. C. Paynter. Mrs. M. MacLeod gave a report of the convention at Charlottetown. Meeting to be held in the hall and roll call to be answered with your first school teacher. Meeting closed by singing God Save the King. Collection \$35.

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManu



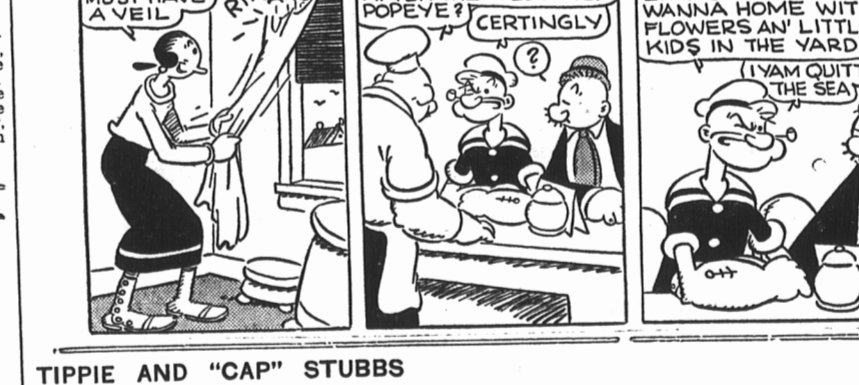
## Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE

By Edwina



## TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Weston



## TILLIE THE TOILER

By Weston



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**OLD LETTER**  
SYDNEY, N. S. —(CP)—Workmen found a letter 121 years old when they repaired an old house here. The letter, embedded in a window sill was written in Hall-fax.

**"SPIDEMIC" SOLVED**  
YARMOUTH, N. S. —(CP)—Farmers believed an epidemic had broken out among their cattle when three cows in the same pasture died, each showing similar symptoms. A search disclosed the cattle had been licking a discarded paint bucket which had been left in the pasture 12 years ago.