# MISS NAPOLEON By VIOLET M. METHLEY

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## Principal Characters

Wilson Hall, an American artist travelling from New York to England in the liner Gloriana, meets on board and falls in love with the msterious nursery-governess. She is

Leonie Valence-"Miss Napoleon"-is

her East with them as companion to gear. Chrissie.

Leonie as governess to his little son.

tered.

of trouble between himself and Struan

### CHAPTER I "HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE"

Wilson Hall, leaning on the steamer's rail, watched the wake, watched the smouldering fire in the sky die down into grey ashes and laughed under his breath, thinking that he had fallen into board-ship habits of idleness unusually quickly. As a rule, for a day or two after leaving New York or Southampton, he made some pretence of work.

Of course, nothing resulted but his intentions were good-at first. Someone passed along the deck behind him with quick silent steps, steps which slackened to a standstill a dozen

yards further on. A figure stood silhouetted against the western sky, and Wilson Hall fumbled his monocle. "That girl again," he thought, and shifted his position slightly; leaning his

elbow on the rail, his head on his hands

so that he could survey her under the cover of his fingers. Yes, the same girl undoubtedly although, if one came to think of it there were not many people whom one

would recognize at second sight only, in silhouette. It was a clean-cut outline though. Hall's eyes, trained to observe, even if his brain did not always abet them at the same moment, had noticed this girl when she came aboard the "Gloriana" that afternoon. He himself had arrived on the steamer nearly an hour before her sailing time to avoid any possibility

of bustle and hustle; in those respects

being rushed into anything, bodily or mentally. Leaning on the rail, as now, he had idly watched passengers, porters and ship officials, had thought what shapeless bodies and features most of them possessed. Those three round-faced

woman obviously their mother, whose features were equally incoherent.

The girl who came next behind them, though-and here Hall had suddenly and interesting girl, employed as a realized that he was interested. Here, at bound for England first and that's as any rate, there was outline, definition.

Her dress increased that effect, the a granddaughter of the great Emperor | plain line of the long grey coat, unbrokand like him in appearance and char- en by any fluttering scarf or bulging the strange girl was frowning over the acter. She has an ambition to visit fur, unadorned except for a tiny bunch drawn-out syllables. "Let me see Captain Ransom Struan, a pioneer of The small black tricorne hat was pullmilitary aviation and also a passenger ed down over her brows, its smallness on the Gloriana, unconsciously helps and simplicity were noticable at a time Leonie in her schemes when he and his when pre-war Society was revelling in newly-married wife, CHRISSIE, take | huge befeathered "Merry Widow" head-

Seeing the girl's profile now against answered with same swift incision as The Maharajah of Khotalghar, a the sky that was still faintly luminous, before, troublesome Indian Prince, engages this and other impressions returned. She was not very tall, but held herself I was merely stating the facts as I saw The Maharani of Khotalghar, mother so well that she had appeared to dwarf them in some reference book. I always of Leonie's employer, old and embit- the more shambling figures around her. remember things of that sort-things Her mouth was clean-cut, tucked in at which may be useful. I haven't seen Tim Jones, a young officer in an In- the corners, firmly compressed, with the any of your pictures to my knowledge dian regiment, makes himself Christie underlip jutting a little. Eyes, no, he so I cannot give an opinion about them Struan's champion, which is the cause had formed no impression of them; they -nor about you, until I know you had been shadowed by her hat brim and she had stared straight in front of her without raising them. As she was doing now-although in any case it would have been too dark to see their colour or shape.

> But Hall had a sudden curious conviction that he knew what they were like, that he could visualize the upper part of her face which the hat concealed. Odd: he must have met her when, seen her somewhere bareheaded. That was why he had this vague impression of familiarity, why, no doubt. he had noticed her in the first place.

Acting on an impulse very alien to his usual attitude of rather shy reserve Hall shifted his position a little, moved a pace or two nearer to the girl and spoke deprecatingly almost before he realized that he meant to do so at all.

"I beg your pardon if I'm mistaken" he pulled off his soft felt hat. "But haven't we met before somewhere? I can't help feeling certain somehow . The girl's voice quick, clipped, cut

through his hesitating speech with incisive contempt. "Isn't that rather a crude method? They do it that way in Coney Island. She did not trouble to move away from him or turn her head, and Hall felt his cheeks grow hot and crimson.

He made a desperate effort to regain

poise and some appearance of dignity. "You entirely mistake my-my intentions. What I said was genuine. But I'll intrude no more since you are

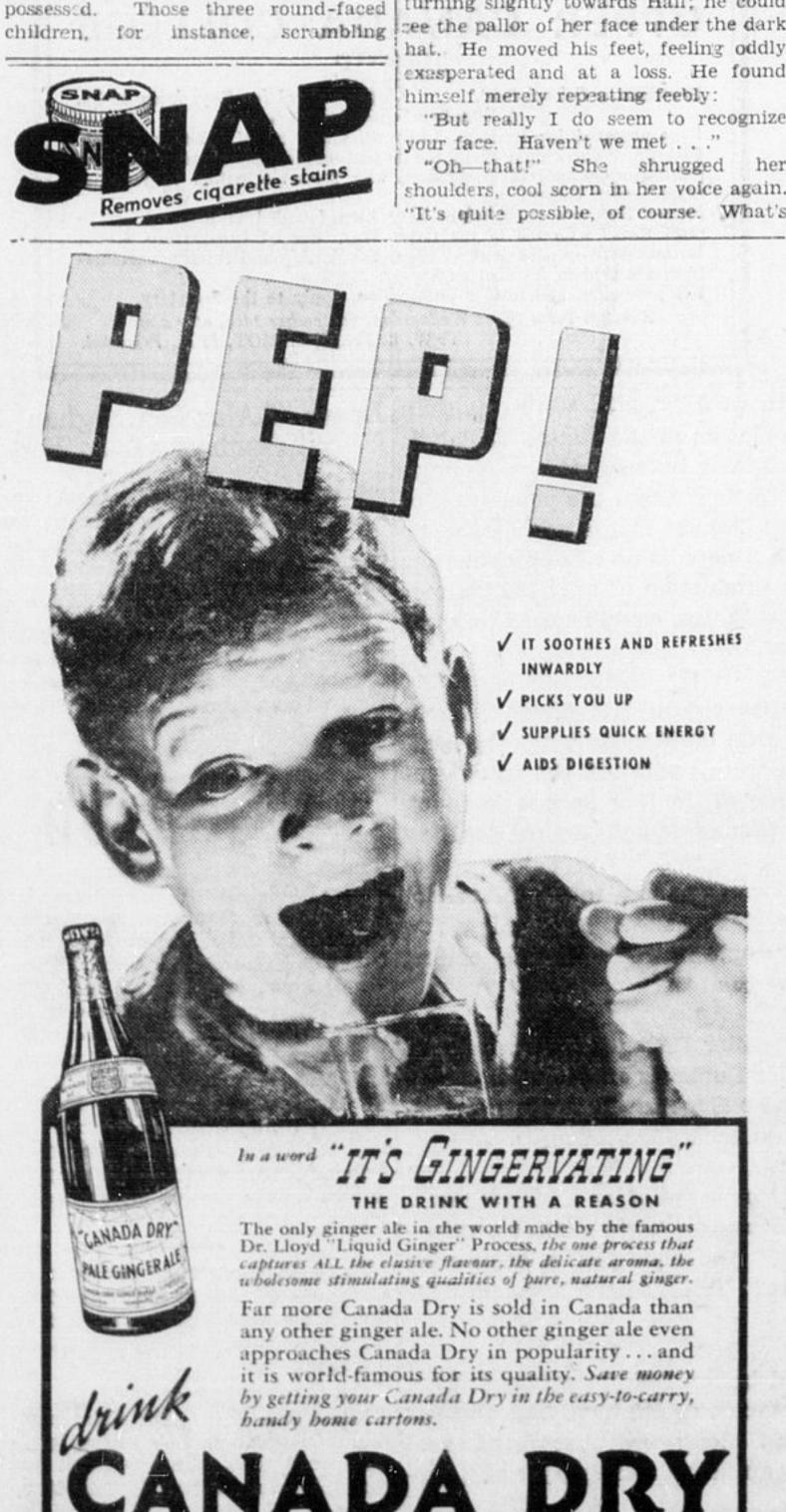
offended." Hall did not resemble the conventional "I am not in the least offended. Why conception of an American. He hated should I be? I am perfectly willing to talk to you if you wish. I don't feel that I run into any danger by doing

## THE CANDID COMPANION

The girl had changed her position, turning slightly towards Hall; he could see the pallor of her face under the dark hat. He moved his feet, feeling oddly exasperated and at a loss. He found

But really I do seem to recognize

"Oh-that!" She shrugged her shoulders, cool scorn in her voice again.



"IT'S PURE AND WHOLESOME"

clumsily up the gangway, followed by a your name and where are you going? The question was put so unexpectedly equal brevity

> "Wilson Hall is my name. far as my plans ore fixed.

"Wilson Hall!" The owner of the name could feel rather than see that of dark purple violets in the buttonhole. Yes, of course, you're the artist, and you have a wide knowledge of modern languages, including those of the East.

and satisfaction at her words. "I'm flattered that you should know

my name," he said quietly, and she

"I had no intention of flattering you:

rather better.' The girl's confidence in her own judgment was obviously unaffected. It was a minute or two before Hall recovered himself sufficiently to make a scmewhat feeble attempt to repay her in her own coin.

"May I retaliate by asking your own name and destination?" He tried to laugh casually.

"Certainly. My name's Valencebefore without remembering where and Leonie Valence. And, like you, I am going to England first. Afterwards-"Plans unfixed, perhaps—also like mine!" Hall suggested as she paused.

> "No," she spoke very deliberately, "My plans are quite settled. I am going to the East, to India, although 1 don't yet know exactly when or how That will depend on circumstances."

"I quite see." "You don't!" Sharply she tossed back his platitude. "How can you? You know absolutely nothing about my circumstances or me.

"Why-no, of course, I don't," Hal laughed. "You are a very peremptory young lady, Miss Valence-it is 'Miss'. I presume? I see you don't wear a wedding ring." He glanced at the bare hands clasped together upon the rail.

"Not an absolutely infallible sign." The girl spread out her fingers with a little gesture which was instructive to

"She's vain about them," he thought and proceeded to make capital of the

small discovery. "I can see that you are not the woman to misunderstand me when I say that I am interested in hands, and that yours are particularly beautiful." Small, white, beautifully formed there was yet something unexpected about those hands; they were plumper softer than he would have expected from her personality. Well-kept, too with only one ring, worn upon the right hand little finger, plain gold with darkish stone which appeared black

'After all, there's no personal credit about it, so long as one looks after them; they're born with us-hands,' her voice was rather carefully careless. 'Mine are hereditary, and my feet too.'

There was something appealingly naive in such vanity. Hall, thus invited glanced down at her feet, noticed that they were perfectly shod in patent leather, high-instepped, clean-ankled and small.

"You've reason to be proud of them," he said. "But what a long way we've wandered from the point." "Which?" The question was peremp-

"Why, those plans and circumstances of yours, of which, as you say, I know nothing at all."

"Oh!—my circumstances! At present I am a nursery governess."

"A nursery governess? But why?" "Why not?"

"It seems somehow incongruous!" "And my passage is paid; I am so far on my way to the East." She pai dno heed to his ejaculation. "Mrs. Burpham-West imagines that I shall stay on with her in England, but I shan't She serves my purpose, that's all."

Again that little shrug of the shoulders. It emboldened Hall to another question.

"You're not English, are you?" he

"No!" Her repudiation was vehement. "Not one drop of English blood in me! My father was French, my mother American, my grandfather Corsican."

"A liberty-loving blend," Hall smiled, I but again she retorted fiercely.

"No! I don't believe in Liberty, or equality or Fraternity. Men are not born free and equal. Why perpetuate the lie of saying that they are? Well, I must go below; my charges are probably still awake, and I must earn my

GIRL FOR A MAGAZINE COVER She was gone without even the formula of "good-night," leaving Hall to puzzle over that likeness which still eluded him. An interesting young person, anyhow, sharp and strange to the palate, like caviare . . .

"But I've never liked anything which tasted as definite as that without the accompaniment of plenty of bread-andbutter," Hall thought. "A little of Miss Ryland's company will supply that now, if the young man is not monopolizing her. And even if he is, I can

for March . . . half-laughing, half- sprinkled over them. crying as April. That's rather a pret-

In the light which shone through the Chris." companion-way he paused to pull out a note-book and pencil.

and directly that Hall answered with Bread-and-butter is far more suitable, of gold, there were definite golden

contemplation than conversation. Miss | too Ryland was engaged in an unromantic | "That's enough," Chrissie gave a lit faced, brown-haired, brown-eyed young thing more worth while." man. An attractive fellow, Captain Ransom Struan, to men and women sight that he realized the girl's sinalike: wide-apart ayes with wrinkles of cerity. Hall felt a queer mixture of pique laughter at the corners, the glimpse of beautiful teeth under the absurd clipped moustache as he smiled up at the girl beside him.

It was pleaant in itself, unless one was inhumanly cynical, to see two youngsters so unaffectedly in love; the though she had already summed him very way the girl touched the boy's up, but her steady, level eyes surveyed Struan, for a couple of days before the "Gloriana" sailed, and fallen into an easy friendship.

"She's a pretty thing when she looks down like that," he thought now, watching the girl. "Yes, the maternal touch, a baby's head on her shoulderor she might be gazing at a brand-new engagement ring. My child, you'll be a gold-mine to me!"

Hall pulled a little pad from his pocket and begain to sketch rapidly. "Oh!" The girl had glanced up and caught him in the act. "I do believe you're drawing one of us, Mr. Hallhow thrilling! Which is it? Ranny, I

hope, but if so, you'll have to give it

She had slipped down and was by Hall's side in a moment, leaning over his shoulder to say disgustedly. "Only me! How dull!"

"Far from it, Miss Ryland," Hall laughed, pushing the pad into his pocket. "And I wasn't making your portrait, only stealing an impression to be used for my own vile purposes-if I'm not infringing copyright."

"We'll give permission if you'll do a real sketch of her." Struan had strolled over. "I say-would you? I'd love to have it and you're not one of those painting chaps who seem determined to make even the prettiest girls look hags, with blue noses and green hair.

"It wouldn't do in my line of bustness," Hall shook his head. "Of course I'll draw Miss Ryland for you, any time that she can spare me an hour or two." "Big mouth-small eyes-snub nosefreckles," Chrissie checked off her dis-

abilities on her fingers, laughing up at Struan. "And you can't deny any of ish laugh. "Some nursery-governess, eh?" he said.

"Don't want to. Only when they're put together they happen to make you

series of magazine covers from her in "I certainly do." Hall answered gravely. "All put together and gold dust

> "By gad! What a jolly idea! And true, too, that's just how you do look,

Struan's eyes were bent on the girl's face, and Hall felt an honest pride in "Yachting . . . tennis . . . golfing his smile. For that was the effect all through the which Chrissie gave, the effect which scribbled down his made her undeniable prettiness. Her thoughts. "Yes, I can see twelve wavy light brown hair, coiled over the months copy in Miss Chrissie Ryland, ears, was thickly sprinkled with gleams lights in her grey eyes, and the freckles In the music-room Hall found, as he which powdered her nose an dcheeks had expected, more opportunities for and round bare arms were like gold.

and hilarious game of rummy, perched the wriggle. "I'm tired of myself. Look on the arm of a settee, beside a brown- at something else, both of you, some-

It was to the credit of Struan's in-

"All right, dear," he said. "We won't tease you any more. Let's---"

He broke off as the door opened. Miss Valence stood there, still wear ing her grey coat and black hat. A Hall she scarcely glanced; it was a shoulder now and then, or patted down | Chrissie Ryland for an appreciable time a tuft of hair at the back of his head. and, reaching Ranny Struan, paused Hall felt already quite elder-brotherly there even longer. From thence her towards the pair; he had stayed by look passed swiftly over Mrs. Ryland's chance at the same hotel in New York | comely middle-aged face, and arriving as Chrissie, her mother and young at Mrs. Burpham-West, she spoke

> "Derry says that he will not go to sleep until you have kissed him goodnight. He says you promised him-I Unsheathed and uncontrolled. did not know whether you had, so came to ask."

"My, really . . . yes . . . I be- To meet and break and bind lieve I did . . . " Mrs. Burpham- A crazed and driven foe. West's speech and thoughts were as incoherent as her features. "Poor Comfort, content, delight, little fellow . . . but couldn't you The ages' slow-bought gain, have soothed him Miss Valence coaxed him to go to sleep? Surely-"Perhaps I could," the girl answered.

She was gone as silently as she had Renewed and re-renwed. come, before Mrs. Burpham-West, muttering previshly, could rise clumsily to her feet.

"What a good-looking girl!" Chrissie Ryland spoke enthusiastically. "She's ike-like-..... Anyway, she came at the right moment, just when I'd told you to look at something worth while.

Once more Hall realized the sincerity of the girl's words, but this time Struan did not respond. He was still staring at the door, as though expecting the grey-coated figure to return. And Hall, glancing at him quickly, saw that the young man's eyes had a dazed, almost bewildered look.

"Who is she?" Chrissie spoke to Mrs. Burpham-West, who paused on her way to the door to answer.

nursery-governess," she said petualant-

ly, and went out. Chrissie Ryland, turning to the men, made a little incredulous gesture, which Struan translated with his boy-

(To be Continued)

## You Like Books

dearly beloved of English authors of the twentieth century, was Rudyard Kipling, whose works are an everlasting memory of the man whom all England adored. A close friend of English royalty, the author's death came as great shock to his many readers. But books containing his stories and his poems will live forever, to become treasured possessions of generations t come. Among the first poems that th average reader will become acquainted with is the poem "For All We Have and

ally quoted by lovers of poetry. For All We Have and Are

Are." which like Robert Burns' "A

Man's a Man For A' That," is continu-

(by Rudyard Kipling) For all we have and are, For all our children's fate, Stand up and take the war, The Hun is at the gate! Our world has passed away In wantonness o'erthrown. There is nothing left to-day But steel and fire and stone!

> Though all we knew depart, The courage Commandents stand In courage keep your heart, In strength lift up your hand

Once more we hear the word That sickened earth of old:-No law except the Sword Once more it knits mankind. Once more the nations go

They shrivelled in a night. Only ourselves remain To face the naked days But I thought you would rather I told In silent fortitude, Through perils and dismays

> Though all we made depart, The old Commandents stand: In patience keep your heart, In strength lift up your hand.

No easy hopes or lies Shall bring us to our goal, But iron sacrifice Of body, will, and soul. There is but one task for all-One life for each to give. Who stands if Freedom fall? Who dies if England live?

## Report for July of the District Children's Aid

The following is the report for July "Oh, that's just Miss Valence-my of the local superintendent, A. G. Carson, for the District of Cochrane Children's Aid Society:-Applications for children for

Office interviews Interviews out of office Complaints received Investigations made Children involved

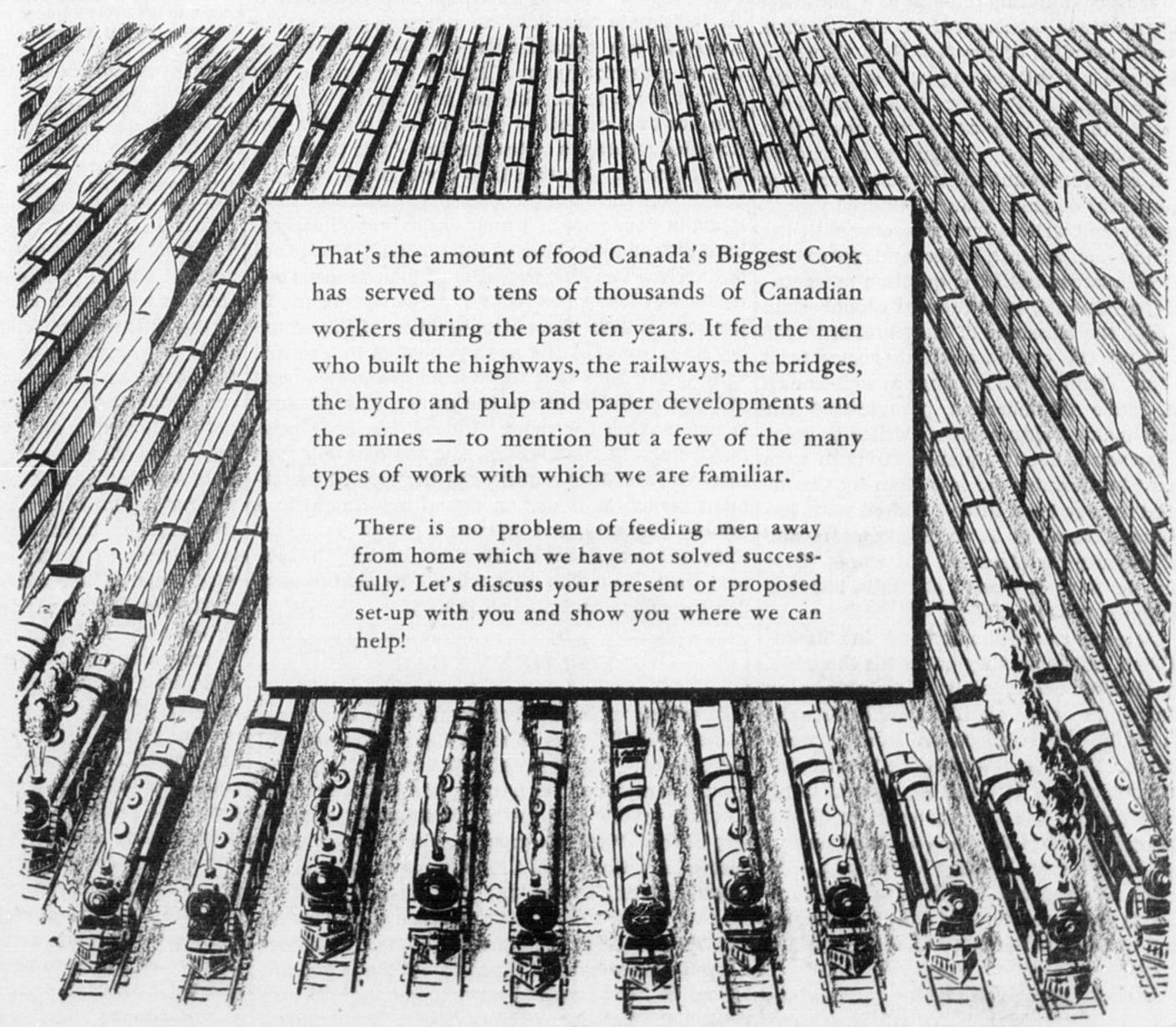


Mail received Mail sent out Children in Shelter Children boarding out Wards visited Court attendance Juvenile cases Children on probation to court Wards placed in boarding homes Wards returned to Shelter Wards placed in foster homes Mileage travelled Meetings addressed Persons prosecuted for offences against children Children given hospital and medical care Children returned to parents Children given assistance in their Investigations for other societies Cases under the Unmarried Parents Act



it will come off, she says, after rubbing

with a soft cloth.



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