

EBONY TORSO

By John C. Woodiwiss

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THE SMUGGLED "GORILLA"

"Exactly, sir. Thing went swimmingly, until one night our poor little star-torn fell off a slack wire at a hall in Melbourne and knocked himself unconscious. We put him to bed in our lodgings, but when he recovered, we found he'd injured his brain in some way and had fits of violent rage when I was the only person who could manage him."

"You said he was not quite normal before the accident," and I suppose the jolt sent him right off the deep end?" Sir Hallard suggested.

"I suppose so," agreed the prisoner. "The doctors wanted to certify him and put him away; but I knew that once he was out of the bill, our act was gone. Besides, I didn't agree that he was really mad, and I'd always been able to control him, even at his worst; so my wife and I smuggled him away, and got him out of Australia disguised in his gorilla skin, and packed in a big wooden cage."

"Yes, I know that," Hopton broke in. "You travelled on the Pacific?"

"That's right, Inspector," Galesbourne assured him. "We managed to get away quite all right, and smuggled Dave ashore at Tilbury. I hid Dave with an old pal of mine, Ikey Frost, the animal dealer."

"Oh, yes, I remember him all right!" chuckled the Scotland Yard man.

"And then I made straight for St. Luke's Vicarage to get some overdue money from my benevolent brother. Luckily I found him alone in the house, and we had a bit of a tussle up. He said he had no more money to give me; all he had, had been given away. He couldn't bear to see the desperate need in the parish. That made me see red, and I snatched up a chair and in my rage hit him. He never got up again, gentlemen. I'd killed him, though God knows I didn't mean to do it! But soon my fury had all gone, and I got windy—horrified of the consequences of what I'd done."

"So you took his place," remarked Hopton. "Impersonated him, eh?"

"We were almost exactly alike, and it seemed the obvious thing to do," nodded the prisoner wearily. "From that moment, I became a desperate criminal—fighting to escape the gallows with every sinew in my body. Now I must tell you of the ghastly thing I had to do with my brother's body—he continued after a pause.

"I think, perhaps, I can save you that unpleasant part of the story," suggested the Detective. "We know about Ikey Frost's cellars—the starving animals and the furnace for burning bones."

"In that case I needn't go over that horror again," remarked Galesbourne in obvious relief. "I couldn't have done it, if I hadn't been mad with terror of the police. Having got rid of Parson Galesbourne, I settled down in his place."

"But surely old Smith knew the difference between you and his master?" queried the Commissioner. "Why didn't he give you away?"

"He didn't want to hang his son-in-law, and possibly his daughter as well. Besides, I pointed out that the mischief he made between me and my brother was partly the cause of his master's death. Of course, he spotted the difference immediately, but I was able to threaten him into silence, and when he got too difficult I used personal violence. That accounted for the bruises you saw on his wrists, Inspector."

"I see," said Hopton.

"The next step was to prevent anyone else discovering my secret," continued the sham parson. "And as I knew next to nothing about the vicar's duties or parishioners, I had to stage a nervous breakdown with loss of memory. In this I was helped, quite unconsciously, by that smug idiot, Dr. Gravely. As the Vicar was a celibate, I was obliged to install my wife in rooms at Kensington as Mrs. Clara Abershaw. We could only meet occasionally, and that was the hardest part of the whole thing."

He paused, and Sir Hallard poured out a glass of water and passed it over to him.

"Thank you, sir," he smiled, taking it and drinking eagerly. "I'm sorry to keep you so long, but I'm nearly at the end of my story now."

"That's all right, take your time," nodded the Commissioner, kindly. "We're in no particular hurry."

"Then I'll get on," answered the prisoner. "I did a bit of calling in the parish to lend colour to the sham, and was just settling down, as I thought, in safety, when, one awful day, I was recognized by a man who'd known me in the old days—Freddy Scutt."

"So that's where Scutt comes into the story?" cried Carlingford.

"He knew you were the Vicar's brother?" Hopton asked.

"I was fool enough to tell him during my first visit to England when I thought him my friend," replied the prisoner, a fierce look in his eyes. "Well, as I said before, he noticed the scar again, and threatened me with the police."

"I see," nodded Carlingford. "Up to his usual blackmailing games, eh?"

"That's it, Inspector," agreed the other, taking another sip of water. "From that time on my life became a regular hell... with an endless demand for money, in larger and larger sums, when Scutt put down his throat in drink. After a bit, I got sick of this racket and refused to pay, and it was about that time that I got a brain wave. Scutt had gone crazy on this Spiritualism game, and used to tell fortunes for money; so I got my wife to call and consult him... fortunately she hadn't met him before... under the name of Mrs. Abershaw, so as to keep an eye on him. You know the stunt he worked with that carving, 'The Ebony Torso', and how we tried to scare him into such a state of drunkenness panic that we could get him locked up and out of harm's way in a lunatic asylum."

"Yes, we know that," Sir Hallard assured him.

RESULT OF THE MURDER

"Well, my wife put over her stuff magnificently, poor dear, for she was a born actress. But the only effect the scare had was to make Scutt even more desperate for drink. I wouldn't go near him, so he sent his wife, who, of course knew nothing of his blackmailing games, to ask me to call and see him. I couldn't refuse to go, for I was terrified of what he might do, and it suddenly struck me that I might be able to make use of all this wild stuff he'd been saying, about the Ebony Torso causing his death, to get rid of him once and for all. When I got to his bedside, he demanded money, and I gave him a few shillings and promised to go over to the Vicarage for more. I carefully left the front door of his house ajar, dashed back and got hold of poor little Dave, who lived in a room at the top of the house, told him to bring one of his gorilla gloves, and took him back with me to Scutt's, hidden under a rug in the back of my car."

Why Not Enter the Garden Competition

Annual Contest for Best Gardens Helps Beautify the Town.

For several years past the Timmins Horticultural Society has been doing excellent work in the way of encouraging the beautifying of homes and the town by its annual garden competition. A large list of prizes are given for the best gardens in town. Interested citizens and firms contribute good prizes with the idea of helping the Horticultural Society in this line. Full particulars of the annual garden competition may be secured from the prize lists recently issued by the Horticultural Society. Copies of the prize list may be secured from the secretary, Mr. Knell, or from the president, Mr. Geo. Hogg, or from any of the officers or executive of the society. The Advance has published the list of prizes for the garden competition, but following the practice in previous years to do all possible to encourage this worthy contest, the list of awards for the best garden is again repeated herewith:

The following are the class in the garden competition:

Hollinger Townsite Gardens Only
1st prize—Donated by Hollinger Mine
2nd prize—Donated by Hollinger Mine

3rd prize—Donated by Hollinger Mine
4th prize—Donated by Bertram Bros.
5th prize—Donated by H. Downing.
6th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited.

Gardens 30 Feet and Under
1st prize—Donated by Yolles Furniture Co.
2nd prize—Donated by Robert Simpson Co.
3rd prize—Donated by Swift Canadian.

4th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited.
5th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Ltd.

Gardens 30 Feet to 60 Feet—Hollinger Gardens Excluded
1st prize—Donated by C. A. Remus
2nd prize—Donated by the Northern Power Co.
3rd prize—Donated by Canada Packers.

4th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited.
Gardens Over 60 Feet
1st prize—Donated by Marshall-Sclestone, Limited
2nd prize—Donated by Beatty Bros. Limited
3rd prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited

Best Flower Gardens
1st prize—Cup, donated by R. P. Kinke.
2nd prize—Three Dollars, donated by Buffalo-Ankerite Mine
3rd prize—Two Dollars, donated by Buffalo-Ankerite Mine
4th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited

Best Vegetable Gardens
1st prize—Cup, donated by R. P. Kinke.
2nd prize—Three Dollars, donated by Buffalo-Ankerite Mine
3rd prize—Two Dollars, donated by Buffalo-Ankerite Mine
4th prize—Donated by Canadian Industries Limited

Silver Cup—For Best Vegetable Garden in Buffalo-Ankerite Gardens.
Silver Cup—For Best Flower Garden in Buffalo-Ankerite Gardens—Donated by Mr and Mrs. Kinke.
Schumacher Golden Centre Gardens 30 Feet and Under

1st prize—Donated by National Grocers
2nd prize—Donated by United Clear Stores.
Gardens 30 Feet and Over

1st prize—Donated by Gamble-Robinson
2nd prize—Donated by Mrs. D. Cameron, agent Watkins products
3rd prize—Donated by the Timmins Flower Shop
Silver Cup—Donated by Mayor J. P. Bartleman for best garden to be won two years in succession before becoming the property of the winner. Won by W. Irving 1936; Laakso, 1937.

Have you entered your garden in this competition? If not, why not? Every additional entry adds to the interest

in the contest. It also adds to the beauty of the town, because every entry in such a contest is in itself of value from the standpoint of beautifying the town, and it also encourages others to spruce up their lawns and gardens. Everybody should get in behind the Timmins Horticultural Society in this plan to improve home surroundings and beautify the town.

Building Highways Requires Much Skill

Science Constantly Adding to Value of Highways.

(From Dept. of Highways)
The building of a modern highway is an engineering project today that compares with some of the great Canadian railroad developments of a few years ago.

Many highways built only 15 years ago are obsolete today and the factor of time has become an even greater one than formerly in meeting the advanced standards of highway services. Ontario's first "super-highway," the double lane Middle Road from Toronto to Hamilton, was seven years in the making.

Because it took a middle course between the heavily travelled Lakeshore and Dundas routes few motorists were even aware of its development, until its incomparable facilities were opened to traffic in 1937.

Compared with the mass production of autos which provides each year an increasing highway traffic problem for the Ontario Department of Highways, its engineers are hampered by the awkward limitations of time and cost in their efforts to keep pace. Nevertheless this province has far out-stripped its sister provinces in highway development.

The 75,000 mile system is perhaps singular among any provincial or state projects on this continent, because of the geographic area, virtually national in its physical extent and diversity. Despite the immensity of the system, it beats today existing highway facilities as modern as any in the world and a programme already launched, which is to extend this type of advanced highway from Quebec to Michigan.

The new method of building highways is the hard way but it is the means of permanency, greater safety and facility. It is a costlier method of course, but it means greater economies for motorists.

In one project alone now under development, the great North road which will stretch Northward from Toronto to Timmins 500 miles, motorists will travel 75 miles less than over existing routes. This great road is becoming a model of the new engineering standards, stretching out high-graded, in railway fashion, levelled for safety, and straightaway for travelling facility and comfort.

Announcement
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Announces the Opening of Up-to-Date Offices for the General Practice of

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Bukhara forbade any Europeans to cross its frontier. Travelling with his employer, Abul Qasim Qamadi, Krist reached the town of Barfurush, and, sadly in need of a bath, he rides about twenty-seven miles to a clear mountain stream. There he meets a group of Turkomans, one of whom has a serious illness, known as guinea-worm. Having dealt with these "brutes" before, Krist is able to heal the man who is suffering greatly. In another adventure a few days later, Krist, by applying artificial respiration, saves the life of another in the group of Turkomans. Their gratitude is profound, and as Krist wishes to visit their country, they offer him their aid. They bring him to Soviet territory, and from there he travels to Bukhara and Samarkand. He is recognized and arrested, but somehow manages to make his captors believe that he is Krist, and continues on his journey making his way over the crest of the Alai range, and to the valley of the Kizil Su. At Kizil Su he finds a group of Black Kirghiznomads, who adopt him, and make him a member of their tribe, even providing him with two wives. Danger traces his footsteps as he travels to the Oxus and across a corner of the Kara Kum desert, but he finally manages to make his escape into Persia, without being captured by the government officials who term unlawful entry into their country as a major crime.

Throughout all his adventures, Krist has managed to remember details in an exceptionally delightful manner, and every event seems to follow in a pre-destined order that is sure to interest every reader.

Are you worried about an ailment that you don't have, bothered by symptoms or pains that a medical test does not reveal? Send for Dr. Barton's tremendously interesting and helpful booklet entitled "Neurosis", explaining how the cure of ailments is accomplished where none, apparently, exists. Address your letter to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y., enclosing Ten Cents to cover cost of handling, and mention The Advance, Timmins.



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

That Body of Yours

Practically every automobile owner has his car overhauled from time to time to keep it in its best possible condition. However, man is different from an automobile in that he has a mind, and very often the body may be doing its work fairly well, because of regular habits of work and rest, but the mind has formed faulty habits which render the individual unhappy or restless which interferes with the happiness and restfulness of others. Just as an infected tooth or ulcer of the stomach can affect the health and so the mind, by making one irritable and impatient, so can restless, discontented mind interfere with the workings of the body and cause, in some cases, real or organic trouble. Therefore, just as one undergoes a physical examination by his other life, his "behavior" life. He must make this examination of himself by himself.

Dr. Frederick L. Patry, Albany, N. Y., in an address to the Biology Club, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., said: "Since mind and body are inseparable it is important that behavior be functioning at its best level. Periodic health examinations are desirable in bringing out faulty habits (as well as organic troubles) in order that they may be corrected."

"We are largely persons who live by

Does YOUR System Make Excess Acid?
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OFTEN START THIS WAY

Some people are what are known as acid-makers. They can't help it—and often they don't know it. The results of an excess of acid may seem just like ordinary stomach trouble — but they can't be put right by ordinary stomach remedies! Excess acid may be the reason why you wake up flat, sour, bleary-eyed, bilious — and the reason why fierce purgatives only leave you in the grip of a weakening habit and the same old symptoms.

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Weekly Garden-Graph
by DEAN HALLIDAY

Protection Against Prolonged Drouth

When a prolonged drouth threatens gardens or plantings around home grounds, special methods of watering must be undertaken in order to save them.

During time of drouth shrub borders, rose beds and evergreen plantings can be benefited by digging temporary irrigation ditches, as shown in this Garden-Graph, and then filling them with water at intervals so the roots of the plants can soak up needed moisture which they would not receive from mere surface watering.

Make the trenches from three to eight inches deep. A narrow bed should have one trench through the centre while a wide bed may require two. Allow the water to run slowly into the trench for several hours or fill the trench with water, let it seep down to the plant roots and then refill the trench again. After this has been done a dozen times the plants will have received enough water to carry them through the drouth period, and the trench can be refilled with soil.

The worst enemies of China asters are the tarnished plant oag, which can often be repelled by using tobacco dust; the aster beetle which defies everything but hand picking, and the yellow disease which may be avoided if every aphid is caught by the nicotine spray.

Smiles:—"Did you have a good time shopping yesterday?" "No, indeed. I found the dress I wanted in the first store I went into."

Picton Gazette:—"Little Vera had been behaving badly and her nurse became increasingly annoyed, and incidentally, increasingly red in the face. "O," cried the girl, "now I know what a Red Cross nurse is."

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1938

Tickets to U.S. Destinations sold subject to Passengers meeting Immigration Requirements of U.S.A. GOING—and Canada—RETURNING
Tickets valid for travel Train No. 2 from Timmins, Thursday, August 11th connecting at North Bay, C.P. Train No. 837, and at Sudbury with C.P. Train No. 28.

All tickets valid to return so as to leave Toronto not later than C. P. Train No. 27, 11.05 p.m., Sunday, August 14th, arriving North Bay and connecting with T. & N. O. Train No. 1, 12.45 p.m., Monday, August 15th

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