

VIOLET M. METHLEY

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pression. She sat for hours at the

through Chopin or the Liebestraum,

And, slight and uncertain though the

anda when she was playing, feel that

Once or twi e, he actually sat down,

seemed to be listening, and Chrissie

layed on for a while until self-cons-

Once she said, with abrupt shyness.

"shall I go on playing?" to which Stru-

on my account!" so that she sat for

burning her eyes.

scents of the garden.

her breath.

the silence.

repeats and answers a question.

How do I love thee . . . ?

the wings of a lovely rising rhythm.

candlelight."

kind of white flame of love.

I love thee with the breath,

it too?

a drawn bow.

come from her very soul through to

her fingers-could she make him feel

Would her voice be steady enough?

Let me count the ways . . .

long minutes, silent, motionless, tears

There came an evening, about a week

after that adventure at the aerodrome

which she tried for Ranny's sake, to

wipe out of memory, when Chrissie was

playing it over softly, singing under

primrose dress she was a faintly lum-

inous figure in the shadows. Through

Suddenly a step sounded on the ver-

down upon a low divan. He was hardly

showed against the dim night sky.

EVENING LOVE SONG

clouness had her pause and speak.

impatiently to say something.

CHAPTER XVII

"HE DISLIKES ME" over, she loosened her hold of the box. made." From the water far below came a luddy "I see-yes. Perhaps you're right," lowed, music became more and more resounding splash, and at the sound all Chrissie looked troubled. "But I must her only comfort and means of exstrength seemed to leave her body and tell Ranny about it."

"You!" she stammered. "You!"

"I-I-" Chrissie began to cry here." feebly. "I found it in Ranny's office | "So did I; that's why I came," Leo- as though music still made a tie be--in the cupboard. It was ticking. If | nie spoke care'essly. it had exploded all the hangars, all the aeroplanes would have been destroyed if he'd been here.'

"But he wasn't!" "No, but-he might have been. Oh, one of those Terrorist people?"

"My dear child, you must have been reading spy literature!" Leonie laughed | Leonie spoke in changed tones. with mocking indulgence. "An infernal but improbable, to say the least of it!" If anything, he dislikes me." "It was, though, or a bomb or some-

something. I'm absolutely certain," Chrissie persisted. "Well, have it your own way," Leo-

nie shrugged her shoulders. "Only entrance, Chrissie asking rather timid little encouragement. don't expect me to believe in it."

"It's easy enough to prove. The thing | Palace. is still in the well."

"Yes; whatever it was, it's still at the bottom of the well-like truth," Leo- and Krishn is an attractive little felnie laughed again. "And don't you low. think it had better stay there? If you | "Shall you stay there long?" drag it out-well, it might not be very pleasant for Ranny, you know. Especially if you're right, if it was really bye, Chrissie, and hold your own!" something which ought not to have been in his office. It might be said away before mounting herself, and her that he had not taken sufficient pre-

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cautions to protect the aeroplanes in For it Ranny didn't want her, if he'd his charge-they might ask where he rather she went away what was the Chrissie reached the well. Leaning was this afternoon; inquiries would be use of holding on?

she sank limply down upon the mud "I'm sure it would be better not piano, playing scraps of Mozart or parapet, scarcely conscious even of sur- | Don't you see, he would be bound to Beethoven for herself, or trying to any credit for that." prise when she recognized the new- take action if you did; he couldn't hush speak to Ranny, wherever he might be.

"No, I suppose not. "It's awfully dif- or the music she composed herself, "Yes." Leonie's voice and eyes were ficult to know what to do," Chrissie spun from her very heartsrings, as she credit for . . . all that I said just now like ice. "What on earth are you do- shook her head. "And I wonder where felt sometimes. Ranny is; I made sure I'd find him

"To see him?"

"Well, naturally. What other busi--burnt-everybody killed. Ranny, too, ness could I have at the flying ground? Her eyes were watchfull, intent on floating in air, rather than joining when I needed them, by . . . by the the other girl's flushed face.

"I don't know," Chrissie said, then Leonie, who could have put that awful took courage suddenly, clenching her thing there? Do you suppose it was fists and speaking rapidly, "Leonie, do he listened-feel it through every thing that I've always wanted to tell you and Ranny care for each other?' For a moment there was silence; then likely, for fear he might be waiting

"You poor child, so that's what you machine sounds most melodramatic, thought? But you're wrong, Chrissie.

"Are you sure?" Chrissie's voice was almost piteously eager.

"Quite sure." They walked together towards the "No-don't mind me," which gave so questions about Leonie's life in the

"Do you like being there?" she ended. an answered: "Oh, please dont bother "Well enough. I'm fond of children

"That's impossible to say. It depends on so many things. Well, good-

Leonie watched the pony cart jingle absorbed in her latest composition, look was grim.

"Little fool!" she thought. "But the sort of fool one can't help liking, even when she's spoilt all on'e plans, temporarily at any rate. I've failed to the open windows came the night start the blaze through Chrissie's interference, and after all the trouble took to decoy Ranny away from his post with a bogus telephone message. But I rode her off; she won't tell Ranny and the truth is safe—at the bottom of the well!"

And when Chrissie met Ranny again at dinner, stern and unresponsive, he heart failed once more. Towards the end of the meal he spoke abruptly.

"You'd be better away from here at present, Chrissie. I'm arranging to send you to the Hills, after all, while it's wise for you to travel."

"If-if you think best, Ranny, but I'd much rather stay with you," Chrissie faltered.

"I'd feel more satisfied; this no place for you," he said brusquely, "That's settled then? I'll see about it as soon as possible.

sie more dumbly desolate than before.

He rose and went out, leaving Chris NADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED DEPOSIT \$8 A MONTH (Approximate rate at age 35) **GET BACK** \$25 A MONTH TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS · Here's a money-saving plan that works! It gives you a retirement income about

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There was a stir, a movement, stum- mentioning The Advance, Timmins. bling, awkward, and Struan was beside (Registered in accordance with the

mean it -all that-all that you saidall that you sang?"

One hand was at her throat, where speech seemed struggling, suffocating, but she answered him, without a sec- Writer Thinks it Very Proond's pause.

"I mean it, every single word-only a thousand, a million times more!" "Chrissie . . . Chrissie," he whispered er name again. "You really love me still-like that . .. in spite of all-

everything?" "I love you . . . like that; as I shall always love you-as I've always wanted to tell you that I love you-only somehow I couldn't."

"And I've wanted to tell you, too . "Because . . . it's always been-you've this continent. always been there, really, though perhaps you'll find it hard to believeyou've always been at the very bottom of my heart. The other . . . it was a kind of obsession, a fascination too strong for me. I seemed to for-During the forlorn days which fol-

> "It's over now," Chrissie whispered. "Yes. It is over now . . . But I've got to be honest, Chrissie; I don't deserve

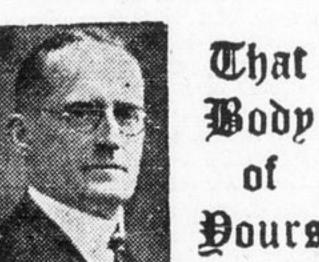
"Ranny . . ." The words seemed to 9,000 people. have come as a reminder to Chrissie. "There's something that I deserve no

-about loving . . . " "Chrissie, you don't withdraw what bond might be, Chrissie felt sometimes you said? You mean it . . . ?"

"Yes, yes-oh, darling-darling, don' tween herself and her husband. She mistake me! It's only . . . they were'ng ared not strain anything so frail, a my words, Ranny. I could never have touch might break it, but now and then, said anything so . . . so beautiful myit seemed there, a gossamer thread self. They were . . . just given to me woman who wrote them-Elizabeth Bar-She would hear his step on the ver- rett Browning . . . I only made the music-because they were all-every-

nerve in her body, cease playing, most you. "I see . . . Struan stood up; he sat down beside Chrissie on the music stool, drew her closely into his arms kissed her hair, gently, lingeringly.

For some time they sat in silence, whilst the velvet darkness of night "I'm boring you frightfully, I expect," closed in on them from without, invadshe broke off, waited for the muttered ing the shadowed room.



Dours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.) Fitting Feet For Life

The swift darkness fell: in her pale One of the helpful things that was learned during the examination of recluits for overseas service was the importance of having normal feet-free from pain, and discomfort. One may have brains and ambition, but to be anda and Chrissie, recognizing it, unable to be about among others bepaused in mid-chord. Ranny! With- cause of painful feet not only interout turning her head, she was cons- feres with business and social progress cious of her husband standing" just in- but the constant nagging of the nerves side the nearest window, saw him sink affects the general health and happiness of the individual.

visible there, beside the dark oblong of As most of these were young mer the shadow, through which black trees who were presenting themselves for service, it can be seen that their foot defects were not due to any heavy work She remained with hands just rest- that was being placed upon them but ing on the keys, head bent, pulses because as little children and later as throbbing wildly to the words which growing boys in their teens, prope she had just been singing. Was it footwear was not provided by their chance that he had come just then . . loving or thoughtless parents; the or opportunity? With no time to plan narrow 'trim' shoe for growing boys inspiration seized upon and shook her. and girls did not allow the proper forced her to act, and to act without width for the growing feet.

further hesitation, without putting any | In writing on the subject 'Fitting the questions to that dark figure. He was Feet for Life, Beulah France, in Hythere, he was listening . . . he should geia, states:

"Nor are teen age youngsters the "And, dear God, please let him un- only ones who are guilty of foot indisderstand . . . " Chrisie prayed, as her cretions. While college girls and boys fingers began to move, playing very show sense about shoes as a rule, softly, very tenderly, a rippling pre- graduates who enter business leave foot lude which fell like silver drops through fitness behind them. Men as well as women suffer all too needlessly from And against that background of quiet hammertoes, calluses, corns, bunions, sound, her voice rose, clear, as one who and ingrowing toenails due to ill fitting shoes. It is difficult to understand why a woman is willing to ruin her posture her gait, her facial expression and her Something like a sharply indrawn outlook on life by wearing uncomfortbreath came from the shadows, but the able shoes. Many an impatient gesture, singer did not pause, dared not pause, many a harsh word spoken, many a Her voice rose, sweet and steadfast, lined and wrinkled face, may be traced carrying up the sustained phrase on to the owner's feet."

If you have any foot defects, com-A pause, a chord, then, very softiy mon sense should take you to an orthand tenderly, dwelling on the syllables opedic physician who can give you safe as though in remembrance of past and scientific advice.

moments, calling up homely, peaceful Walk correctly. Do not toe either out or in, but straight ahead. If you can-"I love thee to the level of every day's not do this, your doctor will tell you Most quiet need, by sun and by whether he advises a leather lift on one side of your shoe's heels, or whe-Chrissie's voice broke on an indrawn ther he would suggest some other form breath that was almost a sob. Within of correction.

her she felt a strange sense of power | If you have no foot defects or disgathering to gether, rising towards a comforts, keep conditions that way by climax that was half joy half pain, a wearing shoes wide and long enough for your feet, keep soles and heels But now-now . . . could she put it from running over by soling and heelall that glowing, rising passion of love ing reairs before they become absointo the music which had seemed to lutely necessary.

Health Booklets Available

Eight helpful booklets by Dr. Barton are now available for readers of The Advance. They are: Eating Your Way Suddenly she found herself singling, to Health; Why Worry About Your Heart; Neurosis; The Common Cold; Smiles, tears of all my life!-and, if Overweight and Underweight; Food Allergy or Being Sensitive to Foods and I shall but love thee better after death! Other Substances; Scourge (gonor-The last words rang through the dim rhosa and syphilis); and How Is Your room, died into the silence. And still Blood Pressure? These booklets may Chrissie sat there motionless, her hands be obtained by sending Ten Cents, to pressed down upon the keys almost cover cost of service and handling, for convulsively, her body strung, tense as each one desired, to The Beil Library, 247 West 43rd St., New Yorw, N.Y.,

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## Did Vikings Come to North via James Bay

bable. And Why!

(By D. S. R. in Toronto Telegram) Whether or not Editor Curran of the Soo Star is to prove that the ancient Norse weapons and armor found by a brakeman near Beardmore, Ont., were left by the Vikings supposed to have entered Canada via James Bay, the subject is of great interest. It seems incredible that the Normen established for centuries in Greenland did not only I didn't feel fit, I was ashamed, cross the comparatively narrow seas to after what had happened . . after what the mainland of America. Nevertheless might have happened," Struan correct- there is, as yet, no authentic material Norse inscription, on its surface. ed himself, went on low and gently: evidence of the Vikings having reached

History records the fact that Erik the Red, a Viking chief from Island, which itself had not long been settled from Scandinavia, arrived in southern Greenland in 986 A.D. and established the first Norse colonies. These colonies ultimately contained eight churches and about 100 farmsteads. Christianity was generally adopted by the Greenland settlers in the eleventh century and they numbered at one time about

Norse Settlers Died

Even southern Greenland was then. as it is to-day, too cold a climate to grow grain. The Norse settlers hunted fished and raised cattle, sheep, horses and goats. They depended upon Norway for grain, iron and lumber for which they sent back dried fish, furs feathers and oil.

Navigation of those icy seas was a the middle ages and sometimes ships did not reach the settlers for years at a time-which was a bad business for folk dependent upon staples fro.n Europe. Finally some time about the end of the fourteenth century political dissensions between Norway and Denmark stopped the sailing altogether. Left to their fate, the Norse settlers died off or were killed by the Eskimos. When, in 1721, a belated expedition from Denmark crossed to see if there were any survivors, and to establish the present regime of Denmark in Greenland, not a trace of the Norsemen could be found-only the half-buried ruins of their stone churches and farm houses.

In recent years Danish scientific expeditions have dug among these ruins and found many relics of the inhabitants. Bits of animal bones, charcoal, and soapstone dishes, weapons, stone cattle and sheep pens. From one church cemetery by the sea shore wooden coffins were recovered, containing the skeletons of men and women, and medieval clothing of wool and skir whose design establishes their date. The royal museum in Copenhagen contains a quantity of these pathetic souvenirs of a race that was wiped out.

Leif Erikson Did It?

The sagas dealing with these foll: relate that Norsemen sailing west from Green'and discovered a country which | can have been nothing else than America. These Saga of Erik the Red tells how the former's son, Leif Erikson, in the year 1000 A.D., sailed from Cape Farewell westward with a party of coionists and reached a country called Wineland-which may have been Nova Scotia. After wintering there they returned to Greenland with a load of

timber-there being nothing but low bushes in the latter coun's v. The sagas go on to tell how an Islander, Karsfeni, and 160 colonists, in the year 1003, wintered in Wineland, but left because of the hostility of natives (In-

dians). Altogether five Norse sailings to Wineland are recorded in the sagas —the last in 1347. One wonders why the Norsemen did not settle permanently in Wineland, which must have been a far better country than Greenland.

Diligent search for Norse relics on the American mainland has so far pielded nothing of unquestionable au-

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sachusetts was proved to bear Indian can gain-say them? sign writing, and not the supposed

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That Minnesota Stone

The so-called Kensington Stone of Minnesota today reposes in a glass case at the Chamber of Commerce at Alexandria, Minnesota, where visitors come to gaze upon it. This stone is said have been dug up in 1898 from beneath the roots of a 70-year-old poplar tree near the village of Kensington in that state, by a local farmer named Olaf Ohman. It bears inscriptions in anstone had been "planted" claimed that collided with a truck. the inscriptions had been bade in re-

Norwegians on a journey of discovery from the terrible injuries received. Arthrough the West. We had camp for thur St. Jean, one of the occupants of two skerries one day from this stone. the car, received a fractured skull and After we came home we found 10 men a laceration on the face. Roland Lared with blood and dead A.V.M. (Ave.) Virgo Maria) deliver us from evil." perilous task for the primitive ships of On another portion of the stone are the per jaw, and minor cuts. words "We have 10 of our men by the sea to look after our ships, 14 days journey from this island-Year 1362.

Via James Bay Discovery of the stone caused a great sensation, but some scholars of note authenticity. Disgusted, Mr. Ohman a bank window, threw it in front of h.s been rescued. Prof. H. J. Holland of the University of Winconsin, however published, in 1932, a book in which he maintains that the stone is genuine. And during his researches, lasting for many years, he was the recipient of reputed Norse relics found in Minnesota and Wisconsin. These were three typical Scandinavian battle axes of the Middle Aces, a Norwegian hatchet, a

spear point and a fire steel. In support of the stone's genuineness Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, an English autority on Scandinavian lore, points out that in the year 1355 King Magnus of Norway sent Paul Knutson and a mixed expedition of Norwegians and Swedes to Greenland to see to the religious welfare of the Greenlanders, many of whom were reported apostate He submits that the expedition, which did not return to Europe until 1363-5 might have gone into Hudson Bay and south via the Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River to the site of Kensington.

It would appear that Scandinavians as a whole have long since settled the question of who was the first white man i in America. They are willing to accord to Leif Erikson the honor of having landed on this continent nearly 500

thenticity. The Dighton Rock of Mas- years before Columbus' time. And who

81 THIRD AVENUE

## One Dead. 3 Hurt In Motor Accident

Tragedy Near Cochrane on Thursday Last.

Cochrane, Oct. 12.—An accident on the Clute road, some five miles from Cochrane, resulted in the death of one cient runic characters interspersed with and the injury of three others at an a few Latin letters. However, some of early hour on Thursday morning. A the critics who arose to argue that the car in which the four were travelling

Arthur Stickman, age 20, driver of the taxi car and son of the owner died Briefly they state: "8 Goths and 22 a couple of hours after the accident roche, another passenger, suffered a fractured nose, factured skull and up-

Miss Lorette St. Amour suffered a fractured leg, a suspected fracture of a chest bone and cuts. All three in addition are suffering from shock.

The car was completely wrecked and extensive damage sustained by the raised violent, presumptions against its truck, which was driven by Yves Bertrand, who, with a cousin, Willie who had been exhibiting the stone in Bertrand, escaped practically unaurt. The driver has been placed in custody granary for a footstep-whence it has by the Provincial Police on a charge of manslaughter. It is reported that the taxi and truck met head-on. The truck is the property of the Cochrane Sash and Door Factory.



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