

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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THE BROKEN WIRE

"They've certainly got some pluck, Galesbourne," smiled the doctor. "I wouldn't like to venture on that roof!"

"Especially in search of such a creature!" agreed the parson. "Inspector Hopton inclined to be hot-headed, I'm afraid . . . or, should we say, overenthusiastic?"

"Well the matter's out of my hands," sighed the medical man doubtfully. "Let's hope they won't come to any harm!"

While this conversation was going on below, the two policemen were creeping warily about the shattered ruin, their eyes searching eagerly for some sign of their quarry and the beams from their lamps darting hither and thither among the crazy mass of tiles and beams which had once been a roof.

"Mind what your doing!" warned Hopton sharply, as his companion's leg disappeared through the slates. "Take it steady, man; it's frightfully dangerous up here!"

"Righto, sir," panted the constable, as his chief dragged him back to safety. "They say this thing we're hunting is a ghost, and if it managed to get far up here, I'm inclined to think they're right. No blinking man could get across this lot without breaking his neck."

"Ghost be hanged!" muttered Hopton through clenched teeth. "It wasn't a ghost that grabbed me just now!"

He started to climb forward again, when his face came in contact with something which pulled him up with a sharp exclamation.

"Confound it!" he cried, raising his torch, "there's a broken telegraph wire here!"

"Looks like a whole bunch of 'em," commented the officer.

"By George, could it have escaped that way?" questioned Hopton excitedly. "Where do they lead?"

"The next pole's across there," said the constable, pointing across the fog-filled space. "It seems hardly possible that a few wires would support anyone, though."

"Nonsense!" snapped the Detective tersely. "I've seen one of those great telegraph poles, snapped off by a gale, held up by wires. Those wires are terrifically strong."

"They crawled back and climbed into the room again, to find that Galesbourne and the doctor had already left.

To trace the course of the telegraph wires was no easy task on such a foggy night, but after some trouble, the officers found that they crossed the roof of a large warehouse and having obtained admission from the nightwatchman, ascended to the roof, where they were rewarded by finding indistinct signs of the creature having dropped from the wires above . . . only a smudge of moisture, but sufficient to prove Hopton's theory that the thing had actually taken this perilous road to safety. An immediate search of the factory showed that their quarry had escaped by smashing one of the back windows and got clean away into the dark lane beyond.

By the time Hopton had verified this point, Sergeant O'Mara had appeared with reinforcements. The big Irishman scratched his chin dubiously as he heard the story of the monster's latest escapade.

"I never heard of such a thing," he remarked. "A creature of that size cloim'n' about on telegraph wires is something quite new, sorr."

"Well, that's what undoubtedly happened, Sergeant," retorted the Detective sharply. "It was cornered and had to risk it's neck to avoid capture."

"Shure, it can't be an ordinary sort of creature to do a thing loike that," mused O'Mara, in an awed tone.

"You'd better get down and tell your men to be on the alert, Sergeant," suggested the Inspector assidly. "The thing's dangerous. It may be turning up again at any time. It's shaken me up pretty badly, and I'm going to get a few hours' rest. If you want me, ring me at once; you know my phone number."

"I see," nodded Hopton eagerly. "Go on."

"No sooner had I tumbled to the burglary than I dashed out to get help. The constable had just left the outer office, so I ran along the passage to the big room at the front of the building."

"I remember" agreed the detective.

"The fact that I was at the other side of the building saved my life," continued Carlingford. "For I hadn't been talking to the clerk two minutes when there was a terrific explosion. There's no doubt a time-bomb had been placed there for the double purpose of killing me and destroying all evidence of the burglary."

"And what was the thief after?" inquired Hopton. "What had you got in the safe?"

"It's another of those mysterious crimes, Hopton," replied Carlingford. "The safe was packed with exhibits and papers connected with this 'Ebony Torso' case. I never had a chance to find out exactly what the thief had got away with, but anything he left was destroyed by the explosion, and the fire which followed; you see, I left the door unlocked and open, and the whole room was wrecked."

"That means everything connected with the case has gone?" questioned "Everything but the Torso itself."

"Curiously enough, Sir Hallard Costigan ordered it to be sent to Scotland Yard late last night for examination. Scutt always said that infernal carving couldn't be destroyed, and I'm beginning to believe he was right, the thing's uncanny."

"You still believe that supernatural stuff has got something to do with it?" asked the Scotland Yard man incredulously.

"After a thing like that, I'm not such a fool as to rule out the possibility," snapped the Divisional Inspector angrily. "I'm afraid mere coincidence won't explain away such an extraordinary happening—and turning his back pointedly on the sceptic, he continued his efforts to aid the firemen.

(To be Continued)

Lambeth Police Station.

As his car turned into the street he found the bare-looking building surrounded by a huge crowd, while several fire engines were panting outside, and smoke was pouring from the lower windows. Hopton got out and spoke to a uniformed constable, holding up the traffic, who instantly recognized him and saluted.

"What's the matter, officer?" he asked in a low tone. "Station on fire?"

"Yes, sir," replied the constable. "Inspector Carlingford's had a narrow squeak this morning. His office was wrecked by a bomb, sir."

"Good heavens—I was only talking to him just now!" commented the astonished detective. "When did this happen?"

"About threequarters of an hour ago," answered the officer. "You must excuse me, sir, I've got my work cut out moving the crowd on."

"Righto, officer; don't worry about me," smiled Hopton, as his informant having saluted again, turned away and recommenced his shepherding operations.

Forcing his way through the spectators, the detective at last saw Carlingford helping in the salvage work, and made his way towards him.

"Hello, Hopton," panted the Divisional Inspector, as his brother-officer came up. "I've had a narrow escape this morning."

"Tell me what happened if you've got time."

ALL EVIDENCE DESTROYED!

"Well, just after you rang off I had a call from the Chief Commissioner ordering me to send something to the Yard. I went to the safe in my office to get what he asked for, and immediately I tried to open the thing, realized the lock had been tampered with. I can't imagine how the deuce anyone could have got the safe open while there was an officer typing in the next room, but my window must have been forced from the outside—it faces on to the street, you know, and the thief must have entered that way."

"I see," nodded Hopton eagerly. "Go on."

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(To be Continued)

Outlying Shack is Destroyed by Fire

Flames Consume Building Occupied by Geo. Johnson, Wilson Ave. House Damaged.

With the flames plainly visible from the centre of the town, a large crowd gathered about eleven o'clock last Thursday night to witness a fire in Tisdale township at the north end of Cedar street that completely destroyed a one-roomed shack occupied by George Johnson.

Johnson was absent from the building at the time and the cause of the fire is unknown. The fire department were called to the scene but as the shack is located over half a mile from the last hydrant in the town limits, nothing could be done to save the building, which was blazing fiercely when the firemen arrived.

Overloaded electric wiring was given as the cause of a fire last Thursday morning that caused damage estimated at \$75 at the home of R. Turner, 132 Wilson avenue. The blaze started around the electric conduits at the point where the fuse box is located. Firemen extinguished the fire quickly but a certain amount of damage was caused by smoke.



That Body of Hours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

Migraine May Cause Headache

"Migraine is a common and serious condition, even though it does not kill. It is the cause of more than four times the number of serious headaches which result from all other causes combined."

I am quoting Dr. Thomas Cecil Hunt, London, England, in an address before the International Medical Assembly at St. Louis last year.

The fact that migraine is common is known; that it is serious is not so well known except to the sufferers who would give much to be spared those days and sometimes weeks of extreme pain. In two of every three cases there is a family history of migraine and about three of every four cases are in women.

"The attacks usually begin the teenage or in early adult life, and come on at regular intervals, often to the very day, with no trouble between attacks. Attacks may be brought on by dyspepsia, a neurosis (thinking you have an ailment when none is present), excitement (pleasant or unpleasant), certain foods, cold, the menses or monthly periods, and other conditions and are apt to occur when the patient is most anxious to be free of them." The attacks are not often caused by eye strain.

An attack may develop suddenly or may start with yawning, drowsiness, irritability, depression, dizziness, or with an attack of hives.

Dr. Hunt points out that migraine should not be called one-sided headache because the pain is on both sides of the head in at least half the cases; also vomiting may be absent in one quarter of the cases, so it is not always a "sick headache." Also many cases of migraine—perhaps half—have appendix and liver trouble also.

In regard to treatment: Before giving too much credit to any particular method of treatment, Dr. Hunt states that about 15 per cent. of cases become free of attacks without treatment and that in about 30 to 40 per cent. of the cases the attacks become much milder and stop entirely after the age of 50 years.

Apparently Dr. Hunt shares the view of many other physicians that the liver and gall bladder are a factor in causing migraine as he found that liberal doses of bile salts, three or four times a day, helped 35 per cent. of his cases.

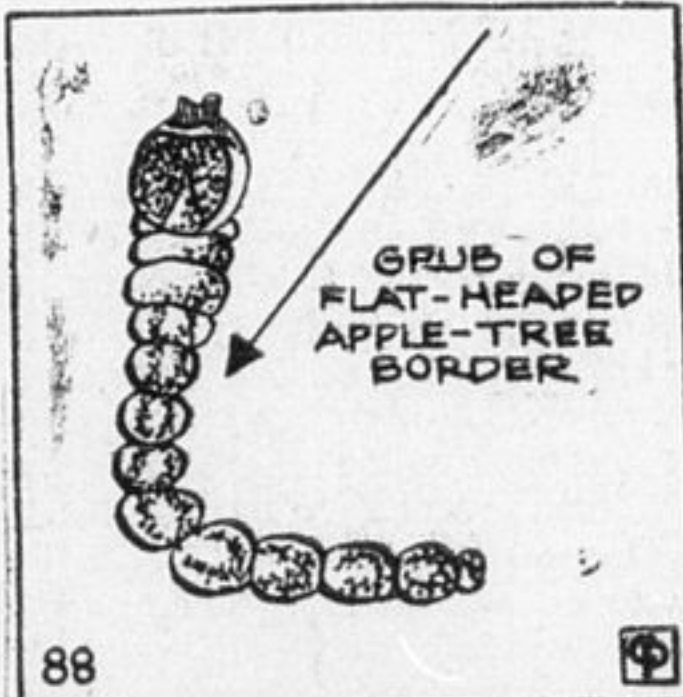
Food Allergy

Migraine is one of the commonest results of food allergy. Other ailments due to oversensitiveness to certain foods and other substances are described and diet suggestions to overcome these ailments are given in Dr. Barton's booklet (No. 106) entitled "Food Allergy." Send 10 cents to cover cost of service and handling and send your request to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins.

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Weekly Garden-Graph

by DEAN HALLIDAY



Apple borer

If you have a favourite apple tree watch it carefully for signs of the presence of apple borers. Shadow, irregular mines or burrows just under the bark of the trunk or main branches indicate the presence of this flat-headed pest. The burrows are usually on the sunny side of the tree, but may encircle it.

Grubs, found in the burrows during the winter and early spring, are about one and one-fourth inches in length. This garden-graph shows what this grub looks like. It is yellowish in colour, with a broad, flat enlargement of a body segment just in back of the head.

Once a tree is infected, the only remedy is to remove the grubs by digging with a sharp pointed knife. This should be done in late summer or early fall. When cutting out the borers, care should be taken to cut with the grain of the wood and not against it.

To protect young apple trees a board can be placed so it will shade the south side of the trees for the first two or three years. Wounds caused by the cutting out of the grubs should be covered with a good wound dressing.

As soon as the blooms of the lilacs have faded they should be removed as they are unsightly and if allowed to go to seed, next year's flowers will not be so fine nor so plentiful.

Orchard trees are definitely benefited by keeping their root areas covered the year around with a thick mulch of old hay or other vegetable litter. This conserves moisture and provides food as it rots away at the bottom.

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

Golden City Gives Honour to Dr. Fraser

Presentation to South Porcupine Minister by Golden City Church.

South Porcupine, June 25.—(Special to The Advance) — The members of Golden City United Church gave a farewell party for Dr. Fraser at the township hall on Thursday evening. It was one of the pleasantest and most delightful gatherings ever held in the church.

Dr. Fraser has done a very great deal towards establishing the present flourishing church in Golden City. During his ministry regular services have been held each Sunday, and the Porcupine Women's Association has been formed with the aim and object of establishing a church. This summer a student (Mr. Scott) has been appointed to take charge and the ultimate objective is to build a church and have a minister.

Golden City people have appreciated what Dr. Fraser has done for them and at this happy party Mr. Don Miller, secretary of church board, acting as spokesman for the congregation, presented him with a farewell gift in the shape of a beautiful dressing case. Dr. Fraser was totally taken by surprise at the lovely gift and expressed his thanks to his friends in a few heartfelt words. Refreshments were served to the fifty odd people who were present.

Dr. Fraser is leaving the camp on Tuesday and is retiring from active service in the United Church.

He is leaving behind him a number of friends made during his four years of work in South Porcupine.

Contact with a man of the calibre of Dr. Fraser has been an experience from which his pastorate here cannot help but have benefited. He goes with the best wishes of all both within and without his church, and our earnest hope is that he may be spared for many long years to continue doing good in his own special way, and to enjoy his remaining span of life to the full.

For Getting Tobacco and Bars on False Pretences

Cobalt, June 27.—(Special to The Advance)—Two chocolate bars and a plug of tobacco, value twenty cents, cost George McCagerty, Huntsville man who had been working in a Latchford mill, ten days of his liberty, he having been convicted by Magistrate Atkinson here on Saturday of having obtained the articles by false pretences. Crown Attorney John B. Robinson explained during the hearing that he had not known the amount involved was so small and the bench, after enquiring how long McCafferty had been in custody and having been told he was arrested on June 15 and had been detained since that day, imposed ten days in jail, to date from the time of arrest. McCafferty thereupon was free to leave the court. He had been accused of defrauding Thomas Lafleur, Latchford storekeeper, by taking the candy and tobacco after Lafleur had told him he had no credit and must pay cash. McCafferty asking that the stuff be put on the bill. He had expected to pay out of a wage cheque, he told the bench.



Perfect Grip
GUTTA PERCHA TIRES

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

One of the most popular films to come from Hollywood this year was "Hurricane," which will soon be shown in Timmins. The film version is taken from the story by Nordhoff and Hall, whose other great success was "Mutiny on The Bounty," a book that has been read and reread by lovers of adventurous and interesting tales.

"Hurricane" is a book that has won a great deal of honorable mention, and one that is a joy to read. It is written in a style that portrays the events so clearly that the reader may easily picture the scenes and the happenings as he goes from page to page. The book is a voyage of sheer romance that has all the force and terror of true facts. It is a story of the struggle of man against the sea, and is an unforgettable drama of life.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, men who understand human nature, have chosen to put the words of their story into the mouth of Dr. Kersaint, whom they have made a character of both interest and pleasure for the reader. Dr. Kersaint is the medical man amidst a group of southern islands, known as the Tuamotu, Manukura Island is his home, and here he works among the Polynesian people of the land. It is to his companion on an ocean voyage, Mr. Vernier, that he tells the story of the hurricane that swept the islands several years before the time of the new-comer.

The story centres around a native of the islands, Terangi, who is imprisoned for causes that are not worth the term. The young native, who has recently joined the ranks of married men, is

used to freedom and independence and makes several attempts to break out from the prison, each attempt adding more to his term. Finally he manages to escape, and returns to an island near Manukura, where it is arranged that he be joined by his wife and daughter and they leave for an island that is unknown to the white men. Before they can leave, however, a hurricane, the first in many years, ravages the land, and only a few of its population are saved, among them Terangi and his family, and Madame De Laage, the wife of the administrator, who is searching for Terangi. Her life is saved by Terangi, and she does not tell her husband that Terangi has escaped the storm. Later she helps to bring about his freedom, and Terangi and his family return to their home island of Manukura, where Terangi becomes the captain of the boat on which Dr. Kersaint is sailing at the time he tells the story of the hurricane.

However, it is not so much the story that draws the reader, but the manner in which it is told. Nordhoff and Hall have made each moment poignant and full of suspense and their descriptive powers are such as would bring enjoyment to the most critical reader.

Sudbury Star:—The members of the International Typographical Union have turned out their president, Charles P. Howard, because of his C.I.O. leanings. There's one good thing to be said of the printers—they have been reasonably successful in squelching radicalism within their ranks.



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