



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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Gradually on the greying horizon the dark smoke-plumes grew higher, spread away from the now visible funnels of the steamer, rose with her above the horizon until she could be fully seen, bows on, speeding through the scene of the disaster, changing the whole aspect of things with dramatic quickness.

The light strengthened; three or four other scattered boats could now be seen converging in the same direction. Feeble cheers came from them; scarves and shawls were waved on the blades of oars to make certain that they would be seen by the rescuer.

But any such pitiful expedients were unnecessary. The newcomer was there for one purpose only, as the megaphoned question from her bridge told them, coming like the bellow of a giant across the ice-strewn, wreckage-strewn sea.

"Ship's boat ahoy! This is the steamship 'Calderson.' We picked up a wireless signal from 'Gloriana.' Where is she?"

Struan, in the nearest of the boats, tried to shout back, failed to make his voice carry, and answered with a gesture of the hands which was eloquent enough.

The steamer, moving slowly, came within earshot. From the bridge her captain, dark and keen-faced, looked down at them, and his natural voice could now be plainly heard.

"Lower the starboard gangway, Mr. Horne; get them aboard as soon as possible."

CAPTER VI "SHE IS COMING TO INDIA"

Wilson Hall's immediate reaction to the Gloriana disaster was a sharp attack of pneumonia.

Afterwards he only remembered vaguely, and as though from a vast distance, the arrival of the rescue ship in port on a drearily wet day. His sole desire was to reach the house of an old friend just outside Liverpool.

When, after all the drawn-out dangers of illness, weakness and weariness, Hall reached convalescence at last, it was with the edge of his feelings curiously dulled, and with something—perhaps a protective instinct—which held him back from retrospection. He did not want to talk about the Gloriana disaster, at present, did not want to see the newspaper reports or be reminded of it in any way.

Consequently it was not until he was practically well, that his host rather deprecatingly produced some letters and scribbled telephone messages from his desk.

"Those all came during your illness," he said. "They're from fellow-passengers of yours on the Gloriana, I believe. . . I wouldn't bother you with them if they were only inquiries, but some of them are more than that."

Hall turned over the papers. Some were letters and cards from comparative strangers, but there was a short note from Chrissie Ryland: "We're so terribly sorry that you are ill. Do let us know how you get on and come to see us when you're in town"—on the headed letter paper of a Kensington hotel. There was a visiting card, too, from Struan, with inquiries scribbled upon the back, and the name of the same hotel written above the printed address of his Service Club.

Within three days of Hall's arrival in London he sought out the Kensington hotel where Struan was staying, a place with an indefinable atmosphere of Service people home on leave.

He asked for Struan, but turned at the sound of a lighter step and a girl's voice.

"Oh! Mr. Hall, I am glad that you've come! I do hope that you're really well again. . . but I can see how ill you've been."

Chrissie Ryland, both hands outstretched, spoke warmly, sincerely, but with only a shadow of her wide, merry smile. Her face was pale under its golden powdering of freckles, shaded by a wide black hat. She looked older, too, and thinner—but perhaps that was only a result of the long, close-fitting lines of her black dress.

"Miss Ryland, are you . . . is this . . . ?" Hall touched her sleeve and the girl nodded, tears rising in her eyes so that they looked like sun-flecked pools.

"Yes . . . didn't you see in the papers . . . ? Oh no, of course—I forgot how ill you'd been. The boat that Mummy was in . . . it was found bottom upwards."

"I'm sorry," Hall said gently. "More sorry than I can tell you, Miss Ryland." She smiled in something like her old fashion.

"Not THAT any longer, Mr. Hall."

"Why—do you mean . . . ?"

"Yes," Chrissie nodded. "Ranny and I were married quietly a month ago. You see, he wanted to be able to look after me, when we knew that mother had gone. I've not many relations, none who cared much, so it seemed best not to wait, just to be married quietly and quickly."

"Much best," Hall agreed. "And I congratulate you both with all my heart."

"We shall be going to India in the autumn. Ranny has been especially attached until then to the new Central Flying School, he's considered rather an expert, you know."

"It will be good for you, won't it? The entire change of scene. And have you come across any other of our 'Gloriana' friends, the Burpham-West family, for instance?"

"Yes, Mrs. Burpham-West and the children are staying at an hotel in Cromwell-rd. We've seen them several times."

"And—Miss Valence? Is she with them still?"

"Until the autumn. Then—she is coming to India with Ranny and me."

Chrissie gave the information with a casual air, but before Hall could answer she went on speaking, almost as though to forestall any objections.

"You see, we found that she wanted to go to India tremendously, if she could find a job there. And so Ranny—we both thought that it would be

splendid for me to have her as a sort of companion. Then it gives me a chance to repay a little of what I owe her; after all, she saved Ranny's life, and we can't forget that, either of us. It—it was magnificent what she did; I'd never have believed a woman could be so brave."

Chrissie broke off with a shiver. Hall, his eyes watching her, spoke calmly. "And yet, in spite of all these conclusive arguments, you'd much rather Miss Valence was not going with you."

CHRISSIE'S INDISCRETION
Chrissie flushed crimson, turned to him with a rather piteous little gesture of appeal.

"Oh, Mr. Hall, why do you . . . how did you . . . ? I haven't even let myself . . . I won't feel like that! Please don't suggest anything of that sort to Ranny; I wouldn't for worlds let him think that I—that I—"

"I'm right, then?" Hall interrupted. "In a way—yes." The word seemed dragged from her. "She—she frightens me!"

"How?" Hall was startled by the girl's vehemence.

"It's some thing I can't explain . . . I think ruthlessly is the word I want. When I remember how she shot down that man . . . And yet, if she hadn't done it, Ranny . . . Oh! I am hideously ungrateful."

"No, I think I understand what you mean. But you must remember Miss Valence wasn't brought up like you."

"I'm afraid I'm a cat, so hopelessly ordinary myself, that I'm happier with people more ordinary than she is." Chrissie smiled suddenly, disarmingly. "So do please forget what I've said."

"Of course I will . . . and don't imagine that I can't understand," Hall hesitated, then went on, choosing his words soberly. "Leonie Valence has extraordinary strength of personality; I've felt it myself. One might be afraid of her as an enemy, but if one had her as a friend . . ."

"And she has been the best of friends to me—yes," Chrissie nodded gravely. "I do realize that. I'm afraid I must go now; I've got to meet Ranny, but you'll come again, won't you? How about dinner on Monday?"

The engagement made, Hall found himself once more in the wide Kensington street. The chill greyness of the sky was still unbroken, except where an ineffectual sun, like a tarnished silver disc, tried to peer through the fog.

In Kensington Gardens wisps of mist trailed round three trunks, and the shouts and laughter of children, the barking of dogs, sounded thin and muffled. Hall strolled along airily until through the trees he caught the flash of wings and the sound of wild bird-voices calling.

He came out upon the verge of the Round Pond, dark grey under the pale grey sky; high in the air skimmed and wheeled and circled the endless ballet of the sea-gulls, their pink feet dipping daintily now and again in the water.

One group, a boy and two girls, especially caught Hall's eyes. Then, as his glance passed on and beyond, he stopped short, watching.

On the edge of the pond, slim and erect, was a grey-coated figure, standing motionless, with one arm raised and outstretched. All round the grey and white sea-gulls swooped and screamed, in close and ever closer circles until first one and then another snatched something from the extended hand.

Hall moved forward and at the same instant the level eyes under the black hat saw him, the firm lips curved into that dazzling smile which he would have remembered less had it been more common. Simultaneously the three children flung themselves towards him, shrieking his name shrilly.

"Is there anywhere near where you can buy candy?" Hall inquired gravely, distributing shillings, then held out his hand with a laugh as three pairs of black-gaitered legs went flying towards a chocolate-seller.

"Now, we can say how-d'you-do properly. What luck, meeting like this—for me. But I've come from the Strauns."

"Then you know that I'm going with them to India?"

"Yes. So the way East has opened to you more quickly than you expected, eh? That's your season for going?"

"Of course, I don't do anything without reason. And I use any means, any person." It was a mere statement of fact, not a boast. "I want you to help me, too—to learn about India. I'm already studying the language, in return for lessons in English, with a young Hindu at our hotel."

"You mean museums, libraries? I could take you to the India Office and the Imperial Institute."

"Thanks. I'm free to-morrow."

"Very well. Shall I call for you at eleven, say—"

"Nine o'clock would be better. No need to waste time."

She was ready for him next morning on the steps of the hotel, and Hall,

NEW OPPOSITION LEADER TAKES OFFICE



Suitable attired to combat a rising thermometer, Hon. R. J. Manion, new leader of the Conservative party smiles from behind his desk in the parliament buildings in Ottawa, when visited officially for the first time by photographers, shortly after he was sworn in.

well-informed enough to be a good guide, found her an almost over-intelligent companion. She listened with intense concentration, shook her head when he suggested note-taking.

"There's no need. I don't forget anything I want," she answered. "I just clear the rubbish out occasionally to leave room for important things—pigeon-holed."

By the end of the day Hall felt exhausted, sucked dry, but Leonie was as alert as ever, after those hours spent among the Indian treasures of the museums. She spoke impatiently, anger in her eyes.

"Why should it all belong to the British? We French were there first, in India."

"Well, I don't know that we Americans have much cause to complain—and you're fifty per cent. American," Hall argued.

"Mr. Hall, I'm not fifty per cent. American in anything that matters. I am all French! And now—where will you take me to-morrow? Remember, I've so much to learn and so little time."

(To be Continued)

Hot Marks and Cold Plaster Considered

Also Warm Words and Cool Cynicism Mentioned

(By Thomas Richard Henry)
"What a wonderful building," exclaimed a young lady visitor to our town as we drove her through the exhibition grounds.

We looked around in surprise because the only new building within her line of vision was the United Kingdom shanty.

Strangely enough, she was actually referring to the U.K. building.

There is no accounting for tastes. We don't like the appearance of this goody modern structure.

We think that solid stone or brick represents the British idea far more than this showy shell of plaster, and we don't think that they should permit any public building to have doors as narrow as those doors seem to be.

We think that Great Britain might better have spent the money on another airplane and left the exterior of the building the way it was, without the distiguring veneer.

Hot Marks
Where your treasure is, there also will your heart be.

It seems to us that there is Scriptural authority for that opinion.

It means that in the final showing you will be found rooting for the horse on which your dough is riding.

In connection with this we are quite interested in a story given quite a play in the London Daily Express.

That paper declares that the big industrialists in Germany are bootlegging their money out of Germany, despite the risks of fines, imprisonments and the hate of Hitler.

The paper says that although the export of mark notes or coins from Germany is forbidden, there has been active dealing in marks in London, Amsterdam, Zurich and Paris.

The London market is trading daily anything from \$20,000 to \$100,000 worth of German marks.

And there is big money in these transactions because the bootleggers only get one English pound for 35 marks. The marks are then smuggled back to Germany and changed back into pound sterling at the rate of 12 marks for the pound.

There could be stories more strange than some of the spy stories of fiction written about the methods the big money boys use in getting their money out of "The Fatherland."

The principal agents are the penniless aristocrats and landed gentry who are willing to take big risks for a high reward—possibly these laddies would rather do anything than work for a living.

Sometimes the agents unscrew the metal signs on German trains and hide mark notes behind them before reaching the customs.

Notes are hidden in cameras, telescopes or almost anything that has a cavity.

If you find a big roll of marks while travelling on a German train the decent thing to do is to spend them, because even if the owner were found, he probably would land in jail.

It's whispered even that a diplomat's credentials and privileges are used sometimes to cover the forbidden retreats of German funds from Adolph Hitler.

The most humorous of all ruses, however, is for a German Aryan loaded down with fleeing marks, to ostentatiously travel with a Jew.

The Jew, of course, gets the works, while his companion gets only a cursory examination.

There is no joke about the way the German officials try to stop money from escaping Germany.

We had a friend who visited Germany and had a very unpleasant half-hour at the boundary line trying to make his cash balance and his expenditures come out even.

We hope the English paper has the

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right dope on the emancipation of the mark.

Good Germans will no doubt be able to shout "Heil Hitler" with more genuine emotion if they have a balance salted away in Britain.

And we don't think these reserves would do the cause of the righteous any harm if Adolph suddenly got an itch to try out his army and his navy.

Meaning Please?
Is there an interpreter in the house? We find one of these investment analyst boys shooting way over our head.

He says, "While our answers may be abruptly to the point you can be assured that these interpretations are the net result of the many factors of conditions which may include economic, political and intrinsic value influences, that may separately and collectively affect a particular stock market wise and intrinsic value wise."

We felt like a kitten chasing its tail before we got through reading that sentence.

It had us baffled in a way that we have not been baffled since we gave up reading sentences about all Gaul being divided in three parts.

Who's Cynical?
Somebody writes in advising us not to be so "cynical."

We deny the allegation.

We haven't time or space to write about all the things we like, approve and even admire, so we just pick out the things we don't like and complain about them, publicly on our own behalf and behalf of all those who feel the same way, but have not the opportunity to grouse to more than a couple of people at a time.

Former Timmins Citizen Married at Kapuskasing

(From Kapuskasing Northern Tribune)

The marriage took place quietly on Saturday morning, August 20th, at eight o'clock in St. Mark's Anglican Church of Mary Mae, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Arsenault, to Richard E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Noble.

The bride was becomingly dressed in navy sheer with hip length jacket of pink embroidered net. Her hat was a navy Breton sailor and her shoes and gloves were of navy and she carried a bouquet of Talsman roses.

Miss Nora Arsenault attended her sister in a gown of navy embroidered net over taffeta, navy hat, shoes and gloves and a corsage of premier roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Melville M. Noble.

After a wedding breakfast served at the home of the bride to immediate relatives, the young couple left on a honeymoon trip to Montreal, Toronto and other southern Ontario points. Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Noble will reside in Kapuskasing upon their return.

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of British Columbia, and according to a writer in the magazine issued by Canadian Industries Limited, half the Chinese in that province are engaged in raising seventy-five per cent. of the vegetable produce for the Vancouver and Victoria markets. The amazing success of their efforts is due to their own patient toil and the adoption of scientific cure of the soil. In miracle man fashion they harvest as many as three successive crops off a single plot in one season, offsetting the terrific strain on the soil with liberal applications of fertilizers.

Annual Study Group for Clergymen in the North

Haileybury, Aug. 29.—(Special to The Advance)—Three well-known ministers from other parts of Ontario will be on the staff of the Lorraine Fellowship when that annual study group for Protestant clergy of Northern Ontario districts is held at Camp Lorraine, on Lake Temiskaming, next week, according to an announcement by Rev. Dr. J. C. Cochrane, of North Bay, who has charge of the arrangements this year. The visitors will include Rev. E. Crossley Hunter, of Hamilton and formerly of North Bay, Rev. R. Edis Fairbairn, of Bracebridge, and Rev. Ernest E. Long, of Barrie. The gathering opens on Monday next and concludes on September 9, it is stated by Dr. Cochrane, who is superintendent of northern missions for the United Church.

Sudbury Star: Sin is expensive, says a preacher. But it seems to be in reach of the average pocketbook.

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Bargain excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 and 46 and their connections, Thursday, Sept. 8th. Passengers who use our Train 2 will connect at North Bay with C.P. Train 2, leaving 8:20 p.m. same date. Passengers who use Train 46, will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C.P. Depot and take C.P. Train 8, leaving at 1:00 a.m. Friday, Sept. 9th.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train 1 from Windsor Street Station, Montreal 10:15 p.m., Sunday, Sept. 11th, and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1 at 12:45 p.m., Monday, Sept. 12th. EXCEPT passengers from points north of Porquiss MUST leave not later than C.P. Train 7, from Montreal, 7:50 p.m., Sunday, Sept. 11th to connect at North Bay with our Train 47, Monday, Sept. 12th.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50 "The Northland."

Tickets destined Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre not good on Semi-Streamlined Trains 359 and 352 to Quebec and 349 and 351 from Quebec, but good on all other trains between Montreal and Quebec.

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