



MISS NAPOLEON

by VIOLET M. METHLEY

Copyrighted.

CHAPTER XXVI "AGAINST ORDERS"

A thin powdering of snow lay over the whole countryside, glittering under the pale sunlight of February.

The hangars in the open field of the French Aviation Camp at Bar-le-Duc carried this frosting; it crisped the dry grass, dusted the struts and wings of the aeroplanes which squatted, tail-down, before some of the open sheds, with mechanics busied about them.

And in his office at Headquarters the Commandant was staring rather perplexedly through his glasses at a slim figure in severest tailored black, relieved with white at collar and wrists, her eyes shadowed by a black velvet tricorne.

"You realize that it is against orders—your presence here at all, Mademoiselle," he said irritably. "I do not know why or how you came."

"I brought this letter from Paris, Monsieur le Commandant, from the Minister of Aviation," Leonie said. "I think it will explain that I have some—I will not call it a right, but at any rate an interest—a claim of a kind—"

She broke off deliberately, watched the Frenchman's face as he read the letter with the changing expressions which passed over it. As the end he looked up.

"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle," he said. "Of course, I did not realize, but naturally, who can have a greater claim upon our gratitude than you, who it seems have been one benefactor, with the Maharajah! Those admirable aeroplanes, which are in actual use here—and most valuable. I am most happy to receive you on behalf of His Highness."

"That is why I came. The Maharajah has been invalided; he is in India. He is, of course, anxious to know how those aeroplanes have served their purpose. I, too, since I had a little to do with their design, and persuaded His Highness to make the gift. I want to send out a report to him, if you will supply me with some few details. If you will let me see the machines, perhaps some of their pilots, and talk to them."

"But most certainly, most certainly! As you know, they have been attached to the Lafayette Squadron; they have had mainly American pilots." The young Commandant's manner was eager now, almost excited.

"Ah! that interests me—since I am half an American," Leonie said.

"And the other half, I would swear, is French!"

"You are right, Monsieur le Commandant."

"It leaps to the eye and the ear... Your ascent, Mademoiselle, one could not mistake it."

"I am afraid you flatter me—but it is pleasant flattery."

"I will take you down to the Flying Field myself, but, of course—of course... It is not trouble, I assure you!"

"These are the hangars, as you see, Mademoiselle, and—yes... the machines are in those at the far side of the field. This way—ah! and here at the right moment is Lieutenant Walters—one of the American pilots, who fly in your aeroplanes."

"Right here, Commandant," the young man with the pugmacious chin and broken nose saluted. And added to Leonie with an engaging twinkle in his green eyes: "Sounds as if I was called the same as that old French playwright Johnny, doesn't it?—the way he says it—instead of being just plain Pete Walters."

"It sounds very homelike to me, your name," Leonie said.

"You're American?"

"Fairly... and so you are one of those who pilot the aeroplanes, which I helped to make over to the French."

"Say! Why!... I heard they were given by a high-up Indian, those planes!" The young airman stared at her perplexedly.

"So they were," Leonie told him gravely. "I am an envoy from the Maharajah of Khetalghar, a kind of go-between."

"I see! Big pardon, I'm sure... Say! I'd be tickled to death to show you all round here; I've put in one or two neat little fixings."

"That's why I'm here. And if you can spare time to show me, I need not detain the Commandant any longer. I am sure he is busy."

THE PISTOL AGAIN

Monsieur le Commandant bowed. Duty was duty and there were certain matters which must be attended to very urgently in his office. After all, he would see her again before she left Bar-le-Duc; reluctantly he made his temporary farewells and departed, whilst Lieutenant Walters strolled beside Leonie across the Flying Ground.

His interest in her was not lessened when they stood beside his aeroplane in its hangar. For this most unexpected dame showed real knowledge of the points of a machine and discussed the various types in a manner which completely staggered Pete Walters.

"You must have studied airplanes," he commented.

"I'm interested in them," Leonie said, laying her hand on the nacelle of the machine almost as one might on the flank of a favourite horse. "And I can see you're fond of this one," she added.

"You've made quite a pet of it."

Walters surveyed the aeroplane with honest pride.

"Well, yes," he confessed. "I've gone to some trouble to have her individual."

"You have succeeded," Leonie agreed.

On one side of the machine was painted the name "Pete" in large letters. All the upper parts were camouflaged in huge irregular blotches of red and green—"Wonderful how little you can see of her from above against the earth, especially when she's sitting down," the pilot commented.

"She's a pretty thing and she flies like a pet angel."

"I'm glad that you like her so much," Leonie said. "And particularly glad because it may make you feel more inclined to do something for me."

"What's that, ma'am?" Walters looked up as he bent to examine the propeller. "I'd be right glad if there was anything I could."

"You can. And quite easily. You often fly in the Verdun direction, I suppose?"

"Sure! I'm due along there before dawn to-morrow."

"Well... Leonie paused and then added, very deliberately: "I want you to take me with you to-morrow."

"Wha-ah?" Walters stared unbelievably. "Why, you must be crazy. Not it's impossible—it's one great big impossibility!"

"There's no such word as impossible," Leonie said curtly.

"It's forbidden—strictly forbidden, ma'am—one of the most cast-iron don'ts here."

"Have you never done anything that was forbidden since you've been in France?" she asked him, her eyes meeting his directly, holding them steadily.

"Not this sort of thing anyway, not plain disobedience to orders—no, I couldn't do it."

"You can perfectly easily."

"I wouldn't do it, then!"

"Let me tell you my idea," Leonie calmly disregarded his interruption. "That waterproof cover at the back of the cockpit would hide me completely. I will wear overalls and a helmet, like your own; I shall be quite unnoticeable."

"I don't care if you're invisible, Ma'am! I won't—do it!"

"And I don't ask you to bring me back. That might be rather difficult—to explain my presence here," Leonie conceded reasonably. "All I ask you to do is to put me down behind the French lines at Verdun, as close as possible to the front trenches—and leave me there."

"All you ask! All you want? Say, you're modest, Ma'am, aren't you? But it can't be done! It just can't—be done!" The young man thrust out his chin resolutely.

"It can. Listen, Lieutenant Walters: I am not asking you to do this thing for amusement, as a freak. It is absolutely and urgently necessary that I should go to Verdun and with as little delay as possible," Leonie's voice had changed, hardened, her eyes were steely and the young man's fell before their glance, although he repeated doggedly: "Can't help that. It's none of my business."

"Not your business? When if you refuse to help me, you will be losing a chance to service France—to save France?"

"If I have it in orders from the Commandant I'll take you. Won't he give permission if it's all that important?"

"No! And I cannot ask him. But—it will come to the same in the end: I shall get to Verdun whether you help me or not, if I have to shoot you down and take your plans to do it. Understand that!"

"You're threatening me?"

"Certainly I am—with this!" Grimly Leonie indicated the small, but business-like revolver which she had produced from her pocket. "And I assure you I can and will use it, if necessary. But I don't want you to make it necessary."

"It's a hold-up!" Walters ejaculated. "Yes. But not to rob you of anything, even your honour. Least of all that, believe me. If you do this thing, someday, when you know the whole truth, you'll be glad and proud that I gave you the chance to help. Won't you take my word for it—and take me to Verdun—voluntarily?"

(To be Continued)

Some Suggested Ways to Get on Well in This Life

(From Blairmore Enterprise)

"Tell me how to get on in life," said the kettle.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to great things," said the nutmeg grater.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the glove.

"Reflect," said the mirror.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the chimney.

"Be sharp," said the knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Try and make a good impression," said the sealing wax.

Waterloo Chronicle: All the average man wants today is a fairly easy job, a new automobile, a beautiful wife—and a set of creditors who will listen to reason.

Death Saturday of Mrs. J. D. Forrester

Funeral To-day with Honours by Ladies' Auxiliary.

A sad death occurred on Saturday, November 12th, at St. Mary's hospital, when Mrs. James D. Forrester, a popular and respected citizen of the community, succumbed to bronchial pneumonia. Mrs. Forrester was forty-two years of age, and had been in Timmins for the past nineteen years. She resided at 16 Cambria avenue, and took part in many community activities. The late Mrs. Forrester was an esteemed member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion, and the members of the Auxiliary, along with numerous friends in Timmins and district, will sympathize with the bereaved family in their loss.

The late Mrs. Forrester leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, a daughter, Helen, a son, Jim, and her father and sister of North Bay, who have arrived in town to attend the funeral service.

Funeral services will be held in St. Matthew's Anglican Church this (Monday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, with honours by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion, and service conducted by Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing.

Poppy Day Big Success in Timmins and Schumacher

About \$900 was collected in Timmins and Schumacher on Poppy Day last week. The sale of wreaths was also a record one. A full financial statement will be published at an early date. The Legion expressed its very sincere thanks to the mines, business people, professional men, and general public, and especially to the Red Cross workers, High School girls and Ladies' Auxiliary who assisted so generously in helping make the annual collection so pronounced a success.



That Body of Hours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

Asthma is Often Due to Sensitiveness to Certain Substances

A farm boy living 40 miles from a large city found that during his visits to the city, lasting two or three days to a week, he was absolutely free of asthma, and an examination of his chest by a physician in the city revealed no trace of asthma; yet on the farm asthmatic attacks were frequent and severe. Skin tests were made and it was found that horse dander was the cause of his asthma. Similar cases are often seen now and the offending substances are found to be cat's fur, pollen organisms and gasses in the air, and even certain foods.

Drs. Stanley E. Dorst and Ethel L. Hoppman, University of Cincinnati, in Ohio State Medical Journal, point out that asthma is an individual problem and define asthma as a spasm or port of all other air tubes going down to the lungs. When the spasm occurs the air, of course, cannot get out of the lungs. Thus air remains in the lungs that should come out and naturally as it is not as rich in oxygen as it should be the blood circulating in the lungs does not get properly purified.

The cause of the spasm that closes or partly closes the air tubes and causes the violent coughing in an effort to get a free passage of air is often sensitiveness to foods, pollens, extracts used on the skin, gasses in the air, and bacteria—small organisms.

Drs. Dorst and Hoppman report 62 cases which were extensively studied. All the patients had well established asthma of at least two years' duration before treatment was given. As all cases of asthma are not due to this sensitiveness to certain substances, each of these cases had been given skin tests and shown to be sensitive to a particular substance and then was treated by vaccines of that particular substance—food, pollen, bacteria—for four to eight months.

Thirty of the sixty-two patients were improved; twenty-two were distinctly better, that is they had a light attack of asthma occasionally, and ten cases showed no improvement. The thirty patients who are well had an average period of treatment lasting over fifteen months. Of the twenty-two who are improved but not cured a large proportion did not continue treatment for over three months because they felt so much better.

The point then is that a certain number of asthma cases are due to sensitiveness to substances and vaccines of these substances used for a certain length of time will cure half the cases and cause improvement in one-third more.

Food Allergy

"What is one man's food is another man's poison" is an old saying but the truth of it is being proved almost daily by leading research physicians throughout the world. Some individuals are over-sensitive to certain foods and other substances and will have asthmatic attacks, head colds, snuffy noses, pains in abdomen, when they eat these foods. "Food Allergy" (No. 106) by Dr. Barton tells how to discover the offending foods and what to do about them. You may obtain this booklet by sending Ten Cents to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

Marriage This Morning at Church of Nativity

Charmingly attired for the occasion, Isabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Price, of North Bay, became the bride and Mr. Antonio Dufresne, this (Monday) morning at 8.15 o'clock. The wedding ceremony took place at the Church of Nativity and was performed by the Rev. Fr. O'Gorman.

Miss Pearl Conway attended the bride as bridesmaid, and Mr. Eldon Keon was groomsmen.

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Many of the poems contained in R. B. Holmes' scrapbook are of the humorous type, and one of the most outstanding in this class is "What Shall We Do With Grandpapa?" Despite this poem, however, ninety-nine per cent. of the modern race are glad that there is a grandpapa to turn to in times of need, so that, knowing this, grandpapa wont mind the quoting of the poem:

What Shall We Do With Grandpapa?

(By E. K. Sandwell)

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
Although he's rather grey
He will persist in sticking around
As if it were still his day.
He's a dear old soul, there's no denying,
But he isn't the pattern they're now supplying;
And you must admit it's a trifle trying
That just when he ought to be thinking
Of dying

He keeps so terribly gay.

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
He's nearly eighty-three,
And he says that the world's about as good

As a human world can be.
His poor old mind he never vexes
With studying Oedipus complexes;
He says there's no war between the sexes;
And the thing that's wrong with the age, he specs, is
Its morals are much too free.

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
His views came out of the ark.
He doesn't approve of Freud or Jung,
Or dancing in the dark.
He thinks that we have an immortal soul,
And oughtn't to talk about birth control;
And Dickens and Thackeray beat the whole
Of the novels produced by Hugh Walpole,
And Beresford makes him bark.

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
He doesn't like Alredale dogs;
And he takes up room in the limousine
That we want for our bathing togs.
He won't crack ice and he won't tend
bar;

He doesn't know where the blind pigs are;
And he's too rheumatic and stiff by far
To crawl beneath when we've stalled the car.
And clean out the gear-shift cogs.

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
His love for jazz is nil
He says that playing the saxophone
Is a matter of nerve, not skill.
He's rottenly rich, but my! he's getting
As tight as a bathing-suit after a wetting.
He won't pay our losses at bridge or betting.
And whenever he catches one of us petting
He cuts us out of his will.

What shall we do with Grandpapa?
He's miles behind the times.
He has no use for alienists.
And he thinks that crimes are crimes.
He tries to take us to church on Sundays.
He doesn't approve of sheer-silk undies.
He's an intimate friend of Mrs. Grundy's.
And the thing that'll get him completely stumped is
If ever he reads these rhymes.

Noted Citizen of North Bay Buried on Saturday

T. M. Mulligan, one of North Bay's leading citizens, was buried at that city on Saturday, the funeral being very largely attended and deep sorrow and regret being felt at the death. The late Mr. Mulligan was in his 74th year. Death was due to a heart attack. He had occupied a prominent place in the life of North Bay, when he had been a resident for over a third of a century. He was a past president of the North Bay board of trade, past president of the Rotary Club, past Grand Knight of the North Bay Council of the Knights of Columbus, and held other high posts in public, business and other circles. He is survived by his widow, two sons and two daughters.

Funeral on Sunday of the Late Mrs. Deanna Bahm

Mrs. Deanna Bahm passed away at her home, 37 Main avenue, on Thursday, November 10th. The late Mrs. Bahm was thirty-seven years of age and had been a resident of Timmins for the past fifteen years. Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at the First Baptist Church at 3.30 o'clock, and following the services conducted by Rev. H. Slade, the funeral cortege, and a long row of cars, proceeded to the Timmins cemetery where interment was made.

St. Mary's Journal-Argus: Don't worry if folks go around telling lies about you, sagely counsels the Brandon Sun; wait till they start telling the truth.

F. E. Woods, Iroquois Falls, Given Honour

Presentation and Party Prior to Leaving for California.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., Nov. 13, 1933.—(Special to The Advance)—The Rod and Gun Club rooms was the scene of a farewell stag party here on Wednesday evening, being given in honour of Mr. F. E. Woods, assistant office manager, who expects to leave Iroquois Falls on November 16th, to take up residence in California.

Many friends and business associates of Mr. Woods assembled together at the club to extend their well wishes for his prosperous and successful future, and take advantage of this opportunity in expressing their deep regrets in losing such a fine citizen.

Shortly after Mr. Woods' arrival, Mr. E. M. Pawkert, mill manager was called upon to take the presentation of a valuable travelling bag and an electric shaver to Mr. Woods, on behalf of those gathered together, and in doing so he spoke highly of Mr. Woods' marked achievements attained during the past fifteen years of residence here. Mr. Woods, in response thanked those responsible for their kindness and consideration, saying that he was sorry to leave Iroquois Falls, where he had made many esteemed friends.

The evening was pleasantly spent in playing cards, and recalling reminiscences of days gone by. Enjoyable refreshments were served during the evening, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the party.

Amongst those present was Mr. T. E. Silver, of Toronto, Abitibi Manager of Operations, a well-known and welcome guest of the evening.

Attractive Wedding Here on Saturday Morning

The Rev. Fr. Leo Madry officiated at an attractive wedding on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, when he united in marriage Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Fara, of South Porcupine, and Mrs. Ferdinand Toszik, of South Porcupine. The bride was becomingly attired for the wedding ceremony, and was attended by Miss Mary Toderin, of South Porcupine. Mr. Stanley Miteus, of Timmins, was groomsmen.

Remembrance Time TEA
with Home-baking Table
will be held under auspices I.O.D.E.
Wednesday, November 16
3 to 6 p.m.
at the home of
Mrs. D. Ostrasser
15 Hemlock St.

FLOWERS
Women appreciate the sentiment and beauty that flowers convey. You, as a sender, will appreciate their economy. Remember your satisfaction is more important than our profit.
Phone 811
We Deliver Anywhere
BRUCE LEEK Florist
18 Pine Street North Timmins

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION
FROM T. & N. O. AND N. C. R. REGULAR STATIONS
TO
Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, Ottawa, Ontario; Montreal, Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Que.
Via North Bay and Canadian Pacific
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17th, 1933
Bargain coach excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 and 46 and their connections. Thursday, November 17th. Passengers who use our Train 2, will connect at North Bay with C.P. Train 2, leaving 8.20 p.m. same date. Passengers who use Train 46, will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C.P. Depot and take C.P. Train 8, leaving at 1:00 a.m. Friday, November 18th.
Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train 1, from Windsor Station, Montreal 10.15 p.m. Sunday, November 20th, and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1 at 12.45 p.m. Monday, November 21st—EXCEPT passengers from points north of Porcupine MUST leave not later than C.P. Train 7, from Montreal 7.50 p.m. Sunday, November 20th, to connect at North Bay with our Train 47, Monday, November 21st.
Tickets will not be honoured on Trains 49 and 50 "The Northland."
Tickets destined Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre not good on Semi-Streamlined Trains 350 and 322 to Quebec and 349 and 351 from Quebec, but good on all other trains between Montreal and Quebec.
Tickets good in coaches only. No Baggage Checked
Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by guardian.
HALF FARE
For Further Particulars apply to Local Agent.
**Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway
The Nipissing Central Railway Company**

A New Record of Service
A DEMONSTRATION of the ability of our Industrial Branch representatives to serve the heads of families and business people was made when
Last Week Canadians Bought from them \$2,532,000 Ordinary Life Insurance
for the financial protection of their dependents.
Our Industrial representatives are most carefully selected, and are given a special course of training in preparation for their work before becoming part of the regular sales organization. The record of this last week is indicative of their calibre. The Ordinary Insurance sales of our Industrial representatives have doubled in the past four years.
(The above figure does not include Industrial, Group Insurance, nor the sales of the Company's Ordinary organization. It is 45% greater than any former week.)
London Life Insurance Company
"Canada's Industrial-Ordinary Company"
HEAD OFFICE - LONDON, CANADA
District Offices—Bank of Commerce Buildings, Timmins, Ont.