

MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

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CHAPTER XIV
"GET HER"

If the new play at the Kemble had not, after one crowded week, slumped into surprising failure, nothing need ever have gone wrong with the plans of Peter Sherwood Milne. But from a cascade of favourable opening criticisms to an empty house ten nights later is no far cry in the modern theatre world, and that was the fate of this particular play, as of many another.

It so happened that the decision to take it off and cut all losses had been arrived at on Tuesday, September the fifth. Lady Cowle had one of her inimitable informal evening receptions that night, and one of her guests was the celebrated actor who had been fighting the best of the losing battle against lukewarm interest in the London audiences. Not unnaturally he was depressed; again not unnaturally, he talked to this shrewd and keenly of great ladies, one who herself knew the trials and successes of artistry, about the failure. She was sympathetic. She said some clever but unkind things about modern audience-reaction which went straight to his wounded heart.

"All very well," he said good-humouredly, "and I won't deny that I've said worse things in far worse words about em. But does that help to pay the small-part actors wages? No, Lady Cowle; what you should do, if you want to show your sympathy in a really practical way, is to write us a play yourself. With your gift for writing invective, and mine for delivering it, we might get somewhere. The trouble is, dirt has long since become commonplace, and I'm hanged if the authors know where to turn for something even more stimulating and not yet over-exploited."

He added, looking moodily into the smoke of his cigar: "Mind you, this was good stuff. You didn't see it? I'm sorry! You won't have the chance for very much longer. But could it arouse any interest among West End audiences? Not on your life! We had about three fashionable nights; not that they're any use to us, as you know for yourself unless intelligence comes with the wealth, and it didn't."

"You sold the boxes, out pretty well, I understand," said Lady Cowle, watching him with her glittering old eyes, but not giving away the source of her understanding.

"You're misinformed. There has been a certain amount of business in that peculiarly snobbish and uncomfortable line of audience-accommodation, but by no means a full sale. Many nights there hasn't been one box filled." "Some friends of mine," she explained, "carefully casual," expressed an intention of getting a box for last Thursday's show. There was some suggestion of our going with them, but we couldn't manage it. I don't know if they went."

"They didn't," sighed the actor, "I can tell you that. One of the worst audiences of the run, I assure you, and not a box filled."

The painted old face smiled upon him indulgently but very alertly. "You're

imagining things. I don't believe you'd see a good audience if you had one; your bad luck has affected your brain, Simon."

"For a fortnight," he said solemnly, "I've been trying to convince myself that this play would eventually be a success. Do you seriously think I should miss any opportunity of making one little point in its favour?"

She did not. He was a man with a cold and judicial mind which would be sure of what it said. Therefore no box had been taken for last Thursday's performance. Therefore the American girl—and her cavalier into the bargain—had lied. Therefore there was a reason for their lying; they had probed for some information—she did not know what nor how the lies had helped them; but she knew that it was approaching midnight, and that the run on Abbott's Ferry Moor was timed for one o'clock.

The speed and ease with which Lady Cowle got rid of her weary informant was a tribute to her training, as well as her nature. He never even realized that she had sent him away. The remainder of her guests followed as glibly, and she imparted the news to Corrie.

Corrie was in red, a vivid creature, painted to more than her usual flamboyance. She had enjoyed her evening and her company, and was in no mood for serious matters; but when her grandmother took her by the arm, and said in a low voice: "Get that American girl on the phone, quick!" she did take instant notice. Her thin face sharpened in that unlovely way it had when there was danger or excitement on hand.

"Why?" "Do as I say. If she's there, get her to come over. How do I know what excuse you'll make? Get her!"

Corrie tried faithfully. She came back to report, with a mystified face: "She's not there. She left the Malbro this morning. No, they don't know where for. She left no address, but she's gone, and apparently for good."

CHASE IN THE DARK
"As I expected," said Lady Cowle. "Now get Martinson out of the Green Scorpion into this house, as fast as you can."

"Why?" Is there anything gone wrong?" asked Corrie, only turning in the act of obedience to satisfy her own curiosity.

"Apart from the fact that the sky is falling," said Lady Cowle detachedly, "nothing is wrong. Unless," she added strangely, "it is that I'm getting old."

Corrie made her second call, and came back to gather more information. There was leisure now to give it, for a few minutes must pass before the auxiliary could arrive. She was told in a very few words.

"Simon was here lamenting his dead play. You heard him? He says—and it must be true—that no box was filled last Thursday. I blame myself for not confirming everything to do with that very attractive American girl, but I was satisfied—I admit it. I was taken in."

"You mean she has been spying on us?" cried Corrie.

"Why else should she deliberately tell us a string of lies about last Thursday night? What happened last Thursday night? Tell me that."

"We were here talking about the run—all of us."

"All of us—yes. I wonder was there anyone else?"

"How could there be? Unless he was invisible, of course."

"I don't know. I don't see myself. All I know is that she is a police agent—and the man—Milne, her admirer—is another. That means that there's something wrong with this business tonight. At the very least it means that there may be; now the girl's leaving makes it mean that there must be."

"Gray!" cried Corrie, her face paling. "He must be warned. Why, he'll be more than halfway to Abbott's Ferry by now. What are we going to do? It probably means ruin, anyhow, if the cargo's lost; but we can't just let Gray and Kirk walk into a trap. They'll have to be warned."

"Gray will be warned," said Lady Cowle.

"You're sending Martinson after them? Can he possibly catch them?"

"He will catch them," said Mere Colibri again, without emotion.

"And then? What are we all going to do, even supposing he's in time to call them off? The cargo goes; and if the police know so much, they know more—who we are, where we operate. What happens to us?"

"I think," said the old woman, "that the time has come when we shall find a use for the yacht which has been lying at Poole for so long. I always wondered if it would end that way. After all, there are other countries; and we can hardly complain of the harvest we've reaped. Also there are other professions. We haven't yet tried all the rackets, my dear Corrie."

"But first we must destroy or disperse every bit of guilty stock the Green Scorpion and Sabel's carry between them. I daresay, even at this time of night, one can get rid of cocaine and morphia if the price is low enough. I'll talk to Jean-Pierre as soon as we've started Martinson off after Graham. Jean-Pierre will have a lot of work to do, and it will be up to him whether he disappears with us, or stays and takes his risk here. At least he'll need every minute of what's left of the night for his clearing-up at the Scorpion. Ah, well, at least we have our safeguards for what they're worth—a quick exit, plenty of portable wealth, and adaptable passports. You had better go and begin to put your valuables together. Don't forget the papers."

Corrie departed. Her grandmother's was the administrative brain, and there was no other in the clique to match it; the fact that they all recognized as much had been their safety and hers for eighteen months.

She saw Martinson alone, and inside five minutes he was upon his way, in Lady Cowle's own car, since that was the fastest vehicle they possessed, and course of the length set in this most unofficial test, by probably an hour to an hour and a half. The night, once he left the confines of London behind, was intensely dark, for there was no moon, and drifting clouds, the first for many nights, and still scarcely more than mist upon the sky, dimmed the stars. A perfect night it would have been for cargo-running by parachute.

Not all of their successful night had been half so favourable as this, and this was the night of failure.

Martinson knew nothing of the whys and wherefores of his quest. He knew only that something was gravely wrong, that Mere Colibri was desperately concerned about it, and that he had to catch Graham and his assistant Kirk before they were actually on the moor.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER
In fact he caught him by a narrow margin, upon the edge of the moor itself, close to a cottage which slept securely, one window lighted, in a front seat for drama, had the inhabitants only known it. He did not dare blow his horn, but the other car had to be stopped. He drove past it, and pulled the bulk of his car across the road, and in a moment they were out in the hush of the moor together, peering at each other in the darkness.

"Martinson," said Graham, reporting back to his assistant in astonishment. "What happened? Doesn't the old girl think we're capable of carrying it off?"

"She thinks you'd better not try," said Martinson grimly. "Don't ask me what happened. All I know is she called me out of the Green Scorpion at a second's notice, and looked like death, and sent me after you, with orders to catch you if I broke my neck doing it. Your orders are to return immediately, and at the best pace you can knock out of your machine."

"She's crazy! What about the cargo?" "Hang the cargo! Let it drop and lie. I tell you this must be a real pinch. Have you ever seen her frightened?"

"No, no one has. All right, we're on our way. Go on ahead; she may need you, and I can't make your speed. Where do we go? Coleridge Square?"

"Hush!" said Martinson suddenly, cropping a hand upon his arm. "There's somebody coming down the lane there, in the shadow of the hedge."

Graham fell silent, and they stood straining their eyes and ears. There was someone there, certainly; but the someone was as well aware of their knowledge of his presence as they were of his stealthy approach. Even now that they had spotted him, it was impossible to keep him in sight, so dark was the night, and so silently did he move. Only now and again could they hazard even a fairly accurate guess as to his position; and the queer fascination of the attempt held them still, spell-bound. So that in spite of having watched him for upwards of a full minute, they were taken utterly by surprise when he suddenly sprang full at them out of the shadow at the hem of the road.

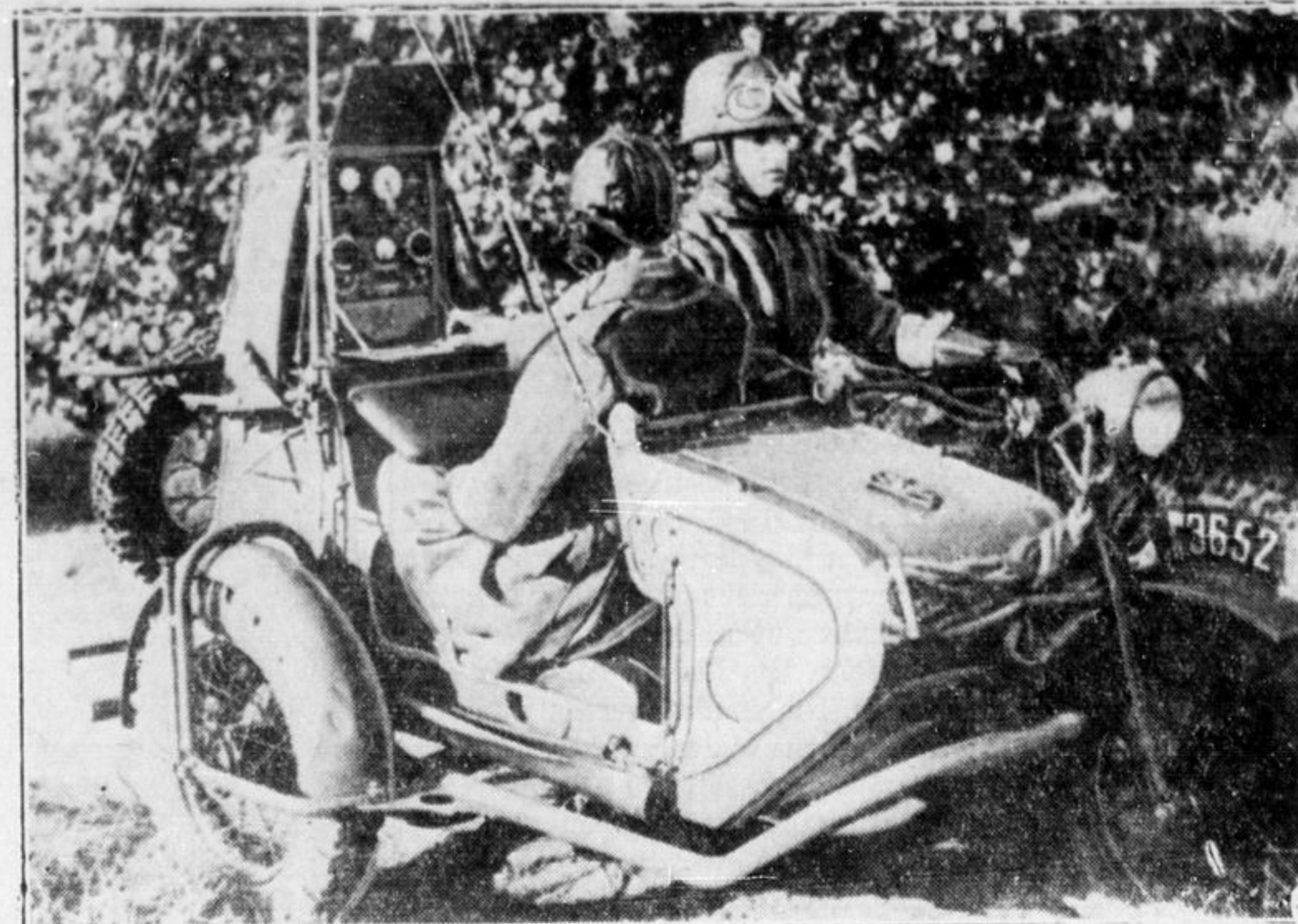
(To be Continued)

Quits!
They had been married very hastily—being very young and very much in love—and after the honeymoon she told her husband that she wanted to talk to him.

"I have a confession to make, darling," she went on. "A dreadful confession. You see, I—I don't know how to cook."

"Don't let that worry you," he said, with a smile. "I write poetry for a living—so there won't be anything to cook."

BELGIUM GUARDS HER FRONTIERS



A portable Belgian army radio transmitting and receiving unit on patrol duty at an unidentified position on the Belgian border is shown here. Many Belgian troops are now on border duty as a precaution against possible invasion of Belgium and other neutral countries by Germany in an offensive against the Allies. The motorcycle side car contains the portable receiver-transmitter. Current is furnished by the motor-operated dynamo.

Rough On The Soil

A farmer who was always complaining about everything was showing the result of fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivation, when his visitor said to him: "Well, you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing to kick about this year."

The old farmer stood in a meditative mood for a minute, then replied: "Well, you know, son, such crops as these are pesky hard on the soil!"



That Body of Hours

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

When Tonsils Should be Removed

It seems only reasonable not to remove tonsils even if large, if they are causing no symptoms of obstruction or infection. Most physicians believe that tonsils should not be removed until a youngster has reached his teens, at which time they gradually begin to disappear, as if Nature felt that they were no longer needed—all diseases of childhood safely passed. The tonsils have a definite duty in filtering out poisons in the blood and destroying harmful organisms.

There are, however, some very definite reasons why tonsils and the very similar growth at back of nose—adenoids—should be removed in many cases.

Dr. T. T. Higgins in The Practitioner states, "Removal of tonsils and adenoids is called for when (1) the enlargement is so great and persistent as to be interfering with health, and (2) the tonsils and adenoids are the central point or cause of chronic infection." Some degree of enlargement is considered normal during childhood, and if there are no symptoms of obstruction—breathing through the mouth (mouth open all the time)—the tonsils should not be removed.

"The enlarged tonsils may, however, extend into the throat passage enough to cause coughing, difficulty in swallowing or even vomiting. In such cases the tonsils should be removed."

However, when there are no symptoms of obstruction but the tonsils are inflamed it is often a question as to whether or not they are the cause of trouble elsewhere in the body.

When there is a history of repeated sore throat, loss of appetite and energy, digestive disturbances, bronchitis, catarrhal middle ear complications and enlargement of the glands of the neck, it is considered wise to remove tonsils.

Rheumatism causes rheumatism and rheumatism causes heart disease. It is therefore better to spare the child the misery of rheumatism and the danger of heart disease by having his tonsils removed, than to leave them in because they may be of help, at some future time, in filtering poisons from the blood and killing harmful organisms. And, as mentioned before, infected tonsils have lost much of their power in preventing ailments and are themselves a constant source of infection.

The Common Cold

Are you bothered with colds three or four times a year? Have you ever stopped to consider the consequences? Send for Dr. Barton's illuminating booklet, The Common Cold, the ailment that receives so little attention yet may be as dangerous as being attacked by a hungry lion. As for Booklet 104, enclosing Ten Cents to cover the cost of mailing. Be sure to give your name, full address, and mention The Advance, Timmins. Other Dr. Barton booklets: Eating Your Way to Health (101), Why Worry About Your Heart? (102), Neurosis (103), Overweight and Underweight (105), Food Allergy (106), and Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis) 107. Address The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd St., New York City.

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Sudbury Star:—Diplomacy has no word for the process by which the Red comrade grabbed off half the Polish swak. In the bright lexicon of the rackets it was known as hi-jacking.

BOY SCOUTS
IN TIMMINS



Apple Day is over for another year and thanks to the co-operation of everybody concerned, it was another success for Scouting. To those leaders who worked so hard, to the radio station, to our local papers, to the pipe band and to the Cubs and Scouts who did their parts, I wish to extend my sincere thanks. As I promised on Saturday, here goes for a list of the contents of the money bags:

Remember your team number: No. 1, \$11.29; No. 2, \$11.59; No. 3, \$7.50; No. 4, \$10.08; No. 5, \$10.76; No. 6, \$1.95; No. 7, \$13.30; No. 8, \$2.92; No. 9, \$4.07; No. 10, \$5.02; No. 11, \$7.49; No. 12, \$5.66; No. 13, \$4.86; No. 14, \$5.76; No. 15, \$4.04; No. 16, \$4.50; No. 17, \$4.50; No. 18, \$5.43; No. 19, \$4.63; No. 20, \$4.26; No. 21, \$1.65; No. 22, \$4.63; No. 23, \$3.08; No. 24, \$2.03; No. 25, \$1.25; No. 26, \$1.73; No. 27, \$1.58; No. 28, \$3.65; No. 29, \$6.56; No. 30, \$1.80; No. 31, \$4.69; No. 32, \$6.53; No. 33, \$1.79; No. 34, \$3.85; No. 35, \$4.73; No. 36, \$5.33; No. 37, \$10.62; No. 38, \$1.25; No. 39, \$1.05; No. 40, \$8.43; No. 41, \$1.05.

You will notice the unfortunate remark at No. 49. This was the only set-back of the event, and I feel sorry for the unlucky team for they had worked very hard. However, we can take it E.L.I.

Now some good news for the Scouts! On Friday, Oct. 27th, we are to be the

guests of the Fourth Timmins, at their headquarters at St. Anthony's Church hall, at 7.00 p.m. The programme is to be full of pep and fun for all. Anything is liable to happen, so all Scouts of Timmins and Schumacher, put on your uniforms and come along.

The 1st Timmins Cub Pack is planning a big night for Halloween. Cowboys and Indians will line up for a big Rodeo, so any of those who have not been attending lately, had better get around on Tuesday to find out all about it.

This is about all I have for you this week, except to say how pleased I am to see the way the Packs and Troops are getting down to business. Good Luck and Better Scouting. Arch. Wright.

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"As one of the smaller depositors in your bank I have been enrolled there for most of the fifty years; and have certainly appreciated the courtesy and friendliness of the staff—and the feeling of safety which the name 'Bank of Montreal' has always meant to me.
"Hoping our future relations may be equally pleasant, and that many new friends may be added to your list,
"I am,
"Yours very sincerely,
"E--- B---"

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Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Co.
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NOTICE
CHANGE OF TIME

Effective Wednesday, November 8, 1939, there will be a change of time in passenger train schedule which will affect only Cochrane, Fraserdale and Moosonee Service.

Other train services remain as at present.

Timetable Folder will also contain details of extra service and cancellations account Christmas 1939 Holiday Season.

For further information, apply to local agents.

A. J. FARR, G.F. & P.A.