

# CHRISTABEL

by PEARL BELLAIRS



### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER

Christabel Milson, aged twenty-five, her husband Keith Milson, and a man named Thomas Craigie, are arrested for conspiring to defraud a wealthy man. Keith, unable to face the charge, shoots himself, and Christabel is left to stand her trial alone with Craigie.

She is an unwitting party to the conspiracy, but has only her own evidence to prove it, and owing to the relentlessness of the counsel for the prosecution, a brilliant young K.C. named Hewitson, a bitter rival of Christabel's counsel, she is sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Ordinarily pretty when she goes in, suffering gives her a subtle and magnetic beauty. But though she gains in understanding and charity, and a great depth of soul—her charity does not extend to Hewitson, whom she believes to have butchered her to get the better of his rival.

When Christabel comes out of prison she gets a job as nurse in a clinic run by Hewitson, who has given up the law in favor of psychology. He does not recognize her, but is obviously attracted, and when his sister, Molly, suggests inviting her to accompany them to the ballet, he surprisingly agrees.

(Now Read On)

### CHAPTER XI

#### THE VICTIM QUESTIONS

Christabel was so astonished by Molly Hewitson's note that it took her a few minutes to collect her thoughts.

She walked up and down the office distractedly. It was as though the situation she had sometimes dreamed of in the prison was being thrust on her without effort on her part. Possibly the invitation really came from Hewitson himself.

She could not afford to buy any new clothes for the occasion, but packed in the bottom of a trunk in her room were some of the frocks she had worn in the old days.

The best that remained was an amethyst satin which would look presentable enough when it was pressed and altered for her had grown much thinner in prison. She had amethyst velvet sandals, and a long, night-purple velvet coat.

Her hands had improved with much soaking in olive oil during the last two months. In any case they looked no more work-worn than the hands of most nurses.

It was a perfectly turned out, exotic looking Christabel who presented herself at the Cafe Imperial to meet Sanders and the Hewitsons. "Mr. Hewitson, K.C." as she sometimes called him to herself, was there first, and he saw her, and saw other people's eyes turned towards her, as she stood looking quietly about her. There was something so other-worldly about her that he was suddenly struck by the fancy that she was like some dark angel come for a moment to look on at the activities of men.

And then as she saw him her whole face changed, her half-smile of recognition, was subtly derivative, it seemed to him—and not in the least angelic.

She has the most curious variations of expression. Feeling thoroughly

pleased that Molly had suggested asking her to come, he led her to a little table in the corner, and ordered cocktails while they waited for the others. In a voice, whose laziness yet seemed to cover some deep-seated interest, she suddenly began to question him about himself.

"What has made you give up the law as a career, Mr. Hewitson?"

"Because I wasn't compelled to go on with it for any financial reason—and because human minds with all their motives, kinks and impulses happen to interest me more."

"And yet, I'm told that you were very successful."

"Yes—I was on my way to the top. I suppose. At one time it used to amuse me, too."

"Amuse you!" she laughed the strangest little laugh. "Did it?"

"Yes, I discovered the orator's thrill. Apart from the fascination of the argument, I found I could do more or less whatever I wanted with a jury."

"That must have been gratifying."

"Do I sound as though I'm bragging?"

"Not at all—I absolutely believe you! Go on."

"That's all. I found I was rather a clever mass-hypnotist, like all other persuasive speakers! Personally I would as soon be an actor. Hypnotism is much more interesting to me as a fact than as a practice. My interest in psychology grew up alongside my interest in a career at the bar, and psychology won by several lengths."

"I can't understand how a man who had got as far as you had towards a success of that kind should give it up to spend his time writing books that very few people want to read, and treating mental cases that no one will ever hear of," said Christabel.

He looked at her, narrowing his eyes slightly, and told her:

"You haven't the esimation of things that sets mere noise above knowledge!"

"No, but—"

"Why do you pretend to do it, then?"

Christabel replied unmoved, without looking at him:

"I still don't understand how a man who has once been a barrister can be really interested in anything so idealistic as 'truth for truth's sake'."

"I see what you mean! But isn't that an adequate reason for getting tired of the bar? I had an interest in the law for its own sake; then I got a lot of fun out of the success I made at it; and when it began to pall, I gave it up!"

"WHAT IS IT YOU KNOW?"

She simply sat looking at him, and did not speak. Her eyes were very wide and dark, and he gazed into them, accustomed to finding the characters of people lying open to him through their eyes; and was all the more interested because of the deliberate evasion which he always seemed to find in hers.

"What is it that you know," said Hewitson, suddenly, "that you think I don't know?"

The wild surprise which flashed into her face for an instant showed him that he had somehow stumbled on the secret, a more conscious affair, apparently, than he had ever supposed it to be!

Her face calm again, she leaned back in her chair, and looked at the light through the sherry in her glass before she spoke:

"I'm younger than you are, but I've seen more of life."

He laughed.

"Good heavens! Where is the world, if it isn't in the human mind? What do you think there is that I don't know about life, spending my days as I do, raking the muck of one little human brain after another, and finding each one so much like the last?"

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Dr. Sanders with Molly Hewitson. Molly looked youthfully glowing—she was, in fact, a few days over twenty—in a picture frock which was just a shade duller, than her coral-colored hair. The effect was charming; but as they passed through the grill room to their table it was Christabel towards whom all eyes were turned.

The two men noticed this; and Molly, wrapped up in her affection for Sanders with a perfect faith in his love for her, felt willing to give away admiration to any woman who could get it; she had arrived at that happy stage in a love affair when everything outside it seems superficial. She regarded Christabel with an eager, interested enthusiasm, as a sort of lovely toy found by the three of them.

The dinner went well, became quite gay. At one time Christabel heard herself laughing happily in pure, light-hearted amusement, and felt surprised and strange, as she realized that for fully five minutes she had forgotten herself and her circumstances.

To her the ballet was a glorious experience of sound and color and movement, and she watched it in a state of intoxication and tears. It was ten times more vivid and beautiful to her starved senses, than it was to her companions; and coming away was as sad as wakening from some delightful dream.

Hewitson proposed supper, but Molly had promised her mother that she would be home by eleven-thirty.

Sanders had come in his car, but Hewitson's was temporarily under repair. It was arranged that Molly should go with Hewitson by taxi, as she lived in Hanover Gate which was in his direction; while Sanders should run Christabel out to Barking.

It seemed to Christabel rather inappropriate, and Molly made a tentative suggestion that she should come, too, which Sanders did not appear to notice. She fancied there was a shadow on Hewitson's face; but before Christabel could be sure that the whole thing was not her imagination, Hewitson had hailed a taxi and she and Molly were saying goodbye.

Christabel thanked the girl; her hand rested in Hewitson's, her glance met the friendly warmth in his eyes, and she thanked him, too, with an odd mixture of feelings.

And then she and Sanders were walking through the crowd to the great garage in which he had parked his car.

Christabel looked about her at the well-dressed, pleasure-surfeted throng—surprised that in less than two months since her release, she could have taken her place again in the respectable life of middle-class London.

Sanders took her by the elbow to escort her across the road. She wondered why his usually cheery sort of face was so strained looking, and what it was that had kindled his eyes so that they looked abnormally dark.

"I really could get a bus from the Bank," Christabel said. "Why bother to take me all the way?"

"I want to," he said, and added, suddenly: "Let's go somewhere for a drink first, shall we?"

Christabel doubted, almost refused, uneasily aware of the strangeness of his manner.

"You must come!" he said, almost roughly.

Surprised by his urgency—and yet not surprised for his manner had been odd enough for her to expect something of the sort, Christabel went with him.

In the dimly lighted cocktail lounge he sat opposite her, without speaking for some minutes, nervously playing with the ash tray on the table before them, as though he was struggling with himself.

It was queer to see such a thoroughly average matter-of-fact individual so over-wrought.

Christabel tried to talk of indifferent things, but the crisis was not so easily averted. Out it all came, to her discomfort.

"I LOVE YOU, CHRISTABEL"

"There's something about you that fascinates me," he began desperately, doggedly. "Ever since the first time I set eyes on you at the Clinic I've been fascinated by you! I can't help it!"

She gazed at him mutely.

"I hope it doesn't annoy you that I feel like this," he said. "I've tried to get the better of it, but I can think of nothing else! I don't know what has happened to me!"

"That seems—rather unfortunate, doesn't it?" said Christabel, quietly, wondering as she looked at him, what his fiancée would have thought if she could have heard him. Or Hewitson for that matter.

"Yes, I suppose it does!" said Dr. Sanders, frowning.

He lighted a cigarette with fingers that shook slightly; and sat back in his chair, venturing to look at her shamefacedly, as though it was a relief to have got his confession over.

"I thought you were engaged to Molly Hewitson."

"Yes, I am!"

"Then don't you think that she might—?" Christabel left the suggestion unfinished, and looked at him inquiringly. Dr. Sanders flushed darkly.

### Bachelor Speaker



Major James H. Clark, was formally elected Speaker of the Ontario legislature during the opening ceremonies March 8. He is the first bachelor to occupy the chair.

of his hand, and merely repeated doggedly: "might be anything—I'd feel just the same about you."

But her thoughts were of Hewitson. One could see how fond Hewitson was of Molly, it showed in every look and word he gave his sister, however careless his tone might be. With a lift of her finger she could take him away from Molly Hewitson, break their engagement, ruin the friendship between Sanders and Hewitson—in fact, make Hewitson suffer!

"It's pretty ghastly to get into such a state of conflict," Sanders was telling her ruefully. "I don't know, about Molly, I mean! What I'm to do. There's our engagement, you see. I feel such a cur. But she wouldn't keep me to it—she's such a decent soul, she'd understand. Oh, what am I saying? I'm an utter fool, I don't even know that you're the slightest interest in me, and I'm talking like this!"

He ended in utter self-abasement.

Christabel's eyes glittered darkly in her face as she gazed at him. There was so much of unspoken significance in them that Dr. Sanders thought for one wild moment that she was going to say that she cared for him, after all.

But she was thinking of Molly Hewitson, of her bright, undaunted being, her faithful love, her youth as yet unsuspecting of the tricks life can play.

She rose with an abruptness that startled him.

"You must mad!" she said, in a low, vehement voice, glancing about to see that they were not overheard. "How could you have told me this? It's a mere nothing, a passing thing! Go back to Molly Hewitson and never let her know that you let her down!"

Dr. Sanders' fresh face went white with chagrin, and he rose with difficulty as though winded by the blow.

"I'm sorry," Christabel went on in a kindlier tone. "But you must see how impossible it is! I'll go now; I shouldn't have come here with you. Please don't come with me, I'll be able to get a bus outside!"

She turned and made her way quickly out of the restaurant, leaving him behind, for he had to settle the bill.

But he overlooked her a few yards along the pavement.

"Miss Collet, let me take you home. You can't go like this!"

"I must," said Christabel. "I would rather, anyhow."

He crossed the road and stood beside her, hatless and pale in his evening clothes, while she waited for her omnibus.

"I'm sorry," he said, speaking calmly enough. "Sorry I annoyed you with my feelings. I won't bother you again. But what you say about Molly, about our engagement—that's different. I do regard you as I told you, and don't see how I can honestly go on with Molly!"

Christabel tried not to hear; tried to protest; and ended by getting hastily on a bus, leaving him to get the better of his wretchedness as best as he could.

### Race Prejudice Branded as Thoroughly Unworthy

(Regina Leader-Post)

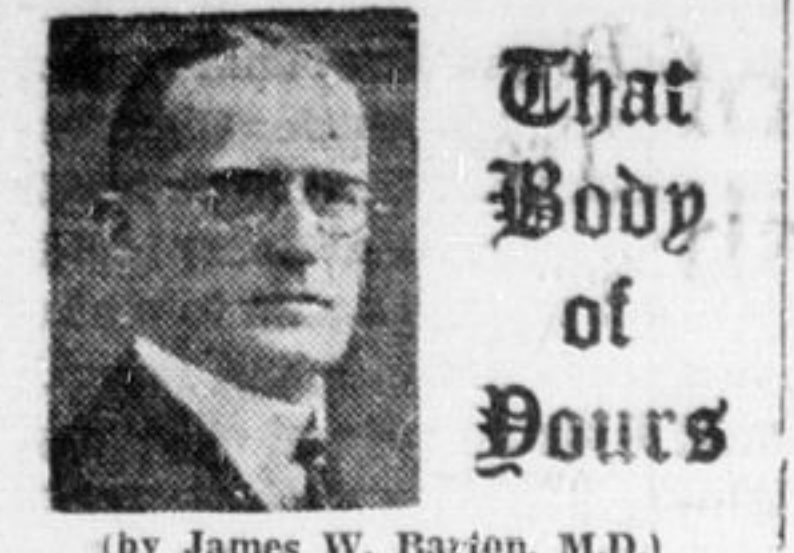
Race prejudice shouldn't be interpreted as patriotism. It is too small and miserable to have a place in the latter category.

It is race prejudice or snobbery that Marian Anderson, gifted singer, of negro stock, in the United States, is running up against in her own country even though she has scaled the heights of her art. It has been said of Marian Anderson that her voice is of the type that is heard only in a hundred years.

Yet there are citizens of the United States who have snubbed this great personage in the world of song because of her coloured origin. It seems that members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who own Constitution Hall at Washington, have denied Miss Anderson the use of this hall for a concert performance. It is said that in protest against this refusal Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the president of the United States, has resigned as a member of the D.A.R. One hopes so. It would be a rebuke that should sting and creditable to the first lady of the nation.

Race prejudice or snobbery in any form is really more of a reflection on those who practice it than on those against whom it is directed. It is a small mind that "gets that way."

Pittsburgh Press—Some hysterical facts only known to certain schoolboys are that "A Kaiser is a stream of hot water jumping up and disturbing the earth," and that "Napoleon escaped from Melba," also "an anachronism is a thing a man puts in writing in the past before it has taken place in the future."



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

### Simple But Satisfying Test of Strength of the Heart

Although there is now more heart disease than at any previous time in history, nevertheless with our more exact methods of measuring the amount of work the heart can now perform safely, many individuals are enabled to live even to old age by keeping within "safe" limits.

The use of the electrocardiograph which records the power of the heart beats and regularly of the heart's action, the fluoroscope which enables the physician to see the heart as it works, and the measuring of how much extra oxygen the individual needs to do a certain amount of work, and how long he will need extra oxygen after he has finished his work, now come to the aid of the physician.

While the electrocardiograph machine and the fluoroscope are not found in the majority of physician's offices, the functional test can give valuable information without even the oxygen measuring apparatus.

The patient simply rests for a few minutes after reaching the physician's office and is then ready for the test. His pulse rate is taken while still resting, and then he does a certain measured amount of work such as walking up a number of steps at a certain rate of speed, or jogs or skips a certain number of times at a certain number of steps a minute, or touches or tries to touch his toes with knees straight a certain number of times within a certain time limit.

The physician knows the increased number of beats the heart will have to make in a normal individual in order to do this work and exactly how long it will be before the work is done before the heart returns to its normal rate—the rate before the exercise is taken. Thus a heart beating 72 to the minute before a given amount of work is done—say 60 steps skipping at the rate of 120 to the minute—may go up to 96 due to this exercise and return to normal in 1 to 1½ minutes. This would be considered normal. If individual is an athlete or takes considerable exercise, the heart rate may go up to only 84 and be back to normal in less than one minute.

The point then is that the amount of work the heart can do without causing breathlessness or continuing to cause breathlessness too long after work is done tells the physician how much work the patient can safely do.

Why Worry About Your Heart? Is it skipping beats? Is it murmuring? Do you become breathless easily? Send today for this instructive booklet by Dr. Barton, No. 102, entitled "Why Worry About Your Heart?" It tells the story of your heart in a simple and satisfying way. Send ten cents to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., and mention The Advance, Timmins.

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### Special Numbers at 'Along Gypsy Trails'

Scene from Il Trovatore to be Presented by Schubert Choral Society.

Included in the programme to be presented by the Schubert Choral Society, "Along Gypsy Trails", at the Finnish Hall, Wednesday evening, March 22nd, will be a scene taken from the second act of Verdi's Il Trovatore, sometimes named "The Gypsy's Vengeance", (as such it was produced in London 1850).

In this act the audience is introduced to a gypsy encampment in the Biscayan Mountains, where Azucena is seated beside a fire with members of the tribe sitting near her, engaged in their various avocations.

Following a short instrumental introduction which voices a gypsy melody, local colouring being added by means of the triangle, the chorus breaks into a famous and popular "Anvil Chorus", in which the women join with the men. The burden of the chorus is the solace brought into the gypsies' life by the company of the women-folk.

All this while, Azucena has been oblivious of what has been going on about her; huddled by the fire, she is brooding over her past; never does the memory of her mother's dreadful fate leave her. In her mind's eye she can see again every detail of the terrible scene, the leaping flames, the spectators drunk with blood-lust, the victim dragged out roughly among curses of the crowd, the rough tying of the old women to the stake, and the ferocious glee of her executioner as she perishes in the flames. This is the subject of the song she now sings, at first in a quiet voice as if talking to herself.

The chorus comment mournfully up, on her story, and Azucena, turning towards Manrico, sings in an impressive undertone her mother's final words "Avenge thou me, Revenge", a saying often heard but never understood.

However, the incident passes by, and the normal life of the camp is resumed, the male members, telling the others that now the day has dawned it is time for them to go forth and seek The chorus replies "Away then, Away", and all singing the "Anvil Chorus".

Music lovers and those interested in musical entertainment, are advised not to miss this performance, and will be a rare musical treat.

Very Finest Quality

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

### Parliament Still Has Responsibility Cannot Shunt Onus on Corporation.

(From Toronto Telegram)

Parliament which created the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is responsible for the conduct of that body. No sophistry can change the character of the corporation as a creature of Parliament into a self-sufficient autonomy responsible to no authority. The very inquiry now in progress at Ottawa witnesses to Parliament's realization of its responsibility for the actions of the Broadcasting Corporation. Yet the chairman of the Board of Governors has objected to allowing a parliamentary committee to view the minutes of the board's actions, and has been supported in his defiance of Parliament by a simple majority of the committee.

When Hon. J. Earl Lawson moved for the production of the minutes it was at once evident that the corporation did not want them exposed to public view. A. G. Slight, M.P., who was absent at the time, has since declared his entire disapproval of the refusal to have these minutes placed before a committee of Parliament. The steamroller suppressed the protests of Grit and Tory alike.

Leonard W. Brockington, K.C., chairman of the corporation, admits that the CBC is arbitrary, and rather glories in the fact. "The most tyrannical thing in the world," he says, is a traffic light, and the CBC wants to be a traffic light operated so that the farmer in a horse and buggy gets the same rights as the millionaire in the Rolls-Royce. It is the sort of analogy which might be expected from an after dinner speaker of Mr. Brockington's reputation. It fails to recognize that the traffic light is operated by an intelligent agency and that if it fails to operate correctly it can be adjusted in both of which particulars it differs from the CBC.

Mr. Brockington's capacity for his post may be gathered from the information volunteered by him that in his view Hyde Park is "the finest institution in the world," and that he would like to see Hyde Park on the air in Canada. To this he added that personally he would like to provide free time on the air for Communists. Mr. Brockington fails to recognize that the tolerance which allows a man to say what he likes to anybody who wants to go and listen to him has no likeness to a government agency like the CBC gathering up oratorical garbage and delivering it into the homes of the nation. His self-complacent view of himself as the representative of the radio listeners of this country might receive a jolt if he was capable of comprehending that the Canadian public thinks of being compelled by him to pay for trash of that sort.

CBC forums have indicated that the CBC has a distorted view of its function very much along the lines of what Mr. Brockington has said. But, not content with putting an amateurish hodge-podge on the air, it has dictatorially ruled off some of the finest speakers who have been heard. Beverly Baxter has already been given the axe. Lowell Thomas, an outstanding and eminently fair news commentator, is to be banished from the air as soon as the Sun Oil contract runs out. Kaltenborn, another well-known commentator, is also to be ruled off. Canadians will still get some of the banished programmes from United States stations, but the edict of the Canadian radio dictators is that Canadians shall not hear them over Canadian networks. They are excluded from the air not because of any expression of opinion is not to be free, but is to be controlled by the CBC junta. Neither Hit-

ler nor Mussolini could go further. Enough has developed in the inquiry by the Parliamentary committee to arouse Parliament to the fact that radio in Canada has drifted altogether away from democratic control. As at present operated, a public body with no responsibility to the public, the CBC is a farce.

### Replies to Red Stories About the "Cliveden Set"

(From Toronto Telegram)

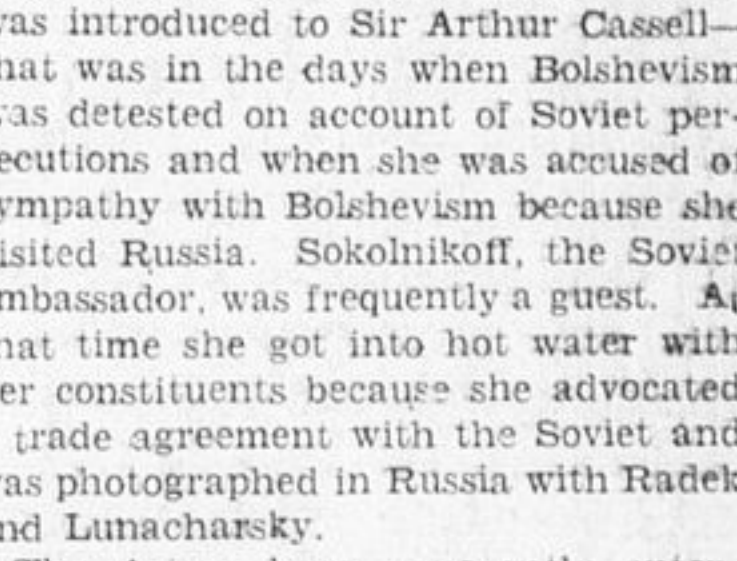
Writing in The Saturday Evening Post, Lady Astor tells about the dark doings at Cliveden, the country house where she and her husband entertain diplomats, dictate policies and conduct conspiracies in order to oust Foreign Secretaries and aid dictators. It is an amazing confession and the list of guests who have visited Cliveden is an indictment in itself.

It includes Will Rogers, Barrie, Shaw, Charlie Chaplin, Gandhi, Lawrence of Arabia, Lindbergh, Emma Goldman, Hoover, Chamberlain, Halifax, Ramsay MacDonald, Snowden, Eden and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Evangeline Booth, Lady Astor says, is in the Cliveden set "up to the neck" and Rhodes scholars have been "compromised for 20 years."

Lady Astor has met two dictators; they were Ataturk and Stalin. At Cliveden Dr. Weizmann met Arthur Balfour—that was before most people had heard of Zionism and before Her Ladyship was accused of being an anti-Jew. In the same dark halls, Krassin was introduced to Sir Arthur Cassell—that was in the days when Bolshevism was detected on account of Soviet persecutions and when she was accused of sympathy with Bolshevism because she visited Russia. Sokolnikoff, the Soviet ambassador, was frequently a guest. At that time she got into hot water with her constituents because she advocated a trade agreement with the Soviet and was photographed in Russia with Radek and Lunacharsky.

The Astors have apparently entertained pretty nearly everyone, and members of every political party, except a few who figure in the well-known Communist fiction. An American paper, she says, recently printed the names of 12 leading members of the "Cliveden set." In the 12, there are five whom she doesn't know at all, four whom she knows slightly—two of them have never been to Cliveden—and the remaining three include her husband and herself.

She deals with the story of the mysterious party of January, 1938, at which the plot was laid to get rid of Eden. The plotters were Lord and Lady Astor, Premier Chamberlain, Lord Lothian and Lord Halifax. At the time the Astors were in Florida, Lord Lothian was in India and the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax, if they were at Cliveden, must have broken in, because the house was closed. She says this and other Communist stories put Baron Munchausen in the shade.



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