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TABLE TOP

by
Eden Phillpotts

CHAPTER XV (Continued)
BACK TO CIVILIZATION

"Where do you reckon to make for in the Marquesas?" Tom asked the captain, as they sat one night over their evening meal. It had been served under the awning on the after deck, for the weather was very hot and the evening air welcome.

"I go to Marchand—a big island," replied Costa. "There the French have officers and people who rule the natives. Much more is doing than of old, but still not very much. I have never been there myself, but talked with those who have. The islands are rich in bananas and sugar-cane and green things. One cannot say how the great west served them. They, too, are volcanic and perhaps, like Table Top, they may not be there any more."

But the verdure-clad Marquesas broke the sea horizon twelve hours later and glimmered deliciously like jade jewels lifting out of a purple ocean. Morning set their faces glowing and the green islands gradually limned out of a golden haze with grey mountain peaks ascending above their pasture and forest.

They dropped anchor in a little bay towards evening and received a friendly welcome at Marchand. The visit of the Iguana was an event, and Aylmer determined that she should stop here for a week or two while her repairs were completed and her boilers scaled. Costa was content, and though the island authorities could grant no considerable supply of coal, they promised to furnish all that the ship would need to take her to Callao.

The islands had felt the upheaval and suffered from the tidal wave upon their northern shores. The travellers heard a sad tale of the disaster, for many native craft were dashed to pieces upon the strands, many homes destroyed with loss of life, and Marchand was in mourning for her dead.

Aylmer found quarters ashore, and they left the ship for a time, trusting their treasure chest with the captain, who alone knew of its existence and locked it in his cabin safe. He was deeply interested, for they had told him every particular of the story, and he hoped that they might find a grand reward. They had examined the receptacle but made no attempt to open it. Indeed such a task promised to be difficult, for the metal box revealed neither lid nor lock. No aperture could be discovered, and it was black and rusted with the cinders and sulphur in which it had reposed for half a century and more. Under the scratch of a knife the encrustations came off easily, to show that the little chest itself was made of silver.

From the broadcasting station ashore they were able to learn news and dispatch telegrams. They heard that the mainland had suffered severe earth tremors but no serious damage, and the volcanic chain of the Cordilleras was quiescent.

"The safety valve lay far out in the ocean this time," said Maine, "but I tremble for Lima when I think what may happen to her in years to come."

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She is the most beautiful and noble city in South America, and a real big earthquake there is too awful to contemplate."

"Then don't contemplate it," begged Jane. "Think of the buried cities and the Inca wonders we are all going to unearth some day."

Aylmer gave an entertainment for the crew of the Iguana on Marchand and feasted them at a great picnic upon the shore. The travellers had created a pretty close friendship between themselves and the sailors, and Captain Costa cordially hoped that, if ever minded to sail the Pacific again, they would call upon him and his ship.

At the advice of Jane, Tom had sent an acrial message to Anita Pardo in Lima informing her of the death of her son.

"She will have got used to the sad thought of poor Felice's end," said the girl, "and it will be less distressing for you when you meet her. She's going to want to know all the details naturally, and the details are such a nightmare, that you'll have to consider what to tell her and what not to tell her."

"That applies to everybody," said Angus. "I'm not at all sure whether we ought not to be a bit vague—not so much for other people's peace of mind as our own credit. The truth is rather unbelievable when you look at it calmly and without bias. It doesn't get any better as we leave it behind us."

"We'll try it on Jacob Fernandez," decided Tom.

"Perhaps he'll pretend to believe it out of his Spanish courtesy," thought Jane; but Angus felt sure that the old man would not.

"We shall see like a shot if he believes it," he said. "I think he will. He knows that Tom and I are not inventive sort of people, and I'm sure he'll feel that you would never tell wicked stories. As far as the island is concerned we've got Costa and his crew to back us up, and we've also got the treasure. The real snag in my opinion is the spiders. Only we and poor Felice saw them. If we could have brought a dead spider or found some of their eggs—to hatch out when we got home—"

"Oh, don't!" said Jane. "I'd much rather be called a liar to the end of my life than have done that."

CHAPTER XVI
JACOB FERNANDEZ AGAIN

The little Iguana enjoyed fair cruising on her long voyage east to Callao, and only one spell of rough weather was encountered.

Arrived, the travellers took regretful farewell of the master and his crew, promising faithfully enough that if they were again inspired to seek for adventure in the Pacific, Captain Costa should be the first to hear of it. Once more, Tom entertained the ship's company in port, and gave every hand a handsome present. The Iguana was remaining to refit and seek for cargo before she went north, but Aylmer, Maine and Jane Bradshaw quickly set out for Lima to face such complications as awaited them.

Felice Pardo's mother now knew of his death, but the details would be set before her by Tom; while concerning the interview, he proposed first to see Jacob Fernandez and beg the old man for his advice. He also had yet to learn the fate of the mine, and there grew in him a strong inclination to keep it, unless Fernandez should prove anxious to purchase and willing to pay the large sum involved.

He was welcomed by his staff, and found a spirit of unrest, both at Lima and Mount Atajo, occasioned by the investigations and the rumours to which they had given rise. His first hint to dine with the old man upon the turn, and there came an invitation for she told him, "but we didn't get a

Jane rejoiced in Lima and declared, as many had done before her, that she had never seen such a noble metropolis. Glad in a new dinner gown and carrying a present of some little birds from the Marquesas, Jane drove with the men five miles out of Lima to a marble palace where dwelt their new friend. They laughed to see themselves in the garb of civilization, and all agreed that their ocean rags were much more comfortable.

Jacob made them exceedingly welcome, but asked after the fourth of their company and expressed sorrow to learn of his untimely end.

"Spare the sad details until after we have dined, young people," he said. "I did not know your fallen companion, but am glad to see that Tom and Angus and Jane are apparently none the worse. This is your future bride, I take it, Aylmer?"

Jane was introduced.

"Most kind of you to ask me too, Signor," she said, "and hearing from Tom of your glorious birds, and knowing how famous you were, I brought this pair of little island ones from the Marquesas for you."

Jacob was instantly interested.

"Now that was a beautiful thought," he said. "Yes, yes—I know all about them. They are exceedingly welcome and quite rare."

"I'd have loved to bring you some of the great yellow birds from Table Top," he told him, "but we didn't get a chance to catch any of them. I have the skin and bones of one. It may be new to science. You'll be sure to know. You must let it be set up, Signor, and I will tell you if it looks all right. How I got it is part of our wonderful story."

"The story will be interesting, Jane. I'm sure of that," he answered, and then gave her his arm to dinner.

The host addressed most of his conversation to Jane and talked about birds only. He asked after her parrot and congratulated her upon reading the bird's riddle, while she declared the praise was Jacob's own.

"But for you, nobody would have known he had a riddle," she said. "You alone knew he would talk his own language and told Tom to look into it. Everything turned on that."

They chatted cheerfully about Jane's Gouliandians and Jacob deplored the difficulties these birds presented.

"They are such bad fathers and mothers," he said. "They build excellent nests and lay plenty of excellent eggs; then their interest ceases and they absolutely decline to do their duty."

"So they do; but then you take their eggs to nest of a Japon, Bengalese finch," she said. "You rob the poor Bengalese of their own clutch and let them hatch the Gouliandians; and they rear them beautifully and do all the right things and, of course, think they are their own beautiful work."

Tom and Angus found Jacob infinitely more interested in Jane than in themselves, and even after he had dined and retired to an open-air chamber outside the house, he persisted in talking birds.

"To meet a fellow enthusiast, though one as yet hardly out of her childhood, is most attractive," said the Peruvian. "If you are spared to old age, Jane, you should know nearly all that can be called knowledge on your great subject."

"It is the loveliest subject in the world," she said.

"Have you read Michelet's 'L'Oiseau'?" he asked, and Jane shook her head.

"Then I shall lend it to you. He has the French emotion—most beautiful," Michelet says this, Jane.

Then Jacob quoted from memory.

"The winged order—the loftiest, the tenderest, the most sympathetic of man—is that which man now-a-days persecutes most cruelly. What, then, is required for its protection? To reveal the bird as soul, to show that it is an actual person."

"How lovely and how true," cried Jane. "It sounds like my own greatest bird hero, W. H. Hudson!"

"The monarch of us all," declared Jacob. "What does Hudson say about my quotation? He knew men better than the French author but did not put his faith in them. Indeed he holds Michelet's poetry as no more than a vain dream. Not by writing an eloquent book could the author leaven the dull and brutish mass of his countrymen's thought. To a Michelet, the bird may indeed be a soul; but he cannot make Michelet's of other men. For the human world its birds remain creatures even more soulless than themselves. To most of mankind the feathered races exist for one purpose only—namely, that he shall have the pleasure of killing and perhaps eating them; but in any case of killing them. Birds in France and Italy attest Hudson's bitter truth; but you have some respect for the avians in England and do not hasten to put migrants to sudden death there."

"You can't applaud us very much, however," declared Jane. "We're pretty resolute killers still."

Tom and Angus were yawning in the darkness of the garden room, and now Jacob invited them to talk.

"My news, such as it is, concerns Aylmer only and it will keep," he said. "I'll visit him at his office to-morrow if

Blames Mussolini



Jennine Lehr, American singer maintains it Duce shattered her chances of becoming the Duchess of Spoleto. She claims the duke wanted to marry her but Premier Mussolini had other plans, the duke marrying Princess Irene of Greece, on July 2.



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

That Body of Hours

Fitting the Diet to the Individual
Just as there are many men and women who can walk into a store and buy a ready-made suit of clothes that fits them properly so are there men and women who can eat heartily of a meal of any kind or all kinds of food and have not the slightest pain, irritation, discomfort, no headache, diarrhea, belching of gas, vomiting or other symptoms.

These fortunate individuals have no hereditary conditions, no sensitiveness or allergy towards foods. Thus any "ready-made" meal "fits" their digestion.

However, there is a large number of individuals who cannot eat a ready-made meal, but have learned from experience that there are certain foods that upset them—bring out hives on the skin, cause vomiting or belching, headache or other symptoms—and they quite sensibly avoid these foods.

This means then that they can't eat a ready-made meal but must eat a meal that is made to fit — to fit their digestive system.

Of course, it must be remembered that when one is tired, is emotionally disturbed, or working hard mentally, the whole digestive system may be upset, so that foods that would under ordinary circumstances cause no symptoms, may cause various disturbances.

"Foods may cause upsets of stomach and intestine in a number of ways, chemical irritation by certain foods, the laxative elements in rhubarb and prunes causing diarrhea, delay in emptying time of the stomach when fats are eaten, the nausea or vomiting effect, belching and return of the taste in the mouth from melons, cucumbers, and tomatoes, temperature irritation (as from cold liquids), or finally allergy or sensitiveness to certain foods."

Thus we now have physicians who make a specialty of trying to discover the food or foods, which cause disturbances. And just as the physician questions and tests for heart, liver, kidney or blood vessel conditions, so these specialists test patients for food sensitiveness.

First, foods that cause no distress in the great majority of people are given and then foods that are likely to cause distress are added one at a time until the foods to which the patient is sensitive are found.

Among the foods outlined by Drs. Walter Alvarez and H. Corwin Hinshaw as causing little or no disturbance are: gelatin, butter, sugar, rice, barley, potatoes, cooked apples, weak tea.

Among foods that do cause disturbance are onions, raw apples, cabbage, cream, eggs, tomatoes, radishes, chocolate.

agreeable and convenient. Now let me hear everything about your island and your treasure, if indeed Benny's treasure was hidden upon it."

The past had become more or less a commonplace of existence to the travellers, who already felt themselves widely separated from it in time. They told their extraordinary story without adornment and it would have been hard to say whether Tom, or Angus, was the more fatter-of-fact and devoid of literary charm.

Screen Windows and Doors are Regular Life-Savers

Flies are Serious Menace to Health in Home.

BY J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.
Who was the first man—or woman—who thought of screening doors and windows?

The history of discovery and invention fails to name this benefactor of mankind.

Yet more lives have been saved in the last quarter of a century by the use of the simple screen door than can ever be calculated.

The first screen door or screen window may have been made a hundred years ago—or more. But certainly it is only within the memory of the middle-aged of today that this protection against flies came into common use.

It is not long ago that if you went to the average country hotel for dinner that you had to fight for your food. Before you could get a spoonful of sugar you had to chase away a regiment of flies. They covered every eatable in sight.

On the farms they were worse than they were in the cities because of their preference for stables and barns.

Laying their eggs in manure piles—or garbage or other disgusting places—they flew into the house to carry filth wherever they alighted.

If there were no such thing as a germ, the very thought of the offensive nature of dirt-carrying house flies makes one wonder how civilized people could have tolerated them for so long.

Even today so many households, in town and country, are careless about the presence of flies that at this season of the year it may be especially timely to recite a few facts about the common house fly.

A single female fly will lay about 120 eggs at one time. As it requires only 10 to 14 days for the growth of a generation from egg to adult fly, there may be 12 generations in a summer. That means countless millions of flies from a single fly during the summer season.

Flies are not merely dirty in their contact between disgusting objects and exposed food but they are the carriers of disease.

Biting flies, such as the horse-fly, which abounds particularly in stables and houses, infect by piercing the skin. Non-biting flies, such as the house fly transmit diseases by mechanical transfer of infection on their body and legs but especially with their excreta.

Typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery and other intestinal infections are commonly carried by flies. Tuberculosis, leprosy and many other diseases are spread by these persistent enemies of mankind.

The suppression of the common house fly may be accomplished by striking at its breeding places. Since automobiles have so largely replaced horses, there has been a notable abatement of the fly nuisance in cities. But there are other points of attack. One is the garbage receptacle. It should always be kept covered and the garbage wrapped before being placed in it. Outdoor toilets are favorite spots for flies to lay their eggs and are an especially dangerous source of infection, the flies carrying the germs to the house. Where such open toilets are necessary, chloride of lime should be kept on hand and used freely. Summer camps should not only be protected in this manner but a chlorine solution should always be used in the washing of camp tables and dishes.

After all possible efforts are made to reduce the fly population there will still remain the problem of keeping the germ carriers away from human contact. That is what makes door and win-

down screening more than a mere comfort—a protection against disease.

Never let a fly into your house!

Schools Should Stress Development of the Fit

In a recent issue of The Globe and Mail there was the following interesting and thoughtful letter on the so-called "New" school system and its general effects:—

To the Editor of The Globe and Mail: May I crave a little space to draw the attention of the public school to Miss Baskerville's letter in your edition of July 6; As a teacher of long experience in elementary and high schools I wish to corroborate every word. The only fault I could find with it is that of understatement. In days gone by we had far more first-class students than we have to-day. In fact to-day we have hardly any except in schools were teachers can find time to keep students going at full speed by attention out of hours. Sugar-coating and kindergarten methods ruin good pupils before they ever reach high school.

"In our heydays the best students came from country schools, where teachers had from thirty to forty pupils in eight or nine classes. We came from such schools. The intrinsic interest of the subject, the sustained effort needed to pass a real entrance examination, from whose results there was no appeal, and keen competition with a few ambitious and intelligent companions got us into high school at twelve, at a time when the requirements in grammar, arithmetic, history, geography were from one hundred and fifty per cent higher than to-day."

"As Miss Baskerville remarks pupils learned to work. They also learned to think. Contrary to the idea entertained by many uneducated persons, thinking is an abstract process and should be done in abstract terms. Children of three may be allowed to count on their fingers. At seven the abstract idea seven and five make twelve should be clear without concrete examples. It will be objected that some children cannot acquire this concept. Granted, let us face the facts. Some children are inferior in intellect and will never be able to think abstractions. What is the remedy? Certainly not a reduction of content of curriculum and of no method to their level. That system is fast reducing all the children in the country to the level of the unfit. Let such unfortunate be set to work with their hands—in the realm of the concrete. They are not capable of profiting by secondary school education."

"On recruiting an army for the Great War, the American Government collected statistics. Among the deductions made I have been told was the statement that one-half of the recruits were incapable of profiting by secondary education."

"But more hard thinking in the

primary schools would save many who are dropping into a class of permanent stress to-day is the development of the fit not the unfit. We never needed leaders and strong students in all departments of life as we do now.

"I would like to challenge some one in authority to publish side by side an Entrance paper in history of the nineties and one of the recent middle school Canadian History papers, and one of entrance geography of that date beside one of the second form high school students of to-day."

"A Chiel Among Ye Takin' Notes."

Globe and Mail:—There seems to be an incipient demand for an automobile which in certain circumstances can be converted into a submarine.

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