



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

Copyrighted.

CHRISSE ACTS

The servants, who know everything in India, found much food for gossip at the Strauns' bungalow during these weeks. The Ayah reported: "Memsahib cry all time when Straun Sahib not there," while the groom and bearer affirmed: "Straun Sahib swear all time when Memsahib not there." And both statements were more or less true.

In these circumstances Wilson Hall was glad to remember a commission for a series of water-colors from a New York millionaire, who had selected his own subjects at Agra, Delhi and Benares. If it was not the job he would have chosen at least it meant an extremely good price for the pictures, he boasted to Chrissie Straun, trying to prove himself hard-headed.

Hall's absence left Chrissie very lonely, with her husband spending so much time at the flying ground.

Daily Chrissie found it more impossible to speak, to put her love and pity into words. For both were stronger in her heart than any feeling of jealousy or anger—only she couldn't say so.

As for Straun himself, remorse and shame drove him to those long lonely rides, to those hours of incessant toil on plans and calculations and specifications away from his bungalow and from Chrissie, with the bitter whisper in his ear that he wasn't fit to be near her.

"She'd not be able to understand if I told her the truth about my present feelings—what woman could? I believe it would be really better if she went right away—until afterwards; I'm sure she'd be happier."

In the end, it was Chrissie herself who resolved to take action driven on by a kind of desperation.

"Now's the time to do it, while I'm feeling like this, as though nothing could ever matter again," Chrissie thought forlornly. "I don't believe I

could cry now, even if I wanted to; I haven't any tears."

It was during the mid-day siesta that she made up her mind—and acted. She got up bathed, dressed, ordered the pony cart and finally set off alone, hardly conscious of the breathless heat which pressed down upon all the countryside, as she drove through it towards the flying ground, still repeating over and over again to herself what she would say, what Ranny would answer, although that part of the dialogue was vague and formless.

Chrissie felt fairly sure of finding her husband in his office at this time. Lately he had spent the whole day at the aerodrome, taking only some sandwiches for lunch, but during the hottest hours no active work would be going on and probably most of the native staff would be asleep.

Certainly there was no sign of life about the place when she reached the flying ground at last. It was like a modernized mechanized version of the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. A pig-dog lay stretched, eyes closed, tongue lolling out, in a patch of shade near the entrance; even the watchman at the gate slumbered head on knees. Roused with difficulty he said, resentfully, that Straun Sahib was not there; He had been called away on the telephone very urgently an hour before.

"Oh, dear!" Poor Chrissie looked round miserably. The false strength which had urged her on suddenly collapsed; She felt that she must rest, that she could go no further.

"I'll sit down in the office," she said and set off towards the buildings, stumbling blindly, half dazed by the sun, while the watchman again repeated into sleep, no need to trouble, when Straun Sahib was safely out of the way and no punishment need be feared.

"PUT IT DOWN"

In the empty office, Chrissie sank down thankfully upon a hard chair. Her head throbbled, she longed for a cup of hot tea and, after a few minutes, recovered enough to remember that Ranny kept a spirit-stove and kettle somewhere on the premises.

Where would they be? Chrissie sat up and looked round vaguely. Perhaps in that cupboard—but it seemed a terrible effort to get up and see, almost more than tea was worth. She would do it soon though, when she had rested a little while longer, although one could hardly call it resting in this chair.

A sound caught Chrissie's ear, purring, ticking sound, almost like a kettle boiling, but of course that was absurd. It seemed to come from the cupboard, though, where she had expected to find the tea-making apparatus; should she go and look?

Drowsily, dully, Chrissie debated the question. It was really too much bother and it would probably only turn out to be some new and horrible reptile or insect—a rattlesnake, perhaps. No, of course, there weren't rattlesnakes in India. How idiotic she was! Better rouse herself and see what it was, before she dozed off again.

Chrissie hoisted herself up, clinging on the edge of the desk. She walked unsteadily across to the cupboard and opened it. The kettle and spirit-stove were there, on the upper shelf, but the buzzing sound did not come from them. It was louder and clearer though, like a muffled alarm clock; it must be somewhere among the piles of papers at the bottom of the cupboard, what-

ever it was.

Chrissie knelt down to investigate, moved a roll of blue prints—then sank back on her heels with a startled indrawing of the breath, rubbed the back of one hand across her eyes and stared again.

She felt as if she was dreaming, or acting in a play, a crook or spy play, like those stories full of thrills and detectives she had loved so as a child.

Surely what she imagined couldn't be true, there must be some perfectly commonplace explanation of that square wooden box with something sticking out of the side of it from which the steady ticking came.

She had never seen anything of the sort before except in imagination and magazine pictures. It was ridiculous to suppose that such an object could be there in Ranny's office cupboard, the companion of his spirit-stove and kettle and yet—

It seemed to Chrissie afterwards as though her brain cleared completely and suddenly, showing her with horrifying certainty that this thing was true, and that she must do something about it at once without wasting another second. For all she knew there might not be even a second to spare.

But what could she do? Springing up, the girl looked round wildly. Through the open veranda, she could see the flying ground, yellow-dusty, shimmering in the heat. To the right, dwarfing the low office bungalow by their height, were the row of airplane hangars, beyond, the workshops. No help there, not a sign of life: Probably all the mechanics were sleeping like the watchman, somewhere out of sight.

Chrissie turned her eyes left. Another range of sheds, then something bringing a flash of remembrance and hope. It was no more than a single sparsely leaved branch projecting from behind a roof, but it recalled a picture of the trees which grew there, a few low, straggling acacias, the only trees for miles round, so Ranny had told her when she visited the flying field first.

And the reason for their comparatively flourishing growth was also the reason for the presence of the aerodrome at this particular place, built as it was on the site of a now-vanished village of mud huts.

There was water, a well which gave a constant supply to the colony at the flying ground. And knowing this, Chrissie also knew what she must do.

Moving faster than she would have thought possible half an hour before, she had reached the cupboard again, stooped and picked up the box.

Holding it firm in both hands, she crossed the veranda, sped down the three steps and began to run, with a nightmarish feeling of loose sand dragging at her feet, of limbs that seemed leaden, knees that threatened to give way beneath her before ever she could reach her goal.

The faintly waving tree branches looked miles away as Chrissie ran stumbling towards them; the air was filled with that monotonous grinding whir, so like the maddening hot-weather sound of cicadas.

She Was a Victim of Headaches

Kruschen Got at the Cause

This woman's headaches were of the gripping kind that reduce the sufferer to something like helplessness. She tried tablets. She tried pills. All without avail. Only Kruschen could help her.

"I used to get very bad headaches," she writes. "No tablets or pills of any kind could relieve them. One morning, casually, I tried Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water. I continued taking it, but I have not had one of those awful headaches since. Kruschen suits me better than anything else. I find it very good."—(Mrs.) L. A. W.

Headaches can nearly always be traced to sluggishness of the kidneys, liver and intestines, and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. The numerous salts in Kruschen stimulate the internal organs to healthy, regular action so that no clogging waste is allowed to collect. Your inside is kept clean and serene. And that is just how Kruschen Salts brings quick and lasting relief from headaches.

Then, through the buzzing in her ears came another sound, a voice calling loudly, angrily to the accompaniment of running footsteps.

"Put it down! Put it down, you little fool! Do you hear me!"

Chrissie heard, but she did not obey. A few more desperate, stumbling steps would bring her to the low mud parapet of the well, and once there—

Without turning, without pausing, she panted out an answer.

"I—I can't drop it—I daren't! It's—an infernal machine!"

(To be Continued)

Some More Examples of the Examination Howler

These are samples of what the teacher reads on examination papers:

Joan of Arc was the daughter of a pheasant.

Income is a yearly tax.

The patriarchs had two wives only as these were necessary to salvation.

Chivalry is the attitude of a man toward a strange woman.

Ambiguity means having two wives living at the same time.

A teetotaler is a man you do not see drinking.

Florence Nightingale became a nurse and at her own risk attended soldiers.

He heard a horn blow and was struck in the back. A lady was evidently trying to pass.

A Conservative is a kind of a green-house where you can look at the moon.

Diagrams are delicate things just below the ribs and above the stomach.

Immortality is running away with another man's wife.

The Soviet is what the middle classes call their napkin.

"Wolsey's fate," wrote one child thus misguided, "is attributed to his having shot at the pope." The textbook had said that Wolsey aimed at the papacy.

"Coup de grace" is a lawn mower.

They gave Wellington a glorious funeral. It took six men to carry the bear.

Proper Diet More Vital Than Housing

So Says Noted Medical Man in Interesting Health Address.

In raising the general standard of health, diet was far more important than housing, Sir Edward Mellanby, eminent British nutritionist, told an Ottawa gathering last week.

"Far be it from me to discourage good housing measures, but diet is of first importance from a health standpoint," said Sir Edward, secretary-general of the Medical Research Council of Great Britain and chairman of the League of Nations Committee on Nutrition, who is addressing Ontario audiences under the auspices of the Canadian Medical Association.

In support of his contention that proper food was more important than good housing, Sir Edward stated that the infant mortality in the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, where the homes were on the lowest possible scale, was only 40 per thousand. At the same time, the death rate among infants in the rest of England was 130 per thousand.

"It would be hard to find worse housing conditions than on this island. There were no windows and no chimneys. Smoke escaped through the only door. Cows, pigs and chickens all lived in the same room with the family. But the babies were breast-fed and the children and adults all ate natural foods, from the cow, the hen, and fish from the sea," he said. "When an investigation was made in 1906, there was no tooth decay among the children and all had straight legs. When our investigator went back last year, he found things had gone badly indeed. When people lived near a shop where our so-called 'civilized' high-energy-bearing foods were easy to obtain, their general nutrition was poorer. When they lived far away, and had to depend on natural

foods, their health was greatly improved."

Developing the same theme, Sir Edward asserted that on the Island of Tristan da Cunha, in the South Seas, there was no tooth decay and no woman had ever died in childbirth. "They live on potatoes, not on white wheat flour," he commented.

Proper feeding would add to the physique and strength, mental and physical, of the average citizen, Sir Edward was confident.

"There is a great amount of stunted growth in all countries—stunted both physically and mentally. The poorer person, the more likely he is to be stunted," observed the British scientist. Of 58,000 would-be recruits for the British army examined between 1930 and 1933, 40 per cent (22,000) were rejected due to bad teeth, deafness, flat feet, and heart disease. This was indicative of the low health level of Britain's poorer classes, he said, as all these ailments were much commoner among the poor.

By the time English children were old enough to go to school, they were often "damaged goods," he observed. Of 1,200 children attending London county council schools, 70 per cent were found to have badly decayed teeth. Others had bad tonsils, anaemia, and tuberculous glands.

"This is damage that can never be remedied. You can tinker about with them later but you can never quite get them back to normal," he warned.

The wealthy also had their own diseases, said Sir Edward. "If it is any comfort to the poor, the well-to-do have a higher death rate from diabetes and appendicitis," he added. "It balances out."

Of all protective foods, milk was by far the most important, declared Sir Edward. Races whose diet was rich in milk had greater stature, strength, physique and mental development. Among African tribes, consumption of milk meant the difference between a stalwart race of warriors, such as the Dinkas and the Masai, and "stunted, lackadaisical runs."

Tests in an English private school showed that addition of one pint of milk daily to the basic diet increased the strength and weight of the pupils. Their height increased in one year by one inch more than those not obtaining the milk, while the gain in weight was almost double. The pupils played strenuously as ever but they had fewer fractured bones. Incidence of rheumatism also decreased, the survey showed.

"When children get adequate milk, they have fewer colds and their mental processes are brighter," he said.

The first vitamin to be discovered, Vitamin B-1, came to light when prisoners and hens on the Island of Java, both of which were being fed on polished rice, developed the same disease, disclosed Sir Edward. Since the Great

Article on Sinking of Internal Shaft at Dome

Sinking of the No. 6 internal shaft at Dome Mines, Limited, which goes down vertically a distance of 2,000 feet below the sixteenth level of the mine is described in a paper by Charles Kemsley, the company's mechanical superintendent, and A. D. Robinson, shift boss, appearing in the September number of the Bulletin, Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

To reach the site of the new shaft, located approximately 4,500 feet east of the main shaft, 100 feet of cross-cutting, and 1,400 feet of slashing to widen existing crosscuts were necessary. Sinking was commenced on August 15, 1936, at a point 27 feet below the collar, and was completed by the end of July, 1937, during which period seven stations were cut and approximately 280 feet of crosscutting was completed. The shaft was sunk through a greenstone formation in rock of medium hardness which broke well.

Excavation of the roadway, hoist rooms, cable raises, and ore and waste bins necessitated the removal of some 300,000 cubic feet of rock. Hoist rooms are 50 feet by 35 feet, and are separated from each other by a 30-foot pillar. The ore bin has a capacity of 600 tons and the waste bin 400 tons. To accommodate the skip and cage shaves, the shaft proper extended 156 feet above the collar.

The skips in the new shaft are of five-ton capacity, nickel-steel construction, and weigh 7,000 pounds each. The cage weighs 12,000 pounds, has an allowable load of 40 men, or five tons of material, and is also of nickel-steel construction. The cage hoist, when assembled weighs 96 tons, and the skip hoist, 114 tons.

The sinking crew consisted of a mine captain, and under him a shift boss and 18 men on each shift. Very few of the men were experienced shaftmen at the start of the project, but in a very short time they became skilled shaft workers.

The paper is well illustrated by plans, sectional drawings and photographs.

BOY MEETS GIRL IN GERMANIA



The little lady at RIGHT seems all at sea as she observes a school-mate don his gas mask for the daily gas drill that now is part of the German child's education. Fearing that the "Drang Nach Osten" drive to the east—may backfire in the face of Reichs Fuehrer Hitler Berlin is taking extraordinary precautions against the day of possible enemy air raids. School children are instructed in the use of the gas mask under actual gas conditions.

Visit Old Friends IN THE HOMELAND THIS Christmas

Seven Swift Sailings

- From MONTREAL
 - Nov. 21—Duchess of Richmond
 - Nov. 25—Duchess of Bedford
- From QUEBEC
 - Nov. 23—Montrose
- From SAINT JOHN
 - Dec. 2—Montclare
 - Dec. 9—Duchess of York
 - Dec. 13—Duchess of Richmond
 - Dec. 15—Duchess of Atholl (Half-fare one day later)

Regular weekly sailings. See local agent or

Canadian Pacific Steamships

War, all the other discoveries regarding the health-protective features of natural foods had been made. It was not learned that rickets was due to lack of the sunshine vitamin, Vitamin D, until after.

Sir Edward Mellanby summed up the findings of nutritionists in the last 20 years with the message that all the foods required for complete health could be obtained by building the diet around dairy products such as milk, cheese and butter, fresh and cooked vegetables, fresh fruit, eggs, fish, liver and kidneys, and meat.

Preparing Public Concert and Lantern Lecture

The members of the Y.P.S. of the Timmins Finnish United Church are very busy these days completing final touches on their first public concert and lantern lecture. This is also the first public appearance of the Y.P.S. orchestra, which was organized recently. The concert will be held in the Timmins Finnish United Church Friday, Oct. 7, at 8 p.m. The program will include instrumental selections by the Y.P.S. orchestra, readings, recitations, vocal music and a lantern lecture on "Church Work Among the Finns of Canada 25 Years Ago," which will be given by Rev. A. I. Heino. The slides to be shown were taken by Mr. Heino in several provinces in that only members of the Y.P.S. will deliver the program that night. Admission is free, and everybody will be welcome.

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

THOUGHTFUL CARE AND DIGNITY CHARACTERIZE OUR SERVICE

S. T. WALKER

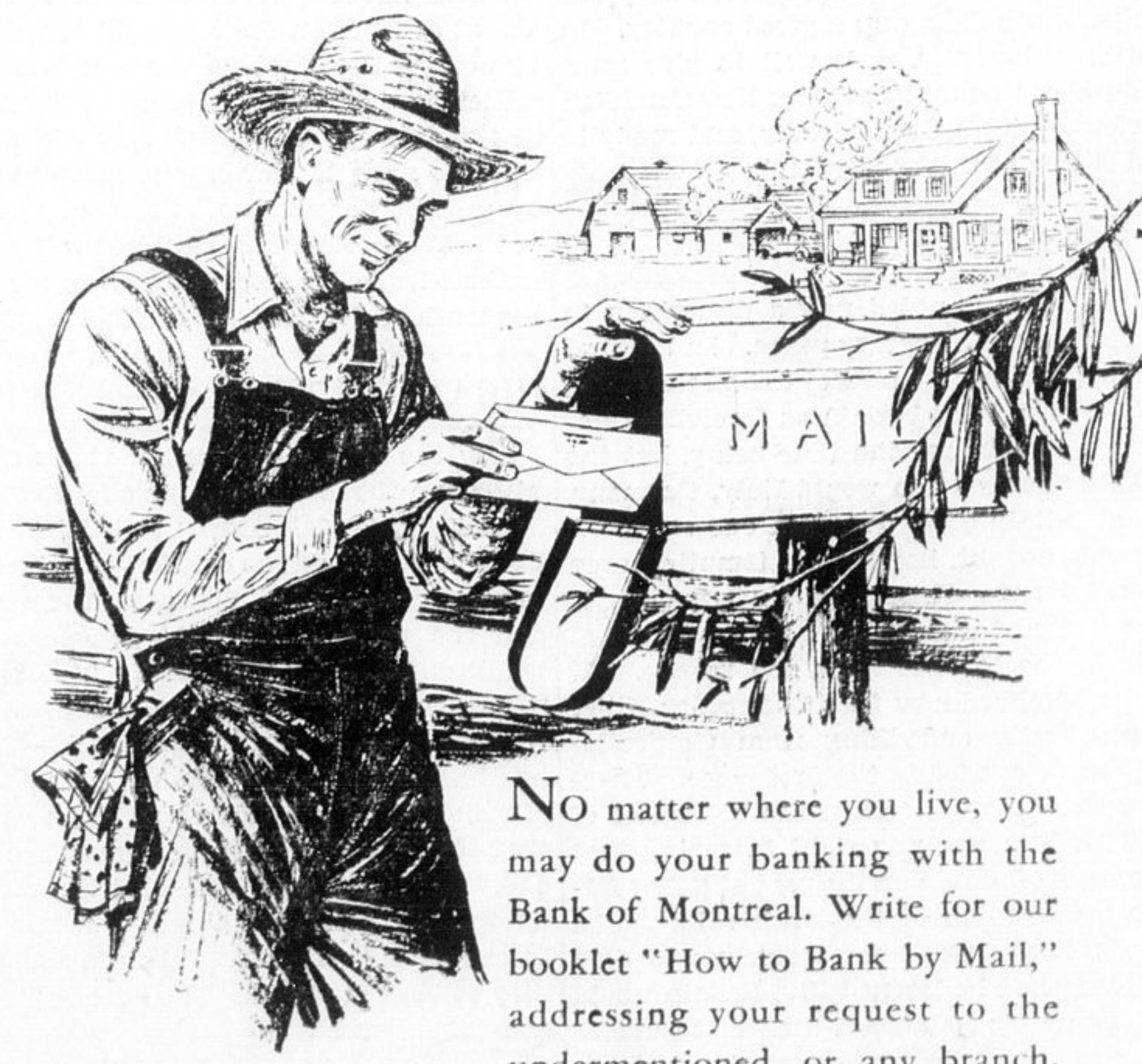
Funeral Director

TELEPHONE 509 81 THIRD AVENUE

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

TIMMINS

"A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME"



No matter where you live, you may do your banking with the Bank of Montreal. Write for our booklet "How to Bank by Mail," addressing your request to the undermentioned, or any branch.

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1817

Timmins Branch: T. W. TOD, Manager

"THE FARMER AND HIS BANK"—Ask for booklet

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

TO TORONTO

Hamilton, Buffalo, Kitchener, Smithville, Galt, Guelph, Dunnville, Woodstock, Chatham, Welland, London, Windsor, Detroit.

Via North Bay and Canadian Pacific

THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1938

Tickets to U.S. Destinations sold subject to Passengers meeting Immigration Requirements of U.S.A. GOING and Canada—RETURNING.

Tickets valid for travel Train No. 2, from Timmins Thursday, Oct. 13th, connecting at North Bay with C.P. Train No. 857, and at Sudbury with C.P. Train No. 28.

All tickets valid to return so as to leave Toronto not later than C.P. Train No. 27, 11.05 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 16th, arriving North Bay and connecting with T. & N. O. No. 1, 12.45 p.m. Monday, October 17th.

Tickets on Sale from Regular Stations ONLY

Tickets good in coaches only. No Baggage Checked Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by guardian. HALF FARE

FOR FARES, DEPARTURE TIMES AND FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO LOCAL AGENT

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway The Nipissing Central Railway Company