

Dies at Conference on T. & N. O. Affairs

Theodore Legault, M.L.A., Drops Dead in Council Chambers at Toronto.

Word from Toronto on Friday morning gave the sad news of the sudden death of Theodore Legault, M.L.A., for Sturgeon Falls-Nipissing, who dropped dead in the cabinet council chamber at Queen's Park a few minutes before 5 p.m. on Thursday. One despatch from Toronto gives a detailed account of the tragic conclusion to a conference over T. & N. O. affairs.

Death was instantaneous, and was caused by a blocking of the coronary artery of the heart.

One moment Mr. Legault, the picture of health, voice lifted in appeal on behalf of his beloved north, was dominating the scene. The next he sprawled on the chamber carpet with the chair on which he had been seated half-collapsed beneath his lifeless form.

The occasion was a joint conference of government members T. and N. O. Railway Commission and Northern Ontario: M.P.P.'s called for the express purpose, it is understood of ironing out difficulties over the reported refusal of Col. Malcolm Lang, commission chairman to carry out certain "employe dismissal" recommendations of the Racine report. Mr. Legault had addressed the party briefly once or twice previously, and had barely started another impassioned argument when death reached out for him.

Premier Hepburn was one of the first to see that something was wrong. "Take your time, Teddy," he called out, as Legault found difficulty with one or two words.

The grey-haired but comparatively youthful man from Sturgeon Falls permitted himself a faint smile, shifted his inevitable cigar from one hand to the other, beat his chest forcibly, and remarked: "I guess I've been smoking too much."

He coughed twice, and resumed his appeal. But resumption ended with scissor-snipped abruptness. His eyelids twitched. His face greyed. Then he toppled backwards against the frail chair and collapsed on the floor at the feet of his associates, before anyone could lift a hand to help him.

Call for Doctor
SOS calls were telephoned to the health department in the east block, Dr. J. A. Faulkner, health minister, closely followed by his deputy Dr. K. J. Bell, and Dr. A. L. MacKay provincial epidemiologist, rushed through the tunnel but they were too late. After a brief examination of the body, Dr. Bell pronounced coronary thrombosis as the cause of death. Rev. Father M. J. Oliver arrived from St. Basil's Church and administered the last rites of the church.

It was a stilled-tongued and white-faced conference that emerged from the council chamber.
"Terrible," was Col. Lang's comment. "I can't believe it," said Armand Racine fellow T. and N. O. commissioner. Aims and objects of the conference were forgotten. None could say when if ever it would be continued. Before the body was removed to McCabe's Funeral parlours, Premier Hepburn personally telephoned relatives of the dead legislator at Sturgeon Falls and expressed his sympathy. "This has been an awful crack," he told the press, later. "Teddy Legault was one of my dearest friends. I was with him all through his election campaign in the north."

There is little doubt that Mr. Legault went in to the conference with nerves at ragged edge. A few minutes before it commenced he confessed to members

of the Queen's Park press that he felt "a bit tired," and that he would "have to rest up a bit."

Practically ever since the election he has made his headquarters in Toronto, camping daily on the doorsteps of the Cabinet, and assisted by a youthful secretary from his home town, bending every effort to obtain for the unemployed of his district the maximum in road and other forms of relief employment. That he overtaxed his strength in recent weeks is claimed by friends. That the manner of death which struck him down Thursday was the culmination of other attacks—perhaps of a minor nature but none of which Legault revealed—is reported. During the height of the June election he is said to have just about "played out" on one occasion, and to have been warned by his family doctor that he must "go slow" or be prepared for the consequences.

Since coming to Toronto, he had become a great wrestling fan, and enjoyed most of his recreation, he often admitted, down that avenue of sport. One of the last things he did Thursday was to turn over to F. H. Avery, M.P.P. St. Catharines a couple of tickets for the scheduled bouts of the evening at the Maple Leaf Gardens.

"You go, Fred, and I'll come along later," he told his legislature associate from Lincoln.

An additional saddening feature is that Legault's wife lies in the hospital at Sturgeon Falls slowly recovering from pneumonia.

"She is coming through," he said on Wednesday evening, "and I'm so happy."

Mrs. Legault was injured in an auto accident near Huntsville last December. These injuries mended slowly. Barely was she convalescent when she was attacked by pneumonia.

Prematurely Aged
Theodore Legault would have been 49 years of age in July. Few of his friends knew how young he was. Any chance acquaintance would have put him down for 60 at least. The rugged northern life he had led, the silver hair, the black-rimmed glasses he affected and his shortened stride all combined to paint him old before his time. Following a comparatively brief municipal experience in Sturgeon Falls he entered the legislature in 1926, as one of the Liberal victors on the then pronounced government-control issue. Immediately he was in the house he made his presence known, speaking lengthily and often on the subject dearest to his heart, the North he knew. With a tongue of machine-gun speed, a ready choice of picturesque phraseology, and an occasional flight of fancy that must have surprised even himself he came to be known in his first parliamentary session at Queen's Park as one of the "big attractions" of the House. Two of the speeches he made—one on his proposal to start a honey-bee industry in the north and the other concerning a proposition to eliminate the wolves from the north with a great concerted hunt and trapping drive—will long be remembered by the surviving legislators of that day.

True, he met defeat in 1929 when he recontested the then Sturgeon Falls seat, but there was some consolation for him in that A. Aubin, his brother-in-law defeated him. But always a sticker for the last word, he crossed swords with Aubin last June and this time reversed the trimming.

Mr. Legault was married in 1912 to Elise Parent. Eight children, all but one of whom are alive to-day were born. As a general merchant he started his business career; as a general merchant he died. Friends say he had \$50,000 worth of unpaid accounts on his books and that he supported a good part of the town in which he resided.

New Oil For Your Car Soon to be on Market

By "Shakes"

It used to be that there was one lubricating oil on the continent that stood out above all others and that one came from the first discovered wells in the United States—in Pennsylvania. Soon all the oil producing states will get an even break and the process that has led to this indiscriminatory use of crude oils for the manufacture of lubricating oils is an interesting one.

The appearance of motor car engines has not changed materially in the past few years but inside they are really vastly different and they are expected to do a different kind of work than formerly. Modern high speed engines need a particular kind of oil—one that will not "burn" easily under terrific heat and one that will not become too thin with heat or too thick with cold.

We've all seen those advertisements that recommend "wax-free" oil and just how important that feature is to the modern engine has been realized by oil manufacturers from Montreal to San Diego.

Pennsylvania oils had a definite advantage over other North American crudes. In fact the situation became so bad that California motorists were swinging more and more to eastern oil while the products of their own wells came into disfavor. Official figures for the state showed a drop from 80 per cent. home produced oils bought to 55 per cent. last year.

Men with test tubes will change that. The California crude contains a large proportion of wax. Few to reduce that content and still keep the price within reason was their problem. Additional distillations would accomplish the purpose but the cost went far too high. So from the necessity of bringing California oils once more into direct competition with their old rivals, a completely new process was worked out that simplifies the purifying of all oils.

It is one of those discoveries that will probably mean the scrapping of millions of dollars of equipment now out-dated and should revolutionize the business.

There are certain undesirable features in all crude oils—heavy asphalt and waxes that must be removed before the product of the well may safely be used for lubrication. A young man from Georgia, employed by three large oil companies who have big holdings in the west, discovered that all the various constituents of crude oil except the asphalt are soluble in a substance known as propane ordinarily a gas but a liquid when subjected to pressure in a tank. That easily disposed of one harmful substance in the crude oil. Then he found that when the pressure in the tank containing the mixture of propane and oil was released, the waxy substances were literally frozen out.

One of the laws of physics is that the temperature of a gas drops as the pressure exerted by it is lessened, so that when the experimenter suddenly released the pressure of the tank containing the propane and oil, the temperature went down below zero. This it was that he was able to dispose quite cheaply of the harmful waxes. The propane "disappeared", as at ordinary temperatures and pressure it is a gas.

Soon you may read in the advertising columns of the newspapers of the country that such and such an oil company is selling a "propane solvent processed oil" and that oil will be produced along the lines described in the above paragraphs. It will not be "just another fad." It will represent a real change in the oil industry and it will bring

Superiority of Airflow in Unit Construction

The year 1935 will bring a number of so-called streamlined cars into the field, cars whose contours are a considerable departure from conventional lines. In view of this fact, the motorist naturally will ask himself the question, "Wherein is the Chrysler Airflow construction different from that of cars that have some points of similarity in external appearance, particularly as regards the rear end?"

There is a very radical and important fundamental difference between the Chrysler Airflow and any other car on the market in that Airflow is the only car that has a unit frame and bumper of one-piece construction from bumper to bumper producing structural strength that is not possible, according to Chrysler engineers, in any other type of construction. A year of service in which Airflows have been driven one hundred million miles by owners has proved the worth of the Airflow construction. Naturally, then, Chrysler has not changed the fundamentals of this highly-successful design but has made refinements throughout the car.

Here is a brief description of the Chrysler Airflow combined body and frame construction or "truss suspension frame." In this type of construction, the body and frame as a unit is actually composed of two trusses that form the exterior side framing. The top chords or members of these trusses follow the top line of the body from extreme front to extreme rear of the car on each side. The bottom chords fol-

low the bottom line of the body and join the top chords at the extreme front and rear of the car.

Between the top and bottom chords of these trusses are various vertical and diagonal members that properly brace the trusses and distribute the loads carried by them. These vertical and diagonal members are so placed as to coincide with the openings required for windows and doors, and also form places of attachment for various exterior panels of the body.

These two side trusses are tied together across the width of the car with other members. Some of these members form a framing for the roof of the car while others securely tie and brace the construction at the bottom, front and rear. These cross members are securely welded together with the side trusses to form a rigid box truss the entire length and width of the car. This construction is approximately 40 times more rigid than the conventional construction. Due to this unusually effective depth and width of frame construction deflection in the frame and racking of the body are eliminated. This type of construction is a most important safety feature. The passengers are enclosed by a rigid steel framing of great strength which protects them from external impact at any point on the car. In addition to greater safety and structural strength of this design a new kind of riding comfort is secured.

Roanoke Times—And now and then a collision occurs when two motorists go after the same pedestrian.

New Works of Fiction at Timmins Library

Some Interesting New Books Just Added to the Large Array of Books on the Public Library Shelves.

New works of fiction at the Timmins public library this week include—

"Winds of Winter," by D. M. Locke. (Two modern young men in London who think and consequently get into some peculiar situations.)

"High Dudgeon," by A. C. Frost. (Fun in rural England.)

"Morning Shows the Day," by Helen Hull. (Following seven people from high school days on. Picture of life in U.S.A.)

"Perilous Seas," by Lee Lindsay. (Insight into the play, film and leisure-life in England.)

"The Spinner of the Years," by Phyllis E. Bentley. (Setting in Yorkshire for an interesting novel.)

"The Dark Island," by V. Sackville-West. (A new way of telling a life story. On the imaginary isle of Storm.)

"The Wolf of Badenoch," by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. (Rousing tale of mediaeval Scotland.)

"Constable, Guard Thyself," by Henry Wade. (Detective story—in a police station.)

"Spring Cruise," by L. A. Knight. (Unforeseen adventures happen to an English party in the sub-tropics.)

It's a Very Curious World if You Believe the Papers

To prove just how curious a world this is, a man inclined that way made the following selection of facts and figures as given in the newspapers from far and near:

In five years motor accidents have taken 11,988 lives in California and caused injury to 213,959. The automobile is a far bigger risk to human life in the Golden State than earthquakes.

It is a day of big things! Big ships, for instance! Yes, and speed! On Yeah! Well get an earful of this then, for example—Out of the 9,400 commercial ocean-going ships in the world to-day, fewer than fifty can travel at more than twenty knots, and fewer than twenty have a gross weight of more than 30,000 tons.

Australia's bulldog ant likes to fight so much that even when it is cut in two, a battle begins between the head and tail.

Nicknamed "The Boy Mountain," fifteen-year-old Bob Wadlow, of St. Louis, stands 8 ft. high, weighs 25 stone 12 lb., and takes size 35 in shoes.

A family of old-age pensioners are living together at Coalville, Leicestershire. The father, Mr. Walter Bearely, is 94, his two sons 70 and 63, and his two daughters 72 and 67.

Seven times married, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Monte Lattiof, a Bulgarian gypsy, has now fallen in love. She refuses to pick a quarrel with her eighth husband, greatly to her father's indignation, as he depends for a living on the fee which, in accordance with the gypsy custom each man presents to him for the hand of his daughter.

Lion taming lessons are being given in a postal course by an American school. A rival organization trusts that the lion will recognize the diploma when a graduate steps into his cage!

A skull lies, yellow with age, in a recess behind the curtain of an old farm-house near Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire. Every time the skull is disturbed, disaster overtakes the farm.

In his place in Surakarta, Java, the Sultan of Solo maintains a household of 15,000 persons—wives, paramours, dancing girls, relatives, priests, soldiers, local officials, and servants.

Members Named to Hold Probe into Abitibi Power

According to a Toronto despatch, the claim of the Dominion Construction Company for payment by the Ontario Government on account of its work on the Abitibi Canyon power development scheme will be investigated by a special sub-committee of the provincial cabinet, Premier Hepburn said at the conclusion of Thursday's meeting of cabinet.

The committee will include the Premier and Hon. A. W. Roebuck, Attorney-General; Hon. T. B. McQueen, Minister of Highways and Public Works; Hon. H. C. Nixon, Provincial Secretary.

As noted elsewhere in this issue, the Premier revealed the former administration of Premier George S. Henry had passed an Order-In-Council four days before it resigned providing for payment of the Dominion Construction Company's claim of \$500,000. Mr. Hepburn said Hon. H. A. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor, refused to sign the order, contending it was too late in the life of the administration for such a large sum to be approved.

The Dominion Construction Company carried on work in the Abitibi Canyon for the defunct Ontario Power Service Corporation. Its entire claim is for \$3,000,000.

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The WOMAN with TWO SMILES



"And so your mother has sent you to see me?"

READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Herrain, a beautiful singer, who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered as she sings on a high mound on the pretentious country estate of Monsieur and Madame de Jouville at Volnit for the entertainment of the latter's luncheon guests, including the Marquis Jean d'Erlemont, a distinguished society favorite. The tragedy caused the de Jouvilles to sell their chateau but the identity of the purchaser could not be learned; in fact it was occupied only by a caretaker who died and then his wife, Chief Inspector Gergret, who had worked on the Volnic chateau mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, are endeavoring to arrest one Blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, a fugitive crook, who is scheduled to arrive by train at Saint-Lazare. A pretty girl alights from the train who they presume is Blonde Clara and they follow her. She arrives at the home of the Marquis d'Erlemont and by mistake reaches the apartment of one Monsieur Raoul, a mysterious figure who leases the first floor of the marquis' home. Raoul is struck with the girl's beauty and when the detectives arrive he insists "Blonde Clara" is not there and sends them along to a fictitious address.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 5

ON RETURNING to the drawing room, he found the girl standing by the window, pale and worried looking.

"What's the matter, mademoiselle?"

"Nothing . . . nothing . . . but to think that those men were waiting for me at the station, to think that I had been marked down like that—that can it mean?"

"So you really are Blonde Clara, Big Paul's girl-friend?"

She shrugged impatiently.

"I don't even know who Big Paul is."

"Don't you ever read the papers?"

"Very seldom."

"And what's your name, Blonde Clara?"

"I know nothing about that. My name is Antoinette."

"Well, then, what are you afraid of?"

"Nothing. But they wanted to arrest me . . . they wanted . . ."

She broke off suddenly, smiling at the futility of her fears, and said:

"I'm quite provincial, aren't I? Losing my head over the first difficult situation I meet. Well, goodbye, mademoiselle."

"Surely you're not in such a hurry? Do wait a moment—there are so many things I want to tell you . . . that your smile is a thing of joy, quite bewitching . . . the way the corners of your mouth turn up . . ."

"I'm afraid I don't want to listen

to you monsieur. Goodbye."

"Come, come! Haven't I just saved you, and you . . ."

"You've saved me?"

"Why, of course! From prison . . . a trial . . . maybe the scaffold! Surely that's something! How long shall you be with the Marquis d'Erlemont?"

"About half an hour."

"Good. I'll look out for you on the way down, and we'll have a nice matinee here in my flat."

"Tea here with you? Really monsieur you're quite mistaken. Please do me pass . . ."

She looked him squarely in the eyes, so that he realized his error and did not pursue the matter any farther.

"Whether you wish it or not, mademoiselle, fate will bring us together again . . . and I shall do all I can to force fate's hand! Meetings like this one of ours are not accidental . . . this is only the beginning of our acquaintance. We shall meet again!"

He ushered her out. Standing on the landing, he watched her go up to the next floor. She turned to wave him a friendly farewell.

"Adorable!" he told himself. "That smile! But what can she want with the marquis? And what is her life? What's the mystery round her? Surely she can't care for Big Paul! It's possible she may somehow have got into trouble with the police. But she'd never be intimate with a criminal. Trust the police to get it all wrong!"

Then it struck Raoul all at once that Gergret, having been sent on a wild goose chase to 63 Boulevard Voltaire, might very possibly return to the flat, which would mean a danger of his seeing the girl again.

That must be prevented at all costs. As he regained his room, a sudden thought struck him:

"Heavens! I'd quite forgotten!"

And he rushed to the telephone—not the secret one this time, but the ordinary instrument.

"Vendome 00-001. Hello! Hurry up, please, mademoiselle! Hello! Is that Berwitz? Is her majesty there? (Impatiently) I'm asking you if her majesty is there? . . . She's trying on a dress? Well, just tell her that Monsieur Raoul wants to speak to her . . . adding peremptorily: "No funny business, now. Her majesty would be extremely annoyed if she were not told."

He waited, drumming impatiently with his fingers on the telephone. Voices could be heard at the other end. Then:

"Is that you, Olga? Raoul speaking. What, you're in the middle of a fitting and you're only half-dressed? What luck for anyone who's around, lovely Olga! You have the most perfect shoulders of all Central Europe—I should know! Olga, do try not to roll your R's like that. It makes you so difficult to hear . . . What have I rung up about? . . . To say I'm sorry, but I can't come to tea with you . . ."

"I'm afraid I don't want to listen

I really can't dar-r-ring . . . Now don't get all angr-r-ry! . . . No, there's no woman in the case. I've got an important business appointment—something I can't switch. . . Now, do be reasonable. . . Look here, my sweet, I'll come round tonight and collect you for dinner . . . splendid . . . my lovely Olga! He hung up hurriedly, and took up his position just behind the half-open door of his flat.

Seated at the desk in his library, a large room full of books which he seldom read, but whose beautiful bindings he loved to handle, the Marquis d'Erlemont was sorting papers.

Since the terrible tragedy at the chateau of Volnic, Jean d'Erlemont had aged far more rapidly than the actual span of 15 years warranted. His hair was white, his face deeply lined. He was but the shadow of the superb d'Erlemont of other days, the charmer of ladies. He still bore himself proudly erect, but his former captivating expression had changed to one of worried gravity. His friends at the club and in society ascribed the change to money troubles, but no one knew for certain—Jean d'Erlemont was not a communicative man.

"There was a ring at the door, and the butler informed his master that a young lady wished to see him.

"I'm sorry, I can't see her—I'm busy."

The man withdrew, returning almost immediately.

"The young lady insists, sir." She says she is the daughter of Madame Gautier of Lisieux, and that she has a letter for you from her mother."

The marquis hesitated a moment. He seemed to be trying to recall something from the past. "There . . . There . . ."

"There . . ." he murmured over and over again. Then, suddenly:

"Show her in," he said to the butler, and rising, went forward with outstretched hands to welcome her.

"You are very welcome, mademoiselle. I have never forgotten your mother. Bless my soul, you're her living image! The same hair . . . the same shy look . . . best of all, you have her wonderful smile! And so your mother has sent you to see me?"

"Mother died five years ago. She wrote you a letter which I promised to bring to you if I ever needed help of any kind."

She spoke quietly, her bright young face clouding with grief as she tendered him the letter addressed by her dead mother. The marquis' hand shook with emotion as he took it and read:

"If you can possibly help my daughter, please do so . . . in remembrance of a past that she knows of, although she thinks you merely a friend. Please do not enlighten her. She is just as proud as I used to be, and will ask for no more than your help in finding employment."

"Accept my grateful thanks."

"There . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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