



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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CHAPTER VII "INDIA—GRIM STEPMOTHER OF OUR KIND"

Pathapore was not a picturesque nor romantically situated station.

Beyond the Club, beyond the barracks at the extreme edge where the cantonments met the plain, with a dusty road

running northwards across it like an unrolled tape measure, stood a small bungalow, whose compound showed more than a feeble attempt at cultivation.

There were orange and red croton lilies in tubs sunk into the ground, and a gardener squatting before a small flower-bed was gravely inserting into the dust of its soil the decapitated heads of marigolds, forming them into a close thick carpet.

The mem-sahib loved flowers and her tastes should be gratified, even though by to-morrow the labours of Tantia would be withered and dead.

And for the moment the flower-bed looked far gayer than in the marigolds had been planted, roots and all, after the stereotyped method.

Tantia looked up and grinned as the mem-sahib herself came out on to the veranda. Undoubtedly she would be pleased... And Christie Struan, encountering that gaze of childish satisfaction, just managed to hide her dismay and smile at the men encouragingly.

"It looks very nice, Mallee," she said, and sank down into one of the long chairs, with the feeling that she should cry if she did not cling to her perception of the funny side of it. And it was so like India—one phase of India.

Warily she pushed back the limp hair from her wet forehead. Although she had only just bathed and changed, her clothes were clinging moistly to her again; there was no trace of freshness in the air.

She had said that she might go down to the Club, but now that it came to the point she simply couldn't muster the energy; perhaps she would feel better if she rested a bit, more fit to face dinner time.

And then, the hoot of a horn, the throb of an engine, a motor car unmistakably stopping at the gate.

"Oh, dear!" Christie pressed her fingers to her aching eyes.

She would have to drag herself up; there was no help for it. She swung her legs over the side of the chair; sat on its edge, then sprang to her feet with a little cry.

"Oh, Mr. Hall, how tremendously glad I am to see you!" she cried, her breath catching almost in a sob.

Hall took the two outstretched hands in his own and pressed them warmly.

"Why, now, that's wonderfully nice of you," he said. "It means a lot, a real welcome like this."

His trained eyes took in quickly her pallor, the heaviness of her eyes, the drooping, sagging lines of her whole body.

"You want to know why I'm here," he said in his pleasant Southern States voice, with its slight drawl. "Well, you see, somehow England felt very lonely after you all left in October. I'd got to finish my commissions, but I didn't feel inclined to linger on after I'd got through with them. And I'm bound to say that Christmastime bored me."

"Here it was... rather pathetic," Christie was laughing at the remembrance, but again came that little catch in her voice.

"So then you decided to come to India?" "Oh, I'd always had it as a possible end in view, you know! But what settled it was a commission from a big thing in potatoes out here, the Ma-

harajah Zindia—Lakshman Singh." "Yes—of Khotalghar; his place is not far from Pathapore," Christie spoke eagerly.

"Only about six or seven miles. I understand. So I thought I'd come here and see you first." "And stay with us? That will be splendid."

"No, my thoughts did not mount to those heights, Mrs. Struan. The portrait will take some time, and I couldn't possibly foist myself on you indefinitely."

"Oh, but we should be delighted. I'm sure that Ranny will say the same, and then Leonie... she knows you and likes you too..."

"Ah!" Hall's quiet eyes were observant. "She's still with you?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't know what we should do without her." Christie spoke with almost feverish haste and there was a bright spot of colour in each cheek.

"More especially now that I... can't go about with Ranny so much. You see... She raised her eyes to Hall's with a kind of grave simplicity. "I'm going to have a baby at the end of the year."

"I'm glad," he answered as simply and sincerely.

Hall glanced expressively. "Surely—perhaps I'm wrong—but don't women generally go up to the hills on these occasions? But perhaps you are going away... later."

"No, I don't think so," Christie answered quietly. "Ranny would like to arrange it like that, but there's the question of expense, you see. Ranny can't possibly get away, and he wouldn't like me to go alone."

"Miss Valence? Didn't she come out here as your companion?" Hall raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, yes... yes!" Again the two feverish spots appeared in Christie's cheeks. "But then, I should hate to take her away from Ranny. She's such a companion to him, too. I mean it, really, Mr. Hall. You see, the experimental Flying Grounds are a longish ride away and Ranny's job takes him over constantly. And I'm not riding much at present... Besides, Leonie is so wonderfully well-informed about aviation; it's marvellous how she's picked it up, the technical side. And I'm a perfect idiot about those things—I simply can't remember the different kinds of planes and their records and who built them. But Leonie can discuss it all, man to man; Ranny says she can even make useful suggestions about design and that sort of thing. So, of course, he likes being with her."

LEONIE AGAIN

Christie leant back in her chair with an air of finality. Hall put his next question quietly, in almost an off-hand manner.

"You've grown to like her yourself, then? She doesn't frighten you any longer?"

Rather a long pause followed before Christie answered hastily: "Of course not!"

"You know her better—trust her better?" Hall persisted, rather as a doctor persists in his catechism of a patient.

"No! I mean... No. I can't say that I know her any better, really. I don't think she wants one to. It's... it's like fish in an aquarium; you see them and all they do quite plainly, but there's always glass between you. You can't touch them, or know what they are thinking."

"But you say Struan likes her in spite of her... fishiness?"

"It sounds a horrid comparison put in that way!" Christie laughed. "Though it's my fault for having made it first. And it is really marvellous the way Leonie manages the servants. She speaks Hindustani far better than I do, and they like her, too, although I believe they're bit afraid of her as well. She's an extraordinary capable person in every way; she leaves me very little to do in the way of housekeeping; everything is taken off my shoulders really."

"What do you do with yourself then?" "Oh—I sew—and read—only it's difficult to get anything new. And I've been working at music again, practising quite a lot."

"You play, then? I didn't know that."

"Yes, the piano; I was taught rather well in Paris and London. I compose a bit, too, or try to, and I've been studying harmony and counterpoint. I was lazy at that as a pupil."

"Will you play for me some time?" "Why, of course!" Christie smiled at Hall. "Ranny likes it too, so long as the stuff isn't too classical—although he can appreciate good things too, especially if they are not labelled Bach or Brahms! He's more musical than he knows, really."

"And Miss Valence?" "Oh, she declares she doesn't know one tune from another. I don't think she has much ear, really; she's not good at distinguishing voices. Now, that's how I know people, how I remember

them—an aural memory, it's called, isn't it? Leonie's must be the visual sort. She never forgets a face, or a book she has read—anything she has seen."

"I believe I must have a nasal memory!" Hall laughed. "I'm sure I remember places and people most keenly by smells—or tastes."

"And that reminds me that I've been most abominably inhospitable—never to offer you a drink or anything else! Whatever would Ranny think of me? Christie's voice held real perturbation, as she sat up sideways. "What will you have? When did you get a meal last?"

"I'm not needing anything, really, and please don't get up. Mrs. Struan, I shall have to be off."

"Indeed you won't! Ah, here comes Ranny! I can hear their horses, so I shall have reinforcements to persuade you to stay."

The clatter of hooves and the sound of voices came from the side of the bungalow, and in a few moments two figures appeared on the verandah. Struan strode forward, hand outstretched, an attractive figure in his riding-kit, from smoothly brushed head to well-polished boots.

"Hall! What a pleasant surprise! I wondered whose car it was. And what brings you to India—and to Pathapore?" "Business and pleasure combined, as I've been explaining to Mrs. Struan. Well, Miss Valence, we meet again, and I only hope you're half as glad as I am."

"I'm glad, of course." There was just a flicker of a smile about her lips, but her eyes were grave and intent, as they stood hand-clasped. And Hall, looking at her, realized that here was a phase of Leonie Valence. Up to now she had always been the same grey-clad figure, on the Gloriana, in the boat, at the Kensington Hotel. Now, in tussore coat, Jodhpur, riding-breeches and a terti felt hat, she looked younger, prettier. But no, even now, "pretty" was not the word to describe her; that epithet, which might be bestowed equally well on a daisy, a lamb, or the pattern of a wallpaper.

More of a woman, even in that boyish kit—was that it? Certainly the tropics must suit her. There was colour in her pale face, a soft brightness in her eyes which was surely new; the beautiful lines of mouth and jaw seemed less sculptural.

"Of course, you're staying with us, Hall," Struan's voice broke in on his thoughts. "I won't hear of anything else. Christie says you're painting our local potentate, but you won't want to spend all your time at Khotalghar. Geographical, of course—something between Windsor Castle and Aladdin's Palace, but not exactly what you'd call home! I couldn't stick it myself for more than a few days, although India is pretty thoroughly Westernized—Harrow and Christchurch, and all that."

"I've no doubt I can arrange to run over to Khotalghar for His Highness's sitting, perhaps spend a few days with him later."

"Then that's settled—good!" Struan said heartily. "I'll speak to the butler, Christie."

In the bare, matted room, with the green sun-blinds and mosquito-curtained bed, where the light admitted by one side-window shone purple through a falling veil of bougainvillea, Hall surveyed the situation mentally.

"I wonder why I'm glad to be staying here—I wonder what's the real attraction—or who? I'm hanged if I care! A looker-into—that's what I've always been, that's what I am still."

(To be Continued)

Has Leg Fractured in Holiday Mishap

Paul Leguere, Delnite Miner, Suffers Severe Injuries Walking on Back Road.

Paul Leguere, 32, employed at Delnite Mines, was seriously injured when knocked down by a car on the back road Monday afternoon at 3.45. According to information gained by Timmings police, who investigated, Leguere walked directly into the path of a machine driven by B. E. Service, 78 Elm street south, Timmings. The accident took place near the former Crown Reserve property just beyond

SALLY'S SALLIES



Opportunity knocks for every man—a woman, of course, gets a ring.

the town limits. Service was proceeding toward Timmings and Leguere in the opposite direction.

K. Haapanen, a passenger with Service and two other witnesses, all stated that Leguere appeared to walk right into the middle of the road in front of the oncoming car. He was taken to hospital immediately where medical examination disclosed a compound fracture of the right leg, shoulder injuries and head lacerations. He was reported by hospital authorities today to be resting as comfortably as could be expected.

That Body of Yours

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

In Hay Fever, Asthma, and Eczema, the Tendency Not the Disease is Inherited. It is now generally agreed that both heredity and surroundings or circumstances determine our character and disposition, although the exact proportion of each will never likely be known.

There is one condition in life however that is believed to be always inherited and that is what is called allergy—sensitivity or over-sensitivity to various substances such as foods, pollen of plants, fur, feathers, and others. These substances are harmless or cause no symptoms in perhaps 98 or 99 of every 100 individuals, but in the one or two cases in the hundred these individuals after eating or coming in contact with one of these substances may have any one of the following—urticaria (hives), eczema, asthma, hay fever, head colds, stomach and intestinal upsets, or migraine (one-sided headache).

These substances actually poison these "allergic" individuals and as the rest of us eat or breathe in these same substances without having these symptoms, it means that there is something about these allergic individuals that is different from us; that is, there is something different in their bodies. And this 'difference' is inherited as most of these individuals, when closely questioned, state that one or both of their parents were affected.

Fortunately, however, it is not inherited by all the children, sometimes only one in a family of children inheriting this allergic tendency. The tendency to these disease—hay fever, asthma, eczema—is inherited, but not the disease itself. Thus the grandparent may have asthma, the parent hay fever, and the grandchildren eczema.

"One may be sensitive to feathers, the next to ragweed pollen, and the next to the whites of eggs. And yet all these individuals have the one common condition or characteristic—the ability to become sensitized or allergic."

Although the individual has this tendency, he will not acquire the disease or symptoms unless he comes in contact with the substance or substances to which he is sensitive—foods he eats pollen and other things he breathes into his nose and throat, and things he touches with his hands. Certain drugs also may cause the symptoms.

To prevent attacks, the avoidance of these substances is the first thought. As this is not always possible, skin and other tests of various substances known to cause symptoms are made, and when the offending substance is found, injections of small quantities of it are made into the skin to "desensitize" the individual. These injections, or giving small quantities of the offending food, may so arouse or develop resistance to the substance that the individual is finally made free of all symptoms. His body or constitution has been changed.

Food Allergy "What is one man's food is another man's poison" is an old saying but the truth of it is being proven almost daily by leading research physicians throughout the world. Some individuals are over-sensitive or allergic to certain foods and other substances and will have head colds, 'snuffy' noses, hives,

Training School for Nurses of ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL. Applicants are being interviewed from now until Sept. 30. Appointments necessary. PHONE 836 Sister M. Fidelis

Weekly Garden-Graph by DEAN HALLIDAY. Beware of Buckhorn. All lawns should receive an application of complete fertilizer this month. But to fertilize a lawn that is full of weeds is a waste of money, therefore clean the weeds out of the lawn before feeding it.

North Bay Wedding of Timmings Couple

Miss Claire Leone Durrell and Robert Earle Moore Wedded on Thursday.

(From North Bay Nugget) The wedding was solemnized in North Bay Thursday morning, September 1, of Claire Leone Durrell and Robert Earle Moore, both of Timmings.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Durrell, Timmings, and the groom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, Renfrew. Rev. Peter Webster, of Trinity United Church, North Bay, officiated.

The bride looked charming wearing a French suit of tuxedo style in wine wool crepe with a three-quarter sleeve of logwood seal. Her matching hat was of the imported stitched felt of the dall type design. She wore a heavy gold bracelet and clip and carried orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

Her bridesmaid, Mrs. Keith Stirling, Timmings, chose a black velvet fitted dress with smart white trimming and black velvet turban. Her corsage was butterfly roses and lilies-of-the-valley. John French, of Pandor Cadillac, Que., acted as groomsmen.

Following the ceremony a reception and dinner was held at the Empire Hotel, North Bay. Mrs. James Durrell received the guests in an attractive grey and navy blue creation of crepe. Her hat was an original navy blue felt and she wore a corsage of tulle and roses with lilies-of-the-valley.

The out-of-town guests were: Mrs. Walter Heise, sister of the bride, of Vancouver, B.C.; Miss Mabel Durrell, Sam Durrell, D. Fitzjohn, Mrs. Heslop G. Heslop all of Timmings; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Moore, Renfrew; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moore, Timiskaming, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stimers, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Cal Babcock, Sudbury; Mr. and Mrs. John French, Pandora Cadillac, Que., and Hector Waller, of Kirkland Lake.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Moore left on a motor trip to Muskoka and south. Upon their return they will take up residence at Delnite Mines, Timmings.

London Opinion: "The octopus can see to the front, each side and to the rear simultaneously, and periodically discharges a quantity of inky fluid," says a naturalist. What a gossip-writer it would make if it could only write.

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ADVICE TO BUILDERS Anyone proposing to build any structure, including residences as well as business structures, on "The King's Highway" or what is commonly called the "Trunk Road" is hereby requested to apply to the Department of Highways for a permit to erect this building.

ADVICE TO BUILDERS (Continuation of previous block) Any person erecting a building within 150 feet of the boundary line of the King's Highway must secure a permit before work commences. A. T. Hamer, Division Engineer, Dept. of Highways, Matheson, July 11, 1938.

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