

MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

CHAPTER X—(Continued)

Back to the Parachute

"Peter!" she said, startled. "How did you get here?"

"Oh, quite easily, my darling Eleanor, and just about thirty seconds before you. I saw you emerging, so I nipped out by the next passage that way, got the taxi, and told him to pick you up into the bargain. Well, what do you think of the Green Scorpion? Did everything go off all right?" He smiled at her in the gloom. He trusted her to see that everything should go off all right. She had displayed marked propensities that way.

"Where are we going?" she asked, irrelevantly.

"I don't know. Wherever you like. What tale did you spin? Can you be seen from hereafter?"

"Oh, yes, I told him that I had to go quickly, and I'm sure he had you fitted into the necessity quite neatly. He wanted me to stay and dance."

"The devil he did!" said Peter, indignantly. "And you—weren't— attracted?"

"I was not," said Peggy shuddering.

"Then we'll go to some nicer place and dance without him—if you can bear me any better than him?"

She said that that would be nice, and with half of her mind she meant it, but her heart was upon other matters. She tumbled out the unlabelled tin into his hands. "There you are, Peter! Fifty of them; the best he could do. I'm afraid they cost rather a lot of money, but maybe they were worth it. I got my man!"

"Like the Canadian Mounties—quite inescapable," said Peter, facetious but excited. "The man of the morning visit? He's habitually there, is he?"

"Seemed to own the place. Peter—did you by any chance stay in sight of the door for the first few minutes that I was inside?"

Peter considered, and said: "For maybe five minutes I had it in sight."

"That's quite long enough. It couldn't have been more than that. And did you see anyone else come in?"

"Not a soul. No, I'm sure of that."

"Then he was inside all the time. There is a door on your right in the short passage before the stair dips. You get the direction? The passage doesn't bend at all."

"I get it."

"That's where he came from—and that's where he went to get the stuff. Their supplies are there. Did you get anything any good?"

"I've made a memory map of the place. Yes, there was a lit window round that side—shuttered, but the shutters at close quarters let just a chink of light. Those are their private offices, then, are they? I'll make a note of that for the time when we can drop on them and blot them out."

"When will that be?" asked Peggy.

"Not until we're on to the supply end as well. If, of course, we get so far—and I think we will. Now, later on we'll collect my bulldog, who should be able to put a name to your companion. Then we have him, too, Peggy— He was conscious of the slip this time, but success had made him reckless. "Yes, Peggy, why not? That's who you are, and I can't think of you as anyone else. Peggy, I must tell you that up to now your life has been wasted." He came to earth again. "What else? Describe everything that happened, everything you saw, everything you thought."

She obeyed all but the last command. There had been a thought of two about himself which it would not have been good for him to know. When the recital was ended, and she could think of nothing more to add as a postscript, she asked practically: "Well, what do we do next?" And at that moment they reached the dancing club for which they were bound, and the

taxi pulled in to the kerb.

So next they danced. It was an amusement of which Peggy was fond, and there was no doubt that it was pleasant to be able to flaunt so desirable a partner; but the half of her mind, and the half of his, remained always detached upon this problem of what they were to do next. They discussed it fully when they were tired, over cigarettes in a sitting-out place of which no one else seemed to be aware.

"I want to hark back," said Peter, "to almost the very beginning of it all, to that little parcel of raw opium—loathly stuff—which you picked up on the moor. Do you remember the slip of paper which was pinned to it?"

"Yes, perfectly. We never properly considered that, did we? At least—I didn't have time, and afterwards the police didn't confide in me. So really I don't know what they thought of it."

Who is Mere Colibri?

"I thought about it a whole heap," said Peter reflectively, "and so did Superintendent Barker. We went about for a week muttering cabalistic phrases from it, and made it mean at least a hundred different things. You remember the full text?" He repeated it, very softly. "Quoting you: 9:5 loc. 4: no need await confirmation. Any queries through No. 4. Mere Col." "

"I tried to think what it could refer to, myself. But of course, I soon had something else to think about, didn't I? What did you make of it? 'Quoting you.' Well, that's simple enough, isn't it? The airman was merely a junior member of the organization. He took his orders from here in England—we might say, from our friends here in London."

"What makes you so certain," asked Peter, "that the 'plane was not English?"

"Where would be the sense in that? The whole thing is to avoid the Customs same as me."

He smiled, noncommittal but contented, leaving it to her, as to a stal pupil. "Well, go on."

"Well, these runs have been a regular feature for some time, according to your own department. With each run—and remember, no cargo has ever been captured until this upset at Abbott's Ferry—the airman confirms his orders for the next run. How he gets them is another, and an entirely different, worry. At any rate he has always received them successfully; well, he drops with each cargo a repetition of the orders issued to him for the next, thus making sure there can be no misunderstanding. Does that make sense?"

"It does, and I agree. Well, having accounted for 'Quoting you,' see what you can do with the rest. What about 9:5; loc. 4?"

"I don't know. There must be several things it could refer to. The date would be necessary, so would the hour... unless the hour was permanently understood, and after all, it would have to be fairly elastic, wouldn't it? Taking it this refers to the next run—a mere matter of important routine to them; they always thought things out well, didn't they? There wasn't much room for hitches. What about loc. 4? Couldn't it mean location number 4? Of a prearranged list? They wouldn't risk too many nights in the same spot. Besides, I never heard aeroplanes in the night before, over the moor there."

"They would probably have half a dozen or more well-chosen places ready and known to all members, so that they could ring the changes on them as required. So simple when you just have to write 'loc. 4' and you're perfectly understood. And next month will be September, the ninth month."

What if it means: Landing another cargo on September the fifth at place number four on the list. All set this end. If there's any hitch at your end,

send information and await new orders through No. 4. Signed. Mere Col."

"Why shouldn't it?" demanded Peter of the empty air between his thoughtful face and the creamy ceiling. "Why shouldn't the obvious be the true, when they had no possible reason to fear any interference?"

"Are you calling my deductions obvious?"

"I am, and so they are, or I wouldn't have reached the same conclusions myself in something like the same time. Superintendent Barker spent days trying to make the whole thing mean something much more complicated, and I must say he succeeded in evolving several messages equally plausible. But after all, why shouldn't it mean what it seems to mean? They could not guess it would ever go astray. They took all due precautions and a few over; but why should anyone human assume that this slip of paper should go astray, and fall into our hands? I'm sick of trying to find secret meanings. Let's play a hunch."

"Let's! All we have to do is get into their innermost circle, ask to see their list of locations suitable for dropping drugs by parachute, ask for a regiment of police and a few dozen army searchlights, and wait for the lid to blow off the copper. Simple!"

"I wasn't being as obvious as all that," said Peter meekly. "I was merely thinking—Oh, blow! I can't get it clear yet. Come on, and let's dance. I'll tell you what I mean, as soon as I know myself."

He heaved himself out of the cushions, and held out a hand to her. Taking it, her brows knit in a worried frown, she murmured, half to herself: "Mere Colibri—Mere Col— Would you say that was the same person? I mean—the password to the marijuana, and the signature to the orders?"

"I've been considering that. It may not be a person. It may be a convenient password, as it was in the Green Scorpion. Did you ever think of that?"

"I did, but I don't. I mean—it sounds like a person; and the two must be the same. And if it is a person, then it's a woman."

Peggy Studies Her Past

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male. That," he said, drawing his tired partner gently into the circle of his arm on the edge of the half-deserted dancing floor, "refers to the genus detective, too—amateur and professional."

They danced the onestep out. Peggy was surprised to find how tired she was, and was not sorry when he observed the increasingly recurrent phenomena of her yawns, and laughed at her, and took her home to the Malbro.

It had been, at any rate, a fruitful sort of day. They were a good day's journey nearer to their objective, and had lost no ground themselves, since Peggy's bona-fides had not been in question. But it all seemed a little like a dream as she lay half-asleep against Peter's shoulder in the taxi.

"Where shall I see you to-morrow?" she asked as they parted.

"I don't quite know. I'll ring you up first thing in the morning."

She agreed sleepily, and said good-night to him with a contented mind. But she was hardly prepared to be awakened by the ringing of the telephone bell at quite such an unearthly hour—for a Mayfairish, blasé courtship such as theirs was supposed to be—as half-past eight in the morning. She had slept heavily, and awoke to the shrill sound with a suddenness which was startling.

She reached for the instrument without getting up. Not Peter's voice, but peremptory squawk of a parrot saluted her ear. She almost dropped the thing in her astonishment; almost, but not quite. Perhaps it was the flashing out of a vivid dream which kept her mind so open and receptive now. Anything could have seemed ordinary and real after that wild other-worldly experience. She replied to the unseen parrot sweetly that yes, this was Eleanor Vandeleur.

"So sorry, my dear," said the parrot shrilly, "to call you up at this unearthly hour. But you get about so extensively, don't you, that it's really rather difficult to be sure of finding you at any particular time in any particular place. I thought I'd be sure for once."

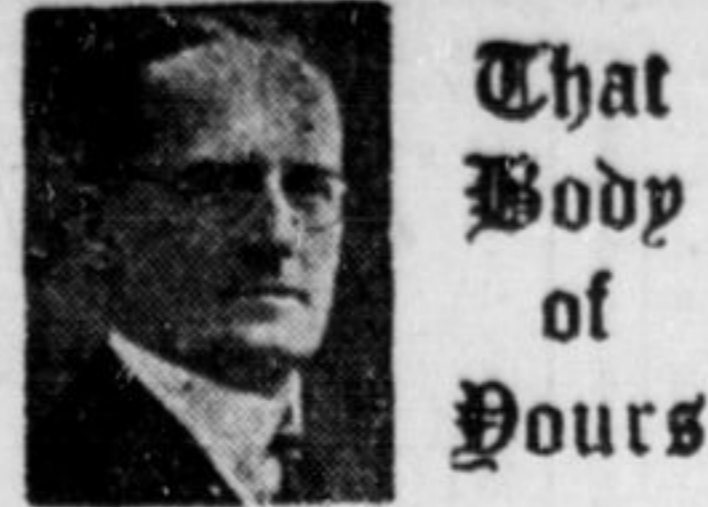
"You bet I get around all I can," said Miss Vandeleur demurely. "That's what I'm here for. But—oh, the fool I am, of course I know who it is. Lady Cowle! Yes, but you see, I'm still in bed, and only just awake—if I am awake."

Both ends of the wire chuckled, though Lady Cowle's chuckle was more of a screech. Something in Peggy's mind nagged that she had forgotten it; something important, something significant. She knew it was there, but she could not get hold of it. And in the meanwhile:

"I want you to come over this afternoon," said the parrot which was Lady Cowle, "and take cocktails with us. Filthy things, but what would our village idiots do at five o'clock without them? One can at least change one's dress for the occasion, and that fills up half an hour or so. What with one thing and another, we just manage to fill up the day."

"I'm one of the village idiots," said Peggy. "I like them."

"You'll like my beautiful piano bet-



Value of Adhesive Tape for Lower Back Pain

For a number of years part of my work was to fix up the injuries sustained by college football, hockey, soccer, boxing and other athletes. From this experience I learned the value of adhesive tape in "sticking" athletes together and getting them into the game again. It would appear that the strength of the adhesive tape or plaster, adequately and properly applied, is equal to that of the actual ligaments and tendons of the body.

The great value of adhesive tape in supporting a weak or injured lower back was brought home to me at the orthopedic department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, some years ago. Every morning a number of patients with a history of having lifted a heavy plank, stone, box or other object of who had made a mistake, were strapped with several strips of 2-inch adhesive tape, from a point about an inch below the hip prominence on one side to the same point on the other side. The strapping came right across the joint holding the last bone of the spinal column to the hip bone. At the end of 5 to 7 days the adhesive strap was removed and a snug brace or belt was applied. This belt was worn for weeks and in some cases for months.

The symptoms due to a strain of this joint—sacro-iliac—is well described by Dr. Emil Hauser in "Medical Review of Reviews."

"It may start with a feeling of tiredness, relieved by rest, but with a feeling of stiffness on arising after rest," he writes. "It may occur as a pain in lower back followed a little later—hours or days—by a pain extending down the leg following the distribution of the branches of the large sciatic nerve (sciatica)."

The above description of the pain is interesting in that it shows the difference between this pain due to injury, relieved when patient is at rest, and the pain in the same region (following the sciatic nerve and its branches) due to infection from teeth, tonsils, sinuses or other parts, where the pain is present even when the patient is at rest.

If the strapping relieves the pain when the physician knows that it is a strain, not an infection, and when the adhesive strapping is removed a well fitting support is applied and the patient advised to wear this support for weeks or months.

Dr. Barton's latest booklet, "Scourge" with reliable information regarding the two most dreaded social diseases, gonorrhea and syphilis, is now available. Know the facts, protect yourself, and save endless worry. Address your request to Dr. Barton, in care of The Advance, 247 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y., enclosing ten cents. Please request the booklet by name and be sure to give your own name and full address. (Copyright).

ter. I promised to play for you, and I have a hunch—I mean a hunch, don't I?—that you don't believe I really can. And there'll be a few elders here, perhaps worth even your young while to cultivate for, say—ten minutes. I promise you vintage wine."

"I'll come," said Peggy, "sure I'll come. May I bring Peter?" His name made so beautiful an Americanism that with difficulty she restrained herself from repeating it thoughtfully into the mouthpiece.

"Oh, by all means bring him along. He'll probably be bored. My appeal is to the very young, or the very old. But why should you care if he's bored? Bring him along!"

"At five!" said Peggy.

"At five. A rivederci!"

That was a nasty one, but she contented herself with saying a mild good-bye, and ringing off. And with the click of the telephone upon its stand the machinery of her mind slipped into position with a spontaneous leap almost equally audible, and she knew what had been worrying her. She sat up in bed, and for a moment was seriously afraid for the first time. Then she got up in a great hurry, and dashed through her toilet with no end but speed in view. By the time Peter at length rang her up she had been poring for a solid hour over her most cherished books of reference, a comprehensive study of North America, with maps, and the record catalogue which had stood her in such good stead before.

A Partnership for You

WITH THE

Sun Life of Canada

A SUN LIFE POLICY gives you this and more
It Plans SECURITY for the Time of Need

Consult - S. B. HANSULD J. A. BROUGH
113 Balsam N, Phone 2295 301 First Ave., Phone 76

Poland Will Live Again Greater Than Ever Before

History Gives the Lie to Hitler's Yarn that Poland Will Never Rise Again.

(From New York Times)

"Poland," said Hitler at Danzig, referring to the state recreated by the Treaty of Versailles, "will never rise again." His prophecies like his pledges, are no longer accepted at face value, but before committing himself to this one he should have hesitated. So other invaders before Hitler have willed and believed, yet Poland always came back.

Poland repelled the Mongols when, centuries ago, they overran half of Europe. Again, it was a Polish King Jan Sobieski who turned back the Turk from the gates of Vienna. Throughout the Middle Ages Poland was a bulwark of Christian civilization against the invader. Then three European monarchs combined to destroy her. Thrice she suffered violation, yet always the mutilated body retained life. Again and again that life manifested itself in revolts savagely suppressed, ever renewed. Against the indomitable spirit of Polish nationalism tyranny could do nothing.

Joseph Pilsudski was a manifestation of Poland's spirit and the World War his opportunity. The ragged regiment he raised and led first against Russia, then against Austria, became a brigade, the brigade a legion. Pilsudski arrested and imprisoned in a German fortress emerged at the Armistice to triumph at Versailles. Poland was recreated and under him grew strong. The marching song of his legion, "We the First Brigade," became a second Polish national anthem.

Pilsudski died in 1935 amid such mourning as few peoples bestow even upon their national heroes. His heart is buried in Vilna as he had wished, but his body lies in the cathedral crypt at Cracow beside that of Jan Sobieski and Poland's other bravest. And in the plain below, whence his ragged legionaries set out against the foe, there rises a great mound to his memory. It is made of little basketfuls of earth carried there from every town and village in Poland and from every settlement elsewhere where Poles abide. Here Hitler might well contemplate that mound.

On that plain only a few weeks ago there was celebrated the anniversary of the setting out of Pilsudski's legionaries. Those who are left met on the spot where they started in 1914, a forlorn hope out of which came a nation's rebirth, and the priest who had blessed them then again blessed them. The night before the great day they had built a huge pile of wood for a bonfire. Around it sat a few survivors, old men all of them, of an earlier revolt against the Czar.

They waited long, the bonfire unlighted, until at last came a breathless runner carrying a burning torch. Crying "Vilna," he cast it upon the pile. He had set off from Vilna two days before. After him came another runner crying the name of another distant Polish city, and then another and another, each casting his torch upon the wood until it was all ablaze. And from the church tower above sounded a trumpet blowing a call that was heard when, centuries ago, a sentinel on that same tower saw the Mongols coming on their shaggy ponies and sounded the alarm. Before he had ended, a Mongol arrow pierced his throat; but the call had been heard and Cracow drove back the foe.

Recalling Another Treaty in Which Russia Figured

Analogy Between Recent Pact and the Treaty of Tilsit.

There is much of interest in a comparison of the recent pact made between Russia and Germany and a previous treaty—the Treaty of Tilsit—on which Russia sided with another dictator. The treaty of Tilsit in June, 1807, was also a "non-aggression" pact, and it had secret clauses, just as the recent pact is supposed to have. An editorial in a recent issue of The New York Times deals with the analogy between the two pacts, as follows:—

Historical Analogy

Something more than a century ago, in another period of European war, there was signed a pact between Russia and the ambitious disturber of that day's European peace. At first the Treaty of Tilsit confounded the world. Before 1807 political distrust between the ruler of Russia and the ruthless invader of Continental states seemed to be absolute. Russia had even fought Napoleon and had been badly defeated by him. Yet within a month of that defeat the Czar and his western antagonist came together personally and with mutual assurances of high regard, agreed upon a treaty.

Outwardly, like a much more recent agreement signed by Russia, the Treaty of Tilsit was a "non-aggression pact." Napoleon was to mediate so as to end Russia's war with Turkey; the Czar was to mediate so as to end Napoleon's war with England. As it happened, however, the published terms of Tilsit were only part of the treaty; it contained also "secret articles" with very different provisions. Central Europe was to be partitioned; in consideration of the resultant spoils allotted to each bargainer, the Czar and Napoleon were to employ the whole of their respective armies to make "common sense" in any war that either might undertake. Apparently, the path of aggression by early nineteenth-century dictatorship had now become easy. What ensued?

England rejected at once the "mediation plan" on the grounds, first, that a secret treaty was known to have been signed at Tilsit; second, that what was known of its purport made peace more dangerous to civilization than continuance of war. This was not all. As usual,

ally happens after so unscrupulous a bargain, each of the Tilsit treaty-makers soon began to suspect that, in allotment of the spoils, the other had overreached him. Each refused to grant demands made by the other when such demands turned out to be inconvenient. Napoleon wanted to have his war with Poland, the Czar wanted to have his with Turkey. Napoleon was determined to shut out British goods from the Continent; Russia wished to get such goods, even if surreptitiously. Other causes of friction followed; each government accused its partner of bad faith. In the end, the Czar instructed his envoy to submit to Napoleon certain policies on which he must insist; Napoleon is said to have replied to the envoy: "You are a gentleman, and yet you dare to present to me such proposals." In the end the natural sequel, circumstances being what they were, was Napoleon's declaration of war on Russia—with results which history is fond of describing.

The moral of the Treaty of Tilsit was that a nefarious bargain between dictators—a bargain apparently cemented by division of the spoils—led directly to quarrel over distribution of those very spoils. History does not always repeat itself in every particular; yet in this nineteenth-century episode there were resemblances to the situation which the Russo-German pact has created.

Globe and Mail:—And after Hitlerism has been eliminated the turn of Stalinism will come.



WHEN IT'S TIME TO MOVE

THINK OF STAR TRANSFER

We don't blame the golfer for being annoyed—and we don't blame folks for being annoyed when moving men don't treat their furniture with care—but of course that NEVER happens when you are moved by us.

PHONE 427

FIRE INSURANCE

PROTECT that new building or improvements by placing sufficient fire insurance. Inquire about our Low Rates.

We also sell Automobile, Life, Sickness and Accident and Plate Glass Insurance

SULLIVAN & NEWTON

SECURITY SERVICE
PHONE: DAY 104 NIGHT 237 21 PINE STREET N. TIMMINS

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

From
T. & N. O. and N. C. R. Stations
Via North Bay and Canadian National Railways
To
TORONTO
Buffalo, Cornwall, Detroit, Hamilton, London,
Peterboro (via Toronto), Windsor and
Intermediate Points
FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1939

Tickets to U.S. Destinations sold subject to Passengers meeting Immigration Requirements of U.S.A. GOING and Canada—RETURNING.

Bargain Excursion tickets NOT GOOD on Pool Trains Nos. 8 and 15, between Toronto and points East thereof.

Bargain excursion tickets to Peterboro good only on C. N. R. exclusive trains between Toronto and Peterboro.

Bargain excursion tickets NOT GOOD on "The Northland"—Trains 49 and 50.

RETURNING

Leave destinations up to and including Monday, Oct. 2nd, EXCEPT as follows: From Windsor up to 12.30 a.m. Tuesday, Oct. 3rd. From Jellicoe, Geraldton, Beardmore, Nakina, Tashota and Longlac, up to Wednesday, Oct. 4th, 1939.

Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by Guardian HALF FARE

Tickets Good in Coaches ONLY No Baggage Checked

For Fares, Departure Time and Further Information Appl. to Local Agent

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway
The Nipissing Central Railway Company

Heavily laden, and she was not sorry when he observed the increasingly recurrent phenomena of her yawns, and laughed at her, and took her home to the Malbro.

It had been, at any rate, a fruitful sort of day. They were a good day's journey nearer to their objective, and had lost no ground themselves, since Peggy's bona-fides had not been in question. But it all seemed a little like a dream as she lay half-asleep against Peter's shoulder in the taxi.

"Where shall I see you to-morrow?" she asked as they parted.

"I don't quite know. I'll ring you up first thing in the morning."

She agreed sleepily, and said good-night to him with a contented mind. But she was hardly prepared to be awakened by the ringing of the telephone bell at quite such an unearthly hour—for a Mayfairish, blasé courtship such as theirs was supposed to be—as half-past eight in the morning. She had slept heavily, and awoke to the shrill sound with a suddenness which was startling.

She reached for the instrument without getting up. Not Peter's voice, but peremptory squawk of a parrot saluted her ear. She almost dropped the thing in her astonishment; almost, but not quite. Perhaps it was the flashing out of a vivid dream which kept her mind so open and receptive now. Anything could have seemed ordinary and real after that wild other-worldly experience. She replied to the unseen parrot sweetly that yes, this was Eleanor Vandeleur.

"So sorry, my dear," said the parrot shrilly, "to call you up at this unearthly hour. But you get about so extensively, don't you, that it's really rather difficult to be sure of finding you at any particular time in any particular place. I thought I'd be sure for once."

"You bet I get around all I can," said Miss Vandeleur demurely. "That's what I'm here for. But—oh, the fool I am, of course I know who it is. Lady Cowle! Yes, but you see, I'm still in bed, and only just awake—if I am awake."

Both ends of the wire chuckled, though Lady Cowle's chuckle was more of a screech. Something in Peggy's mind nagged that she had forgotten it; something important, something significant. She knew it was there, but she could not get hold of it. And in the meanwhile:

"I want you to come over this afternoon," said the parrot which was Lady Cowle, "and take cocktails with us. Filthy things, but what would our village idiots do at five o'clock without them? One can at least change one's dress for the occasion, and that fills up half an hour or so. What with one thing and another, we just manage to fill up the day."

"I'm one of the village idiots," said Peggy. "I like them."

"You'll like my beautiful piano bet-



FOURSHOWMEN: Four lovely blending voices backed by sound musicianship equals a good quartette. The "Four Showmen," currently starring on the "Light Up and Listen Club" broadcasts, possess the extra spark of inherent liveliness and an infallible sense of rhythm which brings them greatness. Thus they are equally pleasing to all ears—and that is real distinction.

HE'S GOING PLACES

HE'S full of vigor, thanks to exercise, plenty of sleep and good food. Shredded Wheat is good food which gives you the wholesome nourishment and food values found in 100% whole wheat in a pleasant and easily digested form. Crisp, golden-brown, nutty-flavored Shredded Wheat appeals to youngsters and, served with lots of milk, is a most nutritious, delicious, well-balanced food for young and old alike.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Canada

He eats

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT