

# CHRISTABEL

by  
**PEARL BELLAIRS**



**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS**

Christabel Milson, aged twenty-five, her husband, Keith, 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 face her trial alone with Craigie.

Christabel was an unwitting party to the conspiracy; but has only her own evidence to prove it. Her counsel, Sir Ross Barnes, and the counsel for the Crown, a brilliant young K.C. named Hewitson, are bitter rivals, and by the relentlessness of his prosecution, Hewitson secures Christabel's conviction.

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 will 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 is offered a job in a clinic as a nurse, and learns that one of the organizers is Grant Hewitson, who has given up law for psychological work. Some impulse impels her to take the post.

Hewitson does not recognize her, but is obviously interested in her. Another doctor, Sanders, who is engaged to Hewitson's sister, Molly, falls in love with Christabel. For Molly's sake, Christabel takes a temporary job at a children's holiday camp in the country. Hewitson promises to visit her.

(Now Read On)

The day was Wednesday.

She wrote that evening to the nurse in Kent, saying that she would like to change places with her for a fortnight, and would go down to Kearne Hall on the coming Friday.

She waited nervously for Hewitson's evening visit.

He came. She did not see him. She had to wait until late in the evening before she could take his coffee in order to do so.

His face was not exactly stern. It wore a studied indifference, and he seemed to avoid looking at her; merely said, "Thanks!" when she put his tray down and went on writing some notes.

Lately he always had something to say—frequently quite a lot in order to prevent her from getting out of the room immediately. But now Christabel had to draw his attention by speaking to him.

"There will be a new nurse here when you come on Monday, Mr. Hewitson. Are there any instructions you would like me to give her?"

He looked up then; she saw the flash of surprised speculation in his eyes.

"Are you leaving us?"

"Not permanently," Christabel replied. "I'm changing places for a fortnight with a nurse at a children's camp in Kent."

"Oh!"

**REINSTATED**

He frowned, still speculating she could see, and seemed about to turn back to his notes. Christabel added diffidently, while she could still catch his eye and launch an appeal with her own:

"I think perhaps it would be a good thing, if I went away from here for a little while!"

He looked surprised, his whole manner altered in a moment; his gaze questioned her, and his coldness vanished; he still looked a trifle grim, but his grimness was no longer directed at her.

"For the sake of your health?" he

inquired, drily, and she could see that he was her friend again and believed her to be his.

"Not mine," said Christabel, with a little smile.

He said nothing. He understood her; and it was not a thing they could very well discuss.

Christabel drew back from the desk, her heart beating with triumph; and she was not only reinstated, but by now she had his confidence.

He rose, throwing down his pen on the table; as she got to the door, he said in a voice of assumed weariness: "It must be nuisance to be so attractive!"

She half turned a face of cool astonishment towards him, with a faint rosieness on her cheeks and lowered eyelids, and a smile on her lips.

"Well, I'm sorry you're going away," he said, "I came down yesterday to ask you if you'd care to come to Wimbledon with me on Saturday to see the tennis."

"And today," said Christabel, raising her eyes. "You were not going to ask me!"

He made no reply to that, but merely said:

"I hope you enjoy your holiday and gain a just reward!"

"Thank you," said Christabel, and went out.

She closed the office door behind her; but it opened again from the consulting room side, and he put his head through.

"Where is this place in Kent that you're going to?"

She told him.

"May I come down?"

Christabel answered him after a pause:

"If you'd like to."

"Good!"

His eyes challenged her, he smiled, and the door closed again.

Christabel put her hand over her ribs; her heart was thumping against them. A few minutes later she heard him go out.

**CHAPTER XIII  
ACCIDENT AT THE CAMP**

Hidden behind a grove of chestnut trees on the slight uplands which rise to the hills behind Romney Marsh, was Cavanagh's child welfare camp. Thirty little children from the most dismal areas in London spent holidays of a month and more in the homestead and outhouses of what had been a farm on Cavanagh's estate.

The matron, Miss Thorpe, was a capable elderly woman, who had been a hospital nurse for many years; two of the other girls were trained nurses, and when these used to sit in the kitchen at night with Miss Thorpe exchanging reminiscences, Christabel was frequently aware of her own silence.

Christabel's beauty and her silence tended to make the other women curious, even a little suspicious. One or another would sometimes ask her a direct question; had she finished her nurse's training? Had she been nursing long—and so on.

"I began to train at St. Bridget's," she told Miss Thorpe. "But I gave it up and got married, when I was very young."

"Did you now?" said Miss Thorpe, and the silence which fell seemed eloquent with the question: "What are you doing here then? Where is your husband?"

Christabel could see Miss Thorpe settling on a scandal of some sort immediately; Christabel was parted or divorced from her husband. Kindly as Miss Thorpe was, she was enough of an old maid to tend to want to disapprove of any woman who was manifestly more attractive than herself.

Christabel saw that she must go on with the story, or have her reputation forever complicated by Miss Thorpe's fancies.

"I call myself Miss Collet," said Christabel. "But I'm really a widow. My husband died not long ago, and unfortunately I was not provided for—so I had to go back to nursing. I was lucky to get the job at Baring Street."

Which was perfectly true; Miss Thorpe rather surprisingly believed her. At once, as the young widow, Christabel took on a romantically sad appearance in Miss Thorpe's eyes.

A note came from Hewitson.

"Dear Miss Collet," it ran. "Can I come down on Friday and take you for a run in the car? We might go over to Canterbury. Let me know if the camp could spare you for the day?—Yours, etc. Grant Hewitson."

She asked Miss Thorpe if she might have Friday off; and then posted a card to him saying that she would very much like the run over to Canterbury.

Meanwhile at the camp much of the conversation was about Mr. Cavanagh. Cavanagh was then staying at Kearne Hall. He was, it seemed, a man of fifty-odd, with an income running into five figures derived from a business in which he took no active part; he interested himself in art and science and social questions instead; and he was said to be acquainted with all the famous and distinguished persons of the day. He was a widower, and his one son had been killed in a flying crash three years before.

Christabel's first sight of Cavanagh was early one morning, when he walked over to the camp with two people who were staying with him, during the children's breakfast.

He was a man of medium height, with silvery hair and a kindly, cultured face; her first glance at him gave her the impression that he was probably not very strong physically.

The next occasion of her meeting him was altogether different.

She was out walking with some of the children a day or two later, in one of the winding lanes which led down to the green levels of the marsh, when one of her charges, particularly hungry-looking, grey faced little mite, made a sudden dart across the road to pick a purple thistle.

"Take care, Dorrie," said Christabel. "It's prickly."

The child proved the truth of this after an attempt or two.

"Come back, dear—there's a car coming!" called Christabel, who could hear the noise of one behind them round the bend in the road.

Dorrie hesitated, started to run across the road then stopped dead in the middle of it, and looked about her; she had dropped her linen hat out of sight in the ditch by the thistle.

"Quickly, Dorrie!" called Christabel, and started towards the child, as an abrupt increase of noise warned her that the car was nearer than she had supposed.

The next instant, with the child, who was slow and partly deaf, still standing in the middle of the road, the car swung round the bend, just behind her; Cavanagh's big coupe-de-ville. On the near side was a crowd of children, and on the other no room for the car to swerve between Dorrie and the hedge; Christabel's body worked quicker than her mind. She only knew that she had launched herself across the road in front of the car, that she caught up the child and flung it and herself towards the roadside.

The hedge seemed to spring towards her, and there was a screaming sound in the air—the brakes of the car; but before she struck the hedge something else seemed to strike her. She reeled and the whole world shot upwards in a flash of light, abruptly blotted out.

**HEWITSON HEARS**

The first that Hewitson heard about the accident was when he went to the clinic on Thursday evening. The nurse who had taken Christabel's place, a voluble young woman, said to him when she brought him his coffee:

"Isn't it awful about Nurse Collet, doctor?"

"Isn't what awful?" said Hewitson, startled.

The girl's voice quivered with excitement, ineffectually disguised as compassion.

"Oh, she had an accident, doctor! Mr. Cavanagh's car knocked her down on the road. The police rang here for the address of her people; and I rang Mr. Mortimer, and he didn't know; and he rang the agency which sent her here, and she'd left an address with them; and they got in touch with her family—"

"Is she dead? What are you talking about?"

He cut her short in a voice of such furious alarm, that the girl fell into astonished silence, and then stammered: "Oh, no, doctor. She had concussion, they said. She's in hospital."

"Where?"

"Down there. In the Cottage Hospital at Kearne."

"When did it happen?"

"Yesterday afternoon, doctor."

Hewitson said nothing. He was surprised by his own reaction. He had thought she was dead. His hand still

shook a little as he lifted his coffee cup.

He tried to appear at ease as he said: "Thank you! I think I have all I want."

His gesture suggested that he wanted the consulting room to himself. But he stopped her as she got to the door, by asking:

"Have you heard how Miss Collet is today?"

"No, doctor."

"Oh!"

Hewitson sat very still, drawing on his cigarette, thinking.

He had to take his mind off the matter then, in order to deal with the two patients who were waiting for him; but when he had finished with them he had difficulty in controlling an impulse to go down to Kent, and see Christabel for himself.

It seemed to Christabel that she had come floating up out of darkness; yet where she had come to was equally dark. She could feel herself lying on a bed.

For a panic instant it occurred to her that she was blind; her eyes were open, and yet she could not see. But then she detected traces of light outlining a heavily curtained window.

Her head seemed too heavy to move; she could only lie stupidly trying to fathom the darkness within and without.

A shaft of light fell across the bed from a suddenly opened doorway. A figure with a nurse's cap bent over her.

"Oh, so you're awake now. Feeling better?"

"Yes," said Christabel. The word was like a ton weight to be lifted and set down.

Firm fingers grasped her wrist, feeling her pulse.

"Where am I?" said Christabel.

"You had an accident. You'll remember later. You mustn't bother about that now. You must keep very quiet."

Christabel passed from stupor to vague waking wonder, then stupor again.

At the end of four days a little more light was allowed in the room. She knew the faces of the doctor and the nurse. She was told that she had been knocked down by a motor car and had suffered from concussion.

"It was Mr. Cavanagh's car, Mr. Cavanagh was driving in it," she was told. But she did not know who Mr. Cavanagh was.



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

## That Body of Yours

**Poor Posture (Sitting and Standing) Is One Cause of Arthritis**

I speak often of the benefits obtained by a good posture—sitting and standing with head erect, chest out and abdomen drawn in. This does not mean trying to attain the over-erect position which is sometimes seen in military and other parades. This "forced" holding of the erect position not only spoils the appearance but is hard on nerves and muscles because of the tenseness maintained. But the advantages of the normally erect carriage are known because of the disadvantages of the stooped or "slouchy" carriage.

Two serious things happen to the body with the slouchy attitude. First, the stomach, intestines, and other abdominal digestion of food and the removal of wastes from the lower bowel. Second, the lungs are crowded because of the falling forward of the shoulders preventing the needed amount of air from entering the lungs.

One of the results of a poor posture is its effects on certain joints, the ligaments around these joints and the muscles moving these joints. In his book "Body Mechanics," Dr. J. E. Goldthwait, Boston, points out the effects of poor posture in causing pain and arthritis in lower back, hips, knees and feet.

That general weakness of the body causes the poor posture is true at times and in cases there is some infection present which by getting into the joints of the spine (or elsewhere) causes the individual to assume some very bad positions (posture) such as stiff neck, poker back, severe limping or the flat-foot walk.

However, aside from general weakness and the presence of infection, there are a great many individuals who have "chest" weakness, poor digestion, a lame back, or flat feet because of their own carelessness in keeping a good posture. It is this careless attitude that puts a "strain" on the joints which causes pain in upper back, lower back, hips, knees and feet.

Back, leg, and feet pain which may be followed by true arthritis or rheumatism can be prevented by trying to maintain the erect carriage, sitting, standing and walking.

Strengthening the abdominal muscles which hold in the abdomen, the chest out, and the shoulders back is the first thought. Bending exercises with knees straight is the best single exercise. Standing and sitting "tall" is of great help in maintaining the erect carriage.

**Health Booklet Available**

Eight helpful booklets by Dr. Barton are now available for readers of The Advance, Timmins. They are: Eating Your Way to Health; Neuritis; The Common Cold; Overweight and Underweight; Food Allergy; Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis); Why Worry About Your Heart? and How is Your Blood Pressure? They 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.

## Toronto Observes Annual Toxoid Week

Some Other Municipalities Also Follow Plan.

All the articles and letters from the Health League of Canada this week refer to diphtheria, toxoid, and kindred topics. The reason for this is that this week is observed in Toronto as Toxoid Week, and there has been a very general call to have the observation of the Week province-wide or even Dominion-wide. The Health League of Canada points out that in the short time at its disposal and with limited finances, it was impossible to organize in such a way as to have any general observation of Toxoid Week. However, the Health League is doing the next best thing, by featuring a mass of information in regard to diphtheria and toxoid.

There are a large number of "weeks" observed in Canada. Indeed, many people feel there are too many. A local citizen some time ago said that he would abolish all these weeks if he were a dictator, with the possible exception of Fire Prevention Week and Clean-up Week. Perhaps, if he studied the value of other weeks, he would add some other exceptions. In any event, it would be difficult to deny the value to the community and the individual in such a week as "Toxoid Week." The idea of all these "weeks" is to focus public attention on the cause concerned.

Certainly, public attention should be centered on the scourge of diphtheria and the successful methods used to counteract and overcome the disease. While The Advance believes that the best time for Timmins to observe "Toxoid Week" is when there is opportunity offered here, as there is from time to time for immunization against diphtheria, still it is timely on any occasion to consider a matter of such general value as that of diphtheria and its conquest. Some facts from the literature sent by the Health League of Canada are summarized herewith:

There was a time when diphtheria was responsible for a large number of deaths each year, the greater part of victims being children under ten years of age. In Montreal city alone in 1927 there were 219 deaths, which was more than in all Canada's ten years later. Fourteen cities in Canada, for example, have had no deaths at all from diphtheria in the past five to ten years. In 1928 there were 213 deaths from diphtheria in Ontario, while in 1937 (the last year with complete figures available) there were only 30 deaths from this disease. Twenty years ago the death rate in Canada from diphtheria was approximately 1,000 per year. At present it is a third of that number. It has been proven that this reduction in deaths from diphtheria is due solely to the care taken to prevent the disease, and especially to immunization through the use of toxoid. In all the municipalities where toxoid has been in use for any material period of years, there has been a clear record. Some municipalities have not had a death from diphtheria for ten years. In municipalities where there is no special care given to fight diphtheria and where toxoid is not generally used a number of deaths are reported each year from diphtheria. Toxoid has been featured in Timmins and it is several years since there was a death from the disease here. The doctors believe that the continued use of toxoid and the maintenance of new methods for combatting the disease will mean the

eventual elimination of this dread disease.

In Timmins toxoid has been freely used and the doctors, the nurses, the schools, the board of health, and the general public have co-operated in pleasing way to put diphtheria out of commission. The use of toxoid on small children has been particularly effective. Were this immunization universal diphtheria would be banished completely. It is well worth while by any lawful means—Toxoid Week—or other method—to call attention to the facts: That toxoid does protect from diphtheria; that the death rate has been reduced in remarkable way, and that even the cases of the disease are much smaller in numbers, and that all this is due to the use of toxoid.

## 'Weather Eye' a New Feature Nash Cars

Complete and Clever System of Air-conditioning on All 1939 Nash Cars.

A decided comfort factor in the spring and summer, as well as during the cold weather months, is the "Weather Eye" conditioned air system which is a feature of the 1939 series of Nash cars.

It is possible, with the system in operation, to drive along a dusty road or even through a dust-storm without experiencing discomfort or getting clothing soiled. This is due to the fact that there is a constantly changing supply of fresh, filtered air within the car at all times, even though all windows are closed.

Air is scooped into the car through

the cowl ventilator, at rates ranging from 100 to 800 cubic feet per minute, depending, of course, upon the rate of speed. Before reaching the passengers, the air passes through a chamber, which removes rain, if wet weather prevails outside. It is then thoroughly filtered and distributed to all parts of the car under its own pressure.

The pressure within the car is slightly higher than that outside—so the filtered, incoming air is constantly forcing the used air out at a rapid rate.

During warm weather, the heating element in the "Weather Eye" system can be turned off. However, when it's chilly outside, it is possible automatically at all times whatever comfort level is desired within the car. The "Weather Eye" sees that this level remains the same, regardless of sudden drops in temperature outside.



## ZEBRA LIQUID or PASTE STOVE POLISH

*Priceless Privilege*

Do everything you can to afford your baby the priceless privilege of breast-feeding. Let Ovaltine's concentrated nourishment help promote natural development. After baby comes Ovaltine will help maintain your vitality and insure an ample flow of maternal milk.

**OVALTINE**

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

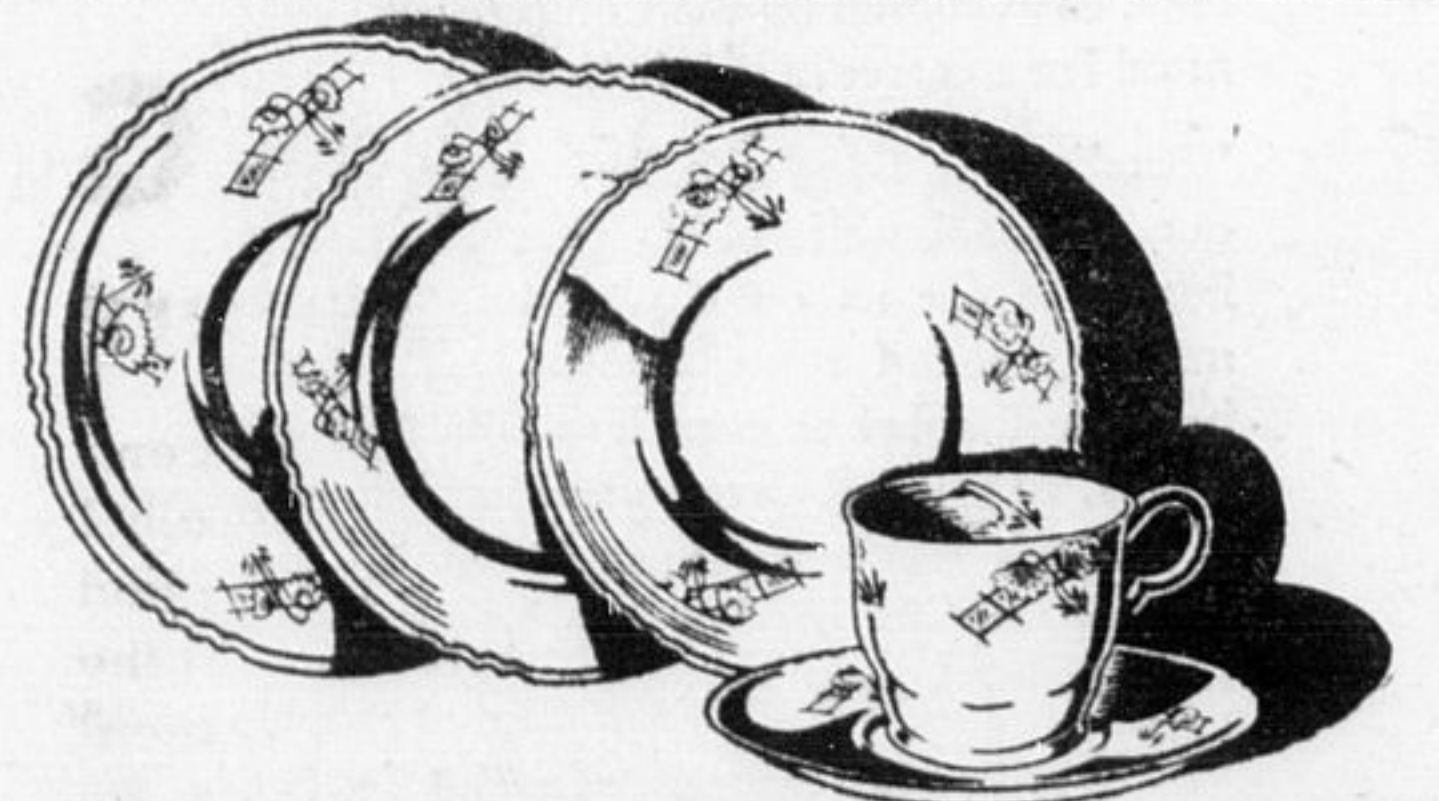
## A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME

... equipped to handle the largest commercial account, the bank equally welcomes the smallest accounts ... both commercial and personal. You are invited to call and discuss the opening of an account.



"YOUR BANK AND HOW YOU MAY USE IT"—Ask for booklet

## BANK OF MONTREAL ESTABLISHED 1817



## Start collecting this set at NEXT TO NO COST!

The china in every premium package of Purity Oats is unusually fine and attractive. The pieces make a really lovely set. And the Oats—well, just you try them. They're finer flavoured, whiter and have a fuller body. Start to-day enjoying these better Oats—and collecting the smart chinaware. Insist on PURITY OATS. Also sold in non-premium packages.

## PURITY OATS MADE BY THE MILLERS OF PURITY FLOUR