

MONDAY,

Slow Beat

From Marsillies

By Michael Hastings continued

To Prinz's surprise, Stefan hesitated, then shook his head. "It would be better if you asked Jan Kiernik," he said. "Not that he is a farmer; but I could tell him all I know. You see, I owe everything to Jan. I am only alive today because of him. So I cannot take a good position — and leave him in a poor one. It is kind of you; but please offer the job to Jan."

Prinz stared at him in amazement. They had such bewildering, foolish ideas, these people! It was not as though Jan had been an officer and Stefan had served under him. In that case, it would have been understandable. But between two men on the same level — it was incomprehensible. He thought for a minute.

"What was Jan Kiernik?" he asked.

"A clerk — but amazingly clever at figures."

Prinz forced a show of good humour. "Nothing could be better. I need a business manager as well. But I did not think to find one on the ship. You shall superintend the estate. Jan shall keep the accounts and deal with the business transactions."

Stefan gave a beaming smile. "You are indeed most kind to us," he said. "We will serve you very faithfully."

"I am sure you will."

"Shall I fetch Jan?"

"No," said Prinz. "Let us have a few talks about it. And then, when we have everything fixed up and the agreements ready for signing, you can tell him. Think what a surprise it will be."

Stefan was delighted.

"That would be splendid!" he cried. "Jan has always teased me about the way in which I cannot do anything. Yes, yes. We will do that."

"In the meantime," Prinz warned, "Not a whisper to Jan — and not a mention of it to any of the others."

"It must be kept secret," Stefan agreed.

FOG

They ran into fog. Throughout the previous day the sea became more and more subdued. At night they reduced speed and had a look-out in the bows. Dawn came in greyly. The sky and the vague horizon closed in upon them. The fog, lurking somewhere beyond the indistinct skyline, sent smoke-like billows crawling towards them. They heard a ship's siren; but it sounded hollow and distant. They were in the centre of a grey vagueness. The fog clung to the damp decks like smoke. It varied in density, sometimes rolling with the appearance of a solid wave, sometimes drifting clear to show a patch of untroubled sea.

In the thick patches the siren uttered hoarse protests which jarred upon the ear-drums. Sometimes, by a trick, it was echoed back and they strained their eyes looking for another ship. If there was one, it was a phantom.

The engine-room telegraph varied its instructions between half-speed and slow according to the whims of the fog. Lubbe became almost irritable, forgot to kindle his pipe and regarded the whole business as specially designed for his own discomfort.

Captain Zakas was openly nervous. He found it impossible to rest, and when he was not taking a watch prowled restlessly between his cabin and the bridge. Oliver took it as a matter of course; but Lacoste was bitter about it.

"Does he think this is my first fog?" he demanded crossly.

In the cabin, Prinz was talking to Rutter.

"I need more light," he said. "Zakas is bringing a powerful lantern from his room. That should be sufficient. It will be possible to operate on you as you lie on your bunk. As for the Pole — I shall have to use the table. Zakas is obtaining two boards to place upon it."

"He knows that he has to assist with the anaesthetic?"

"Yes. The idea does not appeal to him; but he will not refuse."

"He dare not," said Rutter. "Does he know that the Pole is to die?"

Prinz gave a bleak smile.

"That will be a surprise for him," he said. "And I shall make out that it is a very tragic and unexpected accident — not forgetting to point out that he is as much to blame as we are."

"It might be a refinement to permit the Pole to die under the anaesthetic," said Rutter. "That makes Zakas seem even more responsible."

Prinz considered this. Then he laughed.

"It can be arranged so easily," he said. "We will have two anaesthetics."

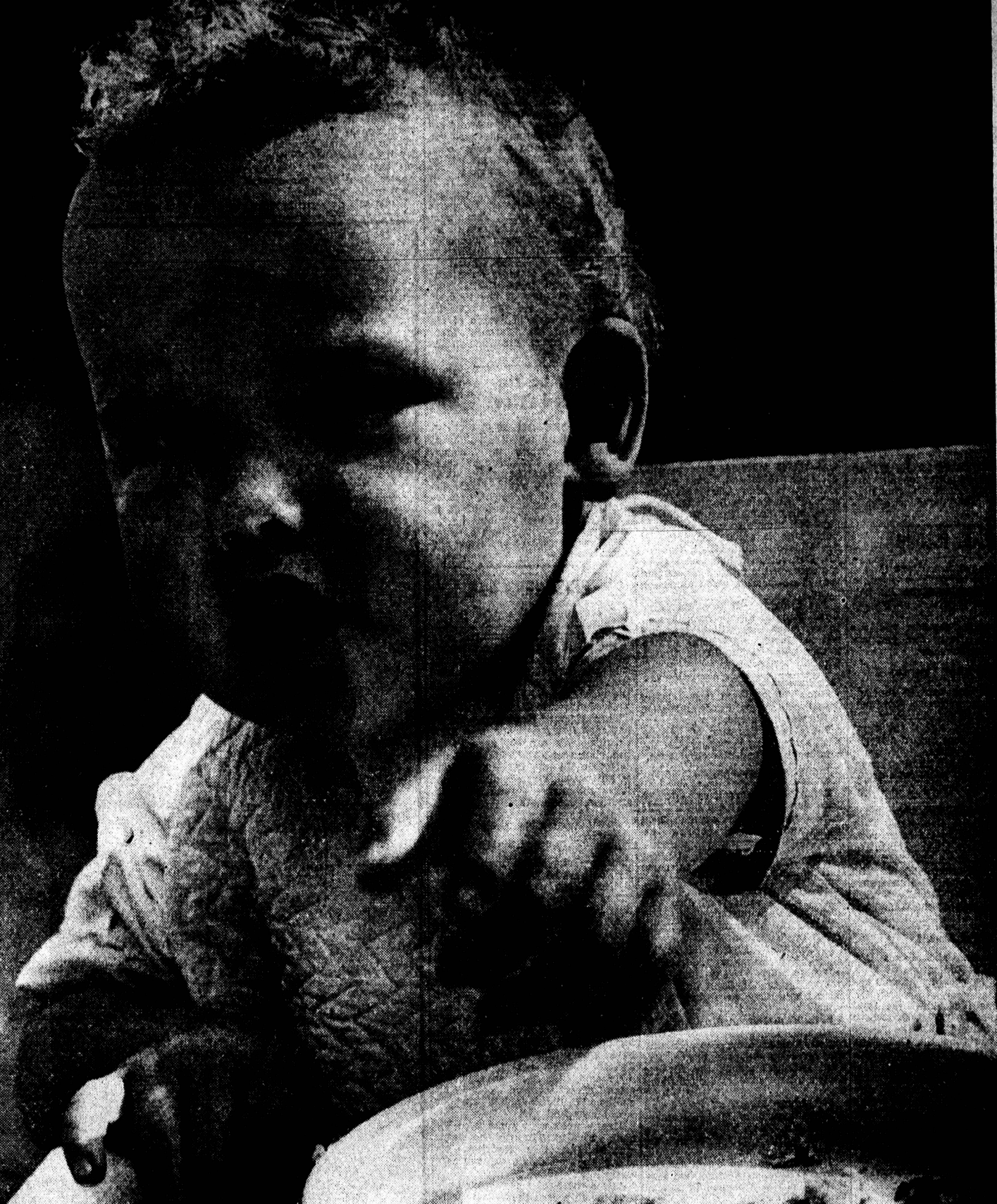
"Take care that you do not mix them," said Rutter, with a trace of alarm. "I want no bungling at the last minute."

Prinz stiffened in his chair.

"I have never yet bungled an operation," he said curtly. If he expected a withdrawal, or apology, he was disappointed.

(To be continued)

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**British Gold Reserves Still On Increase**

LONDON, Oct. 20 — (Reuters)— A government announcement in the House of Commons today implied that British reserves of gold and dollars are rising more than ever.

The announcement by the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Douglas Jay, was in the technical form that:

"As a result of the continued increase in the reserves, an issue of sterling to the exchange equalization account is again necessary and a further issue of £300,000,000 is accordingly being made to the account this week."

The exchange equalization account is the treasury fund which acquired gold and dollars in exchange for sterling. As recently as July 5 it was replenished by £300,000,000.

**VERNON RIVER SCHOOL**

Honor roll for September:

Grade X—1, Walter MacInnis; 2, Preston Richards; 3, Alfred MacNeill.

Grade VII—1, Ronnie Morrissey; 2, Jean Richards.

Grade VI—1, Joan MacNeill; 2, Helen MacNeill.

Grade V Sr.—1, Mary Aylward; 2, Eddie Aylward.

Grade V Jr.—1, Carol Cummings; 2, Clarice Morrissey; 3, Philip MacInnis.

Grade IV—1, Olive Horton.

Grade III (a)—1, David MacNeill.

Grade III (b)—1, Mary Masters; 2, Alfred Richards.

Grade III (c)—1, Harold Richards.

Grade II—1, Lawson Lee; 2, Frankie Lee; 3, Lorna Lee.

Grade I (a)—1, Lorne MacLeod.

Grade I (b)—1, Betty Enman; 2, Nelson MacLeod; 3, Gary Cummings.

Grade I (c)—1, Charles MacNeill; 2, Ken Lee; 3, Johnny Larter.

Marie Duffy, teacher.

**Trout Anderson To Join Glace Bay Team**

GLACE BAY, N. S., Oct. 20—(CP)—Trent Anderson, winger who started the season with Moncton Hawks of the Maritime Senior Hockey League, arrived in town last night to join Glace Bay Miners of the Cape Breton Senior League. He was suspended for playing without a release from Miners.

Miners president Stewart Sterns meanwhile, said that Eddie Bolan's

suspension has been lifted, and he has been traded to Saint John Beavers for Phil Dalgleish, 20-year-old rearguard.

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