

The Phantoms of Healing

(Concluded from page 11.)

"I follow you," said Lionel carelessly. There was a note of concern in his voice even while it was cold. "I can't say that I exactly understand, for I think you are talking a great lot of nonsense."

A dazed look came into Paul's eyes. "You mean it? You think—?" "Now don't take it hardly, old chap. You go back and think it over."

The soothing note in Lionel's voice started Paul into sudden passion. "Good heavens, man! What do you suppose I have been thinking about for the last five years?"

Lionel watched him closely and his even voice again broke the silence.

"Do you think it exactly honourable to take a mad woman's money to throw away on a chimerical scheme?"

"I have taken a tenth of her money—what we would have shared had we been married. I would have given ten years of my life if I could have come to you for it. You have supported me in it all, to the limit of your power, and I relied on your support in this. I need some one to go with me up there to the north and make the final experiments. The time is not ripe for the world to get hold of this, and it has to be done on the quiet. Am I justified in my confidence? Will you come?"

"Well, old chap—" began Bruce in the same soothing voice, but Paul Winfield cut him short.

"You won't?" he snarled; "then I'll go alone," and he went.

People made the trite remark that the day of miracles was not yet over when Paul Winfield returned alive. He had suddenly disappeared, and after the storm of speculation and excitement concerning the disappearance of the clever young scientist had subsided, he was forgotten. After the intervening months, he dropped back into his life so quietly that there was even less furore about his reappearance. He came back thin and white, with a dazed light in his eyes, looking as though he had been in a prison for many months. Reporters could make nothing of him and went away from their unsatisfactory interviews with the unanimous opinion that he was "a bit touched."

So also thought Lionel Bruce, until some words of Paul's enlightened him.

"You know one can't become human all of a sudden when one has been in the snow for months with only a dog for companion. And besides the changes—"

One of the changes Paul Winfield had faced on his return was the knowledge of his father's death, and the intelligence that he himself was practically penniless. Bruce did not press him for his story, but later he drew out scraps of information chiefly by asking questions.

"Where did you go?"

"To the farthest station—and beyond. I paid to have food brought to me at intervals. Sometimes they could not get to me at the time I expected them, and then—" he stopped, and his dark-ringed eyes seemed to be seeing again the terror of starvation.

"What did you do?"

"I worked. I always had my work. At times I would get so absorbed that I would forget the common necessities of life, and the finding that some instrument had frozen would wake me to the fact that the fire was out and I was in danger of freezing myself."

The next question was difficult.

"And were you—successful?"

"Yes."

Lionel wondered, yet could not ask directly, and Paul responded not to hints. That he was still working hard in his city laboratory was certain, but he worked alone and to no one divulged his secret.

Then one day it came out with a flash, and the world stood still and held its breath. Paul Winfield had been regarded as an obscure madman. Now he stood alone, and revealed the mystery of madness. A great multitude flocked to his first demonstration. He had chosen a great natural amphitheatre, and the mass of people stretched away and beyond. In the centre was a raised platform covered with paraphernalia. On the platform lay a dog. But Paul Winfield stood alone.

When the moment came for him to

speak, he stepped forward quietly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have asked you to come here to day that I may show you what insanity is—its cause and its cure. I will make my demonstration and leave with you the decision whether it is worth spending the necessary millions to rid the world of its greatest curse." He then gave his theory that he had explained to Lionel Bruce. He went into a technical discussion of the brain, tracing its development throughout the average life. Insanity, he spoke on, at length, discussing its different forms, but showing how all could be traced to loss of energy. The cause, he said, to put it briefly, was the weakening of the magnetic influence of the body—another form of that same energy. The rotation of the earth and the angle of its poles caused the waste of the earth's energy to be attracted to the north. That wonderful and mysterious aurora that scientists said was the outcome of electricity and electric currents, was far more than what they had ever dreamed it to be. It was the minds of men that had gone and left their house empty; lost minds drawn up there by the action of the earth's rotation.

He said it was a fact that the mind was often lost for a time and then would return. That was when the body—or brain, the material mind—would not lose all its gravitational sway, but would be able to retain the continually renewed energy until the mind was again built up. For those cases where the energy could not be retained, it followed that the remedy must be something that would balance the attractive sway of the magnetic pole. It would have to be an anti-force situated as far from that pole and the less important South magnetic pole as possible. That of course would be somewhere at the equator, where there was also the most lavish disposal of the sun's energy.

"This," he said, "is the model of what will eventually be called the Equatorial Energy Machine," and he indicated the massive paraphernalia that was fascinating many thousand eyes.

There was a stir as Paul whistled to the dog.

"This is my dog," said Paul. "I have sent him mad and restored him a number of times. I am going to do so only once more." He took a strong muzzle and fastened it on the dog, who submitted with a pathetic wonder. He then bound him and laid him on his side.

"It is easy enough to send him mad. I simply inoculate him with this fearful poison." He bent for a moment over the dog and then stood back with arms folded. In a few minutes the dog was exhibiting all the symptoms of madness.

"You see this glass dome," continued Paul, "with what looks like crane inside. This is the model of what must be built at the equator. It has enough force to restore the mind of dog, but for nothing with a larger mind."

With the help of several men Paul carried the writhing animal into the glass dome and laid him on a raised dais in the centre. Coming out, he signalled to some men near a mass of machinery and the throng presently saw the crane inaction, revolving rapidly within the dome.

The crowd saw the dog's writhings gradually cease. They saw him lie still. They saw his feeble attempts to rise change into the natural struggle of a bound dog. As they watched they saw his recognition of Paul, and the pathetic wag of his tail. They saw Paul enter the dome and release the dog, and watched the dog follow him out on the platform.

Sir Paul Winfield, bart., entered the sitting room of his home, his wife and dog springing simultaneously to meet him. He greeted one by a pat on the head, the other in a more effusive manner.

"You seem pleased about something," she said.

"I am, Maud," he replied. "I have just heard that orders have been given for the building of another Equatorial Energy Machine. The present one isn't doing the work fast enough."

"How splendid!" she said.

The Canadian Courier Contest

Over 50 Candidates Working in the Contest and Anxious to Win the College Course or the Trip to Europe. A Plan Whereby Every Candidate Will be Awarded One of the Prizes Without Further Delay.

THE greatest advance made by any candidate in The Canadian Courier contest this week is that made by Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Ont., who has moved from 53rd position in the standing to third place, with a gain of over 25,000 votes. Cobalt is well known as the great silver mining camp of Canada; in fact, it leads the world in the production of silver. Some of the other towns and cities will need to look out or Cobalt will be leading in The Canadian Courier contest also. The Cobalt candidate started only two weeks ago and is making splendid progress, thanks to the loyal support of her friends in the town.

The Goderich and Sydney, N.S., candidates still hold first and second place respectively, and have a fairly strong lead up to the present. The London, Ont., candidate shows excellent progress for the week, and there have been minor advances all along the line. Many votes have been sent direct to the Contest Department by friends of the candidates, which have all been credited.

Miss Elsie Cuff, of Trenton, Ont., is a new candidate this week, and many more are expected for next week. Under the rules of the contest a candidate can enter at any time and is not handicapped by a late start, it being guaranteed that in the event any candidate does not get far enough to win the college course or the trip by May 31st, one, two or three months' additional time will be allowed these candidates, as they wish, and when they reached the required point they will be given the college course or the trip as they prefer, or a cash commission on what they did accomplish. This means that every candidate in the list can win and new ones may enter later.

Boy candidates will be accepted in towns and cities where there are no candidates at present. There are hundreds of bright boys who have an ambition to go to college. This is an opportunity that they cannot afford to overlook. They should make use of the nomination blank at the bottom of this page and get started as soon as possible.

Readers of The Canadian Courier can assist candidates materially by sending them ballots. Hundreds are doing so, and in this way are greatly encouraging the young ladies who are so anxious to win their college course. It costs but a little time and effort to clip and save the ballots.

Other readers of The Canadian Courier are helping in an even more substantial manner by interesting some friend or acquaintance to become a subscriber. Each new yearly subscription counts for 2,500 votes for the candidate who is fortunate enough to have it secured for her. If every reader of The Canadian Courier would get only one new subscriber for some candidate it would mean that the trip or the year in college would be awarded to every candidate in the entire list.

A candidate to win has to get quite a large number of subscriptions. It means some little work. But if every present subscriber to The Canadian Courier would induce only one acquaintance to take out a subscription and turn over that subscription to the nearest candidate it would mean that every candidate in the list would win without any further question about the matter, and would be awarded the college course or the trip to Europe at once.

The Canadian Courier is quite willing to guarantee this to the candidates and would be very much pleased to see all successful. It would finish up the contest in a few weeks and mean a college education to over 50 girls and a trip to Europe to a dozen more.

It is proposed to assist every candidate to win and have none unsuccessful. This largely depends upon the response made by the public. The present readers of The Canadian Courier can make the undertaking successful beyond a question of doubt and without a cent of cost to themselves by having some friend or acquaintance become a subscriber and turning over that subscription to a candidate in this contest.

Now is the time to do it, and have it mean a tremendous help to the candidate.

The standing follows:

Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	67,400
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	67,050
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	36,450
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	33,950
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	33,700
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	32,300
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	23,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	21,750
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	21,600
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	18,650
Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont.	15,450
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	15,000
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	14,050
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	14,000
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	13,900
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	13,900
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	13,700
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	13,700
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	13,350
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	13,200
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	13,050
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	12,850
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	12,050
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	12,000
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	12,000
Miss Etheline Schleifaut, Iona P.O., Ont.	11,750
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	11,300
Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont.	11,200
Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,200
Miss Mary Dorsey, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,100
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	11,050
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,000
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	11,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,950
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	10,900
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	10,900
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,900
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	10,850
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Elizabeth Swallow, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Miss Mabel Ban Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	10,750
Miss Ethel Downey, Camex P.O., B.C.	10,750
Miss Adah A. Morrison, Sussex, N.B.	10,700
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,700
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	10,700
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	10,500
Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury	10,500
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	10,450
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,400
Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	10,400

Ballot No. 9

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss

Address

If forwarded to The Canadian Courier to be credited in the official standing on or before June 10.

Nomination Blank

I hereby nominate Miss

Address

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed

Address

Countersigned by

Pastor of

Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.