

MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

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Peggy Calder: Aged twenty, daughter of a retired army officer...

Peter Sherwood Milne: A barrister from the Public Prosecutor's Department...

Corrie Cowie: To all appearances a highly-respected young woman of society.

Lady Cowie: Corrie's grandmother. Small, fragile, clever, and an expert at all the arts...

Leslie Graham: In public, a popular man-about-town, and Corrie's fiancee.

PEGGY CALDER got up one morning at four o'clock.

Daughter of a retired army officer turned farmer, she was the business head of the family...

She walked down the garden, and the adventure began. A young man and a car were in the usually-empty garage...

All he wanted, Peggy discovered, was that she should shield him from the police...

Twenty-years-old Peggy, deciding on the most practical course, and inspired by the pressure of a gun in her ribs...

Peggy kept silent for the rest of the morning, but during the afternoon, she followed the way the car tracks had come...

Peggy decided to take this, and her memories, to the police.

(Now Read On.)

CHAPTER III THURSDAY BEGINS ON WEDNESDAY

Thursday, which was market day at Abbott's Ferry, began almost before Wednesday was over...

Peggy was up with the dawn, cutting lettuce and pulling up radishes in the garden with her father...

"And it hasn't any virtues, has it?" said Peggy. "It doesn't ripen the summer apples at least a month earlier than they usually ripen, does it?"

"Yes," said Peggy. "I don't know what you'll think of me, because, of course, you don't know me, but the fact is, I've come to ask a favour of you..."

"Oh, it's lively," sighed the delicately rouged lips. "I should like to stay there for ever. Unfortunately, my job's in town, and I have to live where it is, though I'd gladly change it if I could..."

"Good guess!" thought Peggy, mentally giving herself high marks. "She is a teacher."

"Well, unfortunately I'm only here for a fortnight, but I mean to ask you if you would deliver this little note for me in Abbott's Ferry..."

"I shall be ready when your wife comes marketing," said Peggy. "Tell her I've got some apples—the very first—those streaky summer ones that she likes."

"Any samples?" asked the keeper, holding out his hand. "There would be if I thought she'd ever see 'em." But she gave him an apple...

"Don't bite it until you've opened the other gate, or I lose another three minutes."

"As irresistible as that?" he asked, with his teeth an inch from the gold and russet skin.

"We have every confidence in the quality of our apples," said Peggy austerely. "Moreover, there's a car approaching from the other direction, and he might like to get through, too."

"The gate was flung wide with a gesture. "Drive on, Ben-Hur!" said the cross-

ed. It was the thought of the bundle which she had packed carefully under her lettuce in one of the baskets in the yard.

She had not said a word about it to her parents, for when once she had got it safely into the hands of the police, with every bit of information she possessed on the bargain—there were no longer any misgivings or hesitations on that score—she would be able to forget it herself, and leave it to them.

It was their worry, not hers. True, she felt a certain amount of human curiosity about the case; but if all went well she would be able to obtain satisfaction in the normal way, through the newspapers.

She reached the gate into the orchard, and came up through the dewy grass—how typical to complain of lack of rain while they had a heavy dew like that every day—towards the house. Before she emerged into the yard she could hear her mother's voice talking to someone in the kitchen. Her father was in the yard, waiting to receive Sunny at her hands, so the voice was patently not meant for him to hear and answer. Here was a very early visitor.

"WOULD YOU DELIVER THIS NOTE?" "There's a young lady wanting to have a word with you," said her father. "I'll get Sunny into the shafts, while you see what she wants. It'll save time."

He reached for a handful of the mare's creamy mane, and she curled back her lips from useful yellow teeth, side-stepped like an accomplished dancer, and dipped to nose at his pocket. She was given a very small apple. They went off together amicably to fetch the boat.

Peggy went into the house. The young lady aforesaid was sitting in a chair, with her hands folded in her lap upon what appeared to be a letter. She looked up as Peggy entered, and rose from her seat with a hesitant smile.

She was not, upon examination, quite such a young lady as all that. True, she appeared to have some ambition to look young, for her hair under the smart but subdued little hat was elaborately waved and peroxidized to a blonde strawiness never accomplished by nature. Her face was made up, but not excessively, as if she had wanted to try and carry off a masquerade that she was still no more than nineteen, but had lacked the courage. Her clothes were well cut, but quiet, and not expensive. Her nails were not painted. A queer mixture of the austere and correct and the dashing.

"Schoolteacher," thought Peggy, docketing people, as her habit was, "in the early thirties, or maybe the not-so-early thirties, after all. Two personalities, one for an example to the young in school hours—and to comply with regulations; one for use outside. Can't quite separate them." And she added inevitably: "Wonder what she wants?"

But there was no denying that she was good-looking. Her face was cut clear, on the Grecian model, a trifle too thin, not to say emaciated, to be really striking, but still beautifully featured. It was a face, it had dark eyes in it, which would have gone with black hair better than with that yellow erection of curls. It was a face which would be easily remembered, at least by Peggy, whose eyes were alive with curiosity about the people of a world she had still hardly seen.

The young woman blinked behind her horn-rimmed spectacles, and said: "Miss Calder?"

"Yes," said Peggy. "I don't know what you'll think of me, because, of course, you don't know me, but the fact is, I've come to ask a favour of you. My name's Crosby—Lorna Crosby—and I'm on holiday at the cottage by the river there—you'll know it, of course, Mrs. Henshaw's."

"Of course," said Peggy. "Mrs. Henshaw always has guests there pretty well all through the summer. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's lively," sighed the delicately rouged lips. "I should like to stay there for ever. Unfortunately, my job's in town, and I have to live where it is, though I'd gladly change it if I could. After teaching children in stuffy classrooms in London all the year round, the river and the moor certainly are a treat."

"Good guess!" thought Peggy, mentally giving herself high marks. "She is a teacher."

"Well, unfortunately I'm only here for a fortnight, but I mean to ask you if you would deliver this little note for me in Abbott's Ferry. It's to a casual friend of my mother's, and I most particularly want her to have it to-day, and I can't get down into town myself. Mrs. Henshaw suggested asking you, because you always have to go in on Thursdays. I wouldn't have known about that, of course; but she told me where to find you, and said she was sure you would do it."

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"I don't know," said the girl, with a smile and a shake of her head. "You see, I've never been there myself. But here's the address."

She handed over the packet she nursed in her hands. It was a note inasmuch as it was contained in an envelope, and probably included a letter; but there was something fat and heavy for its bulk inside. The address was:

Mrs. J. Standon, 3. Church Fold, Cavendish Road, Abbott's Ferry.

Peggy knew the locality well enough, but not the Fold; still, it was sure to lie between the church and Cavendish Road, and that was good enough.

"It's a longish way from the market," she said reflectively. "I shall hardly have time to deliver it before I open; but I could get the boy to take over for me in the slack hour at lunch-time, and go in then." It was what she had planned, in any case, and Church Fold would be conveniently on her way to the Police Station. "Would it do if she had it by half-past one?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, any time to-day."

"Right!" said Peggy. "I'll look after it."

She was effusively thanked for what seemed to her a very ordinary act of courtesy. She was not sure that she really liked Miss Crosby; not, of course, that Miss Crosby was supposed to care whether Peggy Calder liked her or not.

The visitor departed, still grateful. She had wasted quite five minutes more than was necessary in such an errand, and five minutes were not to be despised when she thought of the labour of dressing her stall. So Peggy hurried to make up the loss; but when she had struggled into her businesslike fawn overall and rushed into the yard with her beret in her hand, she found the crates and baskets already loaded into the shafts, and nothing left to do but to set out, which she did without another second of delay. The envelope to be delivered at lunch-time she pushed deep into the pocket of her overall.

As Peggy climbed into the float, and smoothed the reins through her hands, she looked back over her shoulder past the corner of the house, and saw Miss Crosby walking back across the moor. She walked like a townswoman, too, precise and short-stepping upon her high heels, putting her feet down too flatly for the hard walking of the country uplands, very definitely a stray from the pavements and buses.

Peggy did not envy her. The town made singularly little appeal, even to her spirit of adventure. In town strange men could hardly hide their cars and their persons in your garden-shed, and threaten you with a revolver when they blundered in upon them. At the returning vigour of the memory she shivered, feeling again the pressure of the gun in her side. And yet she would not have washed it out if she could, that queer morning excitement.

She shook herself impatiently, clicked her tongue at Sunny, and drove out of the yard into the dust of the road, the road by which her antagonist had retreated yesterday.

The journey into Abbott's Ferry took her the greater part of forty minutes, for if there were long level stretches where she could give the mare her head, and clatter along at a hearty speed, there were also uncomfortable hills which it paid handsomely to dawdle up, also at Sunny's pace. The three miles which officially constituted the distance, were three good long country miles, and in winter—which, thank heaven, was still a long way off—sometimes completely blocked in three places.

Most people along the road knew the speckled creamy mare and the girl who drove her. They were by way of being popular, the pair of them. At the level crossing just on the moor side of town they were held up for a few minutes to let the eight o'clock train go by. Most of the office people who lived out here and worked at Abbotsbridge, travelled on this train, and it was always a long one.

"You're late," said the level-crossing keeper, unhitching the gate as the last coaches passed. Sunny followed him inch by inch across the metals, and waited for the second gate to be opened.

"I shall be ready when your wife comes marketing," said Peggy. "Tell her I've got some apples—the very first—those streaky summer ones that she likes."

"Any samples?" asked the keeper, holding out his hand. "There would be if I thought she'd ever see 'em." But she gave him an apple. They had exchanged too many morning pleasantries for the gift even to be regarded as a business sweener.

"Don't bite it until you've opened the other gate, or I lose another three minutes."

"As irresistible as that?" he asked, with his teeth an inch from the gold and russet skin.

"We have every confidence in the quality of our apples," said Peggy austerely. "Moreover, there's a car approaching from the other direction, and he might like to get through, too."

The gate was flung wide with a gesture. "Drive on, Ben-Hur!" said the cross-

Heads Moscow Mission



Admiral Sir Reginald Aylmer Ranfurly Plunket-Erle-Drax, who will head a British Military mission to Moscow, which was revealed in an announcement by Premier Chamberlain in the House of Commons.

ing-keeper, and she passed him with a whirl of dust under her wheels, and disappeared in the direction of Abbott's Ferry.

INCIDENTS AT THE MARKET It was not a large town, but the market lay conveniently on the hither side of it, a big red-brick building adorned with archways reminiscent of an old-fashioned chapel. It lay low, and it was already exceedingly warm; and what it would be by midday was anyone's guess.

A long-legged 14-year-old boy, debarred by what his mother considered his delicacy of constitution from undertaking steady and heavy work, came regularly to help Peggy with her loads and to lend a hand at the stall if he was needed. He was standing with his back against the red-brick frame of the main entrance, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes blandly contemplating the activity within, when Peggy drove up. Between them they began the work of unloading, each of them staggering along between the aisles of brown planking rapidly clothing itself in colour and substance, with an erection of baskets and boxes before them. With the eggs Bernard was definitely not to be trusted. Peggy took those herself. When they had transferred everything, Sunny was taken away to stable at the nearest inn, and the real work of setting out the wares began.

Peggy's blood always warmed to this one day in the week. The queerness of it, the raucous loudness, the glorious vulgarity, the colour, the glow, and variety. Under the lofty uncovered steel girders and the green glass roof which seemed so infinitely high, all sounds merged into one symphony of noise, noise trying to outdo itself, not in beauty, but in penetrating quality.

The colours were loud, too, from the orange and magenta and black of the shawl which invariably swathed the shoulders of the fat Jewess opposite, to the crate of tomatoes on the end stall; from the synthetic gilt on the figures of saints peddled by the old Irishman, to the covers of the lurid American magazines on the book stall; and from the ginger cats which courted the fish sellers, to the new tans of the silk stockings dangling from the rail above the Jewess's shiny black head. There was no end to the variety of wares or of customers; it was a free entertainment, a robust sport, a game of skill and a living, all in one, and Peggy frankly loved and thrived on it.

Before she could reasonably expect trade to begin in earnest, she made a point of fishing out her parcel from under the lettuce, and hiding it again under the laced cover of the little basket which held her lunch, and which she kept under the stall, close to her, as she worked.

When Samuel Wittenberg and Simon Dollinger came before police court in Toronto last week to answer to thirteen charges of forgery and one of conspiracy, they were remanded to August 30th, being released on bail of \$10,000. Mrs. Dollinger, on a forgery charge was remanded to the same date, bail being set at \$1,000. M. Sergar, of Schumacher, and Chas. Lamothe, of South Porcupine, charged with conspiracy, were remanded to Aug. 17th. Their bail was set at \$10,000, despatches from Toronto saying that they were unable to raise that amount. All the cases are understood to have arisen from investigation carried on for months past by the provincial police into alleged high-grading operations in the North.

Remand Quintet at Toronto in Gold Selling Cases When Samuel Wittenberg and Simon Dollinger came before police court in Toronto last week to answer to thirteen charges of forgery and one of conspiracy, they were remanded to August 30th, being released on bail of \$10,000. Mrs. Dollinger, on a forgery charge was remanded to the same date, bail being set at \$1,000. M. Sergar, of Schumacher, and Chas. Lamothe, of South Porcupine, charged with conspiracy, were remanded to Aug. 17th. Their bail was set at \$10,000, despatches from Toronto saying that they were unable to raise that amount. All the cases are understood to have arisen from investigation carried on for months past by the provincial police into alleged high-grading operations in the North.

Resident of Fauquier Struck by C. N. R. Train Cochrane, Aug. 12 — Struck by a Canadian National Railways passenger train from Hearst this morning Ernest Rattle, a resident of Franquier, was instantly killed around 11 a. m. on Wednesday.

The man who is 66 years of age, was walking on the track and gave no sign of having heard the engine whistle or noise of the approaching train, it being stated that he was afflicted with deafness. Chief Coroner Tucker is investigating on the ground and an inquest will be held.

Twenty Years Ago

From The Porcupine Advance Files

Sparks circus paid its first visit to Timmins on August 2nd, 1919. This was the first real circus to show here, and it pleased all, especially the children. The Advance referred to the circus as a clean clever show, with unusually good features. The Advance made special reference to the good order and quietness of the show people and the special skill shown in the speedy setting up and taking down of the circus. The Advance, however, found some little fault with the methods of charging for the sideshows and features of the shows. The main show was one dollar, with fifty cents for an added Wild West feature, and with other sideshows at twenty-five and fifty cents each, running the price of the circus complete to \$3.25 or more. The Advance concluded its criticism with the words: "But this is the usual plan in the circus line, and this is supposed to be the land of gold. However, there were none of the short-change artists, roughs or toughs, with this show. It was a clean, bright, well-ordered circus." However, on the next visit to town the Sparks circus went a little easier on the charge business.

At a special meeting of the Porcupine Miners' twenty years ago the sum of \$500 was voted to assist the men at Kirkland Lake and Cobalt. Instead, all suggestion and advice from officials here was to the effect that the Porcupine men should stay on the job. A Cobalt miner was quoted by The Advance as saying: "The Porcupine Mine Managers have treated their men like men and so any difficulties can be adjusted without any talk of strike, for a strike is the last resort only."

According to the act passed by the Ontario Legislature in 1919, the municipal voters' lists were not to be used for the referendum voted on the liquor question. Instead there was a system of enumeration. Fred H. Thompson, Swastika, was chief enumerator for the district, while H. M. Martin was the deputy for Timmins.

In 1919 the following candidates writing at Timmins were successful in passing the high school entrance examinations:—Frederick Auer, Arnold Chargois, Philip Daher, Dorothy Dodge, Edna Duesharm, Wilfred Hardy, Dorothy Harrington, George Hawley, Jack Joyner, Florence Kendall, Thomas Lawrence, Fern McCarthy, Joe Peters.

A picked football team from Cobalt, under the management of Messrs. W. Rutherford and J. Wilson played a picked team from the gold camp here on July 30th, 1919. There was a very large crowd out for the game here. The gold camp won from the silver camp, the score being at the final 3 to 0 in favour of Timmins and district. Slim Hollowell in goal for this camp came in for special notice and applause. The line-up for Timmins and district was:—Slim Hollowell, goal; Corris and Lynn, backs; Sweet, Harrower, Carr, half-backs; Andy Roberts, P. Douglall, W. Twaddle, White and Neal, forwards. The Cobalt team included Messrs. M. Shaw, A. Cadman, G. Hendry, Wallace A. Shaw, H. Short, Bridson, Bassett, Hilt, Sellars and G. Cadman. Each man on the silver camp team, The Advance said, played good football, but the gold camp boys had the edge on the play

all the way. The play throughout was so gentlemanly and free from roughness that this alone proved that the players all knew the game and could play it. Slim Hollowell had the ill-fortune to be accidentally kicked on the leg, the sound of the impact of the boot on Slim's leg could be plainly heard half way down the line. Slim was kicked just on the spot where he had been wounded in the late unlamented war and the injury accordingly was thus doubly unpleasant and trying. He made a good recovery, however, from the injury though he was out of the game for some time. W. Field refereed the match.

In the town baseball league twenty years ago McIntyre won form the Firemen with the score 8 to 7. The game was a very keen one, the McIntyre winning in the last innings. McInnis and Bellevieux were the battery for the Fireme, and Sinclair and Drummond for the McIntyre.

On August 1st, 1919, the Hollinger and McIntyre Mines implemented the promises made at the conferences between the mines, the employees and others in regard to the high cost of living, the new stores being opened and running smoothly. In the issue of The Advance of August 6th, 1919, an article on the matter says, in part:—"At the conference the mines had agreed to help the employees in the matter of the high cost of living by establishing stores where the mine workers would be able to purchase goods at materially reduced prices. Last week Mr. Brigham and Mr. Ennis, on behalf of the Hollinger and the McIntyre, were able to establish their stores on the promised date by the purchase outright of the business of J. R. Gordon at Timmins and Schumacher. Mr. J. R. Gordon, who has successfully conducted stores at Timmins, Schumacher and South Porcupine, during the past several years, has been engaged for the immediate present as manager of the stores for the mines. Men working at the Mine are given cards which entitle the holders to purchase goods at the mine stores at cost, for cash. Boarding houses, hotels, etc., are also being allowed a reduction on all goods if they show they have made a corresponding reduction in rates for board to employees of the mines. The reduction made so far will average 15 per cent off previous prices. The working out of the plan will be followed with much interest elsewhere as well as here, for both the mines and the men seem determined to give it a fair and full chance to test its possibilities as an assistance to the employees in the mines in the battle against the high cost of living."

Watch Out for Young Man Issuing Worthless Cheques Reports have reached town of a young man who recently has issued a number of worthless cheques in other parts of the North and who may take a notion to visit Timmins. This young man is a clever and plausible fellow and has succeeded in other Northern towns in defrauding a number of people out of sums of money, chiefly through the use of cheques that later have turned out to be worthless. In one Northern town this young man applied for a position to sell insurance for the London Life Insurance Company and though he was not engaged by the company he managed to get hold of the company's rate books and other material. With these in his possession he is able to make some people believe that he is in the employ of the London Life and through the standing given him by the use of the company's name he has been

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materially assisted in his fraudulent devices. As a matter of fact, however, he has no connection with the London Life and no right to use the name of the company. If the young man in question should be in Timmins at this time, or if he should come here later, every effort should be made to stop any and all of his attempts to defraud the public. In all such cases it is the best policy to be sure of the credentials of anyone seeking to cash a cheque or have it endorsed. The best method is to call the local office or ask the police.

Northern News:—Toronto girl dropped the pans she was carrying, and the hold-up man who stopped her fled. The pan, obviously, is mightier than the sword.

SEE TELEVISION!
What's the future of Television? How does it work? Are the images clear? Are the sets easy to operate? How far can it be broadcast? The Canadian National Exhibition this year offers you the first public demonstrations of Television in Canada. Superintended by R.C.A. Victor engineers the demonstration covers all phases of television. You can see people actually being televised. It's really an historic occasion... don't miss it!

Advance Ticket Sale: 171 Bay Street, W.A. 2225; Mooney's, 90 King St. West, E.L. 1098. George Bracken President, Edward A. Hughes General Manager.

CANADIAN NATIONAL Exhibition
AUG. 25 TORONTO SEPT. 9

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SIMON FRASER'S courageous adventuring finds its modern counterpart in the industrial laboratories of today. For modern science is blazing new industrial trails continually. Moved by the common urge to develop our Dominion, this Century-old Bank is co-operating with far-sighted business men and welcomes further opportunities to serve Canadian industry and enterprise.

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