

MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

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Principal characters

PEGGY CALDER: Aged twenty, daughter of an retired army officer eking out an anxious existence on a small holding near Abbott's Ferry. Peggy is the "brains" of the "family".

PETER SHERWOOD MILNE: A barrister, from the Public Prosecutor's Department. He is working in conjunction with the police in the fight against illegal drug trafficking.

CORRIE COWLE: To all appearances a highly-respected young woman of society.

LADY COWLE: Corrie's grandmother. Small, fragile, clever, and an expert at all the arts. Music and painting are particularly her hobbies.

LESLIE GRAHAM: In public, a popular man about-town, and Corrie's fiancé.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

PEGGY CALDER, daughter of a retired army officer turned farmer, and the "brains" of the family, has planted upon her drugs, after she has discovered accidentally a link in a drug ring, and plans to tell the police.

Instead she is arrested for "being in possession," and is sent for trial at the assizes.

But neither Peggy nor her family are in any way perturbed by this decision, for it has carefully been arranged by Peter Sherwood Milne, independent official investigator into the drug ring who has heard Peggy's story, believes it and considers that she is the best person to assist him in his search, since she has seen two of the people concerned. She is to become a rich American woman, named "Eleanor Vandeleur," who is to show an interest in drugs.

So, while Peggy is being driven to the remand home, the car is stopped by Peter, and her place is taken by the daughter of the prison governor.

CHAPTER VII

"ELEANOR VANDELEUR" ARRIVES
Peggy stepped out of the car into Peter's arms.

"You're on time," she said composedly.

"I meant to be. There are going to be no hitches in this game, if I can help it. Come along, we've got to be out of this. We take no chances."

She was hustled, almost before she had time to draw a breath, into the other car. Of the governor's daughter she saw little. She had a vague idea afterwards that they had passed in the narrow space between the cars, that a placidly smiling face had beamed upon her, and a plump hand patted her shoulder, and a soft voice uttered: "well, good luck!"

And that was all she saw of her ally. There was no time for the exchange of sentiments which even she, least sentimental of girls, would have liked. The other girl knew her part, Peggy knew hers, and to play them neatly was their chief concern just at present. Afterwards they could meet and hold an inquest on the affair at their leisure. Always supposing, of course, that there was an afterwards, and a body on which to sit. As yet everything remained to be done.

Almost before she knew it she was in Peter's car, in the front seat beside him, and they were rushing back along the way by which she had come. She looked back, craning her neck to see through the rear window, and got a last glimpse of the prison car demurely withdrawing in the opposite direction. That was the end of a phrase, and the beginning of another. She sat back with a sigh, and found Peter smiling at her along his shoulder. She smiled back.

"Well, was it all right?"

"The hearing? It was perfect. The Archangel Gabriel himself might have been foregone for wondering whether you were a little innocent or a little devil. How do you feel about things?"

Ready for almost anything. Can we talk things over now? It would save time."

"Talk away. We have a journey of about three hours, and we aren't stop on the way, because it might be fatal to let your face be seen until we've changed it a little. So now's our time to sort out our information, and find out exactly what we have to do, Miss Vandeleur. Ask me whatever you want to know, and I'll try and answer

it."

"Where are we going now?" she asked promptly.

"To a house called Leckingham Top, some miles outside of London. My mother and sister live there. So do I sometimes—when I have leisure, which isn't often. We're staying there for tonight. And by to-morrow you will be Eleanor Vandeleur, a wealthy and independent American lady, with Peter Sherwood Milne, man-about-town—a role I hate, but it enables me to hang round wealthy woman most of the day and night—following you round with one eye on the moneybags. Are you good at hotels? It's quite easy really, especially for would-be Americans; when in doubt just be autocratic."

"I'll manage," said Peggy. "To what hotel am I supposed to be going?"

"Ever heard of the Malbro, Ross Place? But that's a sill question. Half the people in London have never heard of it. It's fairly small, and frightfully quiet; but those who look upon Park Lane as beneath their dignity go to the Malbro without a qualm.

He laughed at the face she made. Not that sort of place, either. More goes on behind the select doors of the Malbro than meets the casual eye. Those who want to be inconspicuous—and can afford to pay for the privilege go there. There are various reasons for wanting to be inconspicuous. Ours is one. Not that I shall stay there of course. I have a flat not far from Marble Arch.

"No one is ever surprised at my eccentricity seen at the Malbro; they're too frequent to be so much as noticed. Millionaires of dubious sanity go there and very rich and notorious divorcees who want a holiday from publicity. And nothing ever leaks out from it to draw the crowds. So you see, you set a sort of cachet wealth and individuality upon yourself by going there; and you don't draw a gallery if there's any funny business."

"And who," asked Peggy interestedly as they swung from the main road to avoid passing near the town, "is supposed to be paying for all this exclusiveness? Do we put it in the column marked 'Expenses' and hand it to the Government?"

"Yes by George we do if our hunch comes off. They'll owe us more than that. And if it doesn't come off—well not to deceive you—there is a possibility that it won't interest us any more. The Government may have to subscribe to a wreath—or two—"

"If you're trying to frighten me," said Peggy, after due consideration, "I shouldn't bother. I don't feel frightened. After all, every time you walk down a main road you're taking a risk of being killed. What's different in risking the same finish with, say a gun? The odds may be shorter, but I think I prefer the method, so it balances."

"Good!" said Peggy. I mean you to. Now go on! How do we get to the Malbro? Won't it look fishy if we arrive by car? I'm an American, newly arrived."

"You have an eye for detail," he said approvingly. "No, it won't look fishy. I am your devoted admirer, with an eye on your dollars. What could be more natural than that I should meet you at Southampton, and motor you in to town?"

"And we shall drive into town from the direction of Southampton?"

"We shall. Not that the gang will have any eye upon us, you know. The time for real caution is after we contact them. I hope you don't colour easily. It often gives away a perfectly good disguise for lots of people."

"I haven't noticed it. When do we make my reservations at the Malbro? Not from Leckingham Top? Suppose they got interested in me later on, and began to investigate?"

"Correct again. It isn't much that passes by you. No, we book from the pub, where we shall have lunch to-morrow—on the way up from Southampton. The hotel will be quiet at this season, oddly enough; it always is."

"And when we're there? What's the programme?"

"I shall proceed in my rôle of fortune-hunter, to show you the sights of London. I shall introduce you to very few people—a last gesture when it's avoidable. That will seem natural enough, because there are fortune-hunters in London more attractive by

far than I am, and its only horse-sense I should try to reserve you to myself. No doubt you'll have to talk to some pretty awful warts, and I daresay you'll often be so bored that you'll wish yourself back on the moor. But I hope we'll contact the two people we want pretty soon. Then we shan't be able to complain of dullness, whatever we have to grumble about."

"How and where do you propose to find them?"

"In the night-clubs." He became mischievously didactic. "You may not know about the night clubs. At the average one you can eat, drink, dance, see a cabaret, and be made uncomfortable in the particular devilish idiom that club happens to have invented as its trade mark. At some others you can have a flutter at poker, chemin-de-fer, roulette, and a few other games not approved by the staid police. At still others you can get a sniff of snow—in fact, a dozen sniffs—for a mere matter of, say fifty pence. At a few you can retire into a silken cubicles and smoke a pipe of opium, or at still others you can shoot yourself chock full of coke or morphia, provided you're not shy on the money. You can. We can't. Not the police. Not anyone connected with the police. They smell official as soon as you enter the place."

"Now why, says you, don't we raid these dangerous places, and shut 'em up? Says I, we do—often—often with entire negative results. For every dangerous night-club, mind you, there must be dozens of merely stupid ones as harmless as the daylight. They come and they go. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. But into such as are suspected, and still in existence, we two will go, and your job it to spot either the man or the girl, or both, and to make no mistake about it. We'll comb London until we do make a contact. I'm afraid you may find it boring. London hasn't any real excitement like the country has, you know."

Peggy looked at him doubtfully. "You're making fun of me." But he was not. His face was quite grave. It was a face full of changes, each as absolute as if he had become a different person.

"No, that's honest. There's more real kick in your smallholding on the moor than there is in the town night-spots. You'll see what I mean. At first it's a novelty. The proprietors of places like those will have to visit you out of their way and spend lots of money to keep it a novelty. The craziest things, they do. But after your first plunge into it, it's all exactly the same."

A queer little silence fell in the car. They were threading a woodland, miles now from Abbotsbridge, headed well out on the next phase of their journey. Peggy sat up and looked round her with interest. Peter had kept to roads where there was no one to see her, of feel any curiosity concerning them both; and in an abstract way which had nothing to do with the quest on which they were riding, she was enjoying the drive.

"I shall feel happier," she said suddenly, "when I'm really Miss Vandeleur, war-paint and costume all complete. Who's going to make me up for the part?"

(To be continued.)

Some Odd Characteristics of the Great and New Great

(By Kate Masterson)

On the stroke of three every afternoon, William McKinley, then governor of Ohio, would drop everything that he was doing and wave his handkerchief to his wife from the executive window.

Shakespeare, in his will, left only his second-best bed to his wife, Anne Hathaway.

Shelley eloped to the Continent with Mary Godwin and carried her off to Switzerland, where he invited his wife, Harriet, to join them!

Not long before her death, Mrs. Thomas Carlyle summed up her life with her famous husband in this bitter declaration: "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined; and I am miserable."

Jenny Lind so admired her pianist-husband that immediately after their wedding she demanded that all her future billings read: "Madame Otto Goldschmidt, late Jenny Lind."

Schiller, in writing to his wife, always addressed her as "dear little mouse."

Mark Twain was so obedient to his wife that he once said in a letter, "I would deprive myself of sugar in my coffee if she wished it, or would quit wearing socks if she thought them immoral."

John Milton said he separated from his wife because she would NOT talk! In his letters to his wife, Mozart always addressed her with a string of affectionate adjectives and in one letter he sent her 1,095,060,437,082 kisses!

In each of her books, Elizabeth Barrett Browning always wrote her husband's name above her own.

Sudbury Star:—It will not be surprising to know that Germany claims the Poles started the war.

Kincardine News:—News comes from Italy that Mussolini, though not in good health, is in no immediate danger of collapse. Too bad!

Bishop of Algoma Resigns to Take Other Church Work

Had Had Jurisdiction Over Lower Section of T. & N. O. Territory.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Anglican Diocese of Algoma at Saul's Ste. Marie last week, it was announced that a cablegram had been received this week from the Bishop, Right Rev. Roxborough R. Smith, stating that he had been unanimously elected General Secretary of the English Church Union and has accepted. Bishop Smith has been in England this year and had expected to return about Sept. 8, but difficulty in obtaining passage may delay him.

The Bishop has placed his resignation in the hands of the Metropolitan of Ontario, Archbishop Roper, of Ottawa, to take effect at the end of November.

Bishop Smith was consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Algoma in September, 1926 succeeding the late Archbishop Thorneicoe at Bishop in 1927.

Bishop Roxborough Smith has jurisdiction over a number of Anglican churches in the T. & N. O. country, including Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard and Kirkland Lake.



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

SEMI-STARVATION DIET TO REDUCE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

One of the gratifying findings in the treatment of ailments or diseases is the knowledge that the use of certain foods or the avoidance of certain foods can relieve the symptoms. Thus in epilepsy, avoiding or cutting down on starch foods—bread, potatoes, sugar—and also on liquids—tea, coffee, water, milk, soft, and hard drinks—and the eating of more fat foods—butter, cream, egg yolks—will prevent or greatly lessen the severity of the attacks. In pernicious anaemia the eating of liver, beef, kidney, hog's stomach will prolong life.

As the eating of food raises the blood pressure, treating high blood pressure by putting the patient on a starvation or semi-starvation diet has been tried with considerable success. Dr. J. Harrison, in the "British Medical Journal," reports the results of treating 48 patients by semi-starvation with the following diet: 8:30 a.m.—one cup of hot water or lemon water and sugar, liquor from stewed or tinned, fruit; 9:30-10:00 a.m.—orange or grapefruit juice; 1:00 p.m.—hot vegetable soup (1 pint); 3:00 p.m.—hot water or lemonade and grapes; 5:00 p.m.—orange juice hot or cold; 7:30 p.m.—vegetable soup.

No meat extract and no bones should be used in preparing the vegetable soup. Use boiled potato water. Choose any or all of the following for flavoring, using a dessertspoonful of the dried vegetables when fresh are not available: turnip and onion, celery, carrots, peas and shells and beans. Boil, thicken and add soaked dried peas or beans. Strain off solids. Salt and pepper to taste.

The patient remains on this diet for six days; on the seventh he eats what he likes. This diet is repeated each week so long as the symptoms improve, until the blood pressure approaches normal or there are signs of increasing weakness. When the patient feels weak, tea or even brandy is permissible. If the pangs of hunger become too hard to bear, green vegetables and tomatoes may be given and the soup need not be strained.

Headache and sleeplessness disappear in three days, blood pressure falls rapidly in 90 per cent of the cases, and giddiness and breathlessness are commonly relieved by the end of the first week. The average length of time this diet is given in severe cases is about six to eight weeks. By going on this semi-starvation diet from time to time the patient may ward off severe symptoms for many years.

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Up-to-Date Newspaper Turns Back to Old Practice

Many years ago it was considered humorous by the city papers to refer to the idea that subscriptions to country weeklies were usually paid in cordwood, butter and eggs, poultry and other farm produce. There was a time when such exchange was a common practice, but more modern developments have made the practice a rarity. While the development of the business department of the daily newspaper has been phenomenal in the past fifty years the progress of the country weekly has been even more marked. The chief difference appears to be that the daily has lost touch with the individual subscriber on account of the tendency to centre on quantity of circulation, the country weekly confining itself to a more re-

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Three Hundred Men Won Against a Nation of Millions

Story of Pidulski and His Army Recalled.

The following under the heading:—"Three Hundred Men Against a Nation of Millions," is from "War Digest," being a translation and condensation of an article in "Vu," a French publication issued at Paris, France. The article is prefixed with this note:—"The Nationalism threat Pilsudski created still marches on. Poland's present origin started when Pilsudski went to war against Russia in 1914 with an army of 300 men."

The article translated from "Vu," Paris, is as follows:—"Three Hundred Men Against a Nation of Millions"

With his 300 legionnaires, Pilsudski crossed the frontier and invaded Russia. When the Germans marched into Warsaw in 1916, they offered to let Pilsudski fight the Russians under German direction. Pilsudski demanded unqualified independence for Poland. The Germans threw him into prison.

When Germany collapsed in 1918, Pilsudski returned to Warsaw with his famous 300 to become the first leader of the new Poland. He died in 1935, but the legionnaires, still passionately devoted to him and his memory, rule Poland just as he left it.

Hitler may bluff both France and England into staying on the sidelines while he marches on Poland. Certainly he must march on Poland if he is ever to dominate Europe—he dare not move southwest with an armed and independent Poland crouching at his back door.

But he will never actually conquer Poland, never find room there for crowded German People—for the good reason that Poland produces too many babies, is jam-packed already.

Poland today is the greatest Slavic nation in Europe—except for over-lapping Russia. Poland represents a conflict of centuries between the Slavs and the German people.

Lions Expect to Resume T. B. Testing Work

Dr. Russell Says Club Expects to Extend Scope of the Work This Year.

The Lions Club met, as usual, on Thursday night at the Empire Hotel. Principal subject under discussion was resumption of the tuberculosis testing work of the club.

Dr. Norman Russell told of the plans to begin the work in the near future. He expected to considerably extend its scope this year, he said.

Vice-president Bill Wren was in the chair. There was no formal speaker.

The Lions Club bulletin pointed out last week that Adolf Hitler disbanded service clubs in Germany. It read as follows: "At the present time the fate of Europe and the world is in the hands of one man—Hitler; and that same man is the one who disbanded service clubs in his country. It would seem apparent that international peace and understanding which are part of the principles of service clubs are abhorrent to Herr Hitler. We venture to suggest that the other principles held by service clubs in their application by the democracies will eventually be the downfall of this same man."

Calgary Herald:—This new dish-washing machine they have invented in Sweden is supposed to wash and dry the average sinkful of dinner dishes in 30 seconds.

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