



# MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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CHAPTER XXI  
"WESTWARD HO!"

Up and down, up and down, like the caged black panther in the Maharajah's private menagerie—up and down one length of her room, with something of that panther's padded tread. Hands behind her back, eyes fixed on the ground between her pacing feet, lips set in a rigid line, the loose black satin robe caught closely round her accentuating the whiteness of her face, up and down—up and down. . . . Leonie seemed urged on unrestingly, by some demon of disquiet and disillusion.

"And at night, too, she walks—she walks always," the ayah told the other servants. "Truly one would say she never slept."

At the end of the third day, the Maharajah, working in his library, was startled by the sudden apparition of Leonie, still wearing the black satin wrapper, her face pale as marble, her eyes steady and darkening under level brows. He rose, pushing aside his papers, looking at her uncertainly.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Why do you stay here?"

"There is something which I wish to say to you," her voice had the edge of frozen steel. "Your forces here at Khotalghar are, as I know, sold to England—oh! given, if you prefer the word. Words, after all, matter very little. But there are still the six aeroplanes which you ordered from France, which have not yet been despatched to India, and are in the hands of the manufacturers."

"Yes . . ." the Maharajah muttered. "I intend to put those also at the service of the British Flying Corps. I am writing the letter now."

"You will not do it!" A spark seemed to lit suddenly behind the slaty greyness of her sombre eyes. "Do you hear me?—you shall not! I forbid it—those at least shall be kept out of the British claws."

"I . . . What do you wish, then?" Zindia spoke sullenly, but with a note of acquiescence which was unmistakable.

"I want them put at my disposal—to be used as I wish." The cold incisive words rang like a command, and as a command they were received, although with some show of protest.

"I do do that, I must know what you mean to do with them, for what purpose . . ." the Maharajah began nervously, only to be cut short in mid-speech.

"Why? I see no necessity for you to know anything. It is quite sufficient that I have my reasons and my intentions. Those aeroplanes were planned by me, ordered by me, and I tell you that they shall never serve England!"

"Very well, I agree. I will make out the necessary papers putting them at your disposal," the Maharajah said.

"There is another thing. I want enough money to take me to France. I've nothing to do now in India—thanks to your cowardice."

"You are cruel."

"I mean to be. You've failed me—yourself—India."

"You are going to France? I shall be there myself soon. I have offered

to serve with my troops."

"Then you will make the arrangements and let me have the money. I shall be leaving India soon."

"I can manage harder things than that, I fancy. That is all then—"

She was gone swiftly, noiselessly.

That question of a passage pre-occupied most European women in India. They felt forlorn, abandoned, after their menfolk disappeared into the ever-growing blackness of the warclock. And yet for some time they did not know which way to turn, or where they wanted to go. It all depended on where the particular man who mattered had gone to—and that, for weeks, no one knew, no one could more than guess.

The summer heat passed, the cold weather season began to draw near, during that waiting time, and then, at last, to Chrissie Struan, as well as to many others, came a letter.

Wilson Hall, who was still keeping a brotherly eye upon Chrissie from the hotel at Pathapore, found her reading it on the same verandah where so much had taken place in the lives of both of them. And, as she read, she alternatively laughed and cried.

"Oh! Mr. Hall, it's a letter from Ranny!" Chrissie told him, quite unnecessarily. "A splendid long letter at last! He says he couldn't write before—it's dated September 26th, the day they arrived there—"

"Where?" Hall asked.

"France." Chrissie drew a long breath, and something like the shadow of a cloud seemed to pass over the sunlit gold in her eyes. "Of course, we knew more or less, but they're really there."

"There are lots of most thrilling things in the letter. I must read you bits of it." She rustled the thin sheets. "The Suez Canal is all entrenched—just fancy? Of course, they're afraid of the Turks attacking; it's so fearfully important to hold it. Oh! and here's something tremendously interesting!"

She read aloud, her voice shaken with excitement.

"There's a good deal more," Chrissie was still turning over the sheets of the letter. "But most of the rest is—well, not exactly news! She laughed and blushed, looking at Hall deprecatingly, then added in a businesslike manner: "Anyhow, now we know where we are—and the sooner I can get back to England, the better. I must be nearer to Ranny, in case . . . He understands that; and he says that I'd better apply for a passage at once; they'll be providing troopships to send home the families soon now, he expects."

"I see—yes," Hall looked thoughtful, leaning forward in his chair as Chrissie went on rather unsteadily.

"Of course, it's—it's very hard to have to think of Ranny as actually in the fighting; I don't think of it. But I know it's where he'd want to be, and it's a great comfort to have heard from him, to be certain of what he wants me to do. It's the waiting that's so impossible."

"Of course; that's so always. Well—"

Hall leant back and surveyed his outstretched legs contemplatively. "I think that the sooner I make a move too, now, the better. I may be able to find some useful job in Europe, even if the U.S.A. don't officially come into the war as I hope they will!"

"Do you mean you'd join the British Army?" Chrissie asked eagerly.

"Or the French. I might do worse. Or I may be more use in a Red Cross job. Anyway, once your passage is fixed up, I'll feel free to start off myself, and get on with it."

"You mean, you've been waiting all this time for my sake? Oh! Mr. Hall, it was very, very good of you—and I don't know what I should have done without you, I really don't!"

"That's all right. I might even be able to get a passage back to Europe in the same boat as yourself, which would be better still; almost too good to be possible."

"It would be simply splendid!" agreed Chrissie fervently.

"Splendid—yes; simple—well, I rather doubt that!" Hall commented drily. "But if I don't manage it, it won't be for the want of trying."

There followed another period of waiting which was even more harassing than that which had gone before.

But passages were secured at last, and the almost unhoped-for, despair-ed of journey was about to begin. Hall by the exercise of more diplomacy than he would ever have believed himself to possess, had obtained the right to travel in the troopier. Together they stood on the deck of s.s. Berkshire and watched Bombay receding behind their ship's wake as the steamer kept on its steady course towards the horizon. This was their last glimpse of India.

Across the silver waters of the harbour, from the clustered shipping at the quays, tiny skiffs and wide-sailed dhows skimmed like butterflies in the sunlight.

The gateway to the country of the Great Raj closed gradually, leaving only a memory of the murmur of voices, temple bells and drum beats, all blending even in remembrance into a lessening hum as the land receded, faded into the distance.

"I wonder shall we ever see it all again," Chrissie said under her breath.

"I wonder!" Hall echoed.

At the sound of a voice, utterly unexpected, which spoke behind them Chrissie and Hall turned simultaneously—cried out, almost in one breath: "Leonie!"

She stood there, hands in the pockets of her grey coat, the black, three-cornered hat tilted forward to shade her eyes, looking so precisely as she had upon the Gloriana that Hall glanced almost involuntarily up at the mainmast, as though seeking the familiar house-flag of the Atlantic ferry. It was as though time itself had taken a great stride backwards, of eighteen months or more.

"Leonie, how amazing that you should be here!" Chrissie gasped.

"Why? Was I not, until lately, one of the household of an officer in the Indian Army?" Her tones were so level, so untroubled, that it was as though only Hall's ultra-keen ear which caught the faint inflection of biting scorn.

"Yes . . . of course, yes—only . . ." Chrissie stammered, confusedly, and Leonie smiled.

"Not that I asked for a passage as the Maharajah's ex-governess. I merely used his name and my experience at Khotalghar to get another post of the same kind with a Colonel's wife, since money alone would not do it. I intended to come by this boat if it was in any way possible in order to be with you two . . ." Her eyes softened slightly, then resumed their former alert watchfulness. "That is, if neither of you has an overwhelming objection to my company," she added abruptly.

"You know me better than that," Hall answered, while Chrissie added earnestly:

"Oh, Leonie, I'm so glad you're here!"

"That's well, then. I should have been extremely bored with the exclusive company of my colonel's wife and her progeny. There's nothing to do, really: They've got an ayah, whose passage I paid, by the way, so as to secure the privilege of travelling to Marseilles as one of Colonel Belman's party. A queer, topsy-turvy business, if you come to think of it!"

"You're going to France then—not England?"

"Certainly not England."

"And—you're not coming back to India?"

"No. I failed there, or I shouldn't be here. And if I hadn't failed, you might not be here either!"

"Oh, she's talking like the Sphinx again!" Chrissie looked across at Hall. "That always means she doesn't mean to tell anything."

"There's nothing to tell," Leonie said. She turned away abruptly and for the moment no more was said. It was weeks later, indeed, not until they were nearing Marseilles, on a black and windless night in the Mediterranean, that Hall questioned her further. Constantly as they were all three together during the voyage, there had been curiously little intimate conversation between them.

The steamer was forging steadily through the darkness, one of a convoy of dim, lightless shapes, part of the very night itself. That sense of stealth, of the presence of an unseen enemy, marked the difference between these nights at sea, and those of peace-time voyagers. It was as though the ship herself were groping, blindfold, communicating her own feeling of helplessness to all those on board.

Hall, standing with Leonie near the bows, overlooking the forecastle head, made a little restless movement.

"I'm glad we're near the end of the voyage—although there is still time—"

"But nothing will happen." He could just make out the pale blur of Leonie's profile beside him as she spoke. "Oh! don't ask me how I know! I do—that's all."

"And when we reach France—have you still no plans? You're definitely landing at Marseilles, aren't you?"

"Yes. I have some business to put through in Paris. After that I don't know—since I can't enlist in the Foreign Legion. Something has to come to an end—and I don't yet see a fresh beginning. More and more I find myself holding on to something he said: 'Nothing is done, until there's nothing to be done!' And I believe I have something more to do yet—why, I don't know. Perhaps it is because my Star is still leading me, although it is hidden in this blackness of war, like all the rest of us—"

"I had thought, myself, perhaps, of joining a French ambulance, after I've seen Chrissie safely back to England, according to my promise," Hall told her. "Ah!—yes, that might be a way." Leonie spoke as though more to herself than to him. "The way? Possibly—I don't know."

"Anyhow, we shall probably meet again—in France."

"Yes, we shall. I know that too—and it's about the limit of my knowledge at present. Ah!—listen!"

From the engine room came the tinkle of six bells, 11 o'clock. It was followed by the sing-song voice of the lascar from the crow's nest, telling the silent ship, the silent night, "All's well!"

"All's well!" Leonie echoed the words under her breath. "Ah!—if one could say that—"

(To be continued)

## Sudbury Interested in New Gold Mining Areas

(From Sudbury Star)

While other ambitious pioneers were far afield, in the Yellowknife and other regions of the Northwest Territories, prospectors were proving the truth of the assertion that the rock-ribbed areas of Northern Ontario still hold good chances of revealing untold mineral wealth.

The strong possibility that a major gold mining camp may be developed in the new Opepeesway lake area is a matter that should interest Sudbury, because of the advantages that are sure to accrue to this city and immediate district in such an event.

So far, results from exploration by Mining Corporation of Canada at the scene of the Jerome discovery have proven exceptionally encouraging, inspiring the statement that the find is the most important made in Ontario in many months. Large tonnages of medium-grade ore appear proven by shallow drilling, and that the property is to be made a goody-sized profitable mine seems indicated.

The area is within the boundaries of the Sudbury mining division, and is served from Sudbury by two main lines of railway as well as airplane services. Thus, the potential extensive trade that will result from a major mining operation can be expected to be centred in Sudbury, together with some of the benefits from a substantial payroll.

Although the output of gold from the nickel-copper operations is large—around \$2,500,000 annually—at present Sudbury district has only two producing gold mines, Lebel Oro at Loug Lake and New Golden Rose at Emerald Lake. Commendable efforts have been made at other sections, notably Swayze, West River and Three Duck Lakes, to bring in profitable producers, but so far these regions have failed to come through with the tonnages of commercial ore needed for profitable operations. Two small producers are in the offing in the West Shiningtree district, with mills scheduled to start early next year.

At this stage of development it may be too early to make predictions for the Opepeesway area, but that it holds good promise is the opinion of mining men of note. What it would mean to Sudbury if a major camp is developed is not difficult to visualize, and in the meantime, this centre should not lose sight of the opportunities that are sure to accumulate from the prospective growth of the district.

North Bay Nugget: The Ontario Baseball Association should suggest snowshoes as club equipment. Imagine playoffs in late October!

## If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Every man, woman and child in the North, has heard popular remark, "Oh, the North grows on you." And what do they mean? Simply that the North land has a beauty and a life that is different from anything else, and that cannot be forgotten. The following poem by Rev. E. Crossley Hunter may in part explain the lure of this North country, but no words can ever express that "something" which makes it home to those who have stayed here for even only a few years:

**WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS**

(By Rev. E. Crossley Hunter)

You tell me you're a stranger,  
From lands that lie afar,  
You ask me where the North begins,  
And what its boundaries are.

The North is not an area,  
It's not a piece of land,  
The North's a spirit and a life  
Which you must understand.

Up where the handclasp's stronger,  
Far from the city dins,  
Up where the smile lasts longer,  
That's where the North begins.

Up where the sun shines brighter,  
Where worries easily end,  
Up where the snow lies whiter,  
You're in the North, my friend.

Where every man's a fighter,  
And no one quits the game,  
Where the bond of friendship's tighter,  
And honors more than fame.

Where you feel the fresh wind blowing,  
From pine woods, clean and pure,  
Where you find the trout streams flowing,  
You're in the North, for sure.

Where few hearts are aching,  
And fewer men walk broke,  
Where the world's still in the making,  
And all hearts carry hope.

Where fellows don't mind giving,  
And we ask not creed or name,  
Where the fun of life is living,  
For life is worth the game.

Have you left the camp at daylight,  
As dawn was breaking forth,  
Carried back your deer at twilight?  
Then you've really known the North.

Have you smelled the bacon frying,  
By streams where the big trout swims,  
Made friends without half trying,  
That's where the North begins.

For the North is not a country,  
Measured in terms of land,  
The real North is a spirit,  
Which you must understand.

—From R. B. Holmes' Scrapbook.

## "Boycott" Envelope Not Thought to be Harmful

(From Orillia Packet and Times)

Mrs. J. Wells, of Orillia, was recently recipient of a letter on whose envelope were the words "Boycott Japanese Goods" and "Save China—Save Peace." The first sentence is printed in red letters at one side of the envelope, while the other words are printed in red at the bottom of the envelope. The letter received by Mrs. Wells originated in Timmins. When the envelope was brought to the attention of the Postal authorities, it was referred to Ottawa for a ruling by the Postmaster-General. Under Section 205 of the Postal Guide such mail of this character is prohibited. The section says that it is forbidden to post for delivery or transmission by or through the post any postcard or postband or wrapper upon which there are words, devices, matters or things that will tend to injuriously affect the commercial or social standing of the person addressed. Some years ago a similar complaint was before the Postal Department. At that time it concerned Germany.

## Former Timmins Man Opens Drug Store in Ridgeway

The following item from The Times-Review, of Fort Erie, Ont., will be of interest to many friends in Timmins, referring as it does to S. Hilborn, for five years a resident of Timmins, being with the Curtis Drug Store here:

"Mr. S. Hilborn will open his new drug store under the name of the 'Hilborn Pharmacy' on October 22 in the F. C. Brown Estate building. The front of the building was renovated a year ago, making it suitable for two stores. The interior of the former large store was divided this fall, completing the plans for the two stores. The drug store is done in cream color, trimmed with royal blue. Mr. Hilborn was born at Drayton, Ontario, and attended high school there. On entering Pharmacy he was apprenticed to Boyle's Drug Store, Brampton, and later graduated

from the Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, in 1929. He was with the Curtis Drug Company, Timmins, from then until October 1934, when he came to Ridgeway as business manager of the F. C. Brown Estate. Mr. Hilborn will be assisted in his duties by Mr. William J. Kellaway, Fort Erie, employed by Camm's Drug Store, Fort Erie, for five years. Mr. Hilborn will continue in his capacity as business manager of the F. C. Brown Estate."

Globe and Mail: Mr. Eden says, "There are no war mongers amongst us." In brief, no waramongsters.

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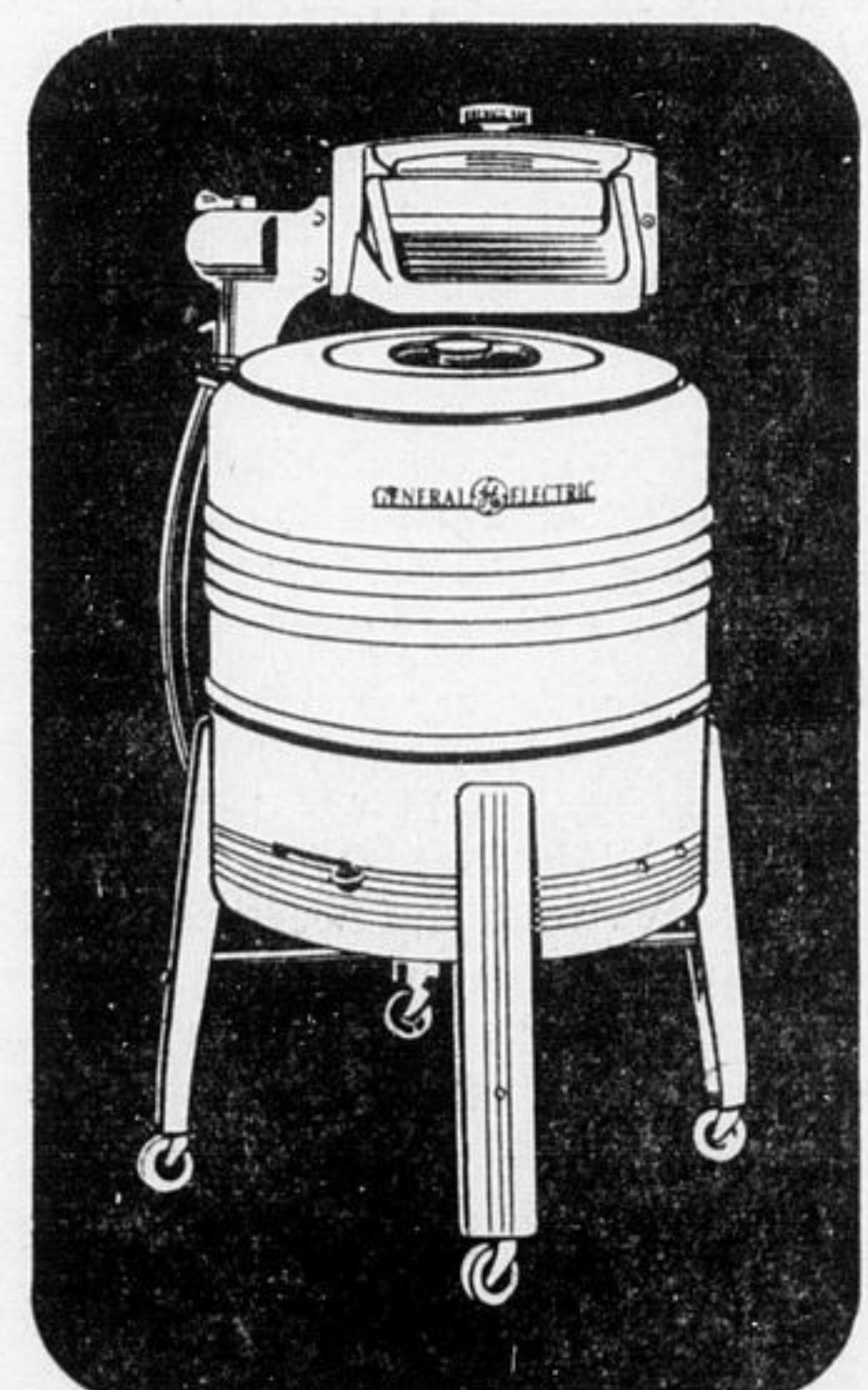
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