

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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Secret of the Cellars

The consciousness that a ghastly tragedy had taken place within a few feet of him stung Hopton into renewing his attack on the door of his prison. He managed to cut away the felt with his pocket knife, and began to kick the panels in the hope of breaking the lock. He had made some impression on the obstacle when he heard a voice calling to him from the room beyond.

"Hello! Who's there?"

"I'm a police officer!" returned the detective as loud as he could yell. "I'm locked in here."

"All right, pal," replied the man outside. "I'll let you out in a minute. Wait a bit while I get at this door."

Hopton could hear his rescuer pulling something heavy from in front of the door, and presently the lock clicked and it swung open. A young, scared-looking constable stood on the threshold and gazed suspiciously in at the prisoner.

"Thought you said you were a police officer?" he remarked as his eyes took in the ragged figure before him.

"So I am," Hopton assured him. "Detective Inspector Hopton, of the C.I.D."

"Come out, and let's get a look at you in the light," suggested the other sceptically, "and no funny stuff, mind, or you'll stop a clout with my baton."

The Inspector did as he was ordered and stepped out, blinking into the brilliantly lighted kitchen, as he looked eagerly around. The whole room indicated the ferocity of the struggle which had so recently taken place. The table was flung over in front of the fireplace, and chairs, broken pottery, plants, and cages were lying about in suggestive disorder. At the detective's feet lay the body of Key Frost in a pool of blood, his throat cut literally from ear to ear, as if his murderer had taken a ghoulish pleasure in the work of disfiguring his victim. Another sickening red smear on the overturned table showed how the work of butchery had been done; the murdered man had been hurled back against it and killed with as little compunction as if he had been a pig.

Two other officers were keeping back an inquisitive throng of excited, chattering sensation hunters, who were crowding round the scullery door, while a sergeant was bending over the body and taking particulars in his book.

Finding he could do nothing for the dead man this officer turned his attention to the newcomer.

"Who d'you say you are?" he asked sternly, straightening up and coming over to the detective.

"He says he's Inspector Hopton, Sergeant," replied the constable.

"Inspector? . . . Well I'm blown; so it is!"

The sergeant's sceptical tone changed abruptly to astonished reverence as he recognized the famous detective.

"Good evening, sir, this is a bad job!" he went on. "Lucky thing one of my men overheard the noise you were making! How long have you been locked in there?"

"Best part of an hour," replied the Inspector. "I heard the whole thing

from the cupboard. Whoever did this job hasn't got more than a quarter of an hour's start on you, Sergeant," and he told the other his story.

"This house has been under suspicion for some time," said the officer, "but Frost was a tricky sort of card, sir, and we wanted to make quite certain we'd lay him by the heels before we raided the place."

He stooped down as he spoke and picked up a large glass container fitted with a rubber bulb and a long, metal nozzle, which made it look like an over-grown scent spray.

"This was the little gadget he was trying to gas you with when the murderer broke in, I suppose?" he remarked, squeezing a few drops of its contents on to the palm of his hand and, gingerly sniffing it: "Faugh! What vile smelling stuff."

"Yes," smiled the detective grimly. "I've good reason to remember it. You'd better ring up and tell the 'Yard' to send some fingerprint chaps down at once. It looks as if they might get something amongst all this lot."

"Very good, sergeant," agreed the Sergeant, writing the message in pencil. "Take this and put through a call to the Station immediately, Bullard," he went on, handing it to the constable. "Tell 'em to look slippy!"

"Very good, sergeant," replied the officer, as he went off on his errand, while his two companions removed the crowd outside.

Hopton and the sergeant made a careful examination of the room and searched the house from top to bottom. The upper floors presented nothing much of interest, but in the cellars they came upon unmistakable evidence of the traffic that had evidently gone on there for some time . . . a traffic so inhumanly foul that they stood nauseated as the truth burst upon them. In the first cellar they found a great pile of coke surrounding a small blast furnace under which was a mass of curiously white ash, but, on forcing the door of the second room, they were astonished to see a long table, covered with brown, suggestive stains, while on another small table were a number of surgical instruments, none too clean, and showing obvious signs of having been recently used. At the far side of this dismal den, and partially hidden by newspapers and sullen sacking, they discovered the recently dismembered remains of a human body.

Reason for the "Pets"

"Good heavens, look here, sir!" whispered the horrified sergeant as he turned back the covering.

"I've no doubt I'd have taken my place on that table if Frost hadn't got his just deserts so providentially," answered the detective sternly. "He evidently disposed of his victims' bodies in this way. He's probably done murder after murder and escaped the gallows by getting rid of his victims on this dissecting table."

"But did he burn the bodies bit by bit in the furnace after he'd cut them up, d'you think?" the sergeant asked.

"I've no doubt that pile of cinders underneath it will prove to be seventy-per cent. bone ash," replied Hopton.

"But the smell'd give him away," cried the other. "He'd never be able to burn the bodies and get away with it in a district like this."

"He didn't sergeant; he only burnt the bones."

"But what about the other part . . . the flesh?" questioned the officer, in an awed tone. "He must have got rid of that somehow."

"He was a naturalist, wasn't he, sergeant?" replied Hopton, with grim emphasis. "He had a large stock of carnivorous animals and reptiles."

"But surely, sir . . ." cried the sergeant incredulously.

"I'm afraid a desperate gang like this would go to any lengths to escape the Execution Shed, sergeant," Hopton assured him. "The thing didn't strike me till I remembered part of a conversation I heard while I was imprisoned in that cupboard. They were planning to do me in with coal gas,

until Frost made a remark to the effect that 'they couldn't stick coal gas.' I couldn't understand who, or what 'they' could refer to at the time; but now it's perfectly clear; it was the animals he was talking about. They evidently dislike their food tainted."

"This is a new one on me, sir," mused the sergeant in a horrified tone. "I thought I'd seen a spot of most devilry, but this just about beats the band."

"Well, the Devil got his own in the end," commented the inspector, lighting his pipe, for the air was incredibly foul in the cellar. "Let's have a look in the place across the passage and see if we find anything fresh."

They were obliged to break a large padlock before they were able to investigate the cellar, and as soon as they began work on this impediment, a pandemonium of shrill cries came from the other side of the door.

"Sounds as if he'd got animals in here," remarked the sergeant, forcing back the shank of the lock with a piece of iron he had picked up; the door swung open, and the two men peered into the dismal hole beyond. The sergeant struck a match and its flickering light revealed lines of wire cages arranged round the walls in tiers; each cage containing an animal, whose shining eyes glowed in the invading light. The infernal din the creatures made showed they were in the last extremity of hunger, and paws, and eager noses, appeared between the bars on all sides.

"You'll notice Mr. Frost took no chances, sergeant. These poor beasts are so desperate from hunger they'd eat anything. The cunning devil."

"Gosh," replied the officer with a shudder, as he gazed at the ravenous menagerie. "If ever there was a case for capital punishment this is it, sir! Hanging's too good for such a foul brute! He ought to be burnt alive!"

"You'd better get in touch with the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' people at once," advised Hopton, leading the way out of the vile-smelling place, and waiting while his assistant closed the door.

"I will, straight away, sir," agreed the other. "Poor little brutes! They must be got out of this place as soon as possible."

"Well, we've broken up this den once and for all," commented the detective, "and it won't be long before we run the devils out."

"It certainly seems like it," agreed the sergeant. "We've got descriptions of 'em, and as the vicarage and this shop can't be used as hiding places, they're bound to be spotted and arrested pretty soon."

"You can bet they won't come back here. The crowd outside will give 'em a warning that the murder hasn't come off according to plan," the inspector assured him. "Of course, it's possible they may try to clear out of the country."

"We shall get 'em if they do," replied the sergeant, confidently.

"Well, here's hoping, anyway," said his superior, as he led the way upstairs.

Galesbourne had evidently been hiding in the house for some days, for his clothes and underwear were discovered in a cupboard, and Hopton who was not certain the padre was at the root of the whole mystery, decided to make some further inquiries concerning his mental state from Doctor Gravelly.

He found the doctor a distinctly antagonistic and difficult person to interview, and was forced to proceed tactfully in order to avoid offending his sense of professional etiquette. Dr. Gravelly, a tall, thin man, with a white moustache and a short, pointed beard, sat behind his large, fumed oak desk, staring at his visitor in an aggressive manner.

Globe and Mail:—It must be said that the Chinese rivers also are conducting themselves in patriotic fashion; doing their share toward repulsing the country's invaders.

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

Forty years ago one person in every five wore shoes in Puerto Rico—now the island buys more shoes from the United States than all the rest of the world—(about 5,000,000 pairs a year.)

DIAMONDS ARE NOT ALL FOUND IN MINES

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That Body of Yours

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

Commonest Cause of Indigestion

We may be inclined to smile at the food faddist who tells us that everybody not only eats too much but eats the wrong kinds of food, but experience shows that with most men and women of to-day (taking little or no exercise) we do eat too much and also (because we do not exercise) eat the wrong kinds of food. And the truth of this statement is made known by the number of cases called dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia means hard to digest, or painful digestion, and while many cases of painful digestion are due to ulcer or cancer, the majority of them are due to disturbances of the liver and gall bladder.

In examining a patient suspected of gall bladder trouble, Dr. Walter Alvarez, Mayo Clinic, at the International Postgraduate Medical Assembly some months ago, made these suggestions to the physicians present.

Inquire, diligently and in detail, whether there is a history of severe psychic shock (emotional disturbance) causing severe attacks of pain. Has there ever been jaundice? Tenderness? Bloating with gas after a heavy meal (typical of gall bladder trouble)? If so, when, and how long did it last? Ask patient if pain is severe enough to keep him awake, make him catch his breath, or require morphine for its relief.

Even after operation for removal of gall stones 25 per cent. of women will continue to have symptoms, in most cases because of a psychosis or fear of continued gall bladder trouble and sometimes because these patients are allergic or sensitive to certain foods.

I believe the advice Dr. Alvarez gives in the treatment of gall bladder disturbances should be made known to all gall bladder sufferers, for it is now estimated that two of every three individuals, whether they know it or not, suffer to some extent, at times, with gall bladder trouble—indigestion, bloating, gas pressure, wakefulness.

In gall bladder disease, insist that the patient reduce the size of his meals, reduce the amount of fat in his meals, and that he eat his dinner (big meal of the day) at noon."

It will thus be seen that as far as our commonest form of indigestion is concerned—gall bladder disturbance—the food faddist is not far wrong when he says we eat too much and the wrong kinds of food.

To the suggestions of Dr. Alvarez I make but one more; some bending exercises to stimulate the flow of bile.

Eating Your Way To Health

Send today for this special booklet (No. 101) by Dr. Barton entitled "Eating Your Way To Health". It deals with calories, vitamins, minerals, fats, starches, proteins, and what and how much to eat. Enclose Ten Cents with your request to cover cost of service and handling and send it to The Bell Syndicate, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins.

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sufficient ease to permit them to enjoy Braille books or magazines but their reading time is slow. To them the Talking-Book presents certain definite advantages. If a blind person can put a record on a machine, insert a needle in the head of the tone arm and push an electric switch, he needs no further training or practice to enjoy a wide variety of literature. He can sit down and have expert and highly-trained readers read to him many of the old masterpieces and many of the modern works of literature.

From the point of view of the person who has difficulty with Braille, the Talking-Book is a Godsend, but from the standpoint of the expert Braille reader, it is a poor substitute. Aside from the fact that there is a larger selection of books in Braille form, the Braille reader can carry the volumes with him wherever he goes. He can take his book to bed with him, he can take notes in Braille. He can read over any passages that interest him time and again without the necessity of handling machinery. He can relax for a few moments if he becomes tired. If there are any interruptions, he can resume his reading where he left off without missing any of the text. The Braille reader has, to a much greater degree than would be possible with the Talking-Book, that intimate association with the work he is reading which is one of the delights enjoyed by sighted readers.

The only source through which Braille books and Talking-Books are supplied to the blind in Ontario is through the library of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. It has on its shelves over 19,000 volumes of embossed literature and over 100 titles in Talking-Book form. The service is free. It costs nothing to become a member of the library. It is one of the services which is rendered by the Institute to the blind people of the country. One which costs a considerable sum of money, but which is essential if blind people are to be given one of the most highly prized privileges of modern man.

This present week, the citizens of Timmins and district will have an opportunity to contribute to the maintenance of the Institute. Part of the funds raised will be used to keep the library up-to-date so that blind men and women may have available to them the best that can be secured in the way of literature. It is well to remember at the same time that this is only one of the several outstanding ways in which the Canadian National Institute for the Blind assists blind people. Every dollar contributed to the Institute means a full dollar's help to blind people. Any one who investigates the work of the Institute will be pleasantly astonished at the extent of the help given the blind by the organization and the deep heart interest in the welfare of all blind persons shown by the Institute and its staff, most of whom are blind themselves physically, but have the keenest vision for ways and means to help their fellows.

Official Statement Schumacher Lions

About Closing of Games at Schumacher Event, July 1

Schumacher, Ont., July 5, 1938

The Editor of Porcupine Advance, Timmins.

Official statement re closing of games at Schumacher, July 1, 1938.

The Schumacher Lions Club accepts no responsibility for any individual opinions already published in the press.

Representatives of the Club attending a meeting of the Tisdale Council yesterday and, as a result, several regrettable misunderstandings were satisfactorily cleared up.

With regard to the closing of the games at the Street Carnival, while we feel that the matter might have been handled a little more diplomatically, we realize that the action taken was consistent with the Council's policy towards gambling as such, a policy already endorsed by the Club.

In every other respect, the Council has willingly supported us in the task of building the swimming pool, and we appreciate that fact.

We hold the Council in the same high regard as heretofore, and it is our desire and intention to work with it in a spirit of amity and co-operation for the benefit of our community.

Schumacher Lions Club.
E. J. Booker, President.

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About Going on Your Vacation on Wheels

Hints for Health Safety During the Holiday.

The technique of summer vacationing is changing in Canada as elsewhere. This is pointed out in an informative article in the current issue of "Health" by Dr. A. E. Berry, Director of Sanitary Engineering, Ontario Department of Health.

The article is in the nature of advice to the vacationist on wheels, who the writer says has an excellent opportunity to increase his store of health but who should use some necessary precautions.

"Safety first in health matters," says Dr. Berry make for a real holiday. Among other warnings the article contains the following:

"While drinking water supplies have been greatly improved the tourist must remember that he cannot use water from any and all sources and still be safe. All municipal water supplies are supervised but surface streams and similar bodies of water, especially in the inhabited areas must not be regarded as safe for drinking without treatment. Pollution may be present only at infrequent intervals but why take that chance when it is so unnecessary. Similarly wells, may be often badly polluted from surface drainage and filth. Unless there is definite knowledge that the water is safe it should be boiled or chlorinated before use. This should be followed not only for water that is to be used for drinking purposes but also when it is needed for washing vegetables eaten raw, for washing dishes and for similar uses.

"Fortunately it is not difficult or inconvenient to control the water supply. Two methods are available for the tourist. He may either boil or chlorinate. The former calls for some time, as well as ice for cooling. The water need only be brought to the boiling point and then cooled. It is unnecessary to boil for any period. "The second method is a more convenient one and at the same time assures a safe water. This involves chlorination."

In Ontario, the Dept. of Health has made available a small chlorine outfit for this purpose. It contains chlorine and a solution for testing the amount

of chlorine which is required to disinfect the water. The outfit is sold at cost prices—60 cents. It is very convenient and is used extensively by summer vacationists. It can be purchased by writing to the Ontario Department of Health, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

The writer in "Health" proceeds to say: "Tourists and vacationists not infrequently experience somewhat disturbing cases of gastroenteritis. These intestinal infections are quite severe, and they are not confined to say any one area, but will be found in different countries and in various sections of these countries. The exact cause of this is not well known, but it is reasonable to assume that food, or water supplies may be a factor. It is accordingly important that these be carefully selected by the tourist. "Cooked foods, unless subsequently contaminated by handlers, flies or similar sources, should be free from these infections. All raw vegetables and other uncooked products should be carefully selected. Thorough washing of vegetables will usually be adequate, and if these are washed in water containing chlorine the safety factor is that much greater.

"Of all foods used milk is probably the one most readily contaminated. Many diseases may be spread through this medium if it is not safeguarded, but milk may be adequately protected by a simple heat treatment. It can be made just as safe as the pasteurized supply furnished in the urban centres. Two methods are available; the first is to heat it to 145 degrees F. in a double boiler and allow it to stand on the back of the stove at this temperature for 30 minutes. The other procedure is to bring it to the boiling point and then cool it. Many people have a false notion that milk they secure out in the country is so much richer than that in the city. They do not seem to realize that it all comes from the country no matter where it is purchased. If you can buy pasteurized milk do so; if you cannot then use either of the above methods for safety."

New York World-Telegram:—Described by Federal Department of Justice agents as "the most vicious killer in New York" Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro, twice convicted racketeer, wept, blubbered and moaned when Federal Judge Grover M. Moscovitz sentenced him to three years in a federal penitentiary with a \$15,000 fine.

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Reading Matter for Those Who are Blind

Braille and the Talking-Book Supply Great Need

At a reunion of the graduates of the Ontario School for the Blind held in Brantford recently, it was decided as a result of a formal debate that "Braille" was of more educational and recreational value to a blind person than the Talking-Book. Braille is the system of raised dots read by the fingers. The Talking-Book is the name given to books recorded on gramophone records and for use on a specially designed talking machine.

Most of the debaters were expert Braille readers. That is, they were able to read the embossed dots about as quickly as the average reader reads aloud. To children attending schools for the blind and to adults who become blind in their early twenties, Braille presents no difficulties, but not a great many adults who go blind in middle or old age attain proficiency. Most of them are able to read with