



MISS NAPOLEON by VIOLET M. METHLEY

CHAPTER XIV AS WOMAN TO WOMAN

Standing in the amber-scented dusk of the women's apartment of Khotalgar Palace, Leonie Valence wondered how much longer the old Maharani would keep her waiting...

But her face and eyes were shadowed under a wide dark purple hat, as she remembered her words to the Maharajah and his answer half an hour before...

"You'll leave me to make friends with your mother alone?" "My mother is not an easy person, Miss Valence. She was once very beautiful and ruled my father—as she still wishes to rule me..."

"She mustn't then; that is all," Leonie had replied calmly—and now she was still waiting the Maharani's pleasure, or displeasure.

A hoarse cackle came from what had seemed mere piled cushions on a divan: they stirred, took shape—formed as a figure, swathed from head to foot in dark blue, waddled forward, chucking "You are patient, Englishwoman! I've been trying to tire you out..."

"Yes, I am patient, your Highness—but not English," Leonie said. "Oh?" The muffled shape moved nearer: black eyes glittered through the slitted veil.

"I hate them—as much as you do yourself," Leonie answered in careful

Urdu. "How do I know that you are not a spy in their pay," she demanded. "My son has a bad name with the authorities. They fear his influence—and mine; they would gladly depose us..."

"I cannot prove anything, of course, except by my actions, but I think you will find those speak for themselves. I will put myself in your power. I will tell you what I have already tried to do since I came to India."

"The Maharani listened as Leonie told, deliberately, the story of her attempt to secure the aeroplane plans, omitting Ranny Struan's part in the drama.

"H'm. You failed there then?" she commented. "Yes. But I shall not do so again. If I can help here at Khotalgar, if we can influence his Highness to throw all his weight into the scales against the British, that will be something worth doing."

"Why should you expect to influence my son?" the Maharani asked suspiciously. "Through his son, your Highness, the boy he loves," Leonie answered quietly. "I will teach Krishn what you wish, if you allow me to become his governess. That is why I want to be here, that is my whole purpose."

"You will make him hate the English, too? Good! Perhaps you are right, perhaps it is a wise plan... I will suggest that you also become my son's secretary—his confidential secretary, eh? You can move freely, go where I cannot, hear and see what I cannot. Men come to the Palace from all parts of India, that much I know, but I may not be present at their meetings. I am only told what my son pleases! If you were there—yes..."

The brilliant black eyes were now thoughtful, speculative; Leonie was started by their power of expression, lacking the help of all other features. The Maharani spoke at last decisively. "It is well. You may come to the Palace. I will tell His Highness my son that I am satisfied."

It was the outcome of that decision which Leonie gave Hall that same afternoon on the veranda of the green and white bun-allow which was Pathapore's premier hotel, overlooking the dusty compound.

"I am lucky to get the job. I can't afford to be idle, or to go on allowing myself to be spied by the Struans. I felt I must make a fresh start, and here's my chance, since the Maharani approves of me. You'll explain to Christine, won't you? I don't want to seem ungrateful!"

"You've said good-bye to her?" "Yes, and she wished me good luck. I hope you'll do the same."

"Of course. And—you'll let me know if I can ever help you in any way?" "I will—and thank you. Who knows? I may be most glad of your help sometime, although you commit yourself dangerously by offering it."

AFTERMATH OF A QUARREL

Wilson Hall walked back wearily to the Struans' bungalow. His lips had a bitter twist as he remembered the past interview, realized that Leonie Valence was only another of the many girls and women who looked upon him as a perfectly safe friend. Safe? How he loathed the word and all it conveyed, the inference that he was no more than the dry mummy of a man. And safety as regards others did not mean inhumanity for oneself.

Well, it would be soothing to his jarred raw nerves when he got back if Christine would play for him.

But when he reached the bungalow, a glance at Christine told Hall that she was in no mood to play. She was pacing restlessly up and down the long matted drawing-room, pausing to twitch at the fold of a curtain, to rearrange a flower vase, to turn over a magazine.

"At sight of Hall her face brightened. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she said. "I... it was horrid!—I've been quarrelling..."

"With Struan?" "The words escaped her involuntarily, and Christine's pale cheeks turned crimson, as she shook her head vehemently.

"No—no!" she said. "Of course not. About him... It was Tim Jones. But what he said was... oh, unbearable!" "Perhaps he didn't mean any harm," Hall suggested. "After all, he's very young..."

"I know, and I want to make every excuse, truly I do," Christine said rather pitiously. "But what he said about Ranny..." She paused, biting her lips. Hall drew a chair forward.

"Sit down and tell me just as much as you want to," he said.

"We had a horrid quarrel before he left, and that makes me miserable," Christine confessed. "I'd always liked Tim; I shall miss him about the place..."

"Oh, he'll be back soon I feel certain. Honestly, I wouldn't make too much of it. And don't be too hard on him if he comes back to apologize—as I'm quite sure he will..."

"But what he said about Ranny... and Leonie was unpalatable..." "That reminds me," said Hall, "I've a message for you." In a few words he explained Leonie's plans, trying to treat the matter lightly, while Christine's relief was rather pathetically obvious.

"I'm glad she's got somewhere to go; I was feeling so responsible," she said. "After all, Ranny and I brought her out here. But I can't understand her taking a post like that..."

"I suppose she's tired of our humidium life," Hall laughed. "And expects to find romance, glamour, adventure in the maharajah's household..."

"No," Christine shook her head. "I don't think Leonie is like that..." "Neither do I, as a matter of fact, but she probably has some purpose of her own in going to the palace..."

"Who has?" The question came harshly from the shadowed veranda and Christine started as she answered.

"Oh, Ranny, is that you? It's Leonie—she's suddenly decided to go as governess to the maharajah's little boy, and I can't think why..."

"Can't you?" Struan's mouth was set grimly. "No. Can you? Is there—have you—is anything wrong?" Christine faltered, her hands twisting nervously in her lap.

"Nothing. On the contrary I'm glad to meet her again..." "Why Ranny, have you and Leonie quarrelled?" "You might call it a quarrel—yes..."

"I'm sorry..." "You've no reason to be," Struan's laugh was utterly unimpassioned. "Don't look so miserable, Christine; she's better away from here—only by rights, I should not let her go quite like this..."

"What do you mean, Ranny?" Christine looked perplexed. "Oh, nothing!—because that's what I'm going to do—nothing! I ought to tell what I know; there's not the slightest doubt about that..."

"Tell who? I don't understand—do you, Mr. Hall?" Christine's puzzled glance turned from one man to the other.

"Of course he doesn't!" Again Struan laughed roughly. "I don't myself..." "But what prevents you from telling whatever it is?" Christine asked. "Nothing—nothing in the world. Except myself!" Struan retorted. (To be Continued)

Timmins Stamp Club Column



The Story of Malta In an interesting new series of postage stamps, which consists of 15 denominations ranging from 1 farthing to 10 shillings, the Mediterranean island of Malta tells its story from ancient to modern times.

That Malta contains many important ruins dating from pre-historic times is shown by two of these stamps. One of them, the 4d, pictures the Mnajdra Temple, which archaeologists say was constructed by men of the Middle Stone Age more than 20,000 years ago.

On the other stamp, the 1½ d, is seen what appears to be the interior of a cave, and beneath it appears the baffling inscription (baffling at least to the author) of "Neolithic Hypogeum." A brief excursion into the dictionary reveals that neolithic means "New Stone" while Hypogeum means "under the earth" or a cellar. In other words, the stamp pictures a cellar dating from the New Stone Age, which is estimated to have lasted for a period of from 10,000 to 20,000 years, evolving into the Bronze Age about 2500 B.C.

The existence of Malta's scientifically valuable cellar was unknown until 1902, when the bottom fell out of a grave that was being dug, and a workman found himself staring blankly into the neolithic hypogeum—a unique experience if ever there was one! To the weapons, sculptures, inscriptions, implements, relics and bones found in such old ruins, and to the diligence of archaeologists in studying them, we are indebted for what we know of the life and habits of ancient man.

The 10 shilling stamp, with a long leap through history, brings our story up to the year 60 A.D. when the Apostle Paul, while on a Mediterranean cruise (Acts 27:27-28:31) was shipwrecked on Malta. The hardy saint, who was one of the greatest missionaries, waded ashore, built himself a fire and promptly worked a miracle. A poisonous serpent appeared in the fire and stung him; and when he did not die, the islanders who gathered around were profoundly impressed. Saint Paul forthwith lifted his hand, preached a rousing good sermon, and permanently converted the Maltese to Christianity.

This scene is shown on the 10s stamp, and above the picture of the saint, the fire and the serpent appears the inscription "Patronus Melitae" which tells us that St. Paul is the patron saint of the island.

At that time Malta was a Roman colony and St. Paul lost no time in miraculously curing its governor Publius of a mysterious disease. Publius thereupon embraced Christianity and became the first Bishop of Malta, as indicated by the inscription over his venerable head on the 1-6 denomination of this series.

St. Paul is honored in Malta not only by the designs on postage stamps, but also by the great Cathedral of St. Paul which crowns a rocky height in the city of Mdina. In a grove nearby, according to legend, the saint lived during his stay in Malta. The imposing structure of the Cathedral is pictured on the 2d denomination.

Malta changed owners several times after the visit of St. Paul, as one nation after another reached and receded from ascendancy in the affairs of the Mediterranean area. The Arabs conquered it in 870 and built the grim fortress shown on the 3d stamp. Its name was later changed to Fortress of St. Angelo, and the initials of H.M.S. ("His Majesty's Service") indicate its uses of the present time. From 1090 to 1530 the island belonged to Sicily.

SEE FOR YOURSELF! DURING A METAL SHORTAGE IN CHINA, SPECTACLES WERE USED AS CURRENCY. THEY WERE VALUED BECAUSE OF THEIR RARITY. MIRROR EYES... A CAT'S EYES SHINE IN THE DARK BECAUSE THEY HAVE A FIBROUS STRUCTURE BEHIND THE RETINA WHICH REFLECTS MOST OF THE LIGHT WHICH STRIKES IT LIKE A MIRROR. IT CAN SEE AT NIGHT BECAUSE IT CAN OPEN ITS PUPILS VERY WIDE TO ADMIT MORE LIGHT. THERE IS A ROOSTER WITH A GLASS EYE IN THE BERLIN ZOO! IN AMERICA, 24,900 PEOPLE HAVE A GLASS EYE. SUCH EYES MAY LOOK ALL RIGHT, BUT THEY CAN'T SEE. OF COURSE, THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PRICELESS EYES... 1 CHILD IN EVERY 5 SUFFERS FROM FAULTY VISION. EVEN STRABISMUS CAN MORE OFTEN THAN NOT BE TRACED TO DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT. THE CHILD CANNOT KNOW IF HIS VISION IS DEFECTIVE. AN EYESIGHT EXAMINATION IS THE ONLY MEANS OF DISCOVERING THE HANDICAP.

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Cobalt Masonic Lodge Purchases Carr Block (From New Liskeard Speaker) Cobalt—Ownership of the Carr block, on Prospect Avenue near the Square, has been acquired by the Masonic Lodge here, the purchase price being given as \$4,500. Activities of Silver Lodge, A. F. & A. M., the Chapter and the Eastern Star will be carried on upstairs in the two-story building, with the lower floor and part of the upper continuing to be used by the Woolworth store interests, who recently signed a five-year lease renewal with the executive of the Carr estate. Masons here have been without a meeting place since their former quarters were destroyed by fire during last winter. They intend to re-roof the block they have taken over. This building was at one time owned by the late Milton Carr, former well-known Cobalt merchant who came north in the early days and who at one time represented Parry Sound riding in the Ontario Legislature. The old Masonic hall here has been rebuilt as quarters for the shop work classes being carried out at the high school, whose trustees bought the property and drew up plans for its use which received the approval of the Ontario Department of Education.

Maltese girl is shown on the 1s stamp, dressed in the traditional fal-detta or black hooded cape. The Maltese people, who are neither Italians nor Sicilians, but a separate race with a separate language of their own, petitioned Great Britain to annex their island in 1812, and so it happens that today Malta is a Crown Colony of Great Britain.

An immensely valuable possession, Malta is comparable to Gibraltar in strategic importance. For the British Empire must keep its sea-lanes open, or perish, and Malta is the principal stronghold of the British fleet which guards the sea-lanes of the Mediterranean. Grand Harbor at Valetta, pictured on the 1 farthing stamp, is the base for repair and refitment of British ships, and one of the most important ports of call in the world.

There are two islands in the colony, Malta and Gozo, and they are apparently strongly fortified. The 2d stamp shows the city of Victoria on the island of Gozo, and behind it the citadel which commands the approach by sea. Grand Harbor is protected by the H.M.S. St. Angelo, shown on the 1/2 stamp.

Our story from postage stamps comes to a close with the 2-6 denomination which pictures a statue of Neptune. From a lofty spire in Valetta, the Roman sea god, who has seen the rise and fall of many nations, gazes placidly down upon the bustling activities of the harbor. Once this island was a Roman Colony; who knows but that it may once again become part of the budding new Empire of which modern Rome is the capital? Yet one thing is certain. The British will never surrender Malta without a sea-battle so furious that it would fire the hearts of the Knights of St. John, should any still hover in spirit near the scene of their last home.

How Canada Helped the Empire in the Last War (Windsor Star) During the past few days, many citizens have discussed what Canada could do in the event of the British Empire being involved in a war. If that happened, Canadians would be at war, because whatever involves the Empire automatically involves Canada.

Canada could do a lot. Let us look at the record for the Great War. Not only did this Dominion send men to fight in France, but Canada supplied materials and money to help the cause of the Allies.

There were 619,636 men who enlisted in the Canadian army. Of these, 59,521 were killed or died in service. And 424,589 men served outside of Canada. Five hundred Canadian factories from Halifax to Vancouver sent 62,000,000 shells overseas. These were valued at \$1,100,000,000.

Sixty-five million dollars was spent on the rapid construction of various vessels, including trawlers, submarines, freighters and other craft. Some \$1,700,000,000 worth of food supplies were shipped abroad, chiefly to Britain.

Over \$2,000,000,000 was borrowed by the Dominion Government from the Canadian people. At least half of that sum was used to establish credits to Great Britain. The cost of the war to Canada has been placed at \$4,000,000,000, which does not include the cost in human life and sorrow and suffering.

When that tabulation is reviewed, it is appreciated that Canada did her part. And, in the event of another war, Canada will be called on again.

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