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# TABLE TOP

by  
**Eden Phillpotts**

**CHAPTER XII  
RESCUE PARTY**

There are times when silence and separation alone point the road to safety between us and those we love, and Jane knew that the less she had to do with her sweetheart for the present the better.

She disappeared to her cabin and Angus also wandered away with his private thoughts. Tom remained on deck tramping up and down and looking at his watch.

Of late it seemed that the smoky curtains over Table Top grew thicker and evident that darkness would fall early. The sky had become overcast beyond the radius of the island and the sun was hidden. Then straining his eyes upon the strand, the watcher marked movement, but it was no returning figure that he saw.

A great change was taking place in the forest lands to the east and it seemed that some invisible forces had wakened there, for the trees were crashing in the midst, as though unseen woodmen or mighty machines began to cut a swathe through them. Tom watched till darkness began to cover the island. Then he sought the others. Costa was demanding to weigh anchor and be gone. He, too, had seen the phenomena in the woods and observed other sights also.

"Fear nothing for him or your ship, Captain," begged Tom. "Pardo is a very brave and capable man. He will come back swiftly. Run up the riding lights to guide him and let me have your megaphone."

Night hurried down upon them and Tom bawled every five minutes to the shore, which was no more than a quarter of a mile distant. Nor did light wholly lack. The volcano cast an intense radiance above it into the sky, and a new thing happened, for now they heard the tremendous breath of its convulsion and the roar increased upon their ears. Still Felice did not come and the outlook of his friends was changed. All three made common cause with Costa and, after long argument, prevailed with him. An abrupt change of feeling in his friends attended Pardo's delay, and Angus was the first to express it.

"One wasn't going back for treasure," he told Jane, "but this is quite another pair of shoes—you see that, don't you? Our pal may be in a nasty mess, and if it's a question of his life, then the case is altered, of course."

"You must go at daylight," she answered. "You must try to rescue him, of course."

"Tom's got leave to take three men," he explained. "Costa won't let any more come. We can't row this big boat without help; and they refuse to land in any case, but they'll land us and take the dinghy in tow and wait for us to come back. We'll go at the first streak of daylight and be aboard again with luck in half an hour. It may be life or death for Felice."

"It's your duty now," she said. "I don't think he's alive, Angus, for if he had lived, he would not have let us down."

"We must hope, Jane. I'd go alone for your sake and you know it, but Aylmer wouldn't stand for that."

"Nor I. He must go too. I'd come myself. I wouldn't be frightened, but I'd be useless."

"Hope on, hope ever," he said. "If the island's gone to-morrow, nobody can land."

"If the island's going to-night, my dear girl, we're going with it."

He laughed.

"Why did Felice stop and look at the ground when we saw him land?" She asked.

"I don't know, but I'd hazard a guess."

"You can't live in Peru and not feel an earth tremor now and again. I think he knew things were getting shaky, Jane; but the island is a pretty solid chunk, it isn't going to cave in without a fight."

The night was full of formidable noises, though as yet no sea lifted; but thunder growled overhead and lightning glared through the pall of smoke making the dull blaze of the volcano faint beneath its diamond brightness. Before dawn they were away and, at the first sulky streak of light, Tom and Angus had gone ashore, while the three rowers made the painter of the idle dinghy fast to their large boat, turned her bows round and waited for them. The men were terrified and chattered to keep up their spirits while the light waxed and revealed many nocturnal changes.

**CHAPTER XIII  
ANOTHER SKELETON**

A medley of emotions had sped through Felice's brain as he pulled himself ashore; but terror was not one of them. He had never known fear under any circumstances, and danger only served to tighten his unfeeling nerve and breed increase of caution. He was occupied with the turn of fate that had flung old Benny's treasure into his hand, and in such a manner that no stain would ever dim its brightness, or lessen the purity he imagined must attach to its future employment.

In spite he was already dispensing happiness to the hapless before his boat grounded and he made her fast and left her.

He landed, armed with an automatic and his revolver, and he carried his bag which contained the heavy mattock that might be necessary.

He found first that the heat had increased ashore and was now tremendous so that to breathe at all distressed his lungs; and then he saw that the water stream from the hot spring had disappeared and matter more solid was flowing in its place. The geyser now sent a molten flood of lava into the sea and a great hissing of white steam rose where the fiery touched the water. And Pardo felt the strand trembling under his feet and heard a rumble and rustle and continued chatter from the cliffs of the gorge.

Rocks fell from time to time, but he knew that they would not strike him. The nets of the great spiders tangled the way, but he avoided them and then reaching the place of the morning's adventure, he saw no sign of the creature that he had slain. Its Companions had eaten it.

Pardo faced the increasing temperature, turned westward and met a solitary spider moving towards him. It blocked the way and was larger than the first. He drew his automatic, waited till it had come within five yards of him and then fired into the mass. It struggled a little further then he fired again and it curled up its legs, lurched forward and expired.

The geyser was belching lava in a steady flow, but the only danger here appeared to be the intolerable heat. The clearing was open to the smoke above and light dimmed rapidly, but the calm stood ten yards distant from the hot spring and though its stones burned his hands, Pardo set down his weapons, satisfied himself that no danger threatened, and attacked it.

He threw down the stones troubling not for blistered fingers and quickly discovered the object of his search. It was bedded in the blocks of old lava and came away at his touch when he had freed it.

A metal box lay there some two feet long, a foot wide and two feet deep.

He appraised its weight as he lifted it into his bag and guessed that it might be fifteen to twenty pounds.

His lungs were bursting and he tore off his jacket and cast away his shoes, for they began to burn his feet. Then carrying his bag in the left hand and his lighter revolver in the other, he turned to get back to safety. His hands were blistered and his chest tortured him, but only a sense of happiness and triumph was in his heart.

Everything had grown still and the mouth of the gorge opened but ten yards distant when he stood a moment and looked down upon the skeleton of Benny Boss. It seemed to grin congratulations and Felice grinned back and tried to speak. But he found his voice was gone. He regretted the mattock which he had left behind him, for now—in safety, with his boat but 20 yards away—he told himself that it had been a seemly thing to bury his great-grandfather's bones under the clean cinders. But his strength was gone and he knew that the fiery fumes had injured him within. His breath came with difficulty and he thought of the quarter of a mile that separated him from the ship.

Eyes were fixed upon the strand and Tom had never ceased to watch since he landed, but Felice was in the mouth of the gorge and invisible to his friend. Now Pardo bent down to pick up his bag, and the action was his last but one. From high above, on a massive rope of its own spinning, a spider had descended and now it dropped upon him. He had kept his eyes everywhere save in the black air over his head. He knew what had happened and fired twice, but too late to save himself. The huge insect indeed perished, but not before its fangs were in the man's back, and lightning could not have killed him quicker. He died as his ancestors had died.

Twelve hours had elapsed since Tom and Angus had seen their friend when they set out to find him, and as light broke the ravage on the shore began to appear. A hundred yards from the strand they began to feel the heat and the men who rowed were fearful and appeared in the black beaches and there were visible movements, to be appreciated by the eye in the contours of the island. The skyline showed actual motion and a gap had broken on the lip of the crater from which streams of lava poured. The flood moved easterly and was responsible for the destruction of the fertile lands. In contrast with this ghastly scene ashore, the sea still remained calm, and it seemed that the order of nature was reversed while a dynamic earth tottered above a static ocean.

Promising to return as swiftly as possible, the young men leapt ashore while Aylmer spoke to the sailors. "You're quite safe here," he said. "The island's quaking, but the sea is steady. Give us twenty minutes—no more. If we are not back in that time, we shall never be coming back and you can return to the ship."

They protested at his folly and cried out that there was no need for others to die; but neither Maine nor Aylmer heard them. The gorge gaped ahead and over a shaking stand they ran together and entered it. Great noises thundered overhead and they could not hear themselves speak. The volcano's below increased while new phenomena threatened, for the air was full of fiery cinders and falling debris from the cliffs. But this ordeal was brief and both their lives were spared by fortune of chance. A spectacle hideous enough awaited them, yet the apparition told them all they needed to know and set them free to accomplish their own salvation while time remained to do so.

Beside the skeleton of Benny Boss another, clean and white. Only his bag and his two weapons remained close to his bones. He lay face downwards and the discoverers knew what had overtaken him.

Tom looked upwards, but only to feel the rain of ashes like hot hail upon his face. The enemies were of the gorge where their ponderous webs shrivelled and burned away.

They made no stay beside their vanished friend and his ancient kinsman. Indeed Tom, with his feet on fire, turned and limped to the sea instantly; but Angus delayed one moment and picked up Felice's bag. He argued that if it was empty, then Pardo had perished before reaching the cache; if it contained any new thing, then he had won his purpose and died upon the journey back. But he felt that the bag was weighty, stuck to it and followed Aylmer.

The shore was shaking and splitting new but both men reached the water together, waded out to the smaller boat and boarded her. A length of rope separated the dinghy from the larger craft, and the moment they were aboard, the sailors began to row. The sea was getting up and a great wind rose out of the increasing dark ness; but it blew off shore and helped Dayspring was swiftly swallowed in night; yet they saw one terrific downfall before they reached the ship, for

**Radio Courtship**



For three years Mildred Tate, of Victoria, and Richard C. Young, of Yakima, Wash., made love to each other by means of their amateur radio sets. Now, after visiting each other several times, they have announced their engagement and other radio "hams" are pouring in congratulations—through their own sets.



**That Body of Yours**

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

The Sun is Great Healer. It must come as a shock to many to be told that the rays of the sun may not only not be of help to everybody but can be actually harmful to some individuals. And if there is one disease where we have thought the rays of the sun were helpful, it is in tuberculosis.

Dr. B. Hudson, London, in "Tubercle" states that the sun is a powerful means of treating certain disorders, especially beneficial in cases of surgical tuberculosis and certain other chronic surgical conditions that are not tuberculous, but "patients with tuberculosis of the lungs should never be allowed to take sun baths, as they are definitely dangerous."

Sun bathing however may be used when of the surgical type—knee, hip—where the process is slow and just in the one place; it is also useful in chronic pleurisy when the process is quite slow. Unsupervised sun bathing can certainly light up (make it start again) an unsuspected tuberculosis spot on the lung.

Sun treatment consists in the gradual exposure of the body to the light, not the heat, of the sun, and patients who are taking sun baths should be surrounded by a circulation of free air. This is why sun bathing on the beach is so helpful to those who are free from tuberculosis. Sun treatment should always be supervised and controlled by a medical practitioner. The aim of sun bathing is not burning but tanning. Gradual tanning, not burning, is thus the keynote of the treatment as severe burning really poisons the system.

When tuberculosis is of the scattered type—different spots in the lung, and especially if the patient has "feverish" attacks—exposure to the sun should be strictly avoided, as it is likely to spread the condition.

However, even in tuberculosis of the lungs, when a patient whose progress is slow in becoming cured, sun bathing may be tried as it may give a little stimulus or increased action which, by stirring up the body's defences, may bring about an earlier cure.

Now the above information does not mean that the sun is not helpful because, as a matter of fact, we do not get enough of it. The sun builds up the blood by increasing the amount of iron in it, stirs up and removed congestion everywhere in the body, prevents "rickets" in children, and raises the morale and well being of all of us. But, when active lung tuberculosis is present or any condition causing a rise of temperature, the patient should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

**The Common Cold**

Are you bothered with colds three or four times a year? Have you ever stopped to consider the consequences? Send for Dr. Barton's illuminating booklet entitled "The Common Cold". No. 104, the ailment that receives so little attention yet may be as dangerous as being attacked by a hungry lion. Enclose Ten Cents to cover cost of service and handling, and send your request to The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y., mentioning The Advance, Timmins. (Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

suddenly the twin peaks above the crater swayed seaward and fell together with a vast volume of sound.

The men were rowing for their lives now with yet a hundred yards to go before they reached the ship. Her steam was up and she only waited until they should return. A billow, set running by the fallen cliffs, caught and half swamped the boats before they could get under the Iguana's lee; but they made her as she was already beginning to move north. The lesser boat was hoisted first with Tom and Angus in it; then the pinnace followed and Costa signalled "full steam ahead" to the engine room. The captain's plans had long been made and his course determined.

To Be Continued

**Looking for Couple Who Disappeared on Their Wedding Day**

Lachine, Que., Authorities Think They May Have Come to Timmins.

Major Cornthwaite, of the Salvation Army here, last week received a letter from the Salvation Army office at Lachine, Quebec, asking for assistance in location of Maude Moore, a sixteen-year-old girl, who disappeared from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Moore, Lachine, Que., on June 10th, and has not been heard from since. On that day the girl was to have been married to Mr. George Wilbert Marthe, usually known as Bert. Apparently Marthe and the girl left the home together at six o'clock in the morning, though the parents had agreed to the marriage and there had been no difficulties placed in the way of the young couple. The only possible reason the parents can imagine for the action of the couple is the fact that since the disappearance they have learned that the young man is a Roman Catholic, while they belong to the United Church and had expressed strong views against mixed marriages. The girl had concealed the difference in religion from her parents. Not hearing from their daughter since June 10th, the parents are now very anxious about her. In this issue they have inserted notices asking for the return of the girl to her home or word from her. They believe the couple may have come to Timmins, because Marthe on several occasions had mentioned the idea of coming to Timmins to get work in the mines. He had also it is said, been known to have studied route maps and to have planned a route for reaching here.

The anxious parents have enlisted the aid of the police at Lachine and also the Salvation Army there, and these in turn have sought the help of the police and the Army here in case the young couple have come to this district. In case the appeal of the parents reaches the eye of the young girl, she should relieve the anxiety of her father and mother by immediately writing or wiring home. In case anyone else in Timmins or district knows of the whereabouts of the girl, they should inform the local police or the Salvation Army at Lachine, Quebec. Major Cornthwaite being away on holiday this week. Apparently the attitude of the parents is that if the young couple are married they do not wish to interfere, but naturally in that case they would wish to hear from their daughter. In case the girl is not married, however, the parents require her return home as she is under age. The parents give the following description of the girl:—

MOORE—Maude Amelia Moore; age 17 on Sept. 20th, 1939; weight, 118 pounds; height, about 5 feet, (could pass for 18 years); hair, naturally wavy, color medium brown; eyes blue. Miss Moore, when she left home was dressed in blue woollen sweater and skirt, brown coat with 6 big white buttons, rust felt hat (green band around it). She carried 2 purses, one rust brown, and one white, also a new aero-pack valise.

George Wilbert Marthe is described as about 5 feet 5 inches in height, 23 years of age, dark (almost black) hair, combed straight back; was wearing brown suit and brown hat when he left Miss Moore's home.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of either of these young people is asked to communicate with the Timmins police authorities or the police at Lachine, Quebec, or the Salvation Army at Lachine, Que.

Map Published by Toronto Newspaper Not a Fair One

(From New Liskeard Speaker) Last week the Toronto Star Weekly went to a great deal of trouble and some expense to print a gaily coloured map depicting the tourist areas of Ontario. Besides the rest of the province they show the vast stretch from North Bay north with its attractions for the tourists as camping, hunting, fishing, etc., and in fact take in the country

right through to James Bay. Across the face of the map wide orange lines are drawn to depict the highways by which all these places of interest and sport may be reached, but to the amazement of all THERE IS NOT A HIGHWAY NORTH OF NORTH BAY. Tourists desiring to visit Northern Ontario and using the Star's map as a guide are supposed to use "a magic carpet," or some other fantastic way of getting into the great northern tourist paradise. Lake Nipissing and other bodies of water are also quite clearly marked, but Lake Temiskaming looks more like a pond than anything else.

Residents in Northern Ontario are getting used to being treated in this manner. While a great improvement has been made in our one main highway since G. Howard Ferguson had it first trail through the bush cut out, it might be that The Star does not consider Mr. Hepburn's efforts to improve the road sufficient to warrant it being marked on the map, but even that cannot be taken as a reason for omitting it. For the benefit of The Star Weekly we state that No. 11 Highway runs from Toronto to Cochrane and points west, and also that Cochrane is NORTH OF NORTH BAY; and that the road was constructed in 1927.

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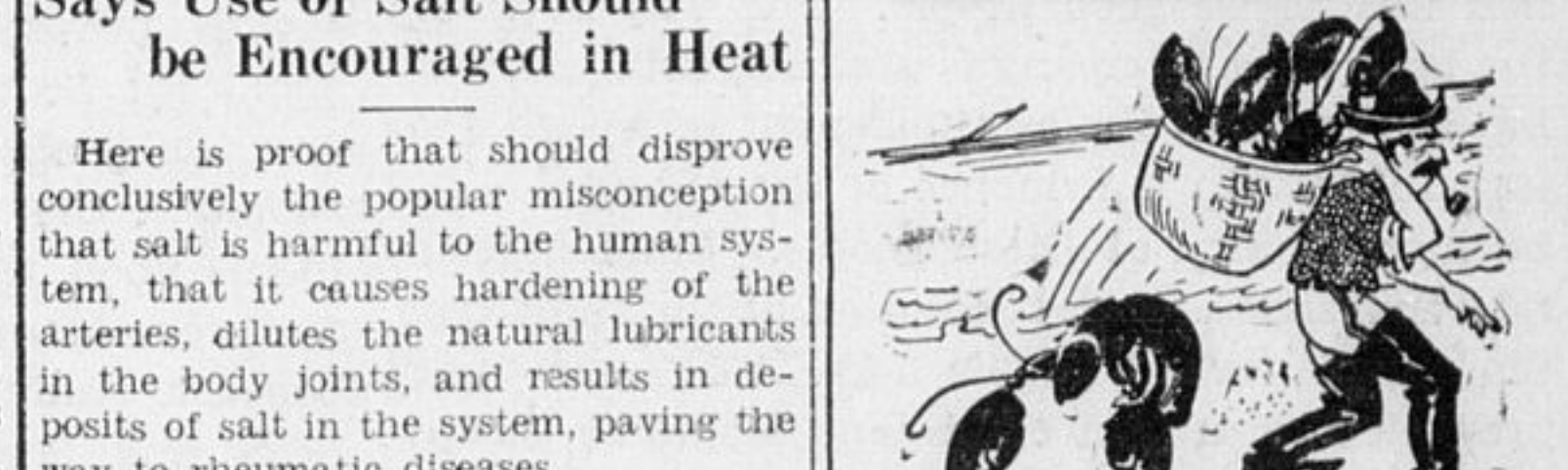
to a very small number of people, the use of salt in hot industries, or hot weather should be encouraged."

**Rouyn Boasts as Many Police Cases as Timmins**

Apparently Rouyn is determined that Timmins shall not be ahead of Rouyn in everything. Last week The Rouyn Noranda Press had the following paragraph to prove that in one respect—the number of police court cases in Timmins has to take a back seat. Timmins will not question the right of Rouyn to the honour claimed. Here is the paragraph to prove it all:—

There have been as many complaints laid by Rouyn police so far this year as by the Timmins municipal force, though the population of Timmins is more than double that of Rouyn. In Rouyn there are seven on the force, including the inspector, who is really acting chief while in Timmins there are 25. Conditions in the Rouyn district are such that a larger per capita force is indicated here, because of the wide area from which the town draws visitors.

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Bargain Excursion tickets NOT GOOD on Pool Trains Nos. 6 and 15, between Toronto and points East thereof.  
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**RETURNING**  
Leave destinations up to and including Monday, July 17th, EXCEPT as follows: From Windsor up to 12.30 a.m. Tuesday, July 18th. From Jellicoe, Geraldton, Beardmore, Nakina, Tashota and Longlac, up to Wednesday, July 19th, 1939.  
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