



# MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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### Synopsis of Previous Chapters

WILSON HALL meets the mysterious Miss Leonie Valence, whom he calls "Miss Napoleon" on the Atlantic liner *Gloriana*. Among the other passengers are CHISSIE RYLAND and her fiancé, CAPTAIN RANSOM STRUAN, who is unconsciously strongly attracted by Leonie. The steamer comes into collision with an iceberg. (New read on).

CHAPTER II (Continued)

**ATLANTIC NIGHT**

Before Hall had time to think there came a quick footfall along the corridor outside his cabin, and the steward swung open his door and spoke breathlessly:

"Cap'n's orders that everyone goes on deck, sir—wiv' lifebelts on," he said. "An' quick."

"What's happened, steward?" Hall asked.

"We grazed an iceberg, sir, but I don't suppose as much 'arm' as been done," the shrill Cockney voice reassured him.

Hall, pulling on a light overcoat, glanced round for the lifebelt. Oh, yes, there it was—but how on earth did one wear the wretched thing? Adjusting it awkwardly, Hall felt absurdly self-conscious, as he caught a view of himself in the mirror.

He grinned back at the reflection, then glanced round the cabin from the open doorway. Somehow, it gave him reassurance, that warmly-lighted, rose-hued interior, so homely and cosy looking.

As he hurried along the alleyway Hall heard voices, the thud of feet, shufflings, scufflings. He made for the nearest companion-way, and there for the first time encountered other passengers, some fully dressed, others in night-gear, some wearing, others merely carrying their lifebelts.

"What is it—boat drill?" a red-faced man asked. "Awkward time to have it. I'd a good mind not to come up at all."

"I believe we've grazed an iceberg," Hall repeated the steward's words.

"H'm? Well, it can't have been much of a collision; there wasn't anything of a shock, was there? I never felt it. Couldn't have scratched the side of a boat this size."

It was very slight, but you may notice they've stopped the engines," said Hall, with pride in his powers of observation.

"Eh? What's that mean, I wonder?" The red-faced man stared round rather uneasily. "Anything or nothing, I s'pose? Well, let's get on deck."

It was only when he gained the top of the stairs, slightly behind the rest, that Hall felt his first twinge of real uneasiness. The deck was not quite level; it had a marked list to port.

Once through the companion-doorway on to the promenade deck he found confirmation of his uneasiness. Things were going forward in a kind of ordered and matter-of-fact confusion on deck, but the movement was mainly round the ship's boats, from some of which the canvas covers had already been removed as they lay alongside the rail, whilst one was already being swung upwards and outwards on the davits.

The third officer, standing by the nearest boat and giving curt, unheeded orders, scouted normal and unperturbed. And yet... perplexed, hesitating, Hall looked round and found Leonie Valence standing close beside him.

"Hullo, Miss Valence." He found himself talking with rather forced cheerfulness. "Have you discovered what all this means?"

"Yes," she answered. "The ship is going down."

### CHAPTER II (Continued)

"Absurd, dragging us up on deck like this in the middle of the night! Why, it's as calm as a mill-pond; how can there be any danger of shipwreck when there isn't any storm? No fog either, so it wasn't a collision or anything of that kind."

"We've just grazed an iceberg, Madam." It was the third officer now who was using the innocent-sounding phrase. "So as a precautionary measure the Captain has ordered the boats to be launched at once."

"Then I should much prefer to stay on the ship until you know what's wrong. I'm sure it's safer than those tiny boats." Mrs. Burpham-West said, her loose mouth puffing obstinately.

She stood with the three children pressed close around her, her bulging contours unaccounted under a pinkish woolen dressing-gown.

"You can't stay here, Ma'am; got to obey orders when the boat's launched," the young officer said, and there was a hint of urgency in his voice which convinced Hall that what Leonie Valence had overheard was true. The girl herself moved forward and spoke to her employer.

"Better get into the boat when it's ready hadn't you?" she suggested casually. "Before there's any rush."

"Rush—why should there be a rush?" Mrs. Burpham-West demanded pettishly. "And, anyhow, I insist that you come too, Miss Valence."

Leonie did not answer: she said nothing at all indeed until the boat was swung out from the side and her emerald dress and the three children were installed in it, with screams and complaints on the lady.

"I decline to go without my government, it is her duty to be with the children."

"Fraid there's not room, Ma'am," the officer said, leaning over the rail as the boat began to descend.

"Then room must be made—I insist..."

But her voice was drowned by the creak and rattle of the falls; her complaints came up from overseas like a seabird's cries.

"Thank heavens! I've escaped her company anyway," was Leonie's comment.

As though to relieve the tension, the ship's band, grouped on the deck, began to play. As a wait rhythm swung out over the dark, secret sea, Hall spoke under his breath to Leonie.

"Do you know I can't believe it is as bad as you thought."

"Look at the deck," the girl answered curtly.

"You mean... Yes, the list is greater than it was."

"She's settling down by the head. And something ought to be done to hurry these people into the boats—as many of them as there is room for."

"Why, surely you don't think..."

Hall broke off then went on helplessly: "I mean isn't it compulsory for shipping companies to provide sufficient accommodation in the lifeboats for all the passengers and crew, in case of accident?"

She laughed softly.

"Ah, but you see they won't allow that there can be accidents. These latest boats are guaranteed unsinkable—Ah—ah!"

She started and clutched at Hall's arm, as a wall of a lost soul broke out and echoed away towards the horizon. It was the "Gloriana's" siren, the ship's voice harshly screaming for assistance.

"He—eh! He—eh—eh!" it seemed to shriek despairingly.

"Idiotic of me to be startled," Leonie released her grip with an angry frown. "I'm sorry for being such a fool."

"I wasn't to be wondered at," Hall assured her. "I never heard a more infernal row. But oughtn't we to make the others realize the need for haste?"

"They'll realize it soon enough," she answered sardoniously. "And to say anything might mean a panic. Some of them are getting uneasy."

It was evident that a sense of disquiet was spreading amongst those on the crowded deck; a mere hint at first, it soon became something concrete, a realization that there was real danger. With that realization came the first symptoms of panic.

### TRAGEDY TO MUSIC

A woman's voice rose shrill, hysterical, above the strains of musical comedy from the band.

"Something's going to happen! Oh, where's my husband? Charlie—Charlie, can't we get into one of the boats quickly?" "It's all right, my dear, there's no hurry," a deeper voice reassured, whilst almost at the same moment the cry sounded along the deck as though in answer:

"This way! Women and children first! All women and children down to B deck!"

There followed a kind of surge towards the companion-way which led to B deck next below; others moved to the suspended boats; over the babble of voices rose a man's peremptory tones: "My wife, I want a place for my wife! She's lame; I can't get her down the stairs again."

The speaker, heavy-jowled, black-moustached, elbowed a way forward; a small woman clung heavily to his arm, her eyes blinking with terror.

"Of course you do, Mr. Rosenbach—and for everybody else's wives and husbands, too. All right—lift her in now." The Chief Officer himself had appeared. "Be ready to lower No. 8 away, you fellows, level with B deck; then as soon as she's full lower again and pull away from the ship. That's right, Mrs. Rosenbach—all comfortable, are you? Any other lady left on this deck had better get..."

"Mother!" It was Chissie Ryland, her fair hair in disorder, glittering above the white-furred collar of a black velvet evening coat. "Yes, yes, you go, Mother!"

Gentle Mrs. Ryland, with cheeks like crumpled faded rose-petals, panted irresolutely.

"Wouldn't somebody else... Oh, Chissie dear, must I go alone? I'd much rather wait and be with you," she said uncertainly.

"Darling, we can't be sure of being together always, you know." The girl pushed the older woman forward laughing. Just help her, will you? There...! Of course I shall be absolutely safe with Ranny, darling... See you later, Mummy."

The boat rattled down, half filled already, until it hung level with the deck below, where it was soon crowded with more than its complement. Chissie leant over the rail, with Struan close beside her. Hall moved forward, too, to look down beyond the swinging boat, ninety feet or more, at the strange scene revealed within the range of the "Gloriana's" lights, the ink-black sea dotted with those patches of unnatural whiteness which were ice-cakes, and by the water-insect shapes of half-a-dozen boats, phosphorescence dripping from their oars, as they pulled away from the ship.

"Come on, Chissie," Struan's voice was harsh and strained. "You must find a place now—at once; you must get down to B deck."

"It's no good unless you can come too," the girl said. "No, Ranny, I'm not going without you; I... I just won't leave you."

"Dear, you must... for a little while."

"I shouldn't if I wait until all the other women and kiddies are gone. Then the men will be able to come too," Chissie argued. "No, Ranny, don't try to make me. I can't; I won't—I shall stay with you whatever happens."

"All the boats from this side of the deck have gone," Leonie Valence said quietly. "We'd better go over to port and see what is happening there."

"Yes, that's the idea! Come on, Chissie; I expect we'll find there's room for us all without arguing," Struan cried with rather overdone cheerfulness, and the scattered groups went sliding and staggering across, for the list was now so acute that no one could disregard it.

"If we aren't quick—" the thought flashed through Hall's mind, "it won't be possible to launch the boats that are left."

Many of the davits on the side were already empty, but the nearest boat was filled and just about to be lowered. In

the surge towards the side, Hall found himself close to the rail. Looking over, he could see women close-packed against the rail of the deck below, waiting for the boat to reach their level, saw upturned faces on the lowest deck. With a cold feeling of dread he realized how many people still remained, how few boats were left.

That which he watched was now swinging alongside B Deck and the women were being handed into it across the intervening three-foot space. It was full and over-full before the officer in charge gave orders to lower away again, but as it slowly dropped a clamour broke out from below, hands were stretched out to drag it in. With all presence gone, the steered passengers down there were fighting for life.

For a moment it looked as if the boat would be overturned in the struggle; the few men in it were using their fists and the butts of oars to beat off the clutching hands.

(To be Continued)

### Eighteen Army Flyers on Long Flight Through North

(Sudbury Star)

Flying in perfect "V" formation, five R.C.A.F. airplanes roared into Sudbury Saturday afternoon, from their base at Trenton, and skimmed to landings on Ramsay Lake.

It was the completion of the first leg of a 2,000-mile training flight for young officers, the first of its kind ever dispatched from Trenton. According to the commanding officer, Squadron Leader F. Maudesley, the flight will be an annual project.

Besides Squadron Leader Maudesley, 18 men arrived in the planes.

**Decided on North**

At one time it was expected the flight would be to Halifax, but late Friday morning orders were issued that the five planes would tour Northern Ontario. They left Trenton at 12:30 p.m. Saturday, and landed at Sudbury at three o'clock in the afternoon. The planes left again Sunday morning at nine o'clock for Oba.

The intention of the flight is to train pilots in flying aircraft under varying conditions of load and weather. The contingent will stop at seven other Northern points, before returning to Trenton on August 31. They will cover 2,000 air miles.

"They are the best young men in the land... the cream of the crop," said the squadron leader, speaking of the young officers on the flight. Every one is either a graduate of a recognized Canadian university, or from Royal Military College in Kingston.

Leading the flight was a 10-passenger Norseman, carrying the squadron leader and four others. Behind it was a second 10-passenger Norseman and a seven-passenger Fairchild. In the last line of the formation was another seven-passenger Fairchild and a three-passenger Vedette.

The Vedette, equipped with a 300-horsepower Wright motor, is one of the most modern military aircraft. It was built purely as a test plane and for development purposes.

The complete itinerary of the flight is: From Trenton to Sudbury, 237 miles, Saturday; from Sudbury to Oba, 215 miles, Sunday; from Oba to Orient Bay 180 miles, Monday; from Orient Bay to Sioux Lookout, 175 miles, Tuesday; from Sioux Lookout to Kenora, 120 miles, Wednesday; from Kenora to Port Arthur 260 miles, Thursday; from Port Arthur to Twin Lakes 170 miles, Friday; from Twin Lakes to Remi Lake, 200 miles, Saturday; from Remi Lake to Trout Mills, 250 miles; from Trout Mills to Trenton, 180 miles.

Each plane among other devices, carries a two-way radio.

### Young Man Drowned Sunday at Temagami

#### Girl Companion Dived from Rescue Boat to Rescue Him.

Temagami, Aug. 23.—Lionel Dockey, 21, of Oakville, employed as a summer clerk at the Temagami Outfitting Company, sank to death in the narrows of Lake Temagami, less than a mile from here, Sunday night, after clinging to his upturned canoe while cottagers on shore shouted instructions and prepared to send help.

An anchor rope which snapped as he hauled it in after an evening's fishing sent young Dockey hurtling back into the water. His companion, Thelma Jackson, 19, was tossed with him into the channel as the canoe capsized.

According to Provincial Constable H. Dranzny, a man by the name of Rogers, from Toronto, witnessed the tragedy in the making as he stood with his wife on a nearby shore and shouted to the couple to "hang on to the canoe."

According to the constable, young Dockey clung to the canoe for a matter of minutes and then disappeared in 18 feet of water. Miss Jackson was picked up only a few moments later by a passing boat driven by Dan Beaucauge, employed by the Temagami Navigation Company.

It was reported that Miss Jackson, despite her harrowing experience, insisted on diving several times from the rescue boat in an effort to locate young Dockey's body, but was unsuccessful.

Fire rangers, under direction of Chief Ranger Bliss, soon arrived and assisted Constable Braney in dragging, which recovered the body roughly 35 minutes after the accident. James Crutcher assisted in applying artificial respiration under direction of Dr. McGowan, of Temagami.

Resuscitation efforts were continued for two hours without effect, and the body was brought to North Bay later in the evening, where it rests pending decision of Coroner A. E. Ranney regarding an inquiry.

Dockey was the son of Fred Dockey, of 150 Reynolds street, Oakville. His companion is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jackson, who recently moved to Temagami from Oakville.

### Recommendations To Municipal Assn.

(Continued From Page One)

been delivered for the fire department on April 7 and that Council had not passed a resolution covering the purchase until April 11.

Councillor Roberts still maintained that he should have been informed of the awarding of the contract but voted in favour of the motion ratifying the contract. Councillor Piche also thought that the way the contract was handled was not in accordance with usual Council practice.

**Filtration Plant**

Referring to the remarks made by Dr. E. A. Berry, of the Ontario Department of Health regarding the unpalatable taste and colour of Timmins water supply, Mayor Bartleman told the meeting that it would cost \$30,000 to install a filtration plant as suggested. The Mayor, while he agreed with Dr. Berry's opinion, felt that the council will have to first see that water is made available to people in all sections of the town before the building of a filtration plant could be undertaken.

**Given Use of Clinic**

At the request of President Austin Neame, the Porcupine District Red Cross Association were given permission to use the clinic room in the Town Hall one day a week for a dental clinic for school children. Thirteen dentists have agreed to co-operate in the operation of the clinic. A different dentist will be in charge of the work each week and will receive \$10 for a morning's work. The Red Cross Society is spending \$500 on dental equipment, the estimated cost of treatment for ten months being \$400.

Mr. Neame suggested that the town

### Rouyn to Spend \$15,000 on Cement Walks This Year

The town of Rouyn is going to add some \$15,000 worth of new cement sidewalks on some of the town's main streets this summer. The proposed new walks have been approved by the council's committee in charge of the town's financial affairs, and work is expected to start in the very near future.

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**Salaries Raised**

Having completed their six-month probationary period, the salaries of Constables John Atkinson and Angus Grieva were raised from \$125 to \$150 per month.

**Mayor Complains**

Mayor Bartleman drew attention to complaints he had received regarding the draining of sloop water on to Oke street and instructed Sanitary Inspector James Meehan that this condition must be rectified at once.

**Funeral at Sudbury of Matti Linna on Friday**

(From Sudbury Star)

Matti Linna, Lorne township blacksmith, who died on Monday from severe head wounds, inflicted in a quarrel with his neighbour, August Jantti, was buried in Park Lawn cemetery on Friday afternoon, following services in Jackson's Funeral Chapel, Rev. E. A. Kyllonen, of the Finnish Lutheran Church, Copper Cliff, officiated and the pall-bearers were: Matti Tuomi, Janas Kivi, Villi Pitterson, Victor Soini, Steve Kuusima and M. Pilla. The late Mr. Linna was 65 years of age. He is survived by his widow in Finland, three sons and two daughters: William, of Sprucefield, Ontario; Anton of Sudbury; and one son in Finland; Mrs. Matti Pajuluoma, of Creighton Mine; and Mrs. A. Yussila, of Timmins.

**Oppose Parking Law**

Through their solicitor, J. Lacourciere, several property owners on the south side of Fourth avenue, east of Cedar street, and on Cedar street near Fourth, asked for a change in the parking restrictions now in effect. "I don't see how we can lift the restrictions in one place and enforce them in another," said Mayor Bartleman. Fire Chief Alex Eriandi also pointed out that it is impossible to get fire trucks out of the station house and turn east on Fourth avenue with cars parked on the south side of the street.

**Tag Day Permit**

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind were given permission to hold a postponed tag day on September 17. On a previous date, the efforts of the Institute were hampered by a heavy all-day rain.

**Screens For Lockup**

Councillor Roberts inquired what action is being taken to provide screens over the barred windows of the cell block in the town hall. "The way things are now a sub machine gun could be passed in through the window without any trouble," he charged. Councillor Wren informed the meeting that the screens are on order and should arrive in the course of a few days.

**To Attend Convention**

Mayor Bartleman was authorized to represent the town at a meeting of the Ontario Mayors Association to be held in Niagara Falls on September 8 and 9.

**To Sign Cheques**

Patrick Murphy, municipal accountant, was given permission to sign town cheques during the absence on vacation of town treasurer A. L. Shaw.

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CHAPTER IV  
**DISASTER AT SEA**

"What?" Startled, Hall stared at the girl as they stood a little apart from the crowds on the deck.

Her tone was as casual as her attitude standing there, hands thrust into the pockets of her grey coat. But glancing down Hall saw bare, slippery feet, the edge of a nightgown; at least, she had not been quite so unhurried as she seemed now.

"Do you mean that?" he asked her incredulously. "Have you been told anything?"

"Yes," she met his eyes steadily. "I overheard something the Captain said to the Chief Officer; he didn't know I was there. That iceberg ripped along the side from the bow to the engine-room through several water-tight compartments; there's not a chance of saving the ship. Better not let it go any further; there might be a panic if we said anything."

"You are cool," Hall exclaimed.

"It's no use to be otherwise; besides—I don't feel any need for fear personally."

"What about those kids of yours?" Hall asked.

"I brought them up on deck. They're over there with their mother, who is very much annoyed at the inconsiderateness of the whole affair! Listen!" She smiled as she spoke.

Mrs. Burpham-West's complaining voice was heard, peevishly addressing