

RACING DRIVER

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL
Author of Daughter of Exile, etc.

It was, therefore, with some pleasure that he noted a certain warmth—or of the nearest that his new assistant could get to warmth—in young Rupert's attitude towards Dorothy.

It occurred to him that just as Rupert was the perfect counter-balance to his own erratic genius, so he must prove a very good influence on Dorothy.

He gave the projected union, when in due course their relationship blossomed into that, his enthusiastic blessing.

Only Rupert had begun to prove too dashed strong an influence. His strong point was the schooling of his emotions; and he began to teach Dorothy to school her emotions.

The professor's dim suspicions that all was not working out according to plan were crystallized when the controversy with his old enemy Jackson, long a smouldering, burst into open flame, and it became necessary for him to crush that crabbled and spiteful man's most convincing proof of the soundness of his own theories about the origin of man.

He suggested that Rupert go out to Africa and make certain investigations on his behalf; never doubting that love would do most violently against his separation, and demand wedding bells before skull hunts.

But his own suggestion that this should be the procedure, tentatively

advanced, was decisively rejected. There was, he was told, no need for undue haste. All in good time. After all, this was the twentieth century, and civilized people did that sort of thing with the maximum of thought and minimum of emotion that it deserved.

So Rupert sailed placidly for Africa, and Dorothy continued placidly to follow the course of reading which Rupert had prescribed for her.

It had flattered the professor at first to find his daughter taking a knowledge of the modern State, and also in psychology, economics, first aid, the causes of war, the place of women in the modern State, and the Marxian interpretation of history. But this had swiftly palled. A little song and dance about the hour would have pleased him more. But in Rupert's rational scheme of things, song and dance were ruthlessly ruled out as outbursts of vulgar emotion.

There could be no doubt of it. Professor Ellington's first fine care-less rapture over his efficient young assistant and prospective son-in-law had grown faint.

Unfortunately, although Dorothy never betrayed any emotion of any sort, and Rupert's respect for her was regarded any demonstration of affection towards her absent fiancée as the worst of form, she seemed to be sticking to the fellow.

Gloomily Professor Ellington thought of the young man upstairs. Fine upstanding chap, he decided. Probably knew nothing about the Pekin. Man and would have cracked jokes about the missing link. But all the same.

He rose, stretched, yawned. Put out the light. And went to bed, these half formed thoughts still swirling restlessly in his brain.

He had yet to meet Miss Christine Carter, who would give these thoughts form and send them flowing rapidly in a definite direction.

FORESTALLING A LADY

Frank Carter woke for the second time in the house of Professor Ellington, this time to find himself locking up, not into the face of an angel, but the more comely features of his little mechanic, Reddy.

"How do you feel, guv-nor?" asked Reddy anxiously. He was dressed in a pair of striped pyjamas—much too large for him. His red thatch was tousled and he needed a shave.

Frank grinned. "Right as rain—or okay, as Dr. Frisky would say."

He looked round him. Sunshine filled the room. From the window he could see part of the well kept lawn and the trees at its foot.

"And you?"

"'Tis as a riddle!" said Reddy contentedly. "But where are we, guv-nor?"

"Remember waking up to see a doctor chap. He gave me something to drink, some sleeping draught, that was we're in the same year, aren't we? I feel as though I'd done a Rip van Winkle!"

Frank threw aside the bed clothes. "I'm going to get dressed," he declared.

"That's a good idea!"

"Better hurry up if you're going to do the same," said Frank.

"There's a young lady—a very determined young lady—who'll shoo us back to bed if we don't forestall her."

"Women, eh?" said Reddy darkly. "I had an aunt like that. . . . Okay, guv-nor!"

He sped back to his own room. They left the communicating door open, and while they dressed Frank briefly explained what had happened since the crash.

He had barely finished dressing when Tomkins tapped and entered.

"You shouldn't be up, sir," he said, shaking his head. Miss Dorothy said—

"You can't keep a good man down, sir."

"Tomkins, sir. D'you think you could rustle up some shaving tackle?"

"In the bathroom at the end of the corridor, sir. Breakfast downstairs when you are ready, sir. I'll tell the professor you have decided you are well enough to get up."

"Diplomat!" commented Frank.

"And—er—the other gentleman, sir. Your mechanic, I understand?"

"That's right."

"Will breakfast in the servants' hall, sir," said Tomkins.

"Oh!" said Frank, slightly dashed. He was a democratic soul, and was used to sharing a sandwich and a beer with Reddy at whatever spot they might happen to find themselves. "Oh, right!"

Tomkins retired.

Ten minutes later they descended the stairs together.

Tomkins, the indefatigable, was waiting for them.

"This way," he said, and beckoned distantly to Reddy.

At the same moment Professor Ellington emerged from his study.

"Ah, there you are, both of you!" he exclaimed briskly. "Well, come along, breakfast is ready—and I'm starved! Tomkins told me you were determined to get up. Don't blame you. It's a glorious morning."

Reddy paused hesitantly. It was an embarrassing moment. The professor's eye fell on Tomkins.

"All right, Tomkins, run along!" he barked. "Hang it, I can conduct my own guests to breakfast. I hope no need for you to trail them."

They passed into the breakfast room.

Frank was surprised to see that Dorothy was not present. The pro-

essor interpreted his look of inquiry.

"Up at six," he said. "Cold bath, Swedish exercises, long walk. There was a time," he went on morosely, "when I had to threaten to pour water over her head. To get her up I mean. But Rupert—he stabbed viciously at a piece of bacon—changed all that."

He fixed Frank with a penetrating look.

"Carter, did you know that the body thinks?"

"No, sir," said Frank, rather taken aback. "Of course, my scientific knowledge is a bit rusty—haven't kept quite abreast of the latest—"

"SEE TALKS LIKE A BOOK"

"Yes," said the professor grimly. "The body thinks. And if you let it get sluggish it thinks sluggish

thoughts. Lets you down. Rupert says so. There cannot be an AI strain in a C3 body. Rupert says that too."

"I don't know who this Professor Rupert is," said Reddy tactlessly. "I'm sure he probably knows what he's talking about, far more than I do. All the same, I'm entitled to my opinion, and speaking from experience I'd say he's a bit of a crack—ouch!"

He looked reproachfully at Frank, who under the table had stamped him hard on the foot.

But the professor was delighted.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Go on—er, Reddy, isn't it?"

"Reddy it is, sir," said that worthy and glared defiantly at his guv-nor. "Well, as I was saying, I've met a lot of these fellows on the race track who do complicated exercises and practise holding their breath

for five minutes at a time, and are generally, they are fond of saying, trained to a hair. But all the same they are just the chaps who crack up. It's the fellow who's calm, cool and collected without trying to be a blooming super athlete who keeps his head and pulls through."

"You see, sir, the way I figure it, the normal man retains his initiative; the other fellow is so tied up with rules and regulations that he can't trust himself to act without really thinking at all, and at the same time act right."

Reddy drew a deep breath after this rather long speech, and the professor beamed upon him. "I quite agree! Just what I've always said myself."

From that moment the professor and the mechanic were almost soul mates.

And when breakfast was over El-

lington suggested that Reddy might care to have a look at that prehistoric monster which the professor called a car.

"My daughter," said Professor Ellington, looking at Frank, "should be returning from her—um—jaunt. If you'd care to stroll down the copse, at the back of the house, you'd probably meet her. I'm sure she'd be delighted to show you round the place."

"Thanks, a would," said Frank. "But really, we can't impose ourselves on you any longer sir."

"Nonsense!" said Ellington vigorously. "Stay as long as you like. After lunch you can run down to the village and see about your bus. Nothing much wrong with it, I think. But as for running off altogether—ridiculous!"

At the back of the house a path ran gently downhill to a wood and

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a stream. Frank followed it thoughtfully. A rustic bridge crossed the stream. A girl was perched on the wooden rail, looking down at the water. (To be Continued)

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The attention of motorists is drawn to the recently completed marking of all paved roads with either unbroken or dotted white lines.

At no time hereafter is it permissible for cars to cross such unbroken lines. Overtaking and passing other vehicles may only be done where the centre line of the road is dotted.

Cars must not park nor stop on any highway adjacent to an unbroken centre line.

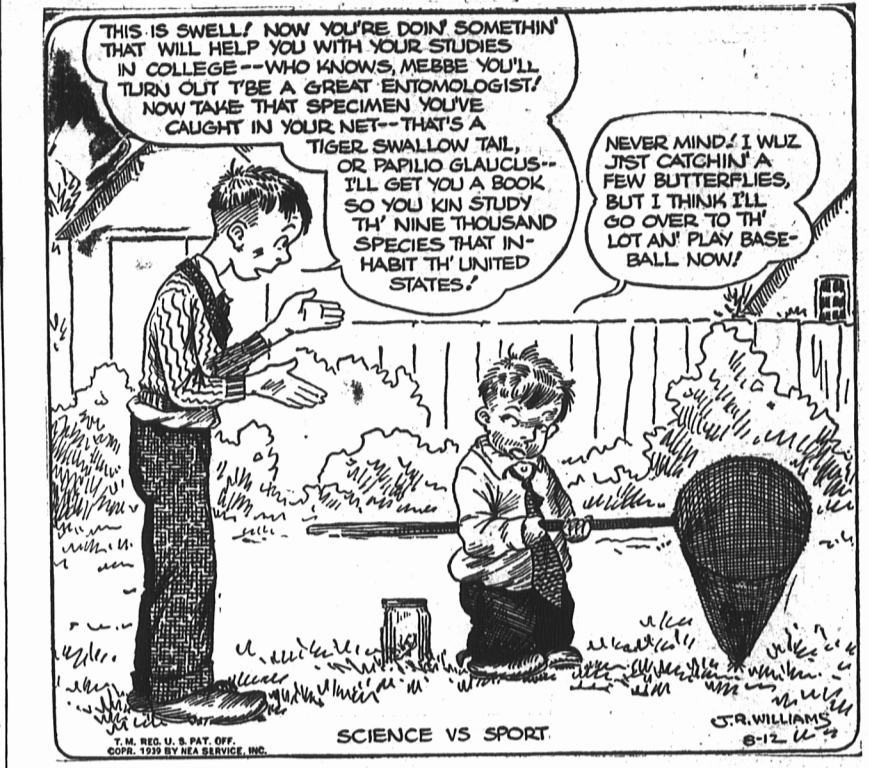
Police Officers have been instructed to enforce strictly these provisions.

DATED this 10th day of August, 1939.

P. S. FIELDING,
Deputy Provincial Secretary

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