



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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CHAPTER XXIII LEONIE'S NEW ROLE

"Leonie, certainly," she laid one hand on Hall's shoulder for a moment with a movement which was almost caressing. "Help me to get the stretchers out as quickly as possible. Some of these poor fellows are appallingly bad cases who've been lying out in the wet and the mud. We'll have plenty of time to talk afterwards about everything in heaven and earth—and hell, too! I'm attached here at present—been back-wards and forwards for days."

Even as she spoke, Leonie had left Hall's side and was busy unfastening the waterproof weather shield at the back of the ambulance. When stretcher-bearers and orderlies had been summoned, for a time there was no sound in the rainy semi-darkness except brusque orders, the strained breathing of men lifting heavy loads, footfalls clogged and weighted by mud and the moans of the wounded as they were forced to endure the necessary torture of removal from the ambulance to the hospital building.

The work was done quickly and expertly. In a few minutes Leonie stood within the ground-sheet shaded doorway and looked around the big square room, lighted by electric bulbs swung on wires from planks covered with tarred canvas which formed an extemporized roof to replace the demolished ceiling.

Hall came to join Leonie in the doorway, and the two looked at each other for the first time, gravely and appraisingly.

The first impression of each was the same, that the other had aged more than the passing of a mere twelve months warranted. Hall, always spare and slightly built, was now thin to attenuation, his face gaunt and fleshless, with cheekbones apparently heightened and eyes sunken behind the salient ridges, and hidden behind glasses in place of the familiar monocle. Yet he gave the impression of wire-strung alertness, a man living on his nerves, perhaps, but, all the same, very much alive.

As for Leonie, any loss of weight in her case could only be guessed at, so concealed were all the lines of her body by the shapeless great coat of the French infantryman which she wore.

together with breeches and heavy trench boots, thick with mud. On her head, and soaked to blackness like all her garments, was the cap of a French poilu, from whose shabbiest aspect indeed, her garb was only distinguished by a mud-stained Red Cross brassard.

For the French ambulance women drivers gave the impression that it had never been thought necessary to provide them with any distinctive uniform, that they merely wore such military or semi-military garments as it was easiest to procure.

Regulations were less stringent amongst the French than the British area. The rules which kept women well to the back of the front and as little under fire as possible were not so rigidly enforced and far more easily eluded under pressure of circumstances. Possibly it was because there were fewer men available amongst the French for bringing in the wounded, for these drivers of the Croix Rouge visited the front lines in the course of their duty, collected injured men from the actual trenches, or out of the shell holes and ruined buildings in the battle areas.

It was from a communication trench enfiladed by the German machine guns that Leonie had taken up her present pitiful ambulance load only a few hours before, their clothes drenched with rain and stiffened by the frost which followed.

"IF I PROMISED TO MARRY YOU—"

Leonie looked beyond Hall and spoke with an accent of commendation.

"This contingent of yours is a great deal better than the last we had here—more doctors, quicker orderlies. But then the post was bombed a week ago by aeroplanes, who were probably out for the big munition dump near here. I've seen bad things out here myself, but never anything quite as bad as that. Well—can you spare a few minutes?"

"Yes, I'm supposed to be off duty now for several hours, and I don't think I'm needed urgently. Come to my tent and I'll make you some cocoa."

"Thanks, I shall be glad of it. I've had nothing since this morning. It's been a strenuous day, but I rather think the fighting is over for the time being; the bombardment slackened today considerably and some of the front line units have been relieved. . . . You lead the way, will you?"

Behind the main building a few tents had been put up for the staff. Into one of them Hall ushered Leonie after a glance round by the light of a dim and smoking oil stove.

"The others aren't here; that's good!" he said. "We shall get a few minutes peace, perhaps. How on earth can we dry that coat of yours? It's soaked through and through."

"Oh, I'm used to it—it doesn't matter!" She shrugged and pulled off the drenched cap, showing her face more clearly, with a lock of hair, dark with wetness, streaked down over her forehead, after the famous Napoleonian

style.

As she sat down on a box, indeed hands drooping between her knees, the light thrown upwards on to her face from the stove, the likeness to Bonaparte of the early campaigns was more marked than ever and almost involuntarily Hall commented upon it.

Leonie glanced up and smiled faintly.

"It's being in France, I suppose—in the country he made, with the Army he made, for, after all, that's what it is. I feel sometimes as if I were seeing what he saw—until I remember that the English are in line with us and not in the trenches opposite, where they'd have been then. But this talk doesn't get us anywhere. How long have you been at the front?"

"Nearly four months. I was attached to the Franco-American Hospital in Paris first. I tried to get into both armies—French and British—but my eyes have been turning against me and prevented my acceptance. Christe Struan was working in Paris for a time, too, until her husband went to Mesopotamia. Now, she's in London, a V.A.D. at a hospital, working very hard, too."

"Ah!—yes, of course—he went with the Indian Expeditionary Force last month—I expected so," Leonie said.

"There's a baby now, you know. Elizabeth, they've called her—a jolly little beggar."

"Ah—I'm glad of that. It will be a comfort to Christe. She needed a child. And our other friends of Pathapura?"

"Tim Jones was wounded at Loos and is probably out of it for good. So far, Struan hasn't had a scratch. And—the Maharajah?"

"Back in India. He had a bad attack enteric, I believe; anyhow, he has been invalided. No, I didn't see him; why should I? All that Indian life is over and done with—finito!" She laughed shortly. "Nothing remains of Kho-falghar in Europe except the six aeroplanes which were made over to the French Aviation; they are attached to the Lafayette Escadrille—the American squadron, you know—good pilots and good machines. I tried to get taken on with them myself, but it couldn't be managed, worse luck! So I learnt to drive an ambulance—and here I am."

"Doing very fine and useful work," Hall commented quietly.

"Ah—that!" She put it aside with a contemptuous sound and gesture. "A job anyone could take over! If this is all that I'm meant for—but it isn't! I can't believe that, there must be something waiting for me."

"Of course—I suppose this is a bit of impertinence, but I'm going to say it—Hall paused, stared at the saucenpan of cocoa which he was stirring over the stove, and went on more slowly:

"Now that things have altered, and the British are the Allies of the French, you must feel differently, you can't surely . . . hate them in the same way?"

"I can!" Leonie threw back her head with a fierce jerk. "Why not? It doesn't alter the past."

"No, but it makes a considerable difference to the present," Hall said. "You can't injure one of the Allies without affecting the others, can't even wish evil against it, far less take action. Surely, that's self-evident?"

"I can help France without helping England!"

"Can you? That strikes me as sophistry, Leonie—although perhaps it's a step in the right direction. In the meantime, here's your cocoa."

"Thanks," She sipped it slowly.

"You're a good friend, Wilson."

"Friend? Oh, yes, someone you like in a thoroughly tepid, sisterly way. Sometimes I'd almost rather that you hated me, Leonie. There's something revolting in a feeling which is neither hot nor cold."

"You really don't mean that, do you Wilson?" Her tone was almost wistful. "Because, after all, I believe I give you the best of which I'm capable—poor as it seems to you."

"It isn't. I'm ungrateful, Leonie; you make me ashamed when you speak like that," Hall said under his breath.

"You deserve more. Would it make you in any way happy if I promised to marry you after the war?"

"Leonie!" Hall raised his head to stare at her in amazement, found her eyes regarding him kindly, almost tenderly.

"It would be easy enough for me, liking you as I do. For I do like you. And I shouldn't mind marriage. Oh! that's nothing!" She paused, shook her head. "But it wouldn't make you happy, Wilson."

"Ah, Leonie!"

"Oh, no, it wouldn't. You need something I could never give you or any man. And—the war isn't over yet. Goodnight; I'm glad that we shall be working together for a while."

She had gone, but in going, left the memory of one of those rare smiles of

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Two pieces, each without a title, one an essay and the other a poem, from R. B. Holmes' scrapbook deal with women. They are quoted here because the mother and the daughter, the father and the son, will all enjoy them:

When the Hindoo Vulcan had finished making man he found he had no concrete material to make woman. He displayed, however, marked ability in overcoming the difficulty. When he realized he had no more concrete matter to construct woman he took the rotundity of the moon, and the lightness of the leaves, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of the flowers, and the glances of the deer, and the joyous gaiety of the sunbeams, and the weeping of the clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of the fire, and the coldness of the snow, and the chattering of jays, and cooing of the cuckoo, and assimilating all these into one most wonderful and alluring entity, he gave her to man, and said:—

"Here, I have manufactured for your happiness, and comfort, this exquisite creature, with a variation in her make-up that excels anything I have created. Take her, love her, provide for her, defend her, and remember this—that I have exhausted all my artistic powers in giving to you my masterpiece."

"A woman is queer, no doubt about that. She hates to be thin, she hates to be fat;

One minute it's laughter, the next it's a cry;

You can't understand her, however you try,

But there's one thing about her which everyone knows.

A woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.

You never can tell what a woman will say.

She's a law to herself every hour of the day.

It keeps a man guessing to know what to do.

And mostly he's wrong when his guessing is through;

But then you can bet on wherever she goes

She'll find some occasion to powder her nose.

I've studied the sex for a number of years.

I've watched her in laughter and seen her in tears;

On her ways and her whims I've pondered a lot

To find what will please her and just what will not.

But all I've learned from the start to the close.

Is the sooner or later she'll powder her nose.

At church or a ball game, a dance or a show.

There's one thing about her I know that I know.

At weddings or funerals, and dinners of taste.

You can bet that her hand will dive into her waist.

And every few minutes she'll strike up a pose.

And the whole world must wait while she powders her nose."

Art Exhibit Pleases Large Numbers Here

Much Interest Taken in Display of Paintings Brought Here by Mr. H. J. A. Tygesen.

A large number of local people have already visited the exhibition of art at the Empire Hotel, and several have purchased valuable paintings, but those who have not yet taken advantage of this opportunity will be glad to know that the exhibition will be open until Saturday, November 5th. Mr. Tygesen, who is in charge of the art exhibit, and his assistant, Mr. Morton, will be glad to point out interesting paintings to visitors, and welcome both adults and children to the display.

Mr. H. J. A. Tygesen recently returned from an extensive tour of European countries, purchasing a large quantity of paintings at the time. Speaking to The Advance about his recent journey, Mr. Tygesen mentioned the great changes in Austria since his last visit in January to that country. In England he visited with friends and fellow artists, meeting the famous artist, Row-bouton, whose miniature etchings in colours are world renowned and are especially popular with the people of the United States and Canada.

At Copenhagen, his home city, Mr. Tygesen attended the wedding of his eldest brother. "It was a real Danish wedding," said Mr. Tygesen. "In Denmark, at a wedding, they do not use noisy autos. A beautifully decorated carriage, drawn by two white horses, awaits the bridal couple at the church. When the bride enters the church, she walks over a carpet of flowers, which have been strewn on the ground by a group of little girls." All the customs of the Danish people are interesting.

For long Hall sat motionless, gazing straight in front of him, that he might not lose that memory.

(To be continued)

and entirely different from those of Canadian people. "After the wedding ceremony, the bride and groom remain at their new home," added Mr. Tygesen, "and the following day, they receive their guests. These guests arrive at the home of the newlyweds with beautiful gifts, it being a custom of the Danish people to present the gifts to the bride and groom when their friends make a social visit. After the bride and groom have received all their friends, they leave on the honeymoon trip."

Among the collection of paintings now showing at the Empire Hotel are many by outstanding artists. M. Orzech, whose painting, "Off the Coast of Ireland," is on display, was born in Ireland but studied at various academies on the continent and received a diploma from the Deutsche Kunster Verband for distinctive art creations. R. Waldson, whose "The North Sea From the English Coast," is one of the most realistic in the collection, is an English artist with Scandinavian name, best known for his bold seascapes, which are very striking in their freshness. E. T. Valmont, who portrays romantic cavalier studies, is noted in the display with "The Toast."

Modern Hobo Takes Along Blanket and Other Goods

(From Christian Science Monitor)

The hobo's lot is not a strenuous one. So easy, in fact, railroad police in Albany are complaining about the increasing demands upon their services by those who ride the rods.

In Amsterdam, N.Y., the other day, shortly after a transient had been untangled from the rods of the night freight and hustled up to the local hoosegow, came this urgent telegram to Capt. Joseph B. Boyle of the New York Central Railroad Police: "Train rider arrested here says baggage still on train. Please meet train and recover."

Judging by Captain Boyle's indignant outburst, the well-heeled hobo has only to make his wishes known and a uniformed attendant will make arrangements for the luggage. "It's the new vogue," the irate official finds. "Most of the 'boes we've encountered lately have their belongings with them. We got a fellow the other night with food as well as blankets in his baggage."

Could anything be more expressive of the subtle amenities which have come to mark the manners of the modern mendicant? Food and blankets, of all things! What will they want next—soap and towel with their finger bowls?

Gone is the day when a tramp took to the road—or the rods—with his wardrobe compressed within a knotted span of a red bandana dangling from a stick slung on tired shoulders.

No longer does the hobo humble himself before the farmhouse door to the threadbare tune of "Please ma'am, may I have a cup of cold water? I'm so hungry, I don't know where I'm going to spend the night." Probably his hints are now more concerned with the merits of the mattress, and whether there's a radio in the room.

Detroit News: Misprint: A tennis writer in the East, giving a column to two Australians, fails to identify them as Men from Down Under.

Colorado Mine Man Asks Aid for Mines

Says Helping Mines as Profitable as Helping Farmers.

(From Globe and Mail)

Governments are justified in extending direct financial assistance to legitimate mining propositions, according to Robert S. Palmer, secretary of the Colorado Chapter of the American Mining Congress. He told that to the recent sessions of the congress at Los Angeles, and endorsed a recommendation forwarded to Washington suggesting that the American government could help in the development of mines in the following ways:

1. By allocating money for super-physical work and actual prospecting for mineral values.

2. By assisting in exploration work, drilling, trenching, testing and making preliminary openings. This would include tunnels for drainage, as well as tunnels for exploration. This work should be done in known mineralized areas which have favourable geological reports.

3. By blocking out, on public and private land, ore encountered in the second or exploration stage.

4. By erecting concentrating mills to treat the various kinds and amounts of ore which have been found and blocked out during the entire development stage.

In suggesting such government action, it was pointed out that, in cases where it is definitely known that bodies of water are holding up mining development, official action could step in and clear up the problems.

"It is certainly as good an investment to take water away from proven mineral lands as it is to put water for irrigation upon promising agricultural land," the recommendation to Washington points out. "The returns from mining properties, intelligently developed, official action could step in more certain, than the returns from agriculture and manufacturing."

Mr. Palmer cited a recent case where the United States government had helped directly in mining development, though no funds were placed in mining properties. It concerned hydraulic

mining in California. Mining, according to court decision, is prohibited where debris is discharged into streams tributary to the Sacramento or San Joaquin Rivers. So the government has decided to build debris dams, which should be completed in a few years.

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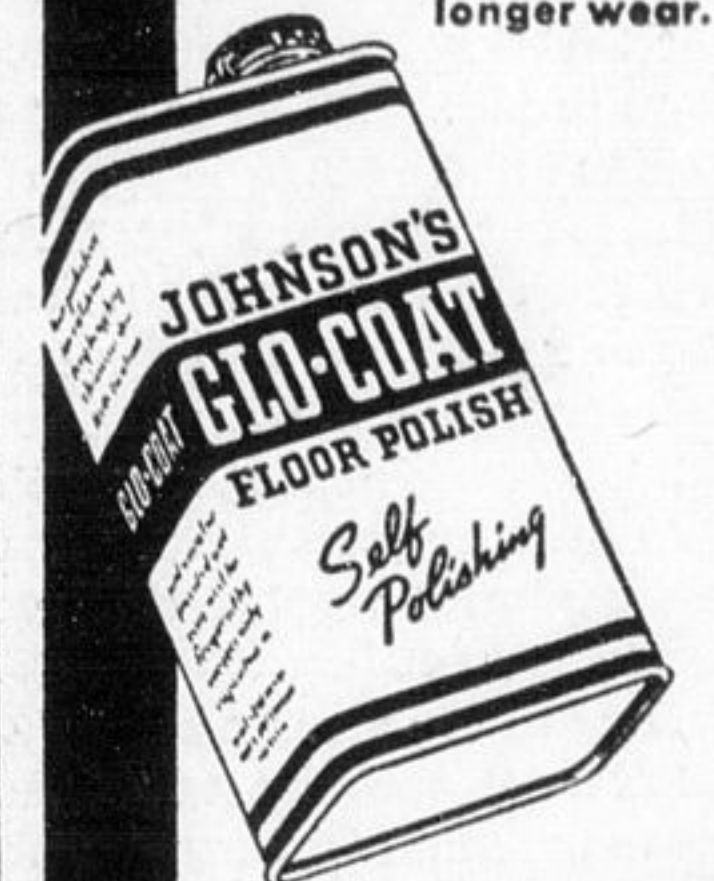
"It has been estimated," Mr. Palmer pointed out, "that the completion of these dams will result in the production of \$600,000,000 in gold from hydraulic mining; while an era of comparative prosperity and security in the district affected is anticipated."

Mr. Palmer also advocated government construction of roads into recognized mining areas. That is being done by Canadian governments. Of the four policies advocated above only the first is being carried out in Canada under government direction.

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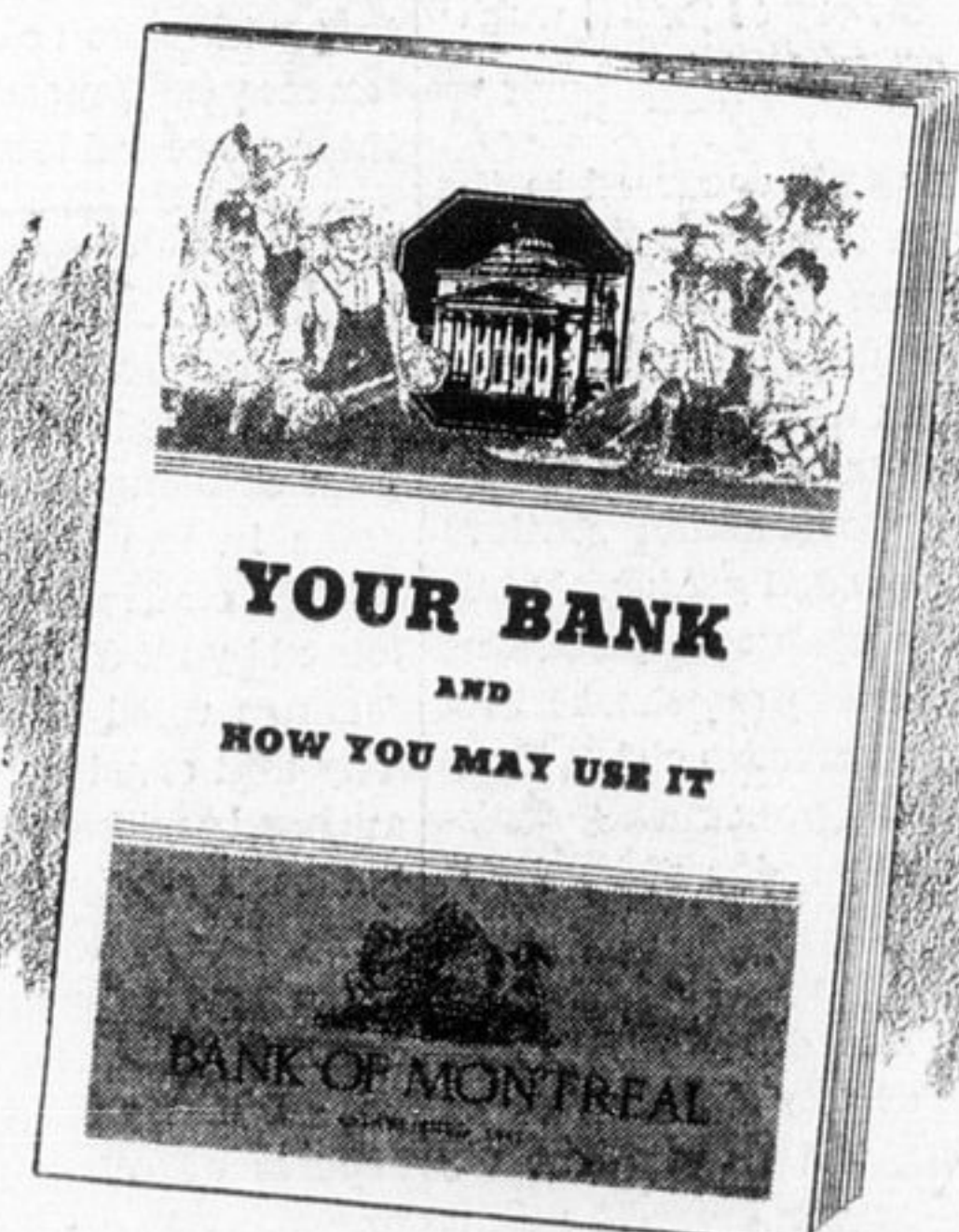
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