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TABLE TOP

by
Eden Phillpotts

THE STRUGGLE BEGINS

The ship beneath them looked lonely. Everything had been made fast and she steamed astern at a fair speed with her bows to the great wave. It seemed that an enormous, moving elevation followed them and gained upon them. Out of a running sea it reared and rose up and up in one vast gradually mountain slope of black water. To the atoms on the cockle-shell in its path the wave now seemed to ascend higher than any hill of earth and touch the very sky. At a mile distant its inky bosom revealed detail and foam, like alpine glaciers, streaked it. A great wind came with the water, tore fragments from its crest and flung them forward down the steep. Then, as it reached them, the sun touched its far-flung mane and a tremendous glory of gold and emerald surge ran along the crown of the wave, flew off in flakes of fire and fell snow-white under the curl of the ridge. But it seemed that the light burned through even those ponderous walls of water, for now the breast of the wave was black no more but glassy green glittering with leagues of fallen foam.

Costa called the engine room and cried "God bless you boys!" to the two men at the wheel. Then they saw the nose of their little ship buried, found her heavy as lead under their feet for a few vital seconds, while great seas hid her forward, then felt that she lifted beneath them, thrust her bows upward and began to climb. Now she was gunwale deep in the slope and green water flooded her decks; now buoyant again she emerged and struggled onward and upward. For a time it seemed that the wave could not be surmounted and that she must founder on its breast; yet Costa knew that, if she lived, the summit must certainly pass under her.

Below Tom and Angus and Jane clung to their chairs and saw the port holes of the little saloon blotted out as the sea surged over them. They had felt the Iguana shake and shy like a frightened horse as the great wave rolled upon her. They had heard the roar of the water thundering on her decks, and thought that it must have broken through the solid timbers and was drowning her when she seemed to stand and grow firm and dead. And they had found that she floated yet and fought gamely on. The angle of the cabin told them that she was climbing; then for one moment the portholes rose clear and they saw the terrific slope of the wave.

Half a dozen tin trays leapt from their moorings and made a great riot as they fell to the saloon floor than the sea outside. China tumbled and smashed; but all that meant the life of the ship held fast.

She mounted steadily and kept on her course, now smothered, now lifting clear again until at last she reached the crown of the wave on an even keel and the crucial struggle began. But the

crest of such a billow was no knife-edge. Half-a-mile of water churned into fury by the gale lay before them, and a terrific gale blew over this uplifted mountain-top of the sea. For the summit was as the summit of any other mountain and rolled many hundred feet above sea level. The rear declivity of the wave was yet to come and now nearer the sky than many men have been at sea, Costa fought this lofty hurricane as best he might. But the wave advanced beneath him carrying the wind as it went. At times it seemed that the ship was going astern and must inevitably be toppled back over the precipice it had surmounted, but in reality her engines kept way on her. She held her course, and while making no progress herself, was not beaten back. The wave surged on and there swiftly came a moment when out of the welter Costa knew they were come to the great descent beyond.

For a moment the ship broke clear and rose above the torment of the lesser waves that raged over her. Then they plunged downward and began to slide into the approaching depth. The rear declivity of the great wave was far less serene than its van, for an electric storm beat fiercely upon the ship, rolled thunder and fell a sudden downpour of torrential rains. The deluge from above Costa welcomed, but it was at this moment that Ricardo Palma, who shared the wheel suddenly lost consciousness and dropped upon the deck. Costa leapt to his place instantly.

Then for a moment, the harsh racing of the screw was heard within the ship as her stern lifted; but only for a moment. Those penned in the forecastle shivered when the sound ceased, for they feared that their screw was lost and the end at hand; but Carlos had throttled down and made her safe, while the steering gear held stoutly as the Iguana took the foam-beaten abyss and faced a descent less dreadful than Costa had feared. For the rear of the wave proved not so steep as its van. A raging wind broke it up and beat it down. It swept on and the ship presently sank in lesser billows that foamed like foothills at its base. Now the monster wave heaved up astern her and receded south into approaching night. The sun had set and the ship pitched and tossed heavily with her bows to the gale; but the tremendous sea and head wind were such phenomena as sailors understood and face without fear. In the saloon was heard the familiar throb of the machinery and the trample of the crew on deck again.

"That means we're saved!" cried Jane. They were about to go on deck when two men entered carrying their unconscious mate from the bridge. They feared that he must be dead; but he presently regained his senses and was able to shake Costa's hand when the captain came below. Soaked and battered he was triumphant and very proud of his achievement. His passengers praised him. Costa told his intentions. "We shall stand on our course again after midnight if not sooner," he said. "Then we can run before the wind without added danger and relieve the ship."

"But don't catch up the tidal wave again," begged Jane. "We shall not catch the great wave," he promised her. "It will reach the Marquesas many days before we can, and I hope the islands will make such good weather as we have made. A tremendous sea still battered the Iguana, and lightning tore the darkness above her, so that her present peril only seemed less by comparison with those that she had escaped. Aylmer and Maine did a long spell of work on

deck, and when they returned to her neither they nor Jane retired, but kept vigil while the hours crept by and the heaving note of the bell told them one by one. Then, towards dawn, the altered attitude of the ship and her increased rate of speed showed that she had changed course and was running south again.

Salons came and went and the cook brought them coffee and cold food. The riot and din overhead persisted, and at the first gleam of morning Costa joined them to drink. He asked for a cigarette and declared himself content.

"Now we can breathe again in our minds and in our throats," he said, "for the accursed dust is growing thinner and the gale blows it off the decks."

"What of the glass, Captain?" inquired Tom.

"For the first time these many days the glass moves upwards."

"How is poor Palma?" asked Jane.

"Ricardo has slept for three hours and is now at the wheel again. He has recovered. He was choked with the ashes, but now he breathes once more. And Carlos feels his brain growing clear, which means that the electricity will soon be gone out of the air."

CHAPTER XV
SHALL THE CASKET BE OPENED?

For two days the storm persisted, and dark skies and heavy seas were the portion of the Iguana; then the weather abated and the air grew clear. Many dead fish came to the surface, and among them were great creatures that had perished in the downfall of Table Top. Coal was running short and Costa felt doubtful whether the Marquesas could be counted upon to supply it, but Maine believed there must be ample stores awaiting him.

"They are French islands, and if still a bit elementary, they wouldn't be short of coal," he declared.

It was Angus who first raised the question of the treasure with his friends. His antiquarian spirit hungered and thirst to see and handle jewels that the Inca had fashioned and worn.

"I never want to see them or think of them again," said Jane. "They mean dead men and though we can't feel very unhappy about Benny Boss after all these years, we are dreadfully miserable over poor Felice and his fate. So we ought to be. I almost hope the box has nothing but rubbish in it, for then we shall know he had the joy of anticipation."

Then Aylmer spoke.

"We'd better think twice and again before we smash open the sacred casket and see what's inside," he said. "I was wondering about it last night and facing certain elementary facts. The first fact is that the chest doesn't belong to us at all. It was Felice Pardo's and he paid for the thing with his life. But it belongs now to his heirs and assigns, just as much as everything else in his cabin belongs to them. We may safely assume that he didn't make a will before he started, and so it follows everything he left behind him must belong to his mother. I don't feel very gay when I think of Signora Anita Pardo in any case. She's rather a difficult sort of a woman, as Angus knows and we've got a complicated story to tell her with a very mournful ending. The treasure is about the only thing likely to cheer her up, if you ask me, because all the rest of it is going to sound utterly mad. She's not a very friendly person, anyway. She can talk good English, but I never have felt that she likes the English—always suspicious and broody."

"She told me frankly that Pardo wasn't getting enough money for his services," said Maine.

"You see then," continued Aylmer. "If we pour the treasure into her lap, as likely as not, she will think we are holding up the cream of it and doing something devious; but if we hand over the little chest unopened, then she must realize that it's all above board. There's such a lot to tell the poor woman, and much of it is so difficult to explain."

"I see that," said Angus. "Before Felice joined us for the treasure hunt he told her no doubt that one quarter of the booty was to be his. Now she's got to hear that it's all his, and she'll want to know what happened to alter the original arrangement."

"As long as she finds it's all hers, she won't bother much about that, surely," asked Jane. "We needn't give ourselves away to her, or anybody. You can't tell her that you and I fumbled the spiders, and you surrendered your interest rather than go among them again, and that I told Tom I wouldn't marry him if he did. Anyway, you both went quickly enough when it was a matter of trying to save her son. Costa can swear to that."

"It all shows how complicated the situation is," said Tom. "We've got to be jolly careful what we tell her. She'll hate us in any case."

"We might do this," suggested Maine. "One can't say, of course, how long it's going to be before we get back to the mainland, but if old Jacob Fernandez is still alive when we do, then you could put all the facts before him, Tom, and get him to see Anita Pardo. She'd listen to him if not to us."

"Nobody will be more interested than your Signor Fernandez," promised Jane.



That Body of Ours

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

Measuring Power And Size Of The Heart

About the simplest test for finding out the strength of the heart is to have the patient walk upstairs at a certain rate of speed, or run in the one spot (stationary running), or touch the toes a number of times within a given time; then have him rest and see how long it takes the heart to come to its normal rate. If it comes back to its normal rate of 72, 76, 80, 84, as the case may be, within one to two minutes, according to amount of exercise taken the heart is considered normal.

Should there be a heart murmur present due to some former inflammation of the valves, yet the heart comes back to normal in the usual time, we speak of the heart as being "compensated"; that is, the heart muscles is able to compensate or pick up for the leak in the valve which causes the murmur. Thus a heart with a leaky valve, but well compensated, is felt to be as good as a normal heart as far as doing its work is concerned.

Another test made by the physician is to palpate or tap the skin over the heart with his finger. Naturally the sound from a solid tissue like the heart is going to be different from the hollow sound which is given out as the physician taps the chest with his fingers. By noting the flat sound made over the heart and noting when the hollow sound from the lung appears the physician can mark out on the chest wall the actual size of the heart whether or not it is enlarged, and if enlarged, in which direction. Often he marks the skin with a pencil showing the exact size of the heart.

However, just as the x-ray of the chest as a whole reveals evidence of healed or active tuberculous of the lungs, so will the x-ray show the size of the heart, and the physician is actually able to make measurements of the heart, and make a complete outline of the heart on a sheet of paper.

You can readily see that if in addition to giving exercise to see how the heart is affected by exercise (whether it increases its rate of beating to a normal point or beyond and whether or not it comes back to the normal rate in the normal time) the actual size of the heart can also be learned, the physician is thus able to tell the patient whether or not his heart is normal in power and size. With this knowledge he can advise the patient just how much or how little work or exercise he can do.

The electrocardiograph goes even further in showing over and regularly (Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

Funeral at Sudbury of Father of Timmins People

Sudbury, July 15—A resident of Sudbury and district for the past 38 years funeral services were held for the late Mr. Henry Guise on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock. In apparent good health, he died suddenly after a heart attack while downtown last Monday. The services were conducted in the funeral chapel of Jackson's Funeral Home, 83 Larch St., by Rev. Earl S. Lautenslager, Messrs Albert Carlson, Thomas Gault, R. Forest and Charles Trotter were the honorary pallbearers, while Messrs D. Duncan, William Blyth, Reginald Christian, H. Chistain, John Harrower and Colin Harrower acted as pallbearers. Interment was in the Eyre Cemetery. Besides his wife the survivors are five daughters, Mrs. G. Harrower and Mrs. J. Patterson, of Timmins; Mrs. J. R. Linklater, of Noranda, and Mrs. L. Christian, Mrs. Whaw and Mrs. C. A. Dunsford, both of Sudbury, and three sons, Jarvis, of Lymburn, Sask.; Harry, of Sudbury and William, of Timmins.

Lamb Being Sent from Kirkland to Royal Princesses

Mrs. Roza Brown Ships Gift to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

Mrs. Roza Brown, well-known Kirkland Lake character has shipped a jet black lamb to England as a gift to the royal princesses. There was much red tape to be overcome before this could be done, but Mrs. Roza Brown, of Kirkland Lake, never lets red tape stand in her way for any length of time. Here is the complete story as told in The Northern News on Friday last:

"Mrs. Roza Brown is having another of her ardent wishes fulfilled. The jet black lamb which she bought at the local market three weeks ago to send to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose has been sent on its way to England. The long delay was to arrange for permission of the British Department of Agriculture to admit the animal to that country.

"On Wednesday word was received at the express office of the Nipissing Central station that the lamb would be admitted to England and the office was instructed to ship it immediately. The lamb left at 4.36 p.m. yesterday for Swastika. Mrs. Brown got on the train at Swastika to accompany the lamb as far as Montreal.

"The word arrived just in the nick of time as Mrs. Brown had just received an order from local authorities to dispose of the lamb, which was considered a nuisance in some quarters.

"But the cute little beast, which has grown plump under her care, is now on its way to England carrying with it a letter to the princesses which reads: 'I am your friend. I want to play with you. I eat only coffee and cream and home-made biscuits, cookies and cake.'

"When the lamb arrives the express officials are to drape around its neck a floral neckpiece which carries a banner reading 'I am the Royal Lamb.'

"The lamb is four months old but is expected to survive the journey in the style as it has a good head start. It will be fed on hay on the voyage.

"Mrs. Brown has gone to considerable lengths to express her loyalty to the crown. She has sent numerous cables to Their Majesties from the time they set out for Canada until they returned and has received gracious acknowledgments.

"A recent wish of Mrs. Brown's was that the King would knight Harry Oakes and she wrote a letter about that. Since then Mr. Oakes has become Sir Harry Oakes.

"Her husband Lieut. James Brown served in the Boer War and in 1914, on Sept. 10, he again enlisted for service overseas and he died between England and France on June 9, 1915. He was a confectioner at North Cobalt. Since then Mrs. Brown has made her home most of the time in Kirkland Lake."

Large Attendance at Funeral of the Late Michael Lukon

Many Beautiful Floral Tokens Express Regrets and Sympathy.

Funeral services for the late Mr. Michael Lukon, who died at St. Mary's Hospital on Tuesday evening, were held at the Church of Nativity on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock, when a large number of friends gathered to pay a last sad tribute to a popular and well-known resident of Timmins. Pallbearers were Messrs. Joe Degillis, Bill DeLuca, Ernest Delvadora, Leo Cecchini, Ralph Ferrari and Mike Barardini. The late Mr. Lukon, popularly known as "Mike" was born in North Bay, and was twenty-five years of age. He came to Timmins twenty-two years ago, and had a very large number of friends in this district, all of whom were deeply shocked by his sudden death. Left to mourn his loss are his father, Mr. Fred Lukon, of 158 Cedar street south, one brother, Nick, one sister, Anne and an aunt, Mrs. John Ostofchuk, of Schumacher.

Funeral mass was conducted by the Rev. Fr. O'Gorman, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Leo Morin and prayers were said at the home of the late Mr. Lukon on Wednesday evening.

Among the many floral tributes were the following: An immense wreath from E. Decretico, Tony Torchia, Tommy Ansara, Frank Joyce, Louis Romualdi, Enzo Colameco, Henry, George Paolini, Hector Domenico, Archie Curcione, Bruno Carnovale, Benny Concetti, John Carnovale, Elio Mascioli, Harry Omicilio, Tim DelVillano, Mono DelVedova, Mike Fera, Mike Mazzuca, N. Mascioli, Angelo Guolla, J. G. Mascioli, Abbie Ellies, Dr. Jessel, Louis Guolla, Ralph Ferrari, Danny Smith, Angelo Piro, Pete Dopello, Clio Minardi, V. Benamato, W. Volchuk, Bill McFadden, Albert Bernardi, Gene Colombo, F. E. Piro, Tony Biondi, Joe Degillo, Nick Carbonneau, Louis Torchia, Whitey, A. Mascioli, Joe Winton, Sam Guiseppi, L. Cecchini, Oreste Marini, Dominic Pascone, George Mustato, G. McGee, Don and Tilly, Stevens and Marson staff, Victor Del-Col, Pinky Lenchuk, Abe and Tom Shub, Tony Bernardi, Sons of Italy, Harold Babcock, Tony Croco, Ralph Ferri; other floral tributes, Gordon Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore, Mr. and Mrs. W. MacKenzie, Bill DeLuca, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Chalmers, Ottawa, Tony Black, Charles and George Ellis, Hollinger Construction Crew, Toots Devadora, Joe Digilio, Mike Panichuk, Roy Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Ostofchuk, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Eyre, New Ontario Machine Works, Mr. and Mrs. Marinacci and family, Andy Cangiano and Orchestra, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Delmonte, Moneta Provisions, Dorothy Chynoweth, Peggy Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Romualdi, Eva Fasano, Romeo Guiseppi, Mike Berdini, John Dalton, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Leo DelVillano and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gentile.

Cards of sympathy from Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cox and Mrs. Don Kelly. Telegram from Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Chalmers, Ottawa.

Spiritual Offerings—Lukon Family, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. MacKenzie. Interment was made in Timmins cemetery.

Work Resumed in Paving Highway Near Cochrane

Cochrane, July 15th—Highway construction around Cochrane started earlier this week when the McNamara Construction Company took up where they completed last summer on a stretch immediately south of the town on highway No. 11.

The contract given last year called for the surfacing of four miles of highway with an experimental surface of gravel and tar, but as work started too late in the season only one mile was surfaced last year.

The construction company will now put the final or sealer coat on the mile which was surfaced last year and will continue to complete the four miles scheduled last year.

Christian Science Monitor:—When you next see a crowd staring in awe and admiration at what seems to be an ordinary policeman you can be certain that they have read the statement of a British policeman, Chief Constable H. W. Young, who says: "The model policeman must be as wise as Solomon, as patient as Moses, the faith of David, the strategy of Alexander, the diplomacy of Abraham Lincoln, the tolerance of Confucius, and the kindness of the Good Samaritan."

Inter-Branch Meet of A.Y.P.A. at the Buffalo-Ankerite

Happy Time Spent Friday Night at Weiner Roast.

A large number of members of the A.Y.P.A. from Timmins, South Porcupine and Iroquois Falls branches enjoyed a gay and happy event on Friday evening, when they gathered at the Buffalo - Ankerite Picnic grounds at an inter-branch party, which took the form of a weiner-roast.

Over warm fires the members toasted marshmallows, while others joined in games for which pleasing prizes were presented. The refreshments made an especially great hit, the cool air promoting good appetites. Miss Madge Webb was the refreshment convener.

Miss Geraldine Turcotte, who arranged the event, is to be complimented on its success, the members all having a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Suggests that Election Would Speed-up Roadwork

The Hearst correspondent of The Kapuskasing Northern Tribune last week had the following pithy paragraph:—"Mr. Eddie Burke, chief engineer of the McNamara Construction Co. was in town for a short visit this week, accompanied by Mr. Sunstrum, chief district engineer of the Department of Highways. When approached by the Tribune on the matter of resumption of highway construction west of Hearst Mr. Burke was rather non-committal as to when work would commence. The matter of the commencement of this work is one of great concern in this district, as it has been looked forward to as a great relief to the existing economic straits in this district. There is no doubt that if the date for the federal election is set, Mr. Burke will have more definite information."

"He ought to be thrilled. Perhaps he'll even believe us. I've got a feeling that so few people will. But he might, because he was really responsible for the adventure—he and the parrot between them."

"From the Marquesas its a bee line due east to Callao," said Tom, "but how long it's going to take Costa to get there, I don't suppose he knows himself as yet."

"It must be around about three thousand sea miles," explained Angus. "Not much more than a fortnight if we get fair weather."

(To Be Continued)

Soon the pay day crowd of shoppers began to gather and it was not long before all traffic was held up and the street was black with people. Lipton called for his chums, about twenty of whom were believed to be in the neighbourhood, exhorting them not to let him down and to fight off the police.

A call to the police station brought Inspector Dery. When he arrived Lipton was handcuffed to Charter and the crowd were yelling riotously and booing the officers. Charter tried to put Lipton into the police car, and his friends interfered, saying they would look after him, but by that time, in Inspector Dery's opinion, the affair had gone too far and Lipton would have to be taken in.

Lipton refused to enter the car, but he finally agreed to walk to the police station, and with Inspector Dery and Constable Charter, handcuffed on each side of him, he walked to the station. In pleading guilty next morning, Lipton told police that if he had not been drinking he would have gone along quietly.



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