

# MASTERS OF The Parachute Mail

by PETER BENEDICT

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Although everything seemed to happen at once, and her impressions were and remained until long afterwards a muddle of sounds and sights having little apparent relation to one another, there was one thing she saw clearly, and would never forget, and that was Graham's face. All the colour, all the sense, had fallen out of it; it was like the face of a dead man; or, perhaps even more exactly, like the face of a man whose dead rise up to haunt him. The hand which held the gun fell nervously to his side; only for a second, and then he gave a queer, animal sound in his throat, and raised his arm, and fired at her point-blank.

But in that half-second Peter had made his leap, had an arm-lock about Graham's neck, and with the other hand had helped up the rising arm to such good purpose that the bullet buried itself harmlessly in the opposite wall, high above the level of Peggy's head. The struggle was brief, and she never saw it. All she knew was that there was a leap of movement all round, that Corrie had thrown herself sideways in her chair to pick up her bag, that Kirk, most dangerous of all at the moment, was tightening his right hand in his pocket, and that if he fired he would be firing at her.

She dropped to the floor like a haggard plunger, flat on to her face, and catching him by the ankles in her outstretched hands, pulled him headlong from the table. There was a sickening moment while his weight fell upon her, but she had control of her body, which for the moment he had not, and was first up, and across the room like a wildcat to Peter's side.

And it was all over. Panting, shaking back her hair from her bruised forehead, she saw Peter with an arm still locked round Graham's neck, and in his right hand, turning calmly fanwise round the ring of their enemies, Corrie's revolver. His foot was upon Corrie's bag, and had drawn it back out of her reach. Kirk, who had performed taken his hand from his gun to fend himself off from the floor as he fell, had no earthly chance of getting it back into his pocket now. Martinson had never reached his; his hand was stiffened in the act of plunging for it.

Only Mere Colibri had not moved. She sat bolt upright in her chair, and continued to smoke placidly; and the hint of a philosophical smile curled her painted mouth.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," said Peter, presumably to Kirk, who was turning one shoulder suspiciously in the act of rising. "Just put them up, where I can see them. You, too! And come away from the door, if you don't mind. I can't afford any losses. Stand by your chum; he needs moral support."

Martinson came reluctantly. The door remained locked, and the key remained in it.

"I think you might all make a show of hands," said Peter, with a faint smile. "I like to see the audience unanimous." All hands went grudgingly into the air; all, that is, with the exception of Mere Colibri's. She said gently: "You'll excuse me, of course. I haven't finished my cigarette."

"On the contrary," said Peter, "you'll put up your hands—and slip that fur cloak off." She shrugged, still perfectly good-humoured, stood up, and took off her cloak.

"Receive the free-will offerings," Peggy said Peter. "I doubt your finding one in Madame's cloak, but there's just a chance. She was always the unknown quantity. Your wrestling partner has one in his right-hand pocket; the other fellow carries his on the other side, being left-handed. Good! Now pick up this bag I'm standing on, and I think that's the lot."

Peggy piled arms. She had both hands full, though Mere Colibri's cloak had yielded nothing, and she had resumed it, and was now finishing her

cigarette as if nothing had happened. Peter pushed Graham from him, sharply, so that he should be carried clear of any chance of turning and making his own attack upon the revolver. Mad as that would have been, the desperate can afford to be mad. They had now five people helpless and motionless before them, a solid wall at their backs, and though the five did not realize this last point, the police on their way. Peter stole a glance aside at Peggy, and smiled reassuringly at her, and asked quietly: "Are you all right? quite sure?"

She nodded. Her nerve was good for the rest of the way, though it was probable that there would be a reaction later. She knew what he did not. She whispered into his ear, very softly: "I told Barker to come on here. They may be here any minute now."

"Good girl!" said Peter, aloud. "Sit down and take it easy for a bit." She sat, placing her chair back against the wall at his side. They waited and there was silence; they were too tired to make any more polite conversation to-night; and as for the captives, they were still, though Peggy, expending a little hope upon the extreme improbability that Chacard would turn up, and create a diversion which might well be turned to account. She believed, when the knock came upon the house door half an hour later, that they thought he had come.

"Go down and let them in, Peggy," said Peter, with a tired sigh of relief. She had expected some readable signs of disappointment when she returned with Superintendent Barker and half a dozen policemen at her heels; but there were none. No one spoke except Mere Colibri; and she said looking at Peggy with a whimsical smile:

"I congratulate you, my dear. You have done very well, very well indeed."

### CHAPTER XVII

#### SOMETHING TO SHOW

In the car, driving homeward towards Leekingham Top at a speed unwisely slow, with Sylvia's trunk strapped behind the car, they were both very quiet. Much of Peter's energy, for one thing, was taken up in staying awake. Peggy had frankly slept against his shoulder for two spells of no more than ten minutes each, during which he had slackened his speed still further, and crawled along the highway as if he had a case of port in the back seat, and must on no account shake it up.

They had had, during the morning, perhaps three hours of sleep each, but that was by no means enough. Peggy awoke from her second doze, straightened Sylvia's hat automatically, and lifted her slight weight from his shoulder.

"Peter—"  
"Darling?"  
"Joke over!" said Peggy sternly. "I'm Peggy Calder now, not Eleanor Vandeleur, and there's no need to keep up the masquerade any longer."

"Still darling. It's become a habit; and anyhow, you called me Peter."

"Mr. Milne—" she began again, demurely.

"Yes, darling?"  
She laughed; it was patently no use trying to dissuade Peter. "Oh, all right, I'll play. What I was going to say is—Oh, I don't know quite what it was! Something about it—the affair, you know. You couldn't help liking Mere Colibri, could you? Or maybe I really mean admiring her. At any rate, she didn't complain when she was beaten."

"Thanks to you," said Peter.  
"And you. And a lot of luck. Oh, Peter, I can't just explain it, but I wasn't afraid at the time, and I'm terrified now, every time I think of it."

"It's just reaction," said Peter, smiling at her. "After all, you know, you'd had no sleep for something like twenty hours, and had been through a good deal, if only in excitement. You can't

expect to pay nothing at all for an experience like that. But you needn't tell me there's anything wrong with your nerve, after that transformation scene of yours. Because I shan't believe it."

"I wouldn't have dared," she said simply, "if it had been anyone but you. But I knew you'd manage it, somehow."

Peter's heart turned cold for a moment, as he thought of what might have happened if he had not managed it; better forget that; it was over, and it had not happened. Her faith in him was still as intact as his in her.

"Ah, well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose it's all over."

"All over bar the shouting. I hope you won't mind the shouting. It will all come out, you know, even your part in it. We can square the Abbotts-bridge end of it, because as soon as the Assizes begin, which will be before this case reaches light, the charge against you will be withdrawn, and you won't even have to appear. Much can be done for a faithful servant of the country. But there'll be all the bustiness of the Colibri trial, and you'll have to give evidence, and all that. And naturally, you will hit the headlines with that peculiar aplomb which is one of your most disconcerting gifts, and become a public heroine of the most virulent kind." He stole a sly glance at her, and found her frowning.

"Peter—shall I really?" She sounded terrified.

"Nothing can save you. The newspapers will be round you like flies round a honey-pot. Why, what's the matter? Did you really think you could go back to the land, and grow cabbages, and sell things in markets, and no one any the wiser?"

"I knew I should have to give full evidence—about my double life, and all that—but I hadn't thought any further. I—I haven't had time," she said piteously. "And—and you're not being very helpful—"

"I'm giving you a fatherly warning," said Peter virtuously. "What more can I do?"

THE VALUE OF BEING ABLE TO CHEW YOUR FOOD

We are told that there is really no need for strong hard grinding teeth any more because foods are now quite soft, have fibres removed or softened, and are often partly digested.

However dentists tell us that while soft foods are all right for those without teeth or with poor teeth, foods that require a hard bite and much chewing will, by increasing the circulation, strengthen the teeth in their sockets and prevent pyorrhea.

We all know that a "sore" tooth prevents chewing on that side, and if an artificial tooth or teeth are present the chewing is also likely to be done on the other side. It is the shock and pressure of chewing food, making the bony roots of the teeth strike hard on their bony sockets in the jaw bone that keeps teeth and gums healthy.

It may be that you have been wearing some teeth on "bridges" and the time comes when a new bridge must be made because one, or perhaps two teeth that were the supports of the bridge must be removed. An X-ray of your teeth shows that perhaps one or two other teeth should be removed also and you wonder whether it would not be best to have all the rest of your teeth removed and get complete upper and lower plates or dentures.

Generally speaking, if you can afford it, your dentist will suggest that you leave your own teeth in as long as possible. This may mean another bridge or bridges from time to time but the "bite" you can get with bridges supported by any teeth you still have left is much stronger or heavier than when you have complete upper and lower sets of artificial teeth.

Dr. Arthur O. Klaffenbach, Iowa City, Iowa, in Journal of American Dental Association states:

"In tests taken of 1,000 students, average about 23 years, the average force of the bite in the molar region—the three back teeth (grinders)—was 120 pounds, in the side region o the mouth 120 pounds, and about 50 pounds in the front or "cutting" teeth. In patients wearing full upper and lower plates (dentures) average age 24, the average force of the bite in the molar region was about 22 pounds, at the side 24 pounds, and in front 9 pounds."

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Send to-day for this special booklet (No. 101) by Dr. Barton, dealing with Vitamins, Minerals, Calories, and What and How Much to Eat. 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. For Ten Cents each you may also secure Dr. Barton's other splendid booklets: Why Worry About Your Heart? (102); Neurosis (103); The Common Cold (104); Overweight and Underweights (105); Food Allergy (106); and Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis) (107).

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Wade Kidnap Case

New Style in Detective Stories

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If you are a reader of mystery stories you may have noticed a curious thing about the detectives of fiction.

Their experience is curiously limited. They are always on spectacular murder cases—or nearly always. Now and again the eminent detective condescends to take a jewel mystery, if the value of the jewels is large enough to make it a job worthy of his position.

But that seems to exhaust the catalogue of crime with which many detectives of literature are concerned. In reality, of course, there is a very long list of crimes with which detectives have to deal. Murder is very much the exceptional job.

Appreciating this truth, Mr. Leslie Cargill—author of such original mystery stories as "Death Goes By Bus" and "Gestapo Gauntlet," a story of the Nazi political police—has shown originality by propounding a mystery which turns on the cunning crime of kidnapping.

"The Wade Kidnap Case" is the title of Mr. Cargill's challenging story of the disappearance of a rich industrialist, and of the quest for his recovery.

"Challenging" is the right description. It is a story that tests the reader's skill in finding the flaws in a very cunning scheme. But it is more than that. It is a story full of engaging characters, pleasant people as well as crooks and Scotland Yard men. It is a crime story that will interest many who are not particularly attracted to the murder-mystery novel.

The Advance has acquired "The Wade Kidnap Case" as its next serial. It begins in The Advance on Monday next, November 13th.

It is more than ever necessary to order your copy if you wish to follow this arresting serial. And if you like a well-told story, cleverly contrived, you will certainly wish to read "The Wade Kidnap Case."

Sudbury Star:—Then there was the millionaire who boasted that he had never seen a night club, which may be the reason he is a millionaire.

(The End)



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

## That Body of Doubt

## Interesting Report on Work of the Institute for the Blind

(Continued from Page One)

tieth annual report of that organization which came to our office this week, tells an inspiring story of the success which has rewarded its efforts.

Blindness is something about which the average citizen knows very little, but it is a matter of very vital interest to the ten thousand eight hundred and twenty-one Canadians who receive their impressions, face their social problems, attempt to earn their living and carry on their duties as citizens without what is generally regarded as the most precious and essential of the senses, brought into contact with blind people does not experience a desire to help. Until The Canadian National Institute for the Blind was created, there was no channel through which such a desire could be implemented. There was a general impression that nothing much could be done.

The feeling of impotence on the part of those who realized the desperate plight of the blind, and the feeling of helplessness of those who, deprived of sight, looked in vain for help, have been swept aside during these past twenty years. The public have been made aware that there is a sound and effective way of assisting blind people, and the sightless men and women of Canada have been provided with an agency through which their legitimate claims on the consideration of the public can be expressed, and, to some extent, satisfied.

The annual report of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind records the employment of hundreds of blind men and women in remunerative occupation; the provision of a magnificent library service of Braille and Talking Books; arrangements made for the teaching of handicrafts, typing and Braille reading to those who lost their sight in adult years; extensive measures taken for the conservation and restoration of sight, and the machinery available through which blind citizens may receive a variety of services calculated to lighten their handicap to as great an extent as possible.

The Managing Director of the C.N.I.B. is Colonel E. A. Baker, O.B.E., who lost his sight in the last war. It is under his guidance during the past eighteen years that the Institute has made such remarkable progress. That his work is appreciated, not only in Canada, but in the wider field, is indicated by the fact that this spring he was elected President of The American Association of Workers for the Blind, an organization which includes the executives of every reputable agency engaged in the field of welfare for the blind in North America.

The reason for this high honour being paid to Colonel Baker is apparent when the annual report is perused. It is concrete proof that the welfare of Canada's blind is in safe hands; that the Institute is in the front rank of agencies working in the interest of a handicapped section of our citizenship; that the exceedingly difficult problem of fitting our blind neighbours into a recognized place in our society has been systematically approached and has, to a substantial degree, been met.

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, last year provided some type of social service to 6,523 blind people. It is officially stated in the Institute's annual report for the year ending March 31, 1939.

In addition to its work in connection with the welfare of the blind, The Canadian National Institute for the Blind interests itself in the work of the prevention of blindness. It is stated in the annual report of the Institute which covers the twelve month period ending March 31, 1939, that during the year, assistance towards conserving and restoring their sight was given to 5,866 men, women and children.

The number of blind people in the Dominion of Canada at the end of March this year, according to the annual report was 10,821. The number in Newfoundland which is one of the divisions of the Institute was 231.

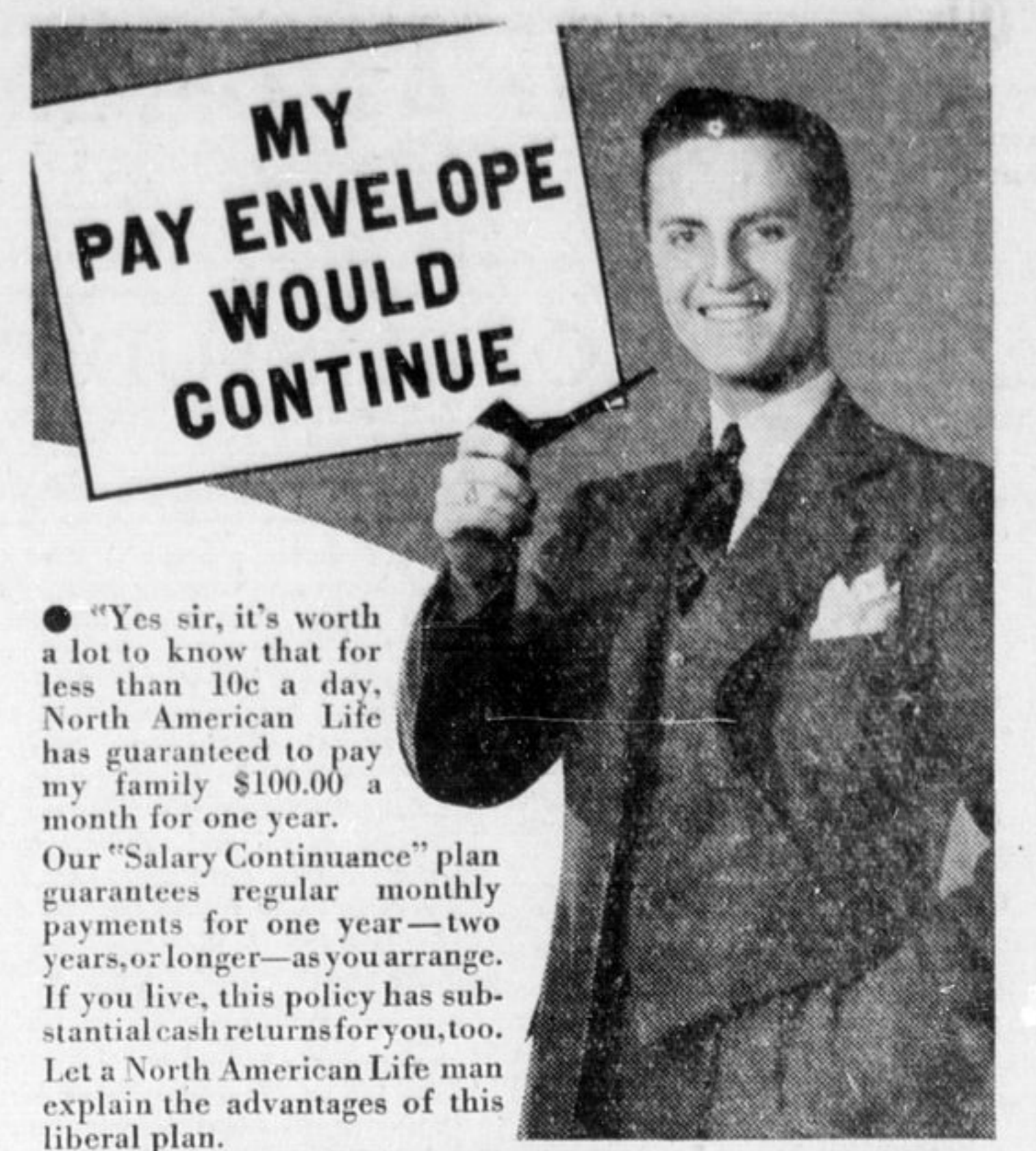
Last year the Toronto Library of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, loaned over 46,148 gramophone records. These records represented books, which were recorded for use on the Talking Book machine. These recorded books, of which there are 276 titles now available for loan, are lent to blind people without charge and mailed postage free to any part of Canada as are the Braille books. According to the recently issued annual report the use of the Talking Book is rapidly gaining in popularity.

Through the facilities of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind, 604 blind Canadian men and women were regularly employed last year. In addition to this number, there were hundreds who, working part time in their homes, were able to add substantially to their income. The employment figures for the blind in Canada are found in the annual report of The Canadian National Institute for the Blind.

In the libraries of the C.N.I.B. in Toronto and Winnipeg, there are 24,000 volumes of embossed literature. Last year the 1,425 blind readers of Braille borrowed 27,224 volumes. The Library service is free to all blind Canadians and the Braille books are carried in the mails without charge.

The C.N.I.B. provides blind home teachers who instruct blind people in their own homes in reading, writing, typing and various forms of handicrafts. According to the recently issued annual report of The Canadian Institute for the Blind, these home teachers gave lessons last year to 565 pupils.

Kitchener Record:—An old-timer is one who can remember when garbage was placed in cans instead of novels.



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ALL PROFITS FOR POLICYHOLDERS

## Celebrate Fiftieth Anniversary

(Continued from Page One)

on their behalf has given him the name of Friend and Father of the Indians. It is well known that any strange Indian who visits Cochrane and is in doubt, the first person he contacts is always the Bishop.

Well known in hockey circles and taking an active part in his younger days, he is now seeing the fulfillment of one of his fondest dreams, the erection of a covered rink in town, a committee on which he is still active. He still attends hockey matches in outdoor rinks when the thermometer registers 25 to 30 below zero. His fondness of this great winter pastime has been handed down to his sons, two whose names still linger in professional ranks.

Great Church Worker  
Up to a few years ago Mrs. Anderson

was very active in all branches of church work, especially in girls' and women's auxiliary activities, and a few years ago was made a life member of the Women's Auxiliary. She still takes an interest in this work and the doings on the auxiliary throughout the entire diocese. Mrs. Anderson will be remembered by the children of the town as it was through her untiring efforts when president of the local W.C.T.U. branch that she was instrumental in 1927 of forming the Cochrane Swimming Club which is now considered the most worthwhile athletic association the town. In all these years Mrs. Anderson has not lost her Scotch burr which is always pleasing to the ears of those of Scottish ancestry.

Sudbury Star:—According to the headlines, the presumptuousness of Britain in picking a political ticket to run Germany against Berlin. It shouldn't, says an observer. An Austrian named Hitler once did the same thing.



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**PEMBROKE JCT., OTTAWA, MONTREAL and QUEBEC**  
via North Bay and C. N. Railways

Excursion travel will be handled on Train No. 46, connecting at North Bay with C.N.R. No. 2  
On the RETURN journey, tickets will be valid for travel on C.N.R. Train No. 1 from Montreal 8.00 p.m. Tuesday, November 14th.

**BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION**  
**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1939**

TO  
Points in the Maritimes via North Bay and Canadian National Railways  
Tickets will be valid to leave destination points

**Wednesday, November 15th, 1939**  
Bargain Coach Excursion Tickets not valid on "The Northland" Trains 49 and 50.  
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