

MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

CHAPTER VIII WITH PETER IN TOW

Looking for a suspected person in the suspected night-spots is not so much like looking for a needle in a haystack as looking for an icicle in the tropics. There is no such thing; there is no such person. For a whole week Eleanor Vandeleur, difficult and spoiled American near-millionaire, had been in residence at the Malbro Hotel; and the fact is beyond dispute that she had enjoyed her stay there, and was entering into the swim of London life with aplomb, all the more because she had never seen or dreamed of such a life before.

But though she had visited most of the black spots known to the police, with her inevitable escort in tow, she had seen no glimpse of her quarry. She had never been in doubt about this. There had been no false alarms, no starts and stops, no recognizing and then rejecting the resemblance; that was Peter's justification for going on hoping.

Plenty of people in London who knew, casually and distantly, the name and person, but not the calling of Peter Milne, had remarked on his return to London. They told each other that he had been abroad for some years, presumably going through his old man's money, an amusement at which he was reported to be extremely good. Now, apparently, he had run the supply a little thin, and was looking for something to fill the gaps in it. This very pretty woman with whom he was going about—you never saw them apart, or seldom—was reputed to be a very rich American woman. Peter was showing her London.

All very satisfactory—for Peter. But one or two other young men had wondered why he should be allowed to make all the running with the attractive American and her even more attractive dollars. Several of them he had been in decency to present to her. Some called on her—and invariably found her out, for Peggy was in no mood to take risks, even now that she had fitted herself into the skin of Eleanor—and all had found her charming.

A comfortable name for being what she claimed to be had gone before her into the corners of London where heiresses are fair game. She was now one of many, well into the east, but not holding the centre of the stage.

Yes, said those who had made her acquaintance, she was American all right. One of those educated and low-pitched American voices which hardly differ from English, except in their little howling cadences, until they light on the letter R, when there can no longer be any doubt. Not a roll, like the Scots; just, as it were, a funny little stumble over it. Peggy's deepening enjoyment had made her good at the game.

But none of this altered the fact that they had searched the night-spots, sometimes two or three in an evening, and never sighted their quarry. They had watched cabarets in cellars, in garages, in warehouses, had danced in what had once been stables, and played roulette under the streets; but they were as far from ever finding the man with the grey car, or the woman who called herself Miss Crosby, as they had been when they came to London.

"They don't risk much, do they?" said Peggy dispiritedly, as they sat in the Green Park, and watched the evening tide of dogs and their owners come out in waves into the grass and the shade.

"No, so it seems. I think we can take it that they never show themselves in their official capacity except to their immediate henchmen, and never make the mistake of frequenting their own dives in any other role. After all, we can safely allow for them to be about a hundred per cent more careful than most. They have. Look how they go rid of you."

"And what do we do now?" asked Peggy.

"Don't Look, But—"

"Speaking for myself, I want to rest my brain a little. It feels overheated. What do you say if we take the evening off, and go to a play? There's a first-night at the Theatopian. A comedy—one of the new school, I fear, but you never know who may not be there."

"Anything you say," said Peggy and to the Theatopian they went, and into the stalls, at a price which troubled Peggy's country conscience on the ground of "expenses." She said so, in a quick whisper, to Peter, and was reassured. He chuckled at the thought of charging up theatre seats to the police expenses of this busman's holiday of his, but it would not have done. A pity! He would have liked to see the Chief Constable's face.

They were in their places fairly early, which perhaps was going out of character for Eleanor Vandeleur, but was necessary if they were to see anything of the audience. And the audience was well worth examining.

Peggy had ransacked her borrowed wardrobe for the most elaborately suitable ensemble she could find, and was glad now that she had gone to so much trouble. She felt that she did justice to a brilliant occasion. Also she enjoyed wearing clothes of the quality and texture of this creamy white and gold thing she had on to-night. She enjoyed too examining the clothes of every other woman she could see, and was busily assessing the various dresses at their respective values when she suddenly became aware that one of the boxes low towards the stage upon the right was being filled.

An old woman, very small and frail, came first into sight, an astonishing old woman in a Tyrian purple gown, and an Arabian shawl of all the most brilliant colours Peggy had ever seen. Her hair was white, her face was a great curving beak, dominant and audacious. "But, striking figure though she was, it was not at her that Peggy looked longest. Another woman, young and dark and tall, had entered after her, and was now standing well to the front of the box, looking round the auditorium with large, steady dark eyes.

She put up a long, slender arm, and drew the white fur cape low upon her bare shoulders. Peggy thought that if she had not been quite so thin she would have been really beautiful. Even so she was striking. Her face, seen full, was cut clear as a cameo, every feature

perfectly modelled. Her hair was black. Peggy remembered hair which should have been black to go with that face, with those eyes.

She touched Peter's arm, very gently, and said, with her eyes upon the programme in her lap: "Don't look up yet; but in the lowest right-hand box two women have just come in. The young one is the girl who called herself Lorna Crosby."

Principal Characters
PEGGY CALDER: Aged twenty, daughter of a retired army officer eking out an anxious existence on a small-holding near Abbots 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," had planted upon her drugs, after she had discovered accidentally a link in a drug ring, and has planned to tell the police.

Instead, she is arrested for "being in possession," and is sent to trial at the Assizes. Or so the public, and the criminals, are led to believe.

However, some cutting of red tape has been done by PETER SHERWOOD MILNE, independent official investigator into the drug ring. He believes her story and decides to get her assistance in identifying persons concerned.

Peggy becomes "ELEANOR VANDELEUR," a rich American woman visiting London, with Peter as the inevitable mercenary hanger-on, showing her the sights.

One night while at the theatre, Peggy says, "Don't look up yet; but in the lowest right-hand box two women have just come in. The young one is the girl who called herself LORNA CROSBY."

(Now Read On.)
CHAPTER VIII (Continued)
"EVERYONE KNOWS HER!"

Peter did not look up at once. Instead he asked what she had known he would ask, and heaven knew with reason, for there was no resemblance to the Lorna Crosby she had described to him: "Are you quite sure? There can't be any possible mistake? This is rather a deceptive light, and quite a distance to recognize anyone, anyone you've seen only once before."

"I'm quite sure," said Peggy, "and there's no mistake. You can look now in safety. She's talking to the old woman. Quite a good view of her."

Peter looked. A good long, casual, absorbing look it was, and when he finally dropped his head and looked at Peggy again, she saw that he was seriously startled. He said, and the mere suggestion of anything but implicit trust between them made it plain that he was shaken out of his professional calm: "Peggy—"

The slip did not seem to matter, his voice was too low to carry to any ears but hers. "Look, this is desperate. You've picked on someone as well known as the royal family, almost. You can swear to her? You would—if her freedom, perhaps her life, depended on it?"

"She could be the royal family itself," said Peggy firmly, "but that wouldn't prevent her from being Lorna Crosby. I told you I should know her again, and I do. But if you'd rather we examined her at close quarters, and heard her speak, and saw her walk—she was individual enough at both exercises—well, could it be arranged? It's purely for your satisfaction. I'm as sure of myself now as I can possibly be." She added, on a lower tone, as if she asked a question about the cast of the play: "Who is she?"

"I do trust you. That's the devil of it. I'm wondering what to do next."
"You don't know her? I mean—really know her? You couldn't go and pay a call in the first act interval?"
"No. Never spoke to her in my life. I must try and find someone who can present us. We'll have a drink in the interval. There may be someone I know among the promenaders."

The curtain went up. They sat through an act of a dull play, but any play would just then have been dull to them. The applause at the end of the first act was lukewarm, so they gathered that their own preoccupations were not entirely to blame for the lack of enthusiasm which they felt.

"Come on," said Peter, as the lights went up, "and let's find a sponsor. They're moving out, too. Pray for luck!"
Luck at a first night was scarcely the word for it. They had hardly struggled out into the Theatopian foyer before one acquaintance and another was thrown up at them out of the crowd. The third, who made a point of being an fait with everyone and everything that counted, knew the Cowles well. He knew everyone well, even Peter; but he had not the least idea, as Peggy guessed within two minutes of conversation, of the significance of Peter's private work.

However, he could and would introduce them. And introduce them he did, as they drifted together between the palms and the wicker chairs. He appeared to be mildly amusing to the two women, but they were nice to him, they called him by his Christian name, and let him share a joke or two. He passed them on to Peggy and Peter.

WOULD SHE RECOGNIZE?
This was close quarters with a vengeance. Peggy felt, as the dark eyes, no longer distorted by hornrimmed spectacles, travelled slowly and steadily over her face, the first real qualm, and almost the first deep realization of the truth and gravity of their task. Would her make-up, carefully applied by one of Lillias's staff every morning, be good to deceive? Coupled, of course, with the fact that this woman would know—no other word was strong enough or fald enough—would know that Peggy Calder could not be in London.

The pale skin where she had seen that healthy, ruddy brown; the black brows and lashes which had been glossy brown in that former incarnation; the very shape of the eyes and mouth changed completely, the pale hair fixed on her head; the beautiful clothes, the beautifully manicured hands, and pearl-tipped nails. She would know now how far she could trust them.

And she found that she could trust them utterly. The dark eyes in the thin, clear-cut face moved over her placidly, and felt no warring instinct to look again more deeply. She bent her black head a little graciously.

"Miss Vandeleur! What do you think of the play?"
"We do it better on Broadway," said Peggy.

The girl named Corrie smiled. "Yes, it's the old, old story, isn't it?"
"I'll say! I get a feeling I've been here before."

She found herself facing Lady Cowle. She was irresistibly reminded of a parrot. It was not only the bright colours, but the nose, too, and the strident voice which cut clean through half a dozen neighbouring conversations. After that, one might have expected to find that she was deaf, but a carefully modulated answer reached her accurately enough.

"Is this your first visit to England?" asked the old lady, by sheer power of voice keeping them all within the one conversation.

"It is. I've been looking forward to seeing London for years."
"You were born something like fifty years too late to see it at its best," said the old woman tartly. "Might be anywhere to-day. And getting worse every year, at that. What with these milk bars and amusement arcades—and the state of music—especially popular music—"

"You're talking to an American, grandmother," said Corrie, dryly, opening her embroidered bag to extract a jewelled cigarette case. Peter was first with his. He offered it also to Lady Cowle, which Peggy thought might well turn out to be a mistake, but it seemed his instinct had been right. Her strictures were not for all the amenities of the day; and, indeed, she had not the appearance of being in any way behind the times. She accepted a light, and smoked as expertly as any of them.

"That's all right," said Peggy, narrowing her eyes as she exhaled smoke. "We exported 'em—that's all they were good for."
"The amusement arcades, or the music?" asked Peter.

"The whole works. But I was thinking of music. All the same, we can point a moral. We sell 'dance tunes,' and keep the Metropolitan Opera House on the proceeds—maybe."
They laughed. The old woman's mouth, painted majestically, opened upon a slow cloud of smoke which took an unconscionable time to leave her lips. She looked like a salamander. Corrie, regarded dispassionately, looked like a Burne-Jones angel.

"You like music, Miss Vandeleur?"
"I'll say I do."
Lady Cowle, obviously sincerely interested in the subject, began to speak mysteriously concerning modern composers whom she admired. Peggy agreed that the goods were being delivered, but argued that the output was being strangled at birth for want of a wide enough public.

Presents Credentials



President Roosevelt received the credentials of Lord Lothian, new British ambassador to Washington, Aug. 30, without formality. This permitted Lord Lothian to take up his duties at once and to maintain full British diplomatic contact with this country in the present critical period.

Britain Commands Great Part of Wool Supply of World

Wool Almost as Necessary as Food for Soldiers.

(From The Globe and Mail)
"An army marches on its stomach" is a well-known maxim of war, and it may be taken for granted that all the sacrifices being exacted from the civilian population of Germany at this time are enforced mainly so that the soldiers may be fed well enough to enable them to sustain a good fight. But it is also true that, when the snows of winter and the mud and rains of late autumn and early spring come, the stomach and all other vital organs of the soldier will have to be protected from icy winds and wet, cold weather if his fighting spirit is to remain above zero.

The British Empire, therefore, enters this war with two of the chief requirements for fighters in absolutely sufficient supply from the two leading countries of British Commonwealth of Nations outside the United Kingdom: wheat and other foods from Canada and wool from Australia. Vinogin Gayda, Fascist editor, who is generally regarded as expressing authoritative totalitarian opinion or propaganda in Italy and therefore in Germany, said yesterday that Britain's "attempt to starve Germany in an economic blockade" will fail because of Germany's vast preparations in the first place, and because "her accord with Russia enables her to enjoy the fruits of Russian production." Upon reading that I telephoned Stanley Hood Pettit, an Australian now living in Toronto, to ask the implications of the cable in The Globe and Mail of Sept. 6 that the Imperial Government has agreed to purchase the whole Australian wool production for the duration of the war and to ask how the Allies and Germany stand with regard to this all-important material for war.

Little Wool From Russia
"Gayda is absolutely wrong as far as wool is concerned," said Mr. Pettit, who is now editor and president of the Market Digest, but was previous to the Great War connected with two of the largest wool marketing organizations in Australia, was closely in touch with all developments concerning wool throughout the former World War and has made exhaustive reports on wool in the United States and Canada. "Soviet Russia produces only 3 per cent of the world's production. Germany produces only about one-fifth of her own needs. Two-thirds of the world's wool output comes from Australia, United States, Argentina, New Zealand, British Isles and South Africa, and those sources will be shut off from Germany."

"I cannot see how German soldiers can be supplied with uniforms of as good quality and as resistant to cold and damp and weather changes as the Allied soldiers. Under such circumstances they cannot fight as well in winter time. Undoubtedly they will try to make up the deficiency by letting the civilian population shiver and keep all supplies for soldiers on active service, but even so, their equipment in this respect will be far inferior."

England Goes Wool Gathering With Reason

"England, with large stores already in England of wool, would not have bought the whole output of the Antipodean countries if her experience over centuries, as the clearing-house for wool from all over the world, had not made her understand that this commodity is as important as foodstuffs in fighting a war. It will cost her from \$240 millions to \$360 millions a year to keep command of this product. She will supply not only her own military needs, but will permit her agents to sell

could get out of gramophone catalogue! Names of Cortot, Schnabel, and Moisevitich, tripped lightly from her tongue. She made a hit. She said that she would love to hear Lady Cowle play. She had a way of flattering people which was free from gush. Gush would have killed her chances here, but her directness won the day.
(To be Continued.)

the neutral and other countries of the world their wool needs in such a way that additional supplies will not reach Germany. Australia produces 27 per cent of the world's wool output and half the world's fine wool.

"The British Government is adopting the same policy with regard to wool which it adopted in Great War. But it starts off on the right foot this time, whereas in the Great War it was November, 1916, before it took over the whole clip. From the first appraisal in January, 1917, to the last appraisal in June, 1920, Australians received more than one billion dollars under this agreement. The British bought the wool at 15½¢ per pound and at the end the wool grower had been paid in full by the Central Wool Committee. Profits on whatever was sold for civilian purposes was divided half and half between the British and Australian Governments, the latter representing the growers. After full payment there was a credit in cash from sales and 1-836,005 bales remained unsold. All of this was sold by May 2, 1924, by the British Australian Wool Realization Association, which was formed on Jan. 27, 1921.

"Since 1925 demand for wool has improved because of rearmament progress. Even Poland and Czechoslovakia were larger buyers for that reason. Germany and Italy did buy wool from Australia, but not nearly so much as they used to do. In my opinion, Germany is not equipped in wool for a long-sustained war. It is not just a simple matter that any wool will do. In the last war we had to set up 854 different classifications. Here in Canada we clip locally only 25 per cent of the amount of wool consumed. We will have to get three-quarters of our wool from the British Government, which will sell according to the market. We cannot get wool from the United States, which grows only one-half of what it consumes. Britain does not interfere with the regular channels of trade in taking over the wool except to see that enemy countries do not get any and that military needs are all met. Otherwise the same people trade in the same channels and arrive at prices in the old way. But the wool thus traded is Britain's."

LACK OF WEALTH SOMETIMES HAS NOTABLE ADVANTAGES

Windsor Star:—It is not easy to speak of the benefits of poverty without being accused of being contradictory. Yet there are circumstances in which lack of wealth proves a boon. Take the case of the Eskimos. Last year there was a poor catch of fur, so the Eskimos have had little money with which to buy the white man's food. They have had to exist on seals, rabbits, etc., their native menu. As a result their health has been improved. White men pride themselves upon being the most civilized people in the world. It rather takes us down a notch to learn that the poor Eskimos cannot eat the stuff we consume without getting sick. But we suppose the average white man might not survive so well on a diet of seals.

Reeve Said to Have Cut His Wife from Relief Roll

Halleybury, Sept. 11—(Special to The Advance)—A case with some unusual features came before Magistrate Atkinson at the week-end sittings of the court in Halleybury, when the reeve of adjoining Bucke township was charged by his wife, from whom he is separated, with non-support, the action allegedly being a sequel to the removal of the complainant from the relief rolls of the municipality over which her husband is the civic chief for the present year. The charge, laid against Reeve Walter Fairhurst, was dismissed, with the understanding that the reeve will sign necessary papers to enable his wife to obtain assistance.

According to the evidence given in court, Mrs. Fairhurst had had relief of \$12 monthly for groceries discontinued as from September 1 because her 19 year old son had been given employment on road construction work. It was further disclosed that Reeve Fairhurst, who was represented by W. C. Inch, has a pension and will draw \$100 for his year's salary as head of Bucke township council, and also that the couple had been living apart for some years. The reeve told the magistrates he had supported his family until the separation.

Thirst knows no season



Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

TIMMINS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 646-J
63 Birch St. N., Timmins

Lifts Grease OFF POTS AND PANS

No need to scrape and scrub in slimy water. A solution* of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye just lifts off grease layers . . . loosens hard-baked food . . . takes the drudgery out of washing up. Keep a tin always handy!

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



FREE BOOKLET—The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how this powerful cleanser cleans clogged drains . . . keeps out-houses clean and odorless by destroying the contents of the closet . . . how it performs dozens of tasks. Send for a free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

7 OUT OF 8 CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES WHO USE DRY YEAST—USE ROYAL BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

MADE PERFECTLY AHEAD

I've DISCOVERED NEW WAYS OF SERVING Fish

FISH SALAD
Any canned or cooked fish may be used. Combine with diced pickled beets and cold diced potatoes. Garnish with sliced or stuffed egg-slices and lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

BAKED FISH CAKES
2 pounds fish steaks
Salt and pepper
2 cups of tomato sauce
2 cups of fish with damp cloth or paper. Place in buttered baking dish, pour the sauce or soup around the fish, and cook in moderate oven 35 minutes.

Broiled Fish
Clean fish, using small whole fish or cuts of fish. Sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Place between wires of toast rack. If fish is dry, sprinkle with cooking oil. Place on pre-heated broiler, cooking cut side first, turning when fish is set. The average fish should cook in 10 minutes.

Fish Steaks

Fish Salad with Stuffed Eggs

No matter where you live in Canada, there is always a variety of fish available to you, either fresh, frozen, smoked, dried, canned or pickled. Your family will enjoy FISH. It can be served in an infinite number of delicious ways. Send for the FREE recipe booklet today.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA.

Ladies—WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.
Please send me your 52-page Booklet, "100 Tempting Fish Recipes", 387
Name.....
(PLEASE PRINT LETTERS PLAINLY)
Address.....
CW-17

ANY DAY A FISH DAY