



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTERS I to III—Peter Hastings, a young mining engineer, attributing his business ruin to the unscrupulous rivalry of Adam Vidal, breaks into the house occupied, since Vidal's death, by his daughter Judith and a few servants. It is his intention to recoup himself, in some measure, by stealing her emeralds. Whilst on the point of opening the safe, he hears a scream, and racing in the direction of the sound, sees Judith struggling in the arms of a man. Peter knocks him out and, at Judith's urgent request, ties and gags him. He learns that the man, Paul Lanyon, who was her father's secretary, is endeavouring to blackmail her into marrying him. He had been trying to kiss her when she screamed. Brushing aside Peter's attempts to explain his presence there, Judith asks him to help her to recover certain of her father's letters that Lanyon is using to blackmail her. Peter agrees, and with the aid of Lanyon's keys, they secure them from his flat. Afterwards, Peter releases him, and as he leaves the house he warns Judith that Peter is an escaped convict suspected of murder.

He had distinctly heard the bullet strike and seen her drop back without a sound. Yet here she was sitting up and seeming little the worse. He pulled up short and stared at her stupidly. "You're safe?" he gasped. "Not hurt?" She smiled at him. His evident anxiety seemed to please her. "I was lucky," she said and held up a little gold cigarette case. It was a flattened wreck. "It was in my bag," she went on, "and I had the bag over my arm. The bullet struck the case right in the middle and banged it against my side. I must have got a lovely bruise," she added with a smile. "You're wonderful!" Peter exclaimed. He had never admired her more. The warmth in his voice made her glow. She stretched out her arms to him and Peter took her hands in his. She drew him towards her. "I'm not wonderful at all, Peter," she said very softly. "Just a very lonely girl with only one friend in the world and I don't think he cares for me very much."

fish beast, and I'll do anything you like to make you happy." Judith gave a little happy cry. "You mean that, Peter? Oh, do you really mean it?" "Of course, I mean it," said Peter stoutly. "If you think it's good enough surely I ought to be content. I'm a very lucky man." She clung to him and he kissed her. Yet all the time some small voice within seemed to be warning him that he was wrong, and that he should never have yielded. Presently Judith lifted her head from his shoulder. "It's fate," she said. "From the moment I first saw you in Singapore, Peter, I knew you were my man." She paused a moment, then laughed. "Peter, we are behaving most disgracefully. We ought to be in the house, telephoning for the police." Peter shrugged. "The man's miles away by now, Judith. That bullet was meant for me, not you." "I know. I wonder if it was Lanyon himself." "Not likely. Lanyon would have made a better job of it than that fellow. He missed me clean the second time." "It was splendid of you to go after him like that, Peter." "I thought he'd killed you," said Peter simply. "That would have saved you a lot of bother, Peter," said Judith. "Don't talk nonsense," Peter snapped. "I can never be grateful enough that the little cigarette case saved you." "Saved me for you. Yes, I shall always keep it, Peter." She paused again. "Then you think it is no good calling the police?" "Not a bit. I'm taking the reckoning into my own hands, Judith." "You'll be careful," she exclaimed in sudden alarm. "Oh, I'll be careful. I'm not going to throw away my chances by letting Lanyon bush-whack me." "Bush-whack—what's that mean?" "What he tried to do. Shooting out of a bush. They call it 'dry-gulching in the West.'"

CHAPTERS IV and V—Judith, far from taking notice of Lanyon's warning, offers Peter the position of land agent on her estate in Herefordshire. Peter, convinced at length that the offer is not actuated solely by gratitude, accepts. They motor together to her country home at Cranham, and a few days later when Peter is visiting a quarry on the estate he sees a man interfering with a charge of explosive to be used the next day in blasting operations. Peter has just realized that his life is to be attempted when the man, whose name is Morson, attacks him and he loses consciousness. CHAPTERS VI and VII—Morson lights the fuse and hurries away, certain that in the ensuing explosion Peter will be blown to pieces. But his plans go wrong; no explosion occurs and when he returns to investigate, Peter, who in the meantime has regained consciousness and put out the burning fuse, overpowers him. Morson confesses that Lanyon has paid him to murder Peter and in trying to escape—for Peter has every intention of handing him over to the police—falls over a cliff and is killed. In the garden a few evenings later, Judith has just hinted to Peter that she would be willing to marry him, when a shot is fired and she collapses.

"Don't be foolish," said Peter sharply. He was still trying to hold on to himself but his control was slipping. "Of course I care for you. There's no one I like better." "Is that true, Peter?" Her voice was deeper as an organ note. "You tell me there is no one else—no other woman in your life?" "No," said Peter flatly. "I've met girls I liked. What man hasn't? But I've never been in love. I'm not now." He added with a sort of desperation, Judith held him at arms length. "I know it," she said with a touch of bitterness. "And I love you the better because you tell me. If only you knew how many men have pretended to love me—some because of my looks, but most because of my money. And now the one man whom I love cares for neither. Can't you care a little, Peter?" A surge of pity weakened Peter. "What I like best about you is your pluck and your kindness, Judith. I never met a girl I admired more." "And yet you won't marry me, Peter?" Peter made a last effort. "Judith, I'm penniless. I'm simply your paid servant. What would your friends say?" "Friends!" Judith's voice was bitter again. "I have no friends, and not a relation nearer than a second cousin. If that's your only argument, I don't think much of it. Peter. And if you think you would be dependent on me you are very much mistaken. I should settle 50,000 pounds on you." Peter stiffened. "I don't want your money. I wouldn't take it," he said curtly. "No, I suppose not." Judith's voice was very gentle. "Very well, Peter. I have said more than any woman ought to say, and, and—" Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, and a sob shook her. "It was too much for any man, Peter dropped to his knees, and his arm went round her. "Don't, Judith! Don't cry. I'm a sel-

"We'd best go in," said Judith, getting up. "Lanyon might have another of his men waiting for us." That night Peter lay awake for hours thinking—thinking. He kept on telling himself that he was the luckiest man in England. A fortnight ago he had been little better than a tramp; now he was engaged to one of the richest and most lovely women in England and every prospect of as full and interesting a life as anyone could dream of. He would have the work he liked best, sport, travel, an assured position. He could go into politics or become a power in the county. There was not a living soul who wouldn't say, "Lucky devil!" It was no good. He did not love Judith, and in the very soul of him knew he never would love her. Like, admire—yes; but love—no. And although Peter had never studied the ethics of such a case he knew, deep down, that it was all wrong. Without putting it in so many words, he was aware that he had the capacity for falling in love. Suppose he met the right girl later. Resolutely he put the thought aside. Rightly or wrongly he had given his word to Judith and he made up his mind that, whatever happened, he would keep it and do his best to make her happy. The inquest was fixed for 11 next morning and Peter was, of course, the principal witness. Judith was right. The story of the attempt to murder him had created big interest, and Bromyard was full of reporters. Peter was snapped a dozen times, and Judith even more frequently. Peter told his story as simply as possible, yet the silence in the crowded room proved the intense interest taken in his narrow escape, and there was a shiver as he described how he had come to his senses just in time to pinch out the burning fuse before it reached the powder. The story of how Morson had tried to ambush him was received with the same flattering interest. Then Mr. Child, the coroner, began to question Peter as to the motive of Morson's attack. Peter and Judith had already discussed the matter, and decided that there should be no mention of Lanyon. If Morson had mentioned it would have been a different matter but, as it was, it seemed useless to drag in Lanyon's name. It would only lead to a regular investigation by Scotland Yard and then, if Lanyon were arrested, to the discovery of queer practices on the part of Judith's father. And in any case, there was no proof against Lanyon, who was certainly far too cunning to have left any trace of his connection with Morson. So Peter was forced to protest ignorance of the motive of Morson's attack. This did not matter so much as he had feared it might, for the police had dug up Morson's record, and discovered that he was a thoroughly bad lot. He had served two terms of imprisonment, one for robbery with violence.

Avoid Embarrassment of FALSE TEETH Dropping or Slipping

Don't be embarrassed again by having your false teeth slip or drop when you eat, talk, laugh or sneeze. Just sprinkle a little PASTEETH on your plates. This new, extremely fine powder gives a wonderful sense of comfort and security. No gummy goosy taste or feeling. Get PASTEETH today at any drug store.

mur of applause in the court, and Peter, who could never control his boyhood habit of blushing, grew very red. The verdict was "death by misadventure," and Peter slipped away from the reporters, who were anxious to interview him, and drove back with Judith to Cranham.

Next day the papers were full of the story. Judith openly exulted in the tributes to Peter, but Peter hated the publicity, and was amazed and annoyed at the number of strangers who wrote to congratulate him on ridding the world of a scoundrel. He refused to be considered as an invalid any longer and threw himself into the work at the quarry.

His post on Thursday was bigger than that of Wednesday, and Judith coming down to breakfast found him scowling at the pile of letters. "Pens and ink ought to be rationed," he growled. "I've a good mind to chuck the whole lot into the waste-paper basket, unopened." "I wouldn't do that," said Judith. "Some of them might be from friends or relations."

"I've hardly any more relations than you, Judith. One uncle whom I've never seen since I was a small boy and, as for friends, the only one I really care about, Bill Norman, is still in the Malay. At least I suppose he is. I haven't heard from him for more than a year." "He might be home by this time and have written to you," said Judith. "Anyhow, I wouldn't fear up the letters unread."

"Well, I'll leave the rest till I've helped you," he declared. "What are you going to have?" He helped her to scrambled eggs and poured out his coffee. "Regular Darby and Joan already, aren't we, Peter?" laughed Judith, and Peter laughed too. But his laugh did not ring quite true, for once more it came to him that he ought to enjoy the prospect of a lifetime of breakfasts vis-a-vis with Judith a great deal more than was the case. Judith became busy with her post, and Peter ripped open letter after letter with the handle of a teaspoon, glanced quickly at the contents, and flung them contemptuously aside.

Presently Judith looking up from her own correspondence saw Peter reading a letter, reading it right through and, by the look on his face, realized that it was something of real importance. She was too wise to interrupt. She waited till Peter dropped the letter. "You were right, Judith," he said, and there was suppressed excitement in his voice and eyes. "Someone worth while has found my address. My uncle is dead and—and seemingly I'm his heir."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some "Ghost Towns" of Northern Ontario

Places Once Hives of Industry Before Railway Completed Now Quiet Places.

Writing in "Grab Samples" in The Northern Miner, W. J. Gorman refers to some of the "ghost towns" of the North. It may be noted that there are comparatively few "ghost towns" in the North compared to other mining areas. However, here is what "Grab Samples" says on the matter:— "Northern Ontario has only been settled for forty years and already it has its "ghost towns." People think of mining operations when abandoned or semi-moribund communities are mentioned but actually the mining industry has been reviving villages, notably Larder Lake and Golden City. It is in the farming areas in the Clay Belt that one now finds once-thriving settlements falling into decay.

"Perhaps it would be unfair to name any of those but an early comer recalls with distinctly poignant regret the life that pulsed through the pioneer communities back in 1907, when the T. & N. O. Railway was building main line and branches. Today one can drive through those places on a good government highway and find them practically deserted. The pioneers who came mainly from the Ottawa Valley to take up farms have been pretty well discouraged. They abandoned farms to make the change left all their old friends and associations behind and have had to move again. Many of the second generation have quit farming and have joined the ranks of the miners. One finds the original settlers who slashed down the spruce forest to carve out a homestead north of New Liskeard now living in such places as Kirkland Lake or Timmins or somewhere in Quebec's mining areas.

"The writer remembers one of these half dead communities which in 1907 was a hive of industry. The railway had not yet reached it but the right-of-way was nearly ready and the new settlers had already penetrated the area. At the end of steel there was the beginning of a town, with two sawmills, a power house, a big hotel, several stores and hundreds of people with money in their pockets. Every day a new batch of farmers, lumbermen, miners, prospectors and business scouts hit the gravel. They were all optimistic, all hopeful of the future of this new country. A man might land there broke and have a fistful of cash in a week, because everyone needed help to move their chattels to their farming locations, to erect buildings, to drive teams, dig foundations, handle freight. Carpenters were at a premium, horses were scarce, even food, clothing and accommodation were not plentiful.

"Surveying a line one would run across a new farm, freshly carved out of the wilderness, with its new log house and small barn. The owner might be away but one could readily glimpse the makings of a pioneer settlement. Rude roads following the waterways; rough bridges over creeks; piles of firewood stacked in the little clearances; slash ready for the firing; an odd cow or horse picketed in an opening in the bush; wagons, tools, implements stacked on a dock; piles of baled hay for a country that had not yet begun to grow its fodder; grain in bags; sawmills rising; sideways of pulpwood. Above all the spirit of the people who had left worn out farms in the Ottawa Valley, with revived hopes.

"Today it is different. Retracing one's steps the early visitor finds a cleared country, with its rocks ridging out of a hard soil; dilapidated buildings, mean looking fields, an air of desertion and hopelessness. The Clay Belt in some places played mean tricks on the pioneers. Disastrous fires have swept the region, travelling mysteriously over a practically treeless terrain to nullify the effort of years. And the pull of gold has drawn the younger men for the high wages, the town life, the spirit of achievement."

Wrong Name Used by Error in Obituary on Monday

In referring last issue to the untimely death of Mrs. Stanley Barker, of the Coniarium, The Advance erroneously used the surname "Miller." Mrs. Barker was formerly Miss Theresa Miller, of North Bay.

A resident of the Coniarium for the past three years, she was a highly respected member of the community and her death came as a shock to all those who knew her. She had contracted blood poison from a small cut in her finger and died within two days of becoming ill.

SOLUTION ON HOUSING

Renfrew Mercury.—A few leaders of organized labour unions are anxious that the Federal government should provide some millions of dollars to build new houses in the slum areas of cities. The argument is that such spending would provide work and wages. It might be better if the government took those families which are poorly housed and paid the rent for lying idle through lack of tenants. It would at least save the squandering of huge sums of public funds in a scheme which would solve nothing and would fasten on to the country another "standing army" of civil servants that could never be discharged.

Pembroke Standard.—Domestic quarrels among the meek and lowly are not of very much interest, but when they occur among those high up the details are eagerly read. However, domestic quarrels among the meek and lowly are rare, for they cannot afford to buy whiskey, and the wife is not afraid of getting every bone in her body broken.

Advertisement for OXO beef flavour. Features a large mug with 'OXO' on it and text: 'FREE - for 25 outside red wrappers (not the waxed paper) of Oxo Cubes this useful cup will be sent postpaid. Offer closes February 20, 1936. Address OXO, Montreal.' Below the mug: 'THE INVIGORATING DRINK OF REAL BEEF FLAVOUR'

The Household by Lydia Le Baron Walker

FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS AND THE LURE OF NAMES THEY ACQUIRE



A chair after Chippendale has the dignity and grace of his designs. It was made in Salem in the early nineteenth century.

Furniture and furnishings have an amazing number of names apart from those of classification, such as beds, chairs, tables, etc. Some of these other names are due to the fact that a person originated the design, and was also, perhaps, the craftsman who actually made the pieces, as instanced in Chippendale, Sheraton, Hickok, Morris, etc.

Chippendale The fame of Chippendale has come down through the centuries largely through his chairs, but by no means for them alone for his list of kinds is a long one. Some of his pieces bear the further descriptive name of Chinese, expressive of the influence of the art of that great country from which returning merchant vessels were bringing to England treasures in many arts.

Countries and Cities From this it will be seen that furniture and furnishings have names of countries and cities, such as Japanese lanterns, Spanish furniture and Italian furniture and hangings.

Personal Names The names of famous persons who used certain styles, especially in furniture, are responsible for their names. There is the Washington Desk, the Bureau de Roi, or King's desk of Louis XV, the Governor Winthrop desk, Mar-

the Washington chairs and sewing table, the Miles Standish chair, Monk's seats, etc.

Names from Uses Then there are names which the uses of articles give to them such as end tables, davenport tables, occasional chairs and tables, scatter rugs and hanging shelves.

Bewilderment One of the fascinations of furniture and furnishings lies in their wide variety and their distinguishing names. But also, in these very things, there is reason for bewilderment.

Acquaintance There is one thing each homemaker can do, and that is to become acquainted with the furniture and furnishings she has in her house. By learning what they are, she will also become familiar with scores of other types, and have a whole new field of interest open up for her.

Advertisement for BACKACHE, a medicine for liver and kidney ailments. Text: 'BACKACHE quickly disappears when the Liver and Kidneys are moved by Dr. CHASE'S K&L PILLS'

Advertisement for Doherty Roadhouse & Co. STOCK BROKERS. Text: 'Members Toronto Stock Exchange STOCK BROKERS Toronto 293 Bay Street Timmins 19 Pine St. North Direct private wires for fast and accurate quotations and executions in all Mining Stocks Industrial and Public Utility Stocks Bonds Accurate Markets and Executions in Unlisted Stocks Commission basis only Local Phones 1200 and 1201 Charlie Hall—Manager'

Advertisement for EDISON MAZDA LAMPS. Text: 'LOOK for THIS MARK Your Assurance of Good Light at Low Cost AVOID "bargain" bulbs that quickly blacken and waste current. EDISON MAZDA Lamps cost little, and give you all the light you pay for.' Includes a diagram of a light bulb and a price tag: '40 WATT 20c 60 WATT 30c 100 WATT 30c' and 'EDISON MAZDA LAMPS MADE IN CANADA CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., Limited'

That Body of Hours By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto Itching—Pruritis It has been truly said that "all the world itches, but for different reasons in different persons." Thus the very cleanest and the very dirtiest individuals itch; those who perspire too much or not enough, itch; those who are big eaters and those who are small eaters, itch. Itching, or pruritis as it is called by physicians, when it exists for a length of time has usually been referred to the skin specialist. However itching can be a symptom of so many ailments that it is really the work of the family physician according to an article by Lord Horder in the British Lancet. He mentions among other causes of itching such ailments as diabetes, jaundice, leukemia (great increase in the white corpuscles in the blood) and uremia (waste products left in the blood that should have been removed by the kidneys). One of the commonest causes of itching is gout. That food and other substances to which individuals are sensitive can cause itching is very clearly shown in those cases where hives (urticaria) and eczema appear after eating foods or coming in contact with certain substances. In some individuals a few minutes after a meal is eaten there will be considerable annoyance from itching. In some cases where serums are used, the itching may not appear until some eight or ten days later showing the time that may pass between the cause and effect. Also there is a nervous factor that appears to enter into the cause of itching in these cases of gout or sensitiveness to foods and other substances. "Certainly patients with what is called nervous instability (high strung, irritable) are especially likely to complain greatly of itching." Some organic ailments of the nervous system have itching as a symptom. The thought then is that itching may not be due to any skin condition but to any of the above mentioned causes. Thus, itching, like other symptoms that may be thought to belong to a certain department of medicine (the skin) should be investigated by the general practitioner—the family physician. (Registered in accordance with the copyright act).