

The Wade KIDNAP Case

By Leslie Cargill

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That Body of His

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

MANY APPARENTLY HEALTHY PEOPLE HAVE TUBERCULOSIS

Some years ago in discussing tuberculosis with the medical superintendent of a large sanatorium, he gave it as his opinion that at least half the adult population had or had had tuberculosis. To-day it is agreed that practically everybody has had tuberculosis somewhere in the body. It is because most of us have gained some knowledge of health habits—rest, food, exercise—that tuberculosis has failed to make any headway within us.

It would appear also that there are a number of individuals who have "active" tuberculosis but because they are able to go about their work daily, neither they nor their families are aware of it.

Drs. C. F. Baker and W. J. Marquis, Newark, N.J., in Radiology "emphasize the unexpected finding of tuberculosis in a large number of supposedly well people who had, immediately before having an X-ray examination, passed a satisfactory physical examination." There are cases in which people have lost little or no time from work for years and yet, by chance, found to be suffering from tuberculosis of one or both lungs, with cavities, and the tubercle organisms in their sputum.

"Of a group of healthy male factory workers examined only because they were about to be transferred to work known to be hazardous, 6 per cent were found to show lung symptoms so severe that they were not permitted to transfer to the hazardous work."

Drs. Baker and Marquis believe it probable that more than 1 per cent of their readers, though considering themselves well, would be discovered to have either tuberculosis or some other serious lung condition if they submitted to an X-ray examination. Even those who feel well should be urged to submit occasionally to an X-ray examination of the lungs. "This X-ray examination becomes more urgently necessary if a person has frequent colds or feels tired more than he should."

I believe the above information is timely. Instead of feeling alarmed that tuberculosis is so widespread, we should be comforted by the fact that it is not an incurable disease if people can have it and still lose no time from work. Further, the fact that an X-ray examination of the lungs is now available free in most cities for those whose funds are low is very gratifying.

The Common Cold

The common cold is the ailment most frequently neglected, yet it may prove very dangerous if proper care is not taken. Send for Dr. Barton's booklet "The Common Cold" (No. 104), enclosing Ten Cents in your request, to cover cost of handling and mailing and mention the name of this newspaper. Address request to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y.

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"Impossible. Aren't you forgetting it is beached high and dry. Long before we could get her afloat they would be after us. No, the best thing is to make for the interior and hope for the best."

No obstacles hindered their getting out of the hut for they had never been locked in and there was a casement window in the room opening directly on the rear of the building. Proceeding as cautiously as possible Sir Timothy scrambled out and lent a hand for Felicite to follow.

Darkness was of short duration in that latitude. While it lasted, however, there was dense blackness on a moonless night like the present. Wade fell headlong over a large stone. With admirable self-control he restrained crying out although the crash sounded loud enough to alarm the whole population of the island.

The three temporary inhabitants who mattered gave no sign of having heard there was a tiny glimmer of light from their room, the faint flickering of a candle.

"O.K." Sir Timothy said with a surprising but pardonable lapse into modern slang.

Hand in hand they made for the higher ground, choosing their steps carefully, for a sprained ankle would be a serious matter. Ernie noises accompanied their passage, the rustling of wings, the cry of a disturbed sea-bird and strange scampers.

Ghost Island was well named. "I'd be scared to death on my own," Felicite remarked, shuddering as a crescendo wail echoed close at hand.

"What was that—a banshee?"

"A curlew I believe."

"Do they really sound like that?"

Sir Timothy laughed softly. "Nature study isn't one of my strong subjects," he said. "Are you really interested or creating a diversion?"

"Trying to keep up my courage, uncle dear, and rather ashamed because I don't stand up to adversity as bravely as you do."

"I couldn't ask for a more plucky comrade. Your father would be proud of you."

Felicite accepted this as praise indeed. Henri Delbos had served with distinction in the French Army, being twice decorated for bravery in the face of the enemy. "Perhaps he sometimes felt like I do now when he was out in No-man's Land," she remarked.

"Quite likely, and . . . Hulio, they've found out we've gone."

Toronto Telegram: — Slow-moving people live the longest, says a psychologist. But not if a hunter mistakes him for a buck.

Committee for Canada's First War Loan Announced

Hon. J. L. Ralston to be Chairman. Array of Distinguished Members.

Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1940.—In preparation for Canada's first, war loan effort of the new world war, a National War Loan Committee and a National Subscription Committee are in process of formation across Canada, and will be organized in time for the initial effort on the economic war front.

The National War Loan Committee, under the chairmanship of the Hon. J. L. Ralston, K.C., M.P., Minister of Finance, will be composed of five former Ministers of Finance, Canada's nine Provincial Treasurers, and more than 200 representative citizens, resident from coast to coast. The five former Ministers of Finance are: the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas White, the Hon. Sir Henry Drayton, the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, the Hon. E. N. Rhodes and the Hon. Chas. A. Dunning. The nine Provincial Treasurers are: Hon. Thane A. Campbell, P.E.I.; Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Nova Scotia; Hon. C. T. Richard, New Brunswick; Hon. J. A. Matheson, Quebec; Hon. Mitchell F. Heppner, Ontario; Hon. Stuart S. Garson, Manitoba; Hon. W. J. Patterson, Saskatchewan; Hon. Solon E. Low, Alberta; and Hon. John Hart, British Columbia.

Mr. Dunning has also accepted the chairmanship of the National Subscription Committee, which will assist the National War Loan Committee, and will be concerned with the securing of larger subscriptions of a national character. It will be responsible for organizing the work of canvassing the larger institutions and corporations, in addition to stimulating the broader sale of the bonds to the public. This committee will have the active co-operation of investment dealers throughout Canada, a number of whom have already done considerable work in the preliminary organization.

The First War Loan will provide Canadians, as a whole, with their first opportunity to participate in Canada's war effort. To enable everyone to subscribe, it is indicated that bonds will have denominations as low as \$50 each for smaller subscriptions.

In announcing the acceptance by Mr. Dunning of the chairmanship of the National Subscription Committee, Mr. Ralston said, "Canada is indeed fortunate that Mr. Dunning has agreed to undertake this important task. His experience as Minister of Finance and also in connection with the Victory Loan campaigns during the last war make him the ideal man for the job."

Dirty Gas Tank and Oil Can Used to Make "Alky"

The Rouyn-Noranda Press last week says:—Some people in this district have been drinking bootleg liquor which came out of a still made of an old gasoline tank and a five-gallon oil container, both dark brown inside with rust and dirt. The crude still was seized by provincial police at the home of Alderia Lalonde on the new Stadacona road. The owner appeared before Magistrate Bolly last week and was fined \$200 and costs under the Dominion Excise Act which forbids the operation of stills without licenses.

No alcohol was found in the raid but police recalled cases of alcohol poisoning in other parts of the province which had been traced to just such stills as the one seized. That's the chance people take when they buy "alky" from a "private" source.

When Did the Red Indians Leave Here for Overseas?

There have been reports in Old Country newspapers of the arrival of Indians from Canada to join the overseas forces fighting in Europe. The following from the editorial page of The Globe and Mail seems to be the right way to handle the references:—

Without Their Tomahawks
Canadians will be pleased—and surprised—to learn that the Dominion's Indian troops have arrived safely somewhere in Britain; also that they are not armed with the redman's traditional bow and arrow. But there is this from the Sheffield Telegraph: "Eagle-nosed red Indians padded down the gangway in moccasins. They are admirable snipers."

This is a bit disconcerting. There has been secrecy regarding the despatch and arrival of Canadian troops but this must have been redoubled so far as the Indian contingent was concerned. When did they leave Canada? Never mind; they arrived at a British port, moccasins and all—all but the tomahawks.

Doubt this story? Well, Scottish veracity is not to be questioned, and the Glasgow Evening News styles "these Canadian redmen the 'Magnot Mohicans'."

Then comes the shrewd comment by one naval officer to another (and one can almost hear him) while observing the disembarkation: "Unmistakable red Indian characteristics in many of those individuals, don't you think?"

Alternate conclusions may be reached: The cub reporters on several Old Country papers had a field day when the Canadians arrived. Isn't Canada a land of Indians and wigwags? So here they are—in moccasins. Or: The Canadian censors have scored a nice point—kept us all in the dark about the movement of our Indian troops; a sort of dark-red, as it were.

St. Mary's Journal-Argus:—Customer: "I'd like some rat poison, please." Clerk at Dockums: "Will you take it with you?" Customer: "No, I'll send the rats over for it."

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British Air Plans Show Fight is to be to Finish

(An Editorial from the Washington Star)

If there were ever any doubt about the British Empire's determination to fight Hitlerism to a finish, it is removed by the signing at Ottawa recently of what is probably the most momentous defense document in Britain's imperial history. Its immediate purpose is to unite the daughter nations of the Commonwealth on which the sun never sets—primarily, Canada, Australia and New Zealand—with the Mother Country for the purpose of outmatching Germany in the air on a scale intended to render impotent the Nazis' most exhaustive efforts toward supremacy, or even parity, in that sphere of warfare.

Were it not for the circumstances that conflict between the Dominion of Canada and the United States is unthinkable, qualms might arise in this country over plans to create just across our northern border an aviation industry which may some day outstrip our own in productive capacity. Until Britain's war necessities required her to expand her plant to a point said now to be level with, if not to exceed, that of Germany, the United States' potential aircraft output rated as the greatest in the world.

The British Commonwealth's plans, under the Ottawa agreement, look to developments which may easily make Canada the seat of the outstanding aviation industry in existence. Once upon a time there was talk of facilities capable of turning out 25,000 trained pilots a year. That somewhat fantastic goal has apparently been scrapped in favour of more practical figures. But stress will be laid on the training feature, for which a three-year programme to cost \$600,000,000 has been laid down.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King announces that Canada will supply the facilities, more than half the money, and the bulk of the personnel. The scheme also comprehends sixty new flying fields in the Dominion, expansion of twenty existing airbases and sixty-seven training schools of all types. Pupils will come from Great Britain, Newfoundland and other British Dominions and colonies, but Canadians will predominate—as, unknown to the world, they did in Britain's Great War

Royal Air Force, whose personnel was 40 per cent Canadian.

The Dominion's remoteness from the European war theatre, of course, makes Canada an ideal aviation centre for Britain. That material and highly strategic advantage, vital as it is and disheartening to the Empire's enemy, as it must be, is second in importance to the greater political significance which attaches to the Ottawa aircraft pact. "Once more," the four Commonwealth Governments affirm in it, the world has stirring proof of the manner in which the nations comprising the British Empire are determined to cooperate with one another and with their allies to ensure that the great causes for which they are contending shall prevail."

Irish Sweepstakes to be Discontinued During War

According to despatches from Dublin, Ireland, the Irish hospitals sweepstake will be closed for the duration of the war. The Red Cross sweep will be held Jan. 16, and it will be the last. Three thousand sweepstake workers have been advised to get other jobs.

The war resulted in a sizeable decline in receipts for the Cesarewitch Sweepstakes, which were drawn Oct. 28. Foreign exchange restrictions of numerous countries were said to have reduced support for the lottery below a profitable level.

The sweepstakes' gross take since inauguration in 1930 has been more than \$250,000,000, of which the public got back about \$200,000,000 in prizes.

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ent way. The possibility of being double-crossed filled the kidnapers with fierce anger. To Felicite it brought dreadful suspense. For the simplest explanation suggested Broome's elimination prior to the spiriting away of the money.

Never before had she realized how empty life could be without newspapers, postal facilities, the telephone and other civilized amenities which would have brought knowledge of the worst, or the best, in a few hours.

Alternatively to the man having played his own dirty game was the possibility of police interference. According to The Chief "Jim wouldn't talk," but the other weren't so sure of silence on such pressure being brought to bear which they believed the authorities capable of exerting. Perhaps they knew how quickly they would themselves crack up under skilled questioning.

All of them had been undergoing a long period of nervous strain which was not alleviated by days of tense waiting.

It came to a point where Mr. Jones was forced to strike a bargain. Unless they got in touch with their colleague by Sunday the original plan was to be scrapped and it was to be every man for himself.

"Can't sneeze at \$25,000," the chauffeur said, rubbing his hands. "Split three ways it'll make some nice nest eggs."

Mostly these matters were discussed freely in the presence of the captives, though sometimes they drew aside and began whispering.

"I don't altogether like the latest attitude," Wade remarked on one occasion.

"What fresh mischief could they get up to, uncle?"

"Quite a lot, my dear." Felicite had been more troubled on Broome's account, but the warning of a closer peril impressed her.

"We're not so heavily outnumbered," she pointed out. "Only three to two."

"An old man and a young girl, unarmed, against ruffians with guns."

"What if we shortened the odds? I mean getting hold of pistols. Then we could hold them up, seize the boat and escape."

"Far too hazardous."

"We've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Bill w-would have been here by now if no harm had come to him and . . ."

"And you'd rather enjoy an orgy of revenge. No, my dear, if it came to the point shooting wouldn't be a pleasure and I doubt whether we could manage the boat between us."

"All right." Sir Timothy placed an arm round her shoulders. "Promise me you won't make any effort without consulting me again," he said.

"I promise. Hulio, what's the matter now?"

ESCAPE TO NOWHERE
Two of the men were rushing towards them and simultaneously they became aware of a humming sound out to sea. Felicite began to wave furiously skywards, but before the oncoming aeroplane was close enough she was dragged to the ground.

"Make a move and you'll get a cosh on the head." She was under no delusions about this happening if the injunction was disobeyed.

Lower and lower swooped the questing pilot, his machine circling overhead for some minutes until it seemed impossible for him not to notice what was going on below. Eventually the plane went off, but its appearance gave the kidnapers something to think about.

They were seriously perturbed, even to the extent of doubting the wisdom of remaining until the end of the week. Simultaneously their attitude towards the prisoners hardened. Felicite could hear them in earnest conversation long after the usual bedtime. Occasionally she heard her own name mentioned. Straining her ears she caught the gist of the discussion. Mr. Jones wanted to take her with them. Where she could not make out, only he was arguing that it would be an advantage in future bargaining.

"Can't we make do with the cash we've got?" another voice broke in.

"I wasn't thinking of money in this instance."

"What is the big idea?"

"While we keep Wade's niece there will be no rough stuff. At least not by the police."

"Meaning?"

She heard the suggestive gurgling sound and could imagine the accompanying gesture of finger drawn across the speaker's throat.

Sir Timothy Wade was made of the stuff of adventurers. Immediately Felicite had told him the purport of the conversation he was on the alert.

"The great thing in our favour is the fact they are on the run," he murmured. "So if we run in the opposite direction they are likely to decide that time is too precious to waste on playing hide-and-seek."

Escape would have been futile ordinarily. Ghost Island was hardly a quarter of a mile across the widest part so eventual discovery was almost certain. But if they were in a hurry to get away the villains might very well prefer the substance to the shadow. They had the money and the motorboat, favouring darkness and by no means unanimity on the question of being burdened with a hostage of doubtful value in case of trouble.

"Can't we make off with the boat?" Felicite asked.

on keeping in hiding in conditions favouring their intention.

He mentioned it to Capt. Caythres during one of their daily telephonic talks, and the assistant commissioner thought it might be worth trying.

"I'll get a seaplane detailed," he promised. "Might get a sight of them that way. Won't do any harm, and it will be better than standing by doing nothing. Are you sure they've made for one of islands?"

"Not absolutely. If they haven't they must have gone right away from the district."

"All right, carry on."

From aloft the waters looked crowded with odd pieces of land dropped haphazardly off the ragged coast. Below them excited natives turned out to wave, and it was surprising to find signs of life on some of the quite insignificant islands.

At other outposts where they dropped as low as they dared, only the startled flight of disturbed birds greeted their appearance.

Although the plane covered more territory in a few hours than the boat could have done in weeks, the result was negative. Mosson, however, decided to retain the machine for a few days.

In the meantime London reported the discovery of Tomkins, that employee of Sir Timothy Wade whose disappearance had been regarded as rather suspicious. He had merely taken duty with another wealthy man who had gone motoring on the Continent.

"They usually find 'em in the long run," Tredeger exulted, proud of the great machine in which he was a cog.

"Doesn't help us much," Mosson retorted.

But Scotland Yard had another surprise to spring. From Caythres came unexpected news of Bellair Broome or at least, a man answering to his description. "Chartered motor vessel Pride o' the Kyles at Troon," the message announced. "Two others in crew. Keep sharp look-out."

CHAPTER X THE MISSING KIDNAPPER

"Your trouble, Miss Delbos, is in possessing a mercurial Gallic temperament strikingly at variance with your typically English colouring."

Felicite repressed a childish instinct to stamp her foot. "My uncle and I have been kept here as prisoners far too long," she snapped.

"Presumably the fault of Mr. Broome."

"Or that other man you left behind."

"I assure you we have endeavoured to make you both as comfortable as possible. No messy adhesive tape about your eyes or mouth like some kidnapers favour, I believe."

She had to admit a certain leniency in treatment. Quarters provided in a hut snuggled in the shadow of a rugged hill were reasonably cosy. For holiday roughing the experience would have been rather enjoyable but being under detention made a big difference.

"The Chief" remained as suave as ever at a time when the continued absence of his messenger was beginning to arouse anxiety. His courage and commanding presence held the plotters together. Without him they would never have carried on with the fantastic project. Underneath the polished exterior was a granite-like inflexibility.

Twice during their stay on the island he had sailed off alone in the expectation of contacting the man on the mainland. Wade was no less disappointed by the delay. He was prepared to rely on the promise that when the additional ransom arrived their period of internment would be nearing an end.

The kidnapers intended to leave them marooned and announce their whereabouts in such a manner that a margin of safety would apply to both sides.

As the days passed Mr. Jones could not overlook the possibility of a breakthrough in his arrangements. His confederates were advising panic measure—sharing the loot and dispersing.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in a bush," quoted the most retiring member of the trio. In this he had the support of the chauffeur, only Mr. Jones standing out for continued patience. Yet cut off as they were from ordinary means of communication, news of the bearer of the money could not reach them in advance. That was the great weakness of retiring to such an isolated spot.

Slowly a new thought took root, beginning with vague doubt and burgeoning into the full flower of a suspicion that affected each of them in a differ-