



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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INFATUATION

Her voice sounded extraordinarily unperturbed after the man's strained jangling tones.

"But, hang it all—you can't—not like that! I—we—couldn't do without you."

"Couldn't you? Well, but I'd say you'd managed it for a good many years... both of you."

Struan muttered something under his breath. Leonie responded placidly. "You seem mad about something!"

"Don't pretend innocence!"

"Pretend!"

"Yes! You know perfectly well what has upset me. The way you encouraged that boomer—"

"The Maharajah? Really, Ranny, you talk in the most extraordinary way. I've never met anyone with more perfect manners than his."

"The slimy brute—curse him!" Struan burst out furiously.

"That's ridiculous. And I hope you'll try to be civil to my future employer."

"Leonie," suddenly Struan's tones were pleading. "You don't seriously mean to take on the job of governess to that kid?"

"I certainly do—if I can get it. I'm sure the salary would be princely! And I like the child—and his father."

"Curse them both!"

"It really sounds as though you were jealous of the Maharajah!" Leonie laughed.

Hall, wide awake now, expected an indignant outbreak from Struan. Instead, after a long pause, he spoke in a smothered voice, "You're driving me crazy."

With a convulsive movement the eavesdropper bent forward, pressing his fingers into both ears. The two in the reading room would certainly hear if he made any movement to escape, but to listen any longer was utterly intolerable; he had overheard far too much as it was.

Inside the room, Leonie and Struan still confronted each other. "If that's so, isn't it all the more reason why I should leave your house?" The girl's voice was hard.

"I suppose so."

"Wouldn't that be best?" Leonie asked inexorably.

"I'm past thinking of it in that way, I tell you. I don't want to love you," he told her fiercely, "but you hold me. You make me forget what I owe to Christie, forget everything. I've not even the satisfaction of saying that you've drawn me on. I don't believe you care a hoot for me, do you?"

She met his look strangely.

"That is a question it's better I should not answer," she said deliberately.

"What do you mean by that?"

"It might only hurt you more."

"I don't wonder Hall called you a Sphinx!" Struan laughed again. "Will you promise me this—that you won't go off to Khotalghar without warning, that you'll tell me what you decide to do, beforehand?"

"Yes, I'll promise you that. Don't be unreasonable. The separation will be very good for you—for both of us, perhaps."

"Oh, all right! I'll agree."

Leonie rose, shaking down the clinging folds of the blue dress, picking up her gloves and sunshade.

She went out of the room without another word, and Struan followed her. Outside on the verandah, Hall let his hands fall upon his knees.

"I felt that I'd rather die than hear any more of what they were saying," he thought. "But now—I'd give all I have in the world to have listened longer."

today the times seemed to be out of joint for Jones as well as others.

"Don't brood over them too much, Tim," Chrissie was saying, laughing up into the boy's gloomy face. "Remember every girl who sees them envies you those thorns in the flesh!"

"I'm not—I wasn't... Oh, for goodness' sake, don't rot me, Mrs. Struan!" young Jones burst out, scowling miserably.

"I'm sorry, Tim," Chrissie said gently, but Struan glanced up with a gleam of impatient anger in his eyes.

"I should have thought you could take a joke better than that, Jones," he said harshly.

The lad muttered something under his breath, then swung round to face Chrissie.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Struan," he said. "I... you know I'd not be rude to you for words, only—only..."

There came a quick firm step and Leonie's voice.

"Have I been keeping you people? I'm sorry."

She was wearing a black dress, which gave Hall somehow the impression of deliberate self-effacement. Chrissie this evening, with a little colour in her cheeks and a becoming gown of golden brown silk, was the more noticeable of the two. She stood up and took young Jones's arm.

"We're not going to be formal," she said; "Ranny, you'll bring Miss Weatherfield, and Leonie will look after Mr. Hall."

Hall found himself talking rather feverishly to counterbalance the silence of the other two men. Miss Weatherfield, he soon discovered, could be relied upon for steady conversation on almost any subject, and Leonie supported her by a quiet question or remark now and then. Chrissie was trying to draw on young Jones to discuss the afternoon's polo, making mistakes which on any other occasion would have stirred the boy to delighted and derisive laughter. But today he sat stum and silent, his eyes fixed on his plate.

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"You will have a chance of seeing for yourself I expect," Chrissie told her. "The Maharajah talked this afternoon of giving a ball to the district, and the Doherty's are sure to be asked."

"Indeed!" Miss Weatherfield looked gratified. "That will be a splendid opportunity to form my own impressions. Zindia must be a strange character... from what I heard."

"What did the Doctor tell you about him? It would be interesting to hear what kind of man the Maharajah is from one who knows him well." Leonie, as she spoke, leant forward, her chin resting on her clasped hands.

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TENSION AT THE PARTY

"The Maharajah appears to have a subtle and complex nature," she began, and went on to speak of his Westernized education, those tendencies which appeared in his firebrand speeches at the Oxford Union, speeches which breathed the very spirit of a New Age.

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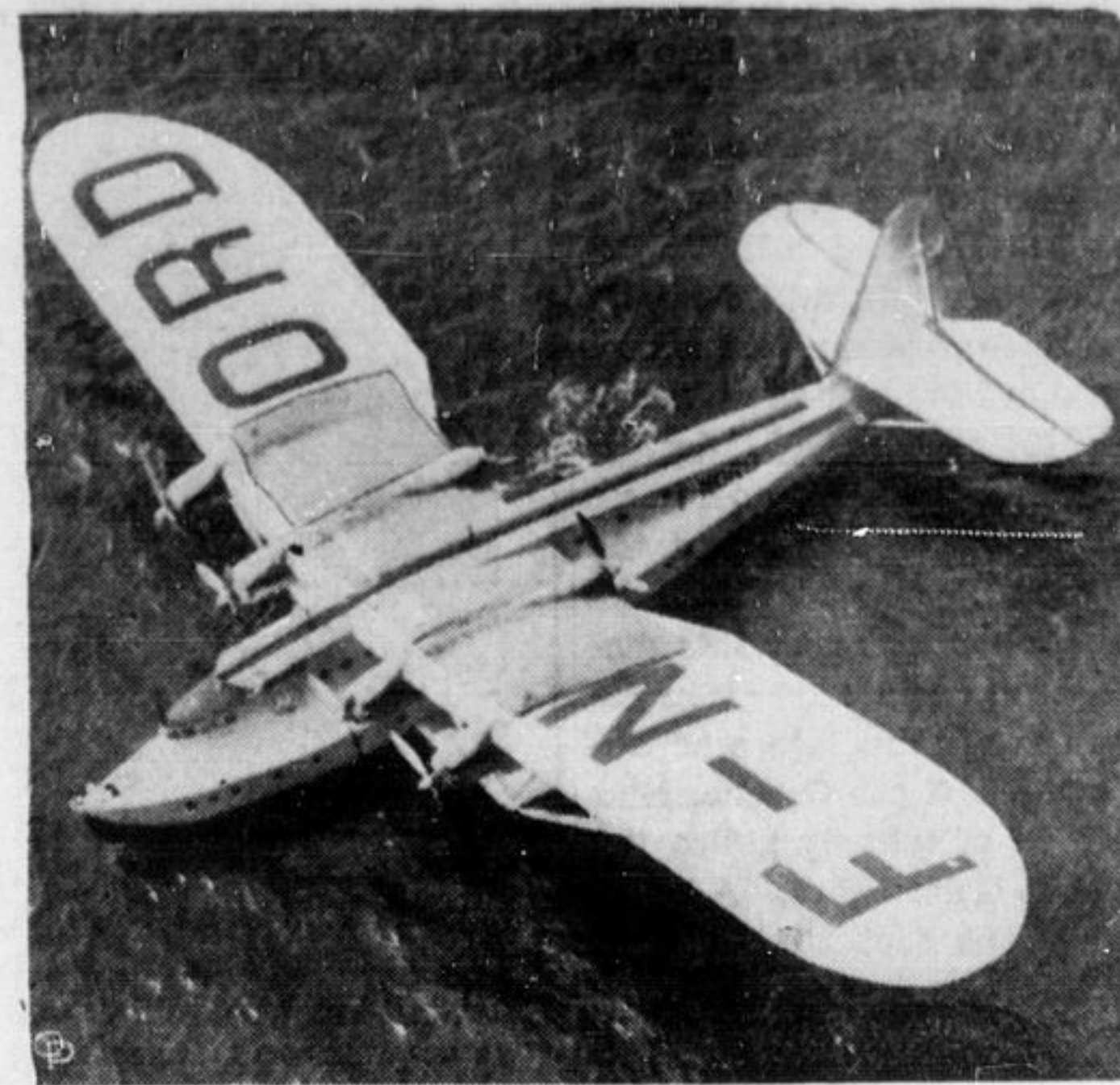
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"On the principle that it's wisest not to throw about lighted matches when you're sitting on a powder magazine!" Hall laughed.

"Then you don't think that he stands for Freedom and the New Spirit of Brotherhood?" Miss Weatherfield was clinging wistfully to her own conception.

"I think he'd stand as a kind of Eastern Napoleon against us if he got

FRENCH FLYING BOAT CROSSES ATLANTIC



Just 22 hours, 48 minutes out of Horta, the Azores, the 41-ton French flying boat, Lieutenant De Vaisseau Paris, is shown sitting down at Port Washington, N.Y. The Lieutenant De Vaisseau Paris' flight was France's first experimental trip across the North Atlantic. This air view gives a good idea of the huge proportions of the ship.

his chances—which he won't," Struan said.

"You're making him out extremely interesting," Leonie's voice was as calm as her face when Hall glanced involuntarily towards her to see the effect of Struan's words. Only in her eyes there was a curious glint. "I'm more than ever determined to go to Khotalghar now that I know the Maharajah isn't a tame Persian pussy-cat. Evidently he's a man."

"If you like the type," Struan tried to speak casually, but Hall, with the clue which he held could read the black anger and jealousy in his compressed lips and glowering look. "I never can understand how women—clever women, too—are taken in by these showy, plausible bouncers, with velvet tongues—"

"Hiding iron hands—or should it be a tiger's claws in this case? Anyway, I'm mixing up your metaphor shamefully," Leonie laughed.

"It's terribly hot in here, isn't it?" Chrissie moved restlessly. "Shan't we go out on the verandah for coffee?"

Young Jones was still moody; he had not joined the conversation at dinner, and now he leant over the railings, his long legs crossed, staring down into the dim garden.

To Chrissie's: "Coffee, Tim?" he returned a muttered, "No thanks," which in its turn drew the comment under breath from Struan:

"Sulky young cub!"

Possibly the boy overheard, in any case after a moment or two he threw away his cigaret end and stood up, speaking abruptly.

"Fraid I must be off, Mrs. Struan; I'm on duty tonight."

"Oh, I'm sorry you've got to go so early, Tim, come in again as soon as you like."

"I think I'll stroll along with you, if you don't mind, Jones," Hall said on a sudden impulse. "I've had, no exercise today."

"All right," the boy spoke gruffly, but with no particular signs of unwillingness, and soon the two were walking along the acacia-bordered road. After a rather long pause, Hall spoke with apparent carelessness.

"Mrs. Struan is very charming, isn't she?"

"She's an angel!" Young Jones spoke abruptly in a muffled voice. "She's been—well, my mother died a couple of months ago, at home; I—I was frightfully fond of her, and it is pretty ghastly being out here. I'd only known Mrs. Struan a little while, but she—well, she was an angel," he added lamely.

"I can quite believe it," Hall answered. "Struan is a lucky man."

"Yes—curse him! And she's a million times too good for him—getting himself talked about. It was as much as I could do to be civil to him tonight."

"You weren't very!" Hall chuckled. "I'd been hearing the things they said down at the Club. He's always after that Miss Valence—"

"Steady!" This time Hall's voice was harder, colder. "You oughtn't to bring a woman's name into it, you know, Jones; and besides, I don't believe that Miss Valence is to blame," he broke off rather impotently.

"Sorry I must sound a bit of a boomer," the boy muttered.

Hall managed to avoid laughing, he answered curtly:

"All right, Jones. I'm glad Mrs. Struan has such a staunch friend. Here's where we part, I suppose—good-night."

(To be Continued)

Metallurgists to Pay Visit to Canada

British Leaders in Iron and Steels Industries to Visit in Ontario and Quebec.

More than a hundred men representing the Iron and Steel Institute and the Institute of Metals of Great Britain will reach Quebec by the Empress of Britain on September 22nd. Their purpose is to visit various important power, industrial and metallurgical plants in Quebec and Ontario, and to fraternize with men of kindred interests on this side. Many of them will be accompanied by their ladies.

The party will be headed by the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Dudley, M.C., president of the Iron and Steel Institute, Sir William Larke, K.B.E., Vice-president, Dr. James Henderson, Honorary Treasurer, and other officers and members of both institutes. It will include also such distinguished metallur-

gists from the Continent as M. Henri Roger, Luxembourg; and M. Lucien Feron, Belgium.

The itinerary will include Quebec City, Shawinigan Falls, Montreal and Beauharnois, the Seigneurie Club, Ottawa, Sudbury, Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

Vice-regal recognition will be accorded to the visitors by His Excellency the Governor General in a reception at Government House on the afternoon of September 26th.

At Quebec His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor will receive them at Spencewood on the afternoon of the 22nd.

The Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy and its branches in Toronto, Sudbury, Ottawa and Montreal have arranged to entertain the visitors with excursions and social events, formal and informal. At a dinner conducted by the Ottawa branch, Canadian speakers will include, the Honourable T. A. Crerar, minister of mines and resources, and Dr. R. C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University. Several of the distinguished visitors will double-see plants.

Invitations to inspect plants and laboratories have been accorded to the delegates by many important companies and departments of the government.

The party will leave Canada via Niagara Falls on September 30th and proceed to New York where a joint meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, the Iron and Steel Institute, and the Institute of Metals of Great Britain will be held. At the conclusion of the business session of the convention the

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Tickets to U.S. destinations sold subject to passengers meeting Immigration Requirements of U.S.A. and Canada—GOING and RETURNING. Bargain Excursion tickets NOT GOOD on Pool Trains Nos. 6 and 15, between Toronto and points East thereof.

Bargain excursion tickets to Peterboro good only on C. N. R. exclusive trains between Toronto and Peterboro.

Bargain excursion tickets NOT GOOD on "The Northland"—Trains 49 and 50.

RETURNING

Leave destinations up to and including Monday, Sept. 19th EXCEPT as follows: From Windsor, up to 12.30 a.m. Tuesday, Sept. 20th. From Port Arthur, Jellicoe, Geraldton, Beardmore, Nakina, Tashota and Longlac, up to Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 1938.

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Canada Northern Power Corporation, Limited
Common Dividend No. 37

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of 30c. per share being at the rate of \$1.20 per annum, has been declared on the no par value Common Stock of CANADA NORTHERN POWER CORPORATION LIMITED for the quarter ending September 30th, 1938, payable October 25th, 1938, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30th, 1938.

By order of the Board.
L. C. HASKELL, Secretary.
Montreal, September 6th, 1938.