



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

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CHAPTER XXVI BURIED ALIVE

Hall felt himself thrown forward as though an enormous paw had struck him between the shoulders.

The awful realization came to him that he was buried alive. No use to struggle with tons of earth and masonry above him—and yet he must struggle, must fight to free himself. With the hopeless effort, merciful unconsciousness descended, a black curtain.

It rose gradually after what might have been centuries or minutes. Someone was pulling at his shoulder, someone was calling to him urgently, imperatively. Hall found himself answering:

"I can't move. I can't move..." he found himself repeating, and unexpectedly was answered by a voice clear, loud and unmistakably angry. "Of course you can't... wait! Here—help me, you men! Lift this stretcher off his legs. There! Now, are you hurt, Wilson? Tell me quickly."

"I—I don't know," Hall struggled up into a sitting position, rubbed the dust out of his eyes and began to feel himself gingerly. "My foot, I think..." "How dare you frighten me like that!" Leonie spoke almost violently. I thought you were killed when the shell exploded—and there was no need for you to be there, you'd no right to be there! Why will you always try to do other people's jobs...? Here, let me look at that foot!"

She knelt beside him, still scolding, as she examined his injury, cutting away the boot, producing lint and bandage from her pocket, and dressing the injury rapidly.

"You must have it seen to properly, as soon as possible—not that it's anything very serious," she said brusquely. "You were lucky—all the others were killed."

"Let's see if I can get up... Yes, that's all right. I don't think I can bear it on the ground though, yet—but I could hop if you let me lean on your shoulder as a crutch."

"Pierre and I will do it between us—Pierre! Give your arm that side—so! Now let's get away from here as soon as possible."

With Hall hobbling and hopping between his two supporters, they made their way back, slowly and painfully. They had nearly reached the hospital dug-out when Hall spoke.

"Leonie, I really believe you were a little bit sorry when you thought I was killed. You looked as though you were."

"I wasn't—I was furiously angry with you for daring to be dead—I suppose it comes to the same... Be quiet now and sit down here. I want the doctor to look at your foot and give you an anti-tetanus injection, before I take you back in the ambulance."

CHAPTER XXVII

"PERHAPS SHE WILL COME"

The hospital behind the line to which Hall's wounded foot had limpingly led him was established in one of those provincial Chateaux of France, half farm, half manor-house, which have often an air of such solid comfort. Built round a square courtyard with pigeonhouse and pump in the middle, the farm-half certainly predominated, and by far the largest room was the stone-flagged kitchen, now a hospital ward, with its rows of camp beds and mattresses, its clean smell of disinfectant.

After no more than a week in bed, Hall was up and able to hobble to a bench set cozily inside the fireplace, and here he was sitting, his bandaged leg extended before him, in the darkening afternoon. Now and then a whining wind stirred the ashes on the hearth and set the flames leaping higher round the logs.

The hospital was quiet to-day; there had been a lull in the arrival of wounded, and all who heard glanced up apprehensively at the sound of wheels in the courtyard and the calls for stretcher bearers.

No new patients were brought into the kitchen ward, however, and Hall was just lighting a fresh cigarette when the match fell from his fingers.

"Leonie! I'm here—what an unexpected visitor! And how welcome." Leonie, picking her way between beds and mattresses, seated herself beside him in the angle-nook, and pulled off her heavy gloves.

"I brought some wounded; not many, things have been slack, she said, 'How's the foot going on?'"

"Splendidly. I'm especially glad you've come because I go on leave to-morrow."

"Is it Paris?" "Oh! London, I think. It's more of a change, and I can look up Chrissie Struan, see if all is well with her."

"Give her my love, if she cares for it... What a bitter wind that is in the chimney; it means snow," Leonie shivered, then sat up suddenly, her ear catching a well-known sound. "Listen! Ambulances! Where from, I wonder?" This time the bustle was far more pronounced. Several orderlies came into the kitchen and began to shift the beds.

"A big convoy and bad cases!" one of them called to Hall. "We'll be glad of your bed to-morrow."

He was hurrying away, but, in the doorway, he jostled against a tall pouli, whose right arm was swathed with blood-stained bandages, and stopped to speak to him.

"You need a seat comrade—come over here till there's a moment to attend to you," the orderly, as he spoke, piloted the wounded man across to the fireplace, and helped him to sit down upon the bench, opposite Leonie and Hall. At once Leonie sprang to her feet.

"Perhaps I could do something," she said. "Wilson, can you help me to find what is wanted?"

When they returned with warm water, disinfectant, lint and bandages, the pouli still sat as they had left him, sagging forward, like a man utterly weary, his heavy coat, breeches and leggings sodden with half-frozen mud, gradually dripping upon the hearth as it thawed.

Pulling off her own overcoat Leonie doubled it into a pad so that he might lean back whilst she cut away the clothing from his arm and shoulder.

"You are very good... God bless you..." the soldier spoke hoarsely and disconnectedly, but his voice and language were those of an educated man, whilst his lean asetic face and sunken dark eyes looked oddly incongruous with his dress, so much so that Leonie commented after one quick glance at him.

"I believe that you are a priest, Monsieur," she said.

"Do I betray myself so easily?" A gleam of humour lighted the deep-set eyes. "Yes—priest, pouli and patriot, I hope."

"Three good things, Father," Hall said. "Especially when taken together." The priest smiled faintly.

"One has no right in these days to be either if not all, Monsieur," he said simply. "At least, so I think."

"Where were you wounded?" Leonie asked, her hands busy at their task. "Verdun."

"Ah!" She looked up. "Verdun!" "Yes... They attacked there this morning... A-a-h!" A gasping groan interrupted his voice, but he went on after a moment, biting his lips.

"Attacked! It was more like the breaking of a huge tidal wave, the explosion of a volcano... and as unexpected."

"It is the great thrust," Leonie said as though to herself. "The blow the Germans have been preparing so long."

"God knows!" The priest shuddered. "Men were saying that it is impossible Verdun should be held against such masses of the enemy—yet it must be... it must be! They will not pass...!" the priest protested feverishly.

"Who will prevent them?" Leonie asked.

"France... France... There have been miracles before in our history," the wounded man spoke faintly, but his eyes glowed. "It may even be impossible—but impossible things happen! The men... the regiments cannot be there in time, but it is such a moment as this when... when a whole Jeanne d'Arc would be worth a single Army... Perhaps she will come—Heaven may send her... as before... to save... France..."

"THE CALL OF FRANCE"

He sank back, barely conscious. "Let us get him into my bed," Hall said. "The poor fellow needs it more than I do to-night."

"Yes... perhaps you will not have much need for your bed to-night, that's true," Leonie said, and Hall, trying to help the priest to his feet, scarcely noted the curious phrasing of her words. It was not until the task was finished that she spoke directly to him again.

"I must telephone..." she said abruptly, as though in continuation of her own thoughts. "Wait—I shall not be long."

"It is even worse than he told us by all accounts," she said when she returned. "Very much worse."

"The French will fight desperately; Verdun means so much to them," Hall said. "They'll hold on if it's humanly possible."

"Oh, they will fight, yes! But so will the Germans... it isn't humanly possible, Wilson; this needs something superhuman—as that priest said."

She stood staring down into the fire, then looked up with an air of resolve. "Wilson, I'm going to ask something of you—make deliberate use of you... You know, that's my old habit." The slight movement of her lips could scarcely be called a smile.

"Well?" Hall looked at her questioningly.

"I'm asking you to give up your leave to me."

"Well...! Is that all?" "All! What a good fellow you are!" "Surely you realize that it's a very small matter between you and me, Leonie—a few days' leave. You want me here, then?"

"I want you... to take my place with the ambulance. I telephoned to them just now. They are willing to give me a few days if I can provide a substitute. Driving wouldn't hurt your foot and you're fully up to the job in other ways. Well?"

"Very well, if you wish it," Hall answered quietly. "And you?"

"I must go to Paris; it is urgently necessary."

"Oh!—Paris!" Hall's sigh sounded relieved. "I was afraid that you had some other wild idea. I'll take your ambulance back to-night then?"

"Yes. That will be best." She still stared into the fire. "And... I'd like you to know this, Wilson; you're not doing it for me."

"I am!" His tones were so emphatic that Leonie smiled faintly. "Don't make any mistake about that!"

"Thanks... But what I meant was that I'm not asking it for selfish reasons. There's something more important behind it."

"And that is?" "France!" Low as her voice was it had a strange vibrating quality. Several of the wounded men nearest to the fireplace looked up, the priest stirred, half-opened his eyes, muttered:

"France...! France...!" But Leonie went on without turning her head.

"That is all... The sooner I go, the better. I can get a lift in a lorry as far as the railroad and from there, with luck, I shall catch a train to Paris. So... good-bye, Wilson. And thank you."

"There's no need... Au revoir, Leonie!" He held out his hand and she took it, giving the clasp characteristic of her, fire and quick.

"Good-bye!" she repeated, and was gone.

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"There's no need... Au voir, Leonie!" He held out his hand and she took it, giving the clasp characteristic of her, fire and quick.

"Good-bye!" she repeated, and was gone.



That Body of Yours

(By James W. Barton, M.D.)
Establishing a Regular Bowel Habit is Helpful to Mind and Body.

One of the great assets of life, because it means good health, is to be free from constipation; that is to have a regular bowel habit. Unfortunately some physicians have stated that there should be a bowel movement after every meal, because Nature meant that every five or six hours (by which time the stomach is completely empty) food should be eaten and as the food leaves the stomach and enters the small bowel, the impulse to send it downward should be continued to the large bowel and thus in time the large bowel would in turn cast the wastes from the body.

Most physicians however are of the opinion that a bowel movement once a day is sufficient. On the other hand, Dr. Walter Alvarez, Mayo Clinic, states that the regularity of the bowel movement is the important point and that many individuals with a bowel movement every two or three days enjoy excellent health—no headaches and no digestive disturbances.

However, there is no question but that constipation with irregularity of bowel movement not only affects the individual physically but also greatly upsets him mentally as he feels that all the poisons in the wastes of the large bowel are being absorbed into his blood and that this poisoned blood is being carried to all parts of the body, including the brain. Dr. Alvarez tells us that the "weight" of the wastes affects the nerves and causes some of the "tired" symptoms.

I have spoken before of the two kinds of constipation, (a) the spastic type due to nervousness and emotional disturbances which, by causing a spasm of the large intestine makes the circular muscles tighten down on the wastes thus preventing them passing downward and out of the body, and (b) the ordinary constipation due to laziness or lack of enough tightening or squeezing of the intestinal muscles to push the wastes onward and downward.

The first or spastic type is helped by trying to have the individual relax more, not get upset or excited easily, and also to avoid rough foods; the second type (dazy bowel) is helped by exercise, coarse foods, and sometimes a simple laxative such as senna, cascara, or magnesia.

Establishing a daily bowel habit—on arising or immediately after breakfast—is a good mental and physical tonic.

Health Booklets Available
Eight helpful booklets by Dr. Barton are now available for readers of The Advance. They are: Eating Your Way to Health; Why Worry About Your Heart?; Neurosis; The Common Cold; Overweight and Underweight; Allergy or Being Sensitive to Foods and Other Substances; Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis); and How is Your Blood Pressure? These booklets may be obtained by sending Ten Cents for each one desired to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins.

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Lady Agrees to Pay Her Husband Alimony Instead

Huntingdon Gleaner
Mrs. Lucille Abrams is going back to her job as a coal truck driver and figures to make enough to pay her husband alimony. The slender brunette, 33 years old, came to that decision in court where she went with the intention of asking alimony from her husband, Frank, whom she is suing for divorce. Abrams said his coal business wasn't earning enough for alimony. "It is, too, judge," said Lucille. "I know, because I drive the truck lots of times. I've been the coal hiker when Frank drove." She rolled up a sleeve to display a muscular arm in proof of her ability to carry coal. The Abrams compromised. Lucille will get the business and Frank will get \$1 a day alimony. Frank wanted a job as hiker, too, but the president, secretary, treasurer and driver shook her head.



Life Insurance Establishes Credit

THE very best kind of credit, because a life insurance policy is always good collateral. Many a man has been given a chance to start in business for himself, or to tide over an emergency, by reason of having had a substantial amount of life insurance with which to establish credit at the psychological moment.

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If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Glancing through R. B. Holmes' scrapbook of poems, one will readily see that Mr. Holmes treasures his friends, for many of the poems deal with this topic. All the writings are interesting, and each has an individual thought of its own, rounding out into a word of praise for man's greatest consolation—his friends.

MUSINGS

(By C. S. Kimbison)

THE LATCH-STRING IS OUT
I want my living room to be distinguished—not for style—but to be a place where friends feel free to come and chat a while. I want that room to make them feel at home, when they are there—and may it stand for all that's real. For all that's good and fair!

Within that room may Gossip's tongue
No harmful rumors spill—
But may somebody's praise be sung!
And may we find our thrill
In nothing that is low or base.
But may we find our fun
In sitting there with smiling face,
While wholesome yarns are spun!

And so, to all my friends, I say,
Whenever they desire,
Come, pass the time of day,
And stay until you tire.
That living room was never meant
For only me and mine—
But it was meant to represent
A common, friendly shrine!

That room was meant for gleaming light.
(I like to have 'em lit!)
That room was meant for pleasant nights
For happy smiles and wit.
It wasn't built for quiet gloom—
When silent night descends—
We tried to build our living room
For honest, faithful friends!

Orilla News-Letter: A bachelor has advantages, but he must suffer when he finds an astonishing item in the paper and can't read it aloud to anybody.

Turkey Supper

Auspices Trinity United Church, Schumacher
Tuesday, November 15th
5 to 7 p.m.
in the Church Hall
Adults 75c Children 35c

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Chase grease and grime with Gillett's Lye—it washes dirt away

KEEP corners free of disease-breeding dirt—but don't let housecleaning wear you out. Gillett's Pure Flake Lye saves hours of drudgery. And it gets at the stubborn, greasy spots that rubbing and scrubbing won't remove. Gillett's cuts dirt—cuts right through grease. Keep a tin always on hand. Ask your grocer for Gillett's—today!

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whose demonstrations and personal consultations have proved helpful to hundreds of Timmins women is a practising cook and home maker herself. She is widely known as the author of The Purity Cook Book, and as a lecturer to women's organizations throughout Ontario.

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