



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

Copyrighted.

CHAPTER XI GLAMOUR

Some people called the Palace at Khotaghar a glorified wedding-cake, with its sugar-white minarets and cupolas. But that was only by day. Few, even of the most critical, could refuse to recognize the magical glamour of the buildings in the silver, moonlit brilliance of a tropical night.

Christie Struan, surveying the scene on the night of the ball drew her breath with amazed delight.

"How perfect! Like a dream of the other side of the moon—but we shall spoil it," she said. "Human beings don't fit into fairyland."

The Maharajah of Zindia to-night was entirely of the East, entirely a Prince. His dress was all white and silver; in the folds of his puggeri shone an enormous square-cut diamond, silver slippers gleamed on his feet, a diamond-hilted dagger was thrust through a sash of woven silver.

"You look the Maharajah of the Moon, your Highness," Christie laughed. "But it's all just white magic. I hope you haven't engaged ordinary dance bands to play in—this."

"I have not," Zindia answered. "There will be a string orchestra in one of the ballrooms for those who wish to dance. But I hope its sounds will not be too discordant."

"I'm sure they won't. It's all wonderful. I wonder where Leonie is; she said her dress was very simple and she didn't need any help, but—ah!"

Christie ended abruptly, stood staring upwards to where, in the marble-arched doorway just outside the door, a solitary figure stood.

Slim and erect, one hand thrust into the front of the plain grey coat, with a single ribbon and star in the button-hole, falling open in front to show white breeches, white stockings, shapely feet in black pumps, with oval gold shoe buckles, stood Leonie. The black

three-cornered hat with small tricolor cockade, was drawn low over the forehead; beneath its shadow the eyes showed deep-set, brooding, the features clear-cut and pale as a sculptured face.

Christie spoke excitedly, yet hardly above her breath.

"Ranny, did you know about it? . . . I didn't realize for a moment—but what a marvellous get-up! It doesn't look just like fancy dress, it's real something. . . Had she told you of it, Mr. Hall?"

But Hall did not answer. That feeling of actuality which Christie vaguely apprehended held him in a kind of spell. Academically, so to speak, he had accepted Leonie's story on first hearing it; he had never doubted that what she told him of her ancestry was true. If he had learnt of her intention beforehand, he might have remarked casually that it was an excellent idea, that she would undoubtedly make a very good Napoleon.

But now . . . this was far more than a mere matter of fancy dress; it was reincarnation rather than representation. In this woman there was surely the spirit, underlying the mere bodily aspect of the man who had been her grandfather.

Standing there, Hall felt as though more than a century of time had rolled back. In that second's revelation he realized the inner meaning of the Napoleonic legend, why that one man was loved and feared and hated as no other has been in the history of the world, why his name still draws and compels.

The moment passed, leaving the American oddly dazed. Leonie had come quickly down the steps, was standing beside him, her eyes inscrutable, her lips smiling.

"I couldn't resist the temptation to strike the historic attitude," she said. "I wanted to make the most of my little surprise."

"You're simply marvellous," Christie declared. "It was stupid of me not to have seen the likeness before, I suppose—had you ever noticed it, Ranny?"

"I . . . yes . . . I really don't know," Struan, too, Hall noticed, looked bewildered, but also decidedly sulky.

"I don't believe you approve of me," Leonie challenged him, softly, provocatively.

"Can't say I do," he answered curtly. "I never have cared to see women dressed up as men, and as for dancing with them . . ."

"Well, that is easily remedied—you needn't!" Leonie smiled. "In fact, I'm not sure that I want to dance at all, so perhaps it is just as well that I've made myself so unattractive as a partner. For I'm afraid that you're not pleased either, your Highness."

The Maharajah stretched out his hands, palms upward, with a deprecating gesture.

"I . . . I am only an Eastern," he said stiffly. "It is because of that, because of my upbringing, that I prefer women to be . . . women."

"Dear me, I appear to be thoroughly unpopular!" Leonie drawled. "Don't even you like me, Mr. Hall?"

"Like isn't the word," Hall answered quietly. "You've made me see visions."

"Ah!" she glanced at him. "Thanks, I'm glad you understand better than the others. But of course—you know more."

MOONLIGHT PROPOSAL

The words, the tone, sent a strange exultant thrill through Hall. He felt himself set on a pedestal, and said so lightly.

"And perhaps you will go further and let me be your escort as a reward," he added, with an instinct to relieve the tension which had fallen upon the little group. "Have I your permission, Maharajah Sahib? I know the gardens fairly well by now."

The Maharajah bowed. "I am pleased," he said. "I must occupy myself with my other guests."

"Congratulations on a wonderful performance, Miss Valence," Hall said. She gave him one swift sideways glance.

"It isn't usual to congratulate an actor until the end of the play," she said. "You mean that you are going to keep up the part?"

"I feel more as though the part were keeping me up," Leonie answered slowly.

"Oh, that's the unconscious self-dramatist—you're entering in the role so thoroughly that it's obsessing you," Hall told her. "And that is a bit dangerous, don't you think?"

"Dangerous?" Again that quick look, almost without turning her head, a look only made possible by the abnormally wide setting of her eyes. "To myself, or others?"

"Both, perhaps. Because," Hall spoke deliberately, "nothing can alter the fact that you are a woman—and a beautiful one. That's your real power, even if you won't allow it yourself—yet."

Leonie turned fully towards him, and there was anger in her eyes. "I expected something better than

this from you, Mr. Hall," she said. "You—who know so much more of me than the rest. I thought you realized that I don't care for flattery of that kind."

"You think you don't!" Hall found himself speaking without premeditation, things he had never intended. He went on recklessly, conscious that what he had to say must be said now or never.

"At heart you are only like other women."

"I am not!" The last word burst from her with explosive force.

"Why should you take it as an insult?" Hall demanded. "What is stronger than love?"

"I think I've answered that last question before—hate! And as to the first," her eyes and her voice mocked him. "Why, I hardly expected you to hold forth to me in the language of dime novels!"

"No? Well, I suppose under the skin we're all pretty much of the same crudeness. And I'm going to prove it to you even more forcibly than I have already."

"In what way?"

"This!" Suddenly he had seized her wrists, pulled her round to face him.

"I love you, Leonie Valence; as woman to man, will you marry me?"

"You're mad!" but she was not trying to free herself.

"Can you swear that you're absolutely indifferent to me?" Hall asked.

"No; I like you." Her eyes met his steadily.

"Like!" His grip tightened. "If you dare use that word again!"

"Mr. Hall, I don't know you this evening. You're so unlike yourself."

"How can you say that this isn't my real self? Answer me this; is there someone else you care about?"

"No," Leonie answered deliberately. "That's a lie! I thought you were more honest than most women!" Hall spoke bitterly, releasing his hold of her wrists.

"It is true," she told him quietly. "I feel about it as my grandfather did. I don't know what love is in the sense that you and others mean when you speak of it, as a passion so strong that it sets the whole universe on one side to place the loved one on the other—weighing it down. I'm certain that it is not in my nature to feel like that."

"Love doesn't stand analysis," Hall said dully.

"I've no use for anything that can't be examined closely—tested, to find what it's worth."

"You mean that the sole value of love to you lies in its usefulness?"

"Yes," she nodded. "I thought I had made you realize that—from the first. But honestly Mr. Hall, I didn't know that you felt like this."

"I didn't know it myself until to-night," he told her.

"Then it's most likely like all this . . . moonshine," she made a sweeping gesture with her hand.

"It isn't."

"At least, you'll believe me when I say that I haven't been trying to make use of you . . . your feelings . . . consciously."

"Oh, I don't flatter myself that it would have been worth your while! And I won't trouble you with a further display of . . . my feelings."

"I hope not." She spoke gravely and sincerely. "Because I don't want to see you hurt. I . . . like you too much for that, in spite of it being a word so forcibly forbidden! And now, suppose we go back to the others."

CHAPTER XII

STRUAN THE UNSHAPPY

The Maharajah's pig-sticking party were soon riding across the plain, having been joined by two officers from Jones's regiment. The morning sun was still so low that horses and men threw lanky shadows as they rode westwards towards a belt of scrubby jungle noted for pig.

Struan wondered drearily what had happened to him in these days. Before he was married he did not remember this uncertainty of temper. It seemed to him that he had been a cheerful, easy-going sort of chap then, who enjoyed life. He certainly didn't now.

There was a snorting and scuffling; violent movements in the grass. A dark-grey shape appeared almost under the feet of Zindia's horse, which snorted and plunged. The big tusker jinked and was off at right angles, but the Maharajah, with a masterly display of riding, dashed after him like a greyhound on the heels of a rabbit. Both were away in a flash and then—a swift movement, a gleam of the spear-point and the pig was down transfixed cleanly and neatly.

There was a murmur of applause, but the Maharajah sat his horse quietly after one glance at the bristly body, waiting for his spear to be released.

Suddenly, only a few yards away, in a narrow grass ride, appeared the apparition of a huge boar, his curved and upturned tusks gleaming. Behind him, as he guarded their retreat, the shapes of other pigs, squeaking and

grunting, could be seen settling away. The big pig did not give way until the riders were close upon him, and even then he only backed slowly with truculent snorts.

"Yours, Struan!" cried the Maharajah, and drew aside courteously. Struan's horse leaped forward, closely followed by young Jones.

The boar swerved, turned and went galloping off along the ride, with the two horsemen on his heels. They had gone some little distance from the rest before Struan shifted his spear to get a firmer grip, pressed his horse forward, rose in his stirrups and thrust. At the crucial instant his horse stumbled and swerved sideways, sending the rider sprawling, and immediately the big tusker charged.

It was an ugly situation for the fallen man. But Jones bore down and pinned the boar just as its tusks were within a fraction of ripping Struan's thigh. It was a smart piece of work, and Jones had dismounted to finish off the big boar with neatness and dispatch almost as soon as the other man had regained his feet.

"Thanks," he muttered.

"Oh, all right! I couldn't very well do anything else, as I was here." Both words and manner were extremely off-hand and not calculated to cool Struan's already heated temper.

"You make it pretty plain that you're sorry you couldn't leave me to be gored," he snapped back.

At that young Jones's temper, too, went flying to the four winds.

"All right, if you like to put it that way, you can. You are about the last person I'd have chosen to help out of a hole!" he retorted.

"May I ask what particular reason you have for feeling like that?" Struan demanded, white with fury.

"Oh, no reason that you'd probably think adequate yourself! Just this—I consider your behaviour to your wife that of a confounded cad."

"You—you—" Shaking with rage, his face dark crimson now, Struan made a movement forward, then drew back, stood motionless, while Jones canted off.

Mounting his own horse, he sat irresolutely, unwilling to rejoin the rest of the party. Then inspiration came. He would ride to the flying ground, put in a few hours' work and return to Khotaghar in the evening. That would give him time to recover, but already his anger had passed into numb, dreary self-disgust.

"After all, Jones only repeated what I'd been calling myself," he thought. "I've no right to resent what the young cub said."

Struan broke off with a curse, cantered on towards the flying ground, hangars and bungalows, the horse's footfalls deadened by the thick red dust. He rode into the enclosure, tied up his mount, then walked across to his office.

A few steps brought him to the door—and to a standstill, his whole body rigid as he stared. Someone was in the office busy with the contents of his desk.

It stood unlocked, the roll-top up, the pigeon-holes and drawers displayed. The hands of the interloper were busy with the orderly piles of papers, flicking them over quickly and methodically, before returning them to their places, obviously searching for something.

A packet was returned to the pigeon-hole, one of the hands stretched out to open a drawer and, as though that movement released something in him, Struan started forward and spoke one word in a strained, unnatural voice: "You! You!"

(To be Continued)

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Archibald Lampman is a Canadian poet whose work is well-known for its rhythm and its beauty of words, and "Morning on the Lievre" is only one of the many poems which are included in his works.

Morning On the Lievre

Far above us where a Jay
Screams his matins to the day,
Capped with gold and amethyst,
Like a vapour from the forge
Of a giant somewhere hid,
Out of hearing of the clang
Of his hammer, skirts of mist
Slowly up the woody gorge
Lift and hang.

Softly as a cloud we go,
Sky above and sky below,
Down the river; and the dip
Of the paddles scarily breaks,
With the little silver drip
Of the water as it shakes
From the blades, the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep;
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror, purple gray,
Sheer away

To the misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight,
Like a dream.

From amid a stretch of reeds,
Where the lazy river sucks
All the water as it bleeds
From a little curling creek,
And the muskrats peer and sneak
In around the sunken wrecks
Of a tree that swept the skies
Long ago.

On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise,
Stretching out their seven necks,
One before, and two behind,
And the others all row,
And as steady as the wind
With a swivelling whistle go,
Through the purple shadow led,
Till we only hear their whirr
In behind a rocky spur,
Just ahead.

Hopkins (Missouri) Journal:—When a man and his wife start to go anywhere he tells her to get his good suit, fix the buttons in his shirt, get his socks and kerchiefs, tie his necktie and do a few other little jobs. Then he puts on his hat and says: "Great grief ain't you ready yet?"

SNAP
Removes cigarette stains

Urges Moosonee be Given Fair Chance

Better Service Necessary to Attract Tourists.

The following letter appeared in Monday's Globe and Mail:—

To the Editor of The Globe and Mail: The writer recently returned from an overnight trip to Moosonee and feels that a few observations would give the Ontario public, the owners of the railway and hotel that serve that entrance to James Bay, some little knowledge of that little-known place.

There has been some talk of the Ontario Government discontinuing the line north of Fraserdale and abandoning the hotel. Irrespective of the merits or demerits of the advisability of the building of the line and hotel in the first place, they are now there and if those in authority would attempt to give the tourists some service, together with some publicity throughout Old Ontario and the United States, there is no doubt it would soon be a paying proposition—at least during the tourist and hunting seasons.

Americans comprised nearly all the tourists on our train, people anxious to see and experience every possible sensation, with money no object. Some had gone up to shoot bears with bows and arrows, some wishing to journey to Rupert's House and Churchill, either wanting to take a trip around by Labrador, others with simpler tastes merely wishing to visit Moose Factory or to see salt water on James Bay.

But what was the reception at Moosonee! The train arrived on time in the pouring rain; then a long walk to the hotel, where we arrived soaking wet. Then followed a trip in an open boat to the Hudson Bay post at Moose Factory—with another soaking—and no opportunity to see the bay some ten miles further for those of us who were returning in the morning unless we waited for the next train a week hence.

Supply some sort of a covered wagon could be provided from the train to the hotel, and oilskins issued to those who wished to visit the old trading post. A trip could have been arranged

in the early morning for those who wished to go out on to the bay. It was a disappointment to travel so far without accomplishing what we had set out to do.

It would almost seem the powers that be were determined to discourage tourists and let the railway and hotel gradually deteriorate to prove that they should never have been built.
Toronto. Harold W. Hickerstaff.

Rickard Ramore Being Taken Over by Twindyke

Twindyke Mines, a 3,000,000-share company, is being organized to acquire the assets of Rickard Ramore Gold Mines, in bankruptcy, including five claims in Rickard Township, Larder Lake area, where there is a mining plant capable of carrying work to depth of 750 feet. New company will issue 1,000,000 shares to Rickard Ramore.

The shaft has been carried to 220 feet with about 1,800 feet of drifting and crosscutting and 500 feet of rock trenching on surface completed. Some 7,000 feet of diamond drilling was also done. Mineralized zone has been traced for 1,000 feet, showing widths to 60 feet and has been intersected by drilling to depth of 300 feet.

Louis Whitman, M.E., has been retained to report and recommend development on the property.



1832 1938

Modernize Your Property

Money for repairs or improvements to your property may now be had on unusually advantageous terms under the Home Improvement Plan. Our nearest Branch Manager will gladly furnish full particulars.

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA
OVER A CENTURY OF BANKING SERVICE



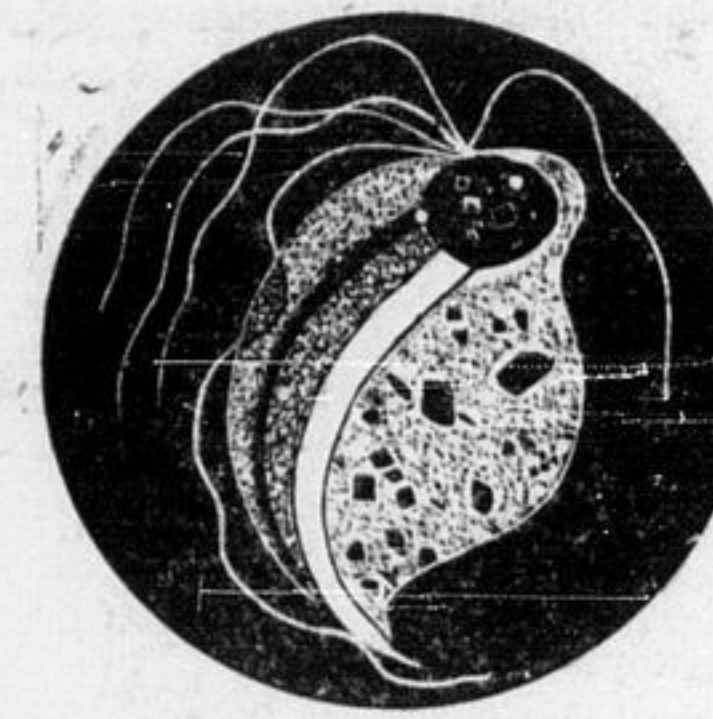
They Ate 17 Million Pounds of Beef

864 CARLOADS This amount of beef was served to legions of workers on hundreds of Crawley & McCracken contracts during the past ten years. And this huge item is beef alone! Other meats totalled 22,000,000 pounds while the eggs used reached the colossal total of forty million—1,433 miles of eggs laid end to end!

Such experience in feeding men away from home, on both big and small jobs, has equipped this firm to handle any feeding job satisfactorily and economically. We will be glad to make suggestions regarding your project with a view to helping increase efficiency.

CRAWLEY & McCRACKEN COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO PORT ARTHUR VAL D'OR SUDBURY KENORA NORANDA COCHRANE BAIE COMEAU LARDER LAKE CHAPLEAU NORTH BAY TIMMINS CAPREOL LONDON TEMISKAMING



TRICHOMONAS HOMINIS—an intestinal parasite causing painful inflammation. Found in stains on dirty toilet bowls.

THIS slimy MONSTER menaces your health

Rid toilet bowls of disease-laden stains
Cleanse with Gillett's Lye

DON'T TRUST your family's health to haphazard cleaning methods! Keep toilet bowls clean and sanitary with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Each week, sprinkle Gillett's—full strength—into the bowl. Stains disappear without scrubbing.

Use Gillett's for dozens of household tasks . . . to whisk grease from pots and pans, clean garbage pails, free clogged sink and wash-tub drains. Harmless to enamel and plumbing. Buy a tin today.



*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives dozens of ways to make work easier with this powerful cleanser. Write for free copy to: Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.