

# EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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"I'll just 'ave a look an' see if it suits me," Frost announced, going out and inspecting the results critically.

He seemed quite satisfied and returned with a hand buried in his trouser pocket.

"Good work," he said, as he produced the promised sixpence and handed it over. "I'm stickler fer a bargain, laddie, but I'll admit you've earned yer tanner, and earned it well. I'll give you a cup o' tea as well, if you'll come through into the sittin' room. The kettle's on the boil, so you won't 'ave to wait long."

Hopton expressed his thanks and followed his benefactor through the door behind the counter, down a short, musty-smelling passage, packed on either side with empty cages and stacks of meal, and eventually found himself in the drab little living room.

"Squat-e-vous," invited Mr. Frost genially, as he basted himself with the teapot. "I've 'ave it ready. Me missus is out o' the pictures, but we can carry on quite all right without 'er."

"That's the syle," commented Hopton unintelligently, as he looked eagerly round for any sign of Smith. "Must be a funny sort o' game, yours, guv'nor, with all them fishes and rabbits an' wot nois."

"Ah!" agreed the other. "It is that, an' no mistake. You might just go through into the larder there, an' fetch the tea-tin while I'm layin' the things."

"Right ye, boss," replied Hopton, as he got up and went to the door indicated. "In 'ere?"

"That's the place," answered the naturalist. "Catch these matches, and you'll find 'em on the shelf at the end."

The detective caught the box, opened the door, and struck a light, walked into the larder and began to hunt for the grister. Hardly had he got fairly over the threshold than the door was slammed behind him and an exclamation of savage delight made him realize that he had fallen into a palpable trap. He was fairly caught. Swinging round he shouted to his captor to release him, and hammered on the stout peels with his fists; all to no purpose, however, for it was heavily padded, and his furious assault produced practically no sound. And then, from the other side of the door, he heard the mocking voice of Mr. Ikey Frost.

"Ye-tho't you'd got a 'sucker,' didn't ye, Mr. Opton?" he cried derisive triumph. "But you've met yer match this time, you creepin' tripe-ound. Ye'll find a bit more glass-cleanin' to keep occupied in there if ye care to go busy with them old jars, but I shon't get strikin' too many matches, because I've got a gas pipe coupled up, an' we might just turn it on so as you can see wot we do to the pore lit doggies an' pussycats wen we wags to send 'em to sleep painlessly. A grim chuckle followed the threat, as the detective could just hear some-thing of whispering. There was an ominous pise, and then another voice addressed him—the voice of Galesbourne.

"Well, Inspector," it said. "I just wanted to say good-bye. You were so busy talking to Smith that you didn't notice me watching you from the back of the window. That was rather a clumsy omission, wasn't it? But, after all, asphyxiation's only painful for the first few moments, my dear fellow; so be thankful it's not worse."

Hopton flung himself against the door in impotent fury, cursing and yelling until he tired himself out, in the hope of making someone hear, but the stout boards resisted all his efforts. At last he ceased these futile attempts to regain his freedom, and leaned, panting and exhausted, in the corner. From the room outside he could hear the vague sounds of a heated argument between several persons, amongst which were a woman's tones, high-pitched and pleading.

"How Shall I Get Rid of Him?"

"For God's sake, don't do it, Tom," she begged. "Don't add any more to the list! The first was bad enough; but if . . ."

At this point Galesbourne broke in angrily:

## Grocers Cheering Laundry Starching Directions on Label



Has your grocer told you that he at last has a package of laundry starch with full instructions printed on the label? It's the old Ivory Laundry Starch with a brand new blue and white label and over 600 words on how and what to starch printed on the label. Experts spent months preparing the starching instructions for all types of fabrics and these are now printed on every New Ivory Laundry Starch package for your convenience. Learn how to "build up" oft-washed table linens with a renewing solution—the directions are on the package. If your grocer hasn't Ivory Starch in stock send us his name and address and we will see that you are supplied. St. Lawrence Starch Co. Ltd., 2 Credit, Ontario.

"Shut up, curse you! D'you hear what I say? D'you want the old man and me to get scragged, you fool? That rat in there's got enough evidence to swing the whole darned issue; or it won't take him long to get it, now he knows where we're hiding."

A chorus of assent from several other men greeted this remark. "Very well, then, I won't say another word," the woman went on resignedly. "But remember, I don't agree!"

"That's nothing new, my dear, you never damned well do," retorted the padre fiercely. "Just you leave the management of these little jobs to people who've got a little more guts and understand the risks they're taking, and shut that mouth of yours, or you'll be landing us all in the dock."

"I've been thinkin', Tom, it'll never do to gas 'im, y'know," said Ikey Frost. "If you do that, 'ow the dickens shall I get rid of 'im?"

"Same as usual," suggested the person addressed, sourly. "That's just the point, old pal, I can't . . . not if we gas 'im. They won't so much as look at 'im."

"Puff, man, they'll have to," cried Galesbourne. "We've got to gas him, there's no compromise."

"Well, I'm sorry to disagree, but you'll find it won't work. I've got a pretty good experience in these matters, and it won't come off. I've tried it before."

"What d'you suggest, then?" questioned the other grudgingly. "Anythin' except gassin' 'im," replied the naturalist. "But the smell o' coal gas they won't stand; I know that from bitter experience."

"Very well, then, we must think out something else," remarked Galesbourne, after what was evidently a thoughtful pause. "You'd better clear out, my dear, and leave us to decide something as quick as we can in case Hopton's pals find where he's gone and call in to look for him."

"All right," agreed the woman, and the conversation was now carried on in such low tones that the detective could distinguish nothing further. He had overheard enough, however, to realize that his span of life was likely to be cut pretty short unless he could manage to escape, and striking a match, began eagerly to examine his prison. He soon found it was nothing but a long cupboard with floor and walls of cement and no window. At the far end were some shelves covered with empty glass jars and bottles, but beyond this, the place was bare. The door was padded with felt, roughly held in position by tin-tacks, and seemed utterly impregnable.

Hopton had learned to estimate the possibilities of a situation pretty accurately, and three minutes' examination made him understand there was no hope of escape and that he might just as well settle down and accept the inevitable. For some time he crouched in darkness, waiting with nerves on edge, while the men next door discussed his fate.

At last he heard the sound of chairs being noisily pushed back as if the conference were ended, while his captors' voices were raised to an audible pitch. "That's wot we'll do, then," came the harsh tones of Ikey Frost above the general hum of conversation. "You leave 'im to me boys, and clear out."

"You can manage alone?" inquired Galesbourne. "Good heavens, yes!" retorted the naturalist peevishly. "But I don't want that woman 'argin' about and 'oldin' things up. You'd better take 'er away, Tom, and you can take the old chap as well. Leave me quite alone, and I'll settle the matter tout suite."

"Very well," agreed Galesbourne eagerly. "The sooner we get moving the better, as far as I can see."

"Quite so," chuckled the villainous proprietor. "I'm an expert at destroyin' animals painlessly—specially rats and such vermin."

"Look out this one doesn't wriggle off, old son," warned the padre. "You can trust me," the other remarked with pompous assurance. "Well, so long then, old son, and don't start putting it across him until you've given me a chance to get the 'squeamish brigade' out of the way. It's quite dark outside, so we're not likely to be spotted," said the vicar decidedly.

"So long," answered Frost. "Ye can come back in an hour and it'll be all over."

"Righto, old man."

Hopton heard the door bang after the departing desperado, and almost held his breath to catch any further indications as to his fate.

For a time there was complete silence, as if his executioner were thinking out the manner in which he would best be able to exterminate his victim. At last he heard the sound of shuffling footsteps and the clinking of glass as if something were being poured into a container and then, with startling suddenness, Frost's voice began to speak.

"In ten minutes you'll be dead, Inspector Opton," he announced with malevolent glee. "It's a queer thing that such a brilliant officer as you should come to such a stick end through a little slip, isn't it? Still, it's the same little slip wot often lands some pore bloke on the drop; and the luck can't always go your way, can it?"

More Murder

The prisoner made no answer, and his tormentor's voice went on mockingly: "Let me advise yer to breathe deep and it'll be over all the sooner."

As he gave this grim advice there was a strange hissing sound, and the detective became conscious of a queer smell . . . sweet and sickening . . . that made him choke and splutter. In a second he had struck a match and saw the end of a small metal pipe protruding from under the door. He fell on his knees and jammed his handkerchief over it to prevent the nauseating tuff from flooding in and overpowering him. His manoeuvre was followed by a grunt of fury from Frost and the ube was instantly dragged away. Hopton knew he had merely protracted the torture of slow asphyxiation and waited for the next attempt. His brain was already reeling from the effects of the gas. And then, just as he had begun to abandon hope, he heard his tormentor give a half stifled cry of astonishment and horror. The exclamation was followed by a crash and the sound of a desperate struggle. Crockery was shattered and furniture was verthrown as the combatants fought out their battle. Then came the thud of a falling body, and a complete and eerie silence. The grim stillness was at last broken by the sound of a low, bestial chuckle of satisfied exultation and Hopton strained his ears to catch some fresh development on his tragedy, but nothing further happened. The strange, inhuman cry had unnerved him, used as he was to horrors; but, after a while, he regained a grip on himself and struck another match. The first thing he saw was a tin trickle of something that came from under the door and was quickly forming into a sinister pool at his feet . . . something red and horrible that instantly told its hideous tale. Murder had been done!

(To be continued)

That Body of Hours

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

Inflamed Lumps in the Neck—Treated by X-Ray

We have all seen children with a lump in the neck—an enlarged lymphatic gland. The gland is really a filter which filters out poisons from the lymph and then allows the poison to go back into the blood stream in small amounts so that system can absorb it gradually. Thus in infected tonsils it is not unusual for these swollen glands to hold some of the poison within their tissues, for as long as two years after the tonsils have been removed.

Now a swollen gland can be a source of gradual poisoning of the system particularly if the youngster is run down, had infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses, or has tuberculosis. It is often of help to him physically therefore to have gland come down to its normal size again.

If the gland is broken down it is usually removed by surgery, but naturally the physician or surgeon does not like removing any lymph glands because "every gland that is needlessly removed weakens by just so much the ability of the system to protect itself against all infections. However, it is a serious mistake to allow enlarged glands to cause such inflammation of the surrounding tissues as to make it necessary to remove parts of muscles with the possibility during operation of injuring important nerves and blood vessels."

When the gland is actively inflamed—adenitis—causing pain or distress, the use of the X-ray is now being used and Drs. Samuel Hurwitz and Sidney N. Zuckerman, University of California, report their experiences in the Journal of Pediatrics.

"Sixty-two children with acute cervical adenitis—inflamed lumps in the neck—were treated with small doses of X-rays. Resolution—complete healing—occurred in 52 cases within nine there was pus formation. In a group of 21 properly controlled patients in hospital who were treated by X-rays, 17 were cured as opposed to 10 treated by other measures. Pus formation resulted in only three of the 21 cases treated by X-rays and pus formation resulted in seven of the 10 treated otherwise."

"The X-ray treatment is a most valuable aid to the treatment of acute cervical adenitis in children. It is the method of choice in all patients with marked glandular swelling."

## About Schumacher Book Scholarship

Awards Made of the F. W. Schumacher Scholarships.

At the last meeting of the board governing the Frederick W. Schumacher "Book Scholarships" open to the Entrance Classes of Schumacher Public School, the following awards were made:

Ten Dollars scholarships were awarded to: Bruno Bertol, Vera Jenkins, Mary Sarkotich, Inez Fregonese.

Seven Dollar and Fifty Cents scholarships were awarded to: Laura Bombardier, Sybil Wong, Bobby O'Donnell, John Scullion.

Part II of the scholarships awarded (1937) is as follows: Fifteen Dollar Book Scholarships were awarded to: Harry Thompson, John Sisk, Clara Butkovich, Louise Delich.

Ten Dollar Scholarships were awarded: Constantine Mangotich (conditional September Test), Rosa Boytos, Ruby Nilson.

One other award was held over until next year, and will be awarded in June, 1939, provided the pupil makes his grade.

For the benefit of all the pupils concerned it is the wish of the board that all should know that the awards were not made solely on the academic standing, but other factors were taken into consideration, those factors being of such a nature that the intentions and desires of Mr. Schumacher are met with.—Percy A. Boyce, secretary.

If You Like Books

This column today is devoted to the "little folk" because Mrs. Kay Bailey, of Blackpool, England, has kindly sent a charming poem for them. But that does not mean that mother and dad cannot enjoy the poem as well, for you know, mother and dad, that when you are reading fairy tales to the children, you are really giving yourself a treat. And "The Fairy Coach-maker" will be a special treat, to complete the holiday enjoyment that has just gone.

The Fairy Coach-maker

I had a great surprise to-day Met charming Mr. Squirrel, Who makes the Fairies' coaches gay In a work-shop named "The Whirl"

I wish you could have been there too The lovely sights to see; Some brand new chariots were on view Atrimmed in filigree.

The shell of half a hazel-nut Was polished by the sun With four wee wheels so roundly cut, For spokes had silk threads spun.

Grasshopper wing the cover made And down from a moth cocoon Formed cushions that shall never fade By the silvery gleam of the moon.

He told me small grey-coated gnats Make drivers really clever, (Whose wives comb pollen into mats; Brew nectar—sweetest ever).

Each coach is drawn by fireflies six Held firm by spider-weby trices, A cricketbone whip the driver flicks Is lashed with plated filmy faces.

All drivers and the serving men Wear moon-shine hat-bands like their collars. (A secret; made by Jenny Wren Who works for love and not for dollars).

The favourite drive down a moon-lit beam Tween smiling Pixies formed in rows, While Elves and Imps in outfits clean

## Twenty Years Ago

From The Porcupine Advance Files

The files of The Advance twenty years ago give ample evidence of the interest always taken by this paper in the air service. One of the items in The Advance of June 26th, 1918, will be of special interest. "The first Royal Air Mail service in Canada," says The Advance, "was inaugurated on June 23rd, between Montreal and Toronto, when Capt. Byran Heck, of the Royal Air Force, took a batch of mail on his return trip from Montreal. He made the trip in about five hours. The regular mail service takes about double that time. Capt. Heck was not attempting to make record time, but rather, giving attention to doing the trip in a way that could be easily maintained during ordinary conditions in future."

"A sad and unusual accident occurred on Saturday last at Moneta," says The Advance twenty years ago. "When Mrs. Furlan Oneleto was fatally burned while working around a stove. She had a light silk dress on and it is thought that in some way the dress took fire and before help could reach her she was so seriously burned that she died within twelve hours, passing away at the Cottage hospital early on Sunday morning. Among the particularly sad features of the accident is the fact that Mrs. Oneleto was only twenty years of age and had only been married a few months."

Rev. Albert Marchant, formerly of South Porcupine was married at Cochrane on June 9, 1918, to Miss Mary Alice Switzer, of Hunts, Ont. The ceremony took place in the Pro-Cathedral, the Right Rev. Bishop Anderson officiating.

"With the end of this month of June," said The Advance twenty years ago, "the stockbroking office of Homer L. Gibson & Co., in Timmins, will be closed. Homer L. Gibson's office was one of the first stockbroking offices in the camp, and it has always been a centre of interest to the people here, up-to-date methods and courtesy being features of its service. Recently, however, the condition of the markets and business in general has made the continuance of the office here impractical and so Mr. Gibson decided to close it down for the present. With the return of more normal conditions later on, the office will no doubt be re-opened."

The work of national registration in Timmins twenty years ago was carried out smoothly, quietly and successfully. The deputy registrars and assistants handled their work effectively. The total registration was estimated at over 3000.

In The Advance twenty years ago, at the request of many local citizens of Finnish origin, the position of the people of Finland in general in regard to the war was given. The Advance published an interview with Senteri Nuorva, representative in the United States of the People's Republic of Finland. According to the representative, the Finnish people had been temporarily defeated by the Finnish German army. "The fight is not ended," he said. "The great majority of the Finnish people awaits the first opportunity to drive out the German invaders, and the day of reckoning will come soon. The representative reviewed the political history of Finland to make

Two gold bricks shipped by the Lake Shore Mine twenty years ago had a value of \$45,000. They represented the mine's output for May.

Compares Newspaper to Train Carrying Freight

(Renfrew Mercury)

A newspaper is a carrier, much the same as a freight train. Its pages can be likened to freight cars. The newspaper, like a railway train, goes over a route, stopping at all stations—the stations being the homes of subscribers. At every home where the newspaper stops it leaves the freight carried by it—the advertisements of local retailers and national advertisers. This sort of freight—which is information—is welcomed. Indeed it is definitely looked for—awaited with genuine interest. It is valuable freight, for it gives recipients of it information which will economize their time and their money.

The regrettable thing is that many retailers never put freight on this train—never send information about themselves to those who want information. It is not that these retailers have no information to send; it is just that they regard the freight rate as being too high, or that they are unwilling to perform the simple labour of assembling and parcelling a quantity of information for despatch on the railway train which is their local newspaper.

Wedding at St. Matthew's Church Friday Morning

The St. Matthew's Anglican Church was the scene of a pretty wedding on Friday morning at 10 o'clock when Miss Winnifred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Cochrane became the bride of Mr. Walter Eric Lockett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lockett, of Timmins. Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing performed the ceremony in the presence of many friends.

The bride who was becomingly attired was attended by her sister, Miss Lila Marion Smith, and the groomsmen was Mr. Ernest Victor Brander.

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the country's attitude understandable. The subject of the sketch in The Advance twenty years ago under the heading "Prominent in the Porcupine," was Mr. C. B. Morgan, Township of Tisdale councillor, 1918. It was noted that Mr. Morgan was a real old-timer of the North, coming to Cobalt in 1909 and to the Porcupine in 1911, about three months before the big fire.

In The Advance twenty years ago appeared a front page article describing one of Mountjoy township's successful farmers, Mr. J. D. Charron, whose farm was about one and a quarter miles up the river on the Government road on the other side of the Mattagami. The Advance referred to oats grown on Mr. Charron's farm. From 12 bushels put in he garnered 108 bushels on 4 acres. The oats were of fine type, well-headed, and were between 3 1/2 and 4 feet high. He was equally successful with barley and potatoes.

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## Weekly Garden-Graph

Gunning for the grape leafhopper

Year after year the grape leaf-hopper plagues the commercial grape grower, as well as the home gardener who carefully tends a few pet grape vines. When attacked by this pest the grape leaves turn a light greenish-yellow, the vines lack vigor, and the entire plant takes on a run-down appearance.

The grape leafhopper, greatly enlarged, is illustrated in this garden-graph. These small, but very active insects, are usually found on the underside of the grape leaves. They are pale yellow in colour with red spots.

The pest is difficult to control, since it feeds by sucking the sap from the foliage and not by eating the leaf itself. The best control method is to spray or dust with nicotine. If Bordeaux mixture is being used on the grape vines for other diseases, then add nicotine sulphate to it at the rate of one pint to 100 gallons of spray. The spray should be applied about the time the newly forming grapes begin to touch one another.

## Wedding Thursday Evening at Timmins

Miss Isobel Cotcher and Mr. Wm. Hampton, Married.

A quiet wedding took place at the manse of the United Church on Thursday evening at 8 p.m. when Rev. W. M. Mustard united in marriage Isabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cotcher, of 206 Balsam street south, and Mr. William Hampton, of South Porcupine.

The bride was charmingly attired in an ensemble of turquoise blue heavy silk, with brown accessories and bouquet of roses and lily-of-the-valley. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. J. Grimshaw, who wore an orchid ensemble with white accessories, and bouquet similar to that of the bride.

The groom was attended by Mr. Joseph Grimshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotcher spent the week-end out-of-town and are making their home in Timmins at 206 Balsam south. The bride is a popular officer of the Porcupine Business Girls' Club and the best wishes will go to both the bride and groom from their many friends in the town and district.

## Rev. Milton Sanderson to be Here During July

The services at the Timmins United Church on July 10th, 17th and 24th will be conducted by Rev. Milton Sanderson, of St. Cuthberts United Church, Toronto, chairman of the Toronto West Presbytery, who will be in charge of the church here while the minister, Rev. Mr. Mustard, is on holiday.

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