

# MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

## CHAPTER XII (Continued) INTO THE PARROT'S BEAK

Four windows there were, and the first of them was open, and so, probably were the other three, but there was no need to go further. Peter felt down first with his fingers, found the moulding, but could not quite reach inward under it to convince himself that the sash was down. An open safety pin on a thread of cotton, swung delicately from his fingers, did the trick for him; at the first long play he tapped the glass with it; at the second, upon a shortened thread, he tangled it hopelessly in the curtain of the room, proving beyond doubt that the way was clear to enter the house.

Peter lay in his secure guster for a while, listening, but the silence was absolute, except for the street sounds which drifted over to him casually from Coleridge Square. No one, as far as he could judge—and at the end of it judgment would be guesswork—was moving about in any of these top-floor rooms. It was now for it, and the chance grew no longer and no shorter now for being deferred.

He rolled over the parapet, and lowered himself by his arms, feeling cautiously for the tiny foothold of the sash. The window rattled as his weight settled gradually; he got one hand down to the open frame, and in another moment was standing upon the sill. The gracious quietude and he stood in the house of Mere Colibri.

The accuracy of this deduction had never for one moment been in question as far as he was concerned. He had at least entered the enemy stronghold successfully; to leave it successfully might not be so easy, or run in so smooth a groove. He stood quietly freeing his safety-pin from the rustling blue curtains and looked around him.

He was in a box-room; thank goodness for that at any rate. It might so easily have been a maids bedroom, or something equally awkward. But here was nothing except one or two chairs, a few trunks piled along the wall, an easel folded into the corner, and several rolled canvases tumbled under it. There were other minor indications that this room double-windowed in the antique style, and beautifully light for the purpose, had been used as a studio when such was required. A palette was leaning against the foot of the easel, and a large paint rag was thrown down untidily over it. Clearly the room was rarely even entered, or that rag would have been tidied away long ago, for when he stirred it it gave out a small cloud of dust.

A jar full of equally dusty brushes stood upon one of the chairs. Peter remembered that Lady Cowie painted; or more accurately, that she had painted at one time, and possibly did so occasionally still, when the mood was upon her. Out of sheer curiosity, a quality he could ill afford just then, he unrolled one of the canvases, and looked upon a sketch of Corrie, the most petulant and deft affair of only a few brush strokes, but perfectly Corrie. The universality of Lady Cowie was terrifying.

Peter felt an instinctive revolt against the little ache of inferiority the thought gave him. This was no time to be afraid of the old woman, unfathomable though her potentialities might be. He dropped the canvas, crossed silently to the door, and very gently unlatched it. It gave without a sound this was a well-trained house.

The corridor outside was empty—white—why did people like white cor-

ridors—and very well carpeted. Everything had been specially designed to help him to move about like the ghost he almost wished he was. What would have been the value of one of those cloaks of invisibility at this moment. This was all very well, but one might well expect the top floor of a big house to be deserted at this hour, when probably the household were just approaching the end of an early dinner. If only he had some idea of where they would congregate for their council!

The drawing-room? It well might be for what more natural than that Lady Cowie should give a dinner-party, and the guests should foregather in the drawing-room afterwards? On the other hand, though this arrangement would look beautifully simple and innocent to those very important people, the servants, the drawing-room was on the ground floor, and too easily accessible from the garden. It was a long chance but the chance was there; and these people did not take chances. Where else? A first floor room would be more aloof. Peter wished he knew the room arrangement of this house, but apart from the ground floor it was a mystery to him.

He reached the landing, and peered cautiously over the banisters. The staircase was a well, dropping four storeys away from him into darkness. Then somewhere about the first floor, or it might even have been the ground floor for the ranks upon ranks of banister uprights, slanting downwards by stages, were very confusing to the eye, a light went on.

### A DOOR OPENED

Peter's watchfulness now was almost his undoing; for in concentrating upon trying to see the origin of the light, and anything which might happen in it, he forgot to pay due attention to the floor on which he was standing. "Someone looking for something in a dime corner," he was thinking, for it was by no means dark yet, when he heard with sickening suddenness a step in one of the rooms nearest to him. He heard it because the door was being opened; the owner of the foot which occasioned the step was coming out, was going down the stairs. Obviously, because there was nowhere else to go.

There was no time to step back—hardly time to think. Peter flung himself on his stomach across the burnished rail, and went down it like a streak of light, with the trifling difference that he was in dark grey. A schoolboy trick and the buttons on his wrists might easily have given him away if once they had caught the rail, but they had behaved beautifully, and there he was, in two seconds, actually inside a room on the third floor, and behind the door in case the footsteps should turn in here. All done by a little alarm.

He waited, listening breathlessly as the steady, methodical steps came on downwards. He had not been seen, or there would have been a cry after him and a break in the pompous slowness of this unseen person. Instead the steps came on, crossed the landing, and passed on downward. He opened the door a crack, and inspected the rear elevation of what could be nothing but a footman. That scare was over, at any rate.

He had leisure to look around him again, and looked with interest, but probably, Corrie might have been expected to prefer a room on the first floor; but, on the other hand, this was a rear room over the choicest corner of the garden, large and light, and likely to appeal in itself, as apart from all possible drawbacks of its position. He looked around it quickly, but saw no reason for lingering. What might be picked up in any room of this house was not for the moment, his pigskin; he had a definite job to do, and at present no idea of how he was going to set about it.

The first requisite, however, seemed to be to catch sight of at least one of the quarry, and so reassure himself that they were really in the house. All was quiet again. Peter left his refuge upon tip-toe, and drew the door with the monumental tick of the great grandfather clock which stood upon the landing, he went more sedately down the second flight of stairs than he had done down the first; and again he peered down, this time upon the ground floor.

He saw more clearly now the broad hall, the lights recently turned on to illuminate the inner corners which otherwise would be too gloomy in this first twilight. He could see one wall, doors in it, but all closed demurely. The drawing-room he knew from his one visit to the house, but from his position he could not see it, and he dared not venture the last dash into that space of light.

Then he thought he heard somewhere below, and faintly because of the solidity of this old fabric, the sound of a piano being played softly but furiously, a gallant racing, insinuating rhythm which got into his blood. And suddenly a door was thrown open and it came to him more clearly, and over and through it, the first genuine indication he had had that the family were at home; he heard Corrie laughing; lightly and reflectively, as if at a joke which had already passed its point and been duly appreciated.

A moment later she swam into sight immediately below him, sailing out into the centre of the hall like a blown flower in her wide-skirted blue dress.

She paused there to look back over her shoulder, flaunting a cigarette in one hand; and Leslie Graham, following caught her in one arm, and bore her towards the stairs, she called:

"Jean-Pierre, if you do not come away we shall never decide anything. As long as she has an audience she'll go on playing."

They were not only at home, then, but they were leaving the drawing-room and coming up here; and they had something to decide. Already Graham had one hand upon the barrister. The piano ceased, was closed. Peter felt their presence almost as a heat beating upon his face in the dark turn of the stairs. Now where? In every emergency time was so narrow; this was the worst of taking on these guess-work jobs, where the next move was always unknown.

He felt his way backwards along the wall, and in through the narrowest door he could get further without being seen. Fortunately there was no one in the room, which proved, when he cast one wild glance round, to be the library. As likely a rendezvous, that, as any in the house; a trifle vast, perhaps for comfortable discussion, but these were not people to be affected with an inferiority complex merely because a room dwarfed them.

The place had no cover whatever; but it did hold another door, a small, discreet door which appeared to give upon a mere annex of the library, possibly once a powder-closet attached to the principal bedroom. Peter passed through it, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him, as he had found it.

### TALK OF PEGGY

His guess had been right so far as there was only a small space within and no other exit from it. There was one window, small and high and closely curtained. There was an oval table, a modern fireplace shining a modest fire well tempered to the evening, more shelves of books, apparently especially favourites, in one corner, and a ring of chairs as old as the house. A tapestried rug, in fact, designed for occasions when the library became too large, airy and cold for comfort.

Every wall was hung with tapestry. Peter had momentary visions of himself playing the part of Polonius behind the arras. He did not fancy the role, but it had suddenly dawned upon him that he had blundered into the council chamber, and that with the best will in the world he could not get out again, for Corrie and Graham must already be almost at the library door. He beat along the walls with one hand, and found no space sufficient to contain him without leaving some suspicious contours visible to the enemy. There was no cupboard; he could not do the remarkable act of that soldier fellow—what was his name? Trooper Fowler—who lived for the great part of four years in a French woman's wardrobe.

It began to seem to Peter's feverish mind, as if the game was up. Then he thought of the window. Heaven alone knew by this time, on just which side of the house he was. If it happened to be the front he was finished, for every passer-by in Coleridge Square could not help but notice even in the deep dusk, the peculiar phenomenon of a young man in a dark grey suit squinting inside the drawn curtains at No. 3. Heaven help him, too, if the room should become too hot, and someone should demand that the window be opened.

But there was no time to assess the drawbacks of the position. The thing to do was to hide, and quickly, and in the best indeed the only, place which offered adequate shelter. Peter planted his rubber-shod foot ruthlessly in the cushions of a large chair, and hauled himself into the window, and from that position he reached down a long arm and shook the cushion smooth again, and composed the stiff silken curtains rigidly between himself and the room.

He made the shift to find the most comfortable position for their was no telling how long he might have to remain there and a movement might betray him. Happily the sill was broad, and by wedging himself firmly into one corner he found a secure, if hard backrest, against which he could brace himself to get ease from his one position. And the window looked upon the garden, which was darkening already. So far his luck was in; and to look for the difficulties of getting out again when he was just so successfully in seemed a piece of sheer ingratitude, so he let the future sleep. He wedged his toes against the woodwork opposite, and composed his arms about his raised knees, and waited for what would come.

It was Corrie and Graham who came first. Their voices at the door, and then the knob with a crisp click, and then the light switch on and flooding the room. That also was good, for the light inside was now far stronger than the light outside, and the presence of something solid and dark in the space of the window could no longer obtrude itself.

"One makes plans," said Corrie's cool voice, with what might well have been a shrug accompanying. "For what? For other people to discover. It amuses them; it doesn't hurt us. Why didn't we go to the Kemble, Gray? They're perfectly capable of deciding everything without us; and I believe the play is really quite good. So rare in these days. Things have reached

### Out-Glamourized Them



Polly Lux, ex-Follies girl, lost all her show earnings in the 1929 crash. Despite pessimism in that ex-boom region she went to Florida in 1934 with \$10,000 capital and ran it into half-a-million in Miami hotels. Her success secret, according to Polly—"Out-Glamourization."

such a pass that the theatre has to be decent in theme to be really amusing."

"I'm worried," said Graham, in brusque answer. "It's all very well for you; your part is in the background anyhow."

"Not always, my dear Gray. Do you remember the nice little girl with the insatiable curiosity?"

Peter thought of Peggy and smiled. She would, whatever the following danger, have enjoyed this.

"I admit you were useful. But that was an emergency. You're in the background as a general rule, and you trade on it. I tell you candidly, Corrie, I think we should close down on the racket until the scare blows over."

"And what would Jean-Pierre say to that? Don't tell me let me guess." And she laughed; the question, apparently was rhetorical.

"Jean-Pierre is safe, anyhow."

"If they get a hold of you my darling, would any of us be safe then? So, it's my belief that we have to consider the safety of the supply and as much as our own. They'd throw us to the wolves as readily as we would throw them; and each of us knows it. Besides we must have the stuff."



### That Body of Yours

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

#### Simple Tachycardia—Rapid Heart Beat

When the normal rate of the heart in adult men is 72 and in woman 76 to 78 or 80, it is only natural that when the heart rate is 84 to 90 in men and 84 to 96 in women, it should cause some uneasiness.

This rapid beating of the heart is called tachycardia and when the cause is located it is not usually a serious or permanent condition that is causing the rapid rate.

The first point to remember is that the sound of the heart and its regularity are not changed; all that is present is an increased rate.

The second point is that as it is beating more rapidly it must be that so because of some condition present. And that it is better that it should beat more rapidly to meet this need.

Thus the heart rate increases when exercise is taken because there is a greater call for blood to be sent to the muscles to enable them to work.

The heart rate increases under excitement and also when heat is applied to the body. During even slight fever the heart rate is increased.

The heart rate increases when there are infections of teeth, tonsils, sinuses and intestine. It is often accompanied these low infections even when there is little or no rise in temperature, one of the most noticeable infections being tuberculosis.

"Simple tachycardia is often met with in those with nervous irritability; in these it is provoked by exercise or emotion. It is often present in many during the time that they are recovering from an illness."

One of the commonest causes is when the blood approaches too near an acid condition—acidosis; this may be due to eating too much acid food or being on a "reducing" diet.

The treatment of simple tachycardia depends, of course, upon its cause. The rapid beating heart is just a signal that it is being asked to do more work for some reason; this reason should then be sought.

"The discovery of an enlarged thyroid gland; signs of poisoning from the intestine; infection from teeth, tonsils, sinuses; or instability of the nervous system forms the guide for the proper treatment."

Paroxysmal tachycardia, where the heart beat suddenly goes up to 140 to 180 for a few minutes or longer, and just as suddenly comes back to the normal rate, is due to other causes than those mentioned above.

#### Why Worry About Your Heart

Is it skipping beats, is it murmuring, is it large, is it small—send to-day for this instructive booklet (No. 102) by Dr. Barton which tells the story of your heart in a simple and satisfying way. Enclose Ten Cents to cover service and handling and be sure to give your name and full address. Send your request to The Bell Library, in care of The Advance, Timmins, 247 West 43rd St., New York City.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)  
acros tireus stYin Acst O c

### New British Book Answers Question "Can Jews Fight?"

Reference to the Record  
Made by the Jews in the  
Last War.

(By Rabbi Dr. H. J. Stern)

A recent issue of "Men Only" (London, England) contains a timely article bearing the title "Can Jews Fight?" The author maintains that the Great War exploded the idea that Jews do not make good soldiers. "All men make good soldiers if they think they have anything worth fighting for, and the Jews, emerging from a stunting confinement in the ghetto, have shown high military prowess."

Thus the record shows that during the last war 50,000 Jews were in the British forces, 10,000 enlisting as volunteers and they produced five V.C.'s, fifteen Orders of St. George, and forty-five D.S.O.'s, with over 1500 other who won decorations and honours. General Monah, whom Mr. Lloyd George thought the most brilliant soldier in the War, was an Australian Jew, risen from the ranks, and given supreme command of the Australian Forces in France. His August 8th, 1918, attack on the Somme, when in command of American, Australian, British and Canadian troops, was the beginning of the German Army's defeat.

Right after the war, an anti-Semitic editor in Munich offered a prize to any German who could prove that three sons of any Jewish family had served at the front for three weeks. One hundred and forty-two families produced the required proof. Two of them had sent ten sons to the front, thirty-nine had sent six.

The ancient fighting glory of Israel was evidenced in the formation of the Jewish Legion during the Great War under the leadership of Vladimir Jabotinsky and Joseph Trumpeldor. This legion rendered great service in the conquest of Palestine and won the admiration of General Allenby.

In this regard it is significant to note that at present 136,000 Jewish men and women between the ages of 18 and 50 in Palestine have registered for participation in the British Army and emergency service. Thirty-six thousand Jewish women are among the volunteers who have responded to the recent registration conducted by the Jewish agency and will be available for medical service.

Jews have a great stake in the present war as have all other lovers of democracy. If Hitlerism and Stalinism succeed that will spell the death of human freedom. Jews have a tradition of freedom and in these critical days will give their strength, manpower and material aid in the cause of liberty, as in the past. But Jews must think clearly in these difficult times. They must act with dignity. They must not permit themselves to be victimized by pseudo-champions of patriotism, by bigots and fanatics who, whatever happens in the world, seek always to find fault with the Jew's contribution in the common struggle of humanity.

Jews have given proof of their loyalty to democratic British life in time of peace and in time of war. They are standing by the British ideal to-day more than ever. For the British ideal is founded on the Hebrew concept of the importance of the individual, democracy, and the grace of human brotherhood which gives emphasis to the rights of all humankind.

### Fined at Kirkland Lake on Reckless Driving Charge

Kirkland Lake, Oct. 14.—Convicted on a charge of reckless driving and leaving the scene of an accident, Simon Walsh, of Timmins, was fined \$75 and costs at police court here this week.

He was also deprived of his license to drive for the next six months. According to witnesses he was driving at rapid rate on the Larder Lake highway (some witnesses said he was on the wrong side of the road) and he hit a car driven by Dan MacDonald, of Kirkland Lake. The latter car was flung into the ditch. The Walsh car did not stop, but was chased by another car and overtaken. None of the occupants of the cars were injured, but the cars were damaged to some extent. The accused did not give evidence on his own behalf, though pleading not guilty to the reckless driving charge.

### Charged With Attempt to Bribe Provincial Officer

Rouyn, Oct. 14.—Samuel Simca, with premises located in the Rice Building, Rouyn, is awaiting a preliminary hearing on two counts—that of being in possession of illegal lottery equipment and that of attempting to bribe the police.

Simon who came to this town some weeks ago from Montreal applied to the Provincial Police for permission to distribute punch boards. This permission was granted with the stipulation that these punch boards must not constitute games of chance, but that there must be a prize for every punch. Simon assured Constable G. Lortie that such was the case, but added "If there should be any complaints, could you not destroy them and not bring them to the notice of the chief." It is alleged that he offered the constable a watch. The conversation took place within earshot of another member of the Provincial Police force. The arrest was made last Friday, after complaints had been received from several bowling alleys and hotels that the punch boards were not "on the level."

Toronto Telegram.—The woman who can't keep her husband under her thumb usually has her hands full.

### NEEDLEWORK IS FINE . . . BUT

#### A Strain On Eyes! GLASSES OFTEN HELP

Now that winter is here, you'll probably do a lot of sewing. That's fine . . . but take care of your eyes! If you suffer from headaches or strained eyes, be sure to see us . . . our registered optometrist will make a careful examination.

J. M. WATERMAN, R.O.,  
Optical Specialist  
17 Pine St. N. Phone 190



### REMUS OPTICAL DEPT.

### Suggests Gift from Canada of Million Bushels Wheat

The following letter is worth a thought or two at this time:—

To the Editor of The Globe and Mail: Now that the Empire is definitely committed to the task of checking the reign of tyrannical aggression and oppression in Europe, a remark one hears on every side from those who are debarrred by age or infirmity from overseas service is this: "I wish there were some practical way in which I could aid the Empire in this crucial hour." Well, there is a way.

The gift by popular subscription of a million bushels of wheat as a love token to the Motherland would be of inestimable value.

1. It would cheer the hearts of our enlisted men, who are giving more than others can possibly give.

2. It would warm the cockles of the hearts of our compatriots in Great Britain, upon whom the heavier brunt of the task will fall.

3. Its disconcerting effect upon the enemy would be a factor not to be despised.

Great Britain will be a heavy purchaser of our surplus wheat supply; and Canadians will be called upon to subscribe to war loans. These transactions are commercial and financial—not spontaneous and magnanimous.

But a popular gift such as suggested would be an object lesson to the world of the way in which the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations are united and appreciative of our liberties and democratic ideals.

Islington, Ont. R. S. E. Large.

### Wedded at Arthur Will Take up Residence Here

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. S. (Joe)  
Sloan to Reside at Timmins.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph R. Smith, Arthur, Ontario, on Saturday, Oct. 7th, when Marion Phinia, daughter of Mr. Duncan Gillies and the late Mrs. Gillies, of Grand Valley, was married to Hilliard Edgar Stephenson Sloan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sloan, of Tottenham, Ont. The Rev. C. Graham Jones, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Grand Valley, officiated.

The church was nicely decorated with pink gladiolus and ferns.

Mrs. E. Thompson played the wedding music. During the signing of the register Mr. Ralph Smith, brother-in-law of the bride, sang "Because."

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of Caralyn white corded taffeta, with fitted bodice and a sweetheart neckline, and carried a bouquet of Talisman roses.

Miss Margaret Gillies, sister of the bride, attended as bridesmaid. She wore a gown of pale pink chiffon with Queen's blue accessories and carried a bouquet of pink mums and blue cornflowers.

Mr. Robert Richardson, of Toronto, was groomsmen.

A reception was given by Mrs. Ralph Smith, sister of the bride.

The groom's mother wore a gown of black triple sheer, with a corsage of red roses.

The happy couple left on a motor trip to New York City. On their return they will take up residence in Timmins.

Guests in attendance from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, and Mr. Wm. McLean, Tottenham; Mr. and Mrs. M. Sloan, New Liskeard; Miss Rachel Sloan and Mr. and Mrs. J. Sloan, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. E. Deville, Weston; Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Eplett, New Liskeard; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Grady, Timmins; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Taylor, Timmins; and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hamilton, Barrie.

### Large Attendance at Thanks Offering Meeting of W. M. S.

Devotional Period Conducted  
by Mrs. A. Gillies.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Timmins United Church held a thanks offering meeting in the church on Thursday, October 12th. The attendance was unusually large.

Mrs. A. Ramsay presided and opened the meeting with prayer, followed by a short business meeting during which reports were read. In the correspondence a letter was read from the Canadian Red Cross, making an appeal for a united effort in Red Cross work. Urging the members to invite others to assist in the work of the home and farm mission, the president reminded the members of the need to invite strangers and New Canadians of this community.

Mrs. A. Gillies introduced a devotional period, taking as her theme, "Thanksgiving, Meditation, and Dedication." The scripture reading was taken by Mrs. A. G. Carson, and a hymn, "All People That On Earth Do Well," was sung by Mrs. P. Carson.

Mrs. H. Traver dedicated the offering.

The study book "Moving Millions," a book on India, was introduced in a very interesting way by Mrs. Gillies, assisted by her group, including, Mrs. Holtz, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Platts, Mrs. Monk and Mrs. Gordon. They dealt with India in reference to geography, her great population, the number of languages, and the political and religious movements.

The meeting closed with a hymn.

### Funeral Services for the Late Mrs. Oscar Gagnon

Funeral services were held on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, at the Notre Dame des Lourdes Roman Catholic Church, for the late Mrs. Oscar Gagnon. The late Mrs. Gagnon passed away at the Toronto General Hospital on Thursday, after a illness lasting some months.

She leaves to mourn her loss, a family residing at 103 Avenue Road. Interment was made in the Timmins cemetery.

### Officers Installed at Gold Nugget Rebekah Lodge

Mrs. Minnie Sears, District  
Deputy President and  
Staff Officiate.

Mrs. Minnie Sears, District Deputy President, and staff, were present to instal the new officers at the Gold Nugget Rebekah Lodge No. 173, on Thursday when the following members took office for the ensuing year:—

Junior Past Noble Grand, Mrs. Carrie Borland.

Noble Grand, Mrs. Isabel Hocking.

Vice Grand, Mrs. Susan Crews.

Recording Secretary, Miss Helen Crews.

Financial Secretary, Mrs. M. Lawley.

Treasurer, Mrs. Gladys Masters.

Warden, Mrs. Grace Gridley.

Conductor, Miss Mildred Bailey.

Chaplain, Mrs. Charlotte Lacy.

R.S.N.G., Mrs. Margaret Price.

L.S.N.G., Mrs. Millie Scott.

R.S.V.G., Mrs. Annie Masson.

L.S.V.G., Mrs. Rita O'Connor.

Inside Guardian, Miss Mamie Borland.

Outside Guardian, Mrs. Jessie Webb.

Musicians, Mrs. Mary Wilson.

Visitors at the event were members of the Kitchener Rebekah Lodge, South Porcupine, and also the Rebekah Lodge at Trochu Falls.

## SALE

### Royal Albert CUPS and SAUCERS

Lovely for your own table, as gifts or for bridge prizes, beautiful Royal Albert Crown China cups and saucers at a remarkably low price. Literally dozens of colourful patterns from which to select. All are genuine English bone china bearing the authentic Royal Albert stamp. Direct importing makes this price possible. Be sure to visit our English China Shop to-morrow!

# 69¢ EACH

17 PINE N.  
PHONE 190

## C.A. REMUS