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Florence Follows
They went towards the door. Unconsciously in this moment of crisis, each forgetting the presence of the others, they split for a moment into couples.

"Goodbye, my dear!" said the professor heartily, to Christine. "Nothing to worry about, you know. We'll be back in a couple of hours."

"Look after yourself, old boy," she murmured. "Or I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

She kissed him.

"So long, Rupert," murmured Florence. "I'm sure it will be all right."

"I nearly lost you once," whispered Dorothy. "Don't take risks!"

Frank smiled. "Is it likely—with you waiting here for me?"

Then they were gone. A flash of lightning showed them marching down the path, heads bent before the rain. The women returned slowly to the fire. They spoke little, and their eyes wandered constantly to the window, where the lightning revealed spasmodic glimpses of the mountain.

Christine, as the oldest, decided that it was up to her to take a firm grip of the situation. She knew what thoughts were passing through the girls' heads, because similar thoughts were passing through her own. But they must not give way to fancies.

"Here we sit," she remarked brightly, "remarkably like birds in the wilderness—while our men folk go hunting old bones! It's rather an idiotic situation, really!"

Subtly she guided the conversation into harmless channels that would keep their minds engaged.

They had had a long and arduous day. So far the strain had been held at arm's length by the excitement of the last few hours, but now it began to tell. Christine, despite her anxiety, felt her head suddenly swim with weariness.

She moved briskly. "I think we'd better get some rest. We may be able to do our bit later, so we ought in fairness to rest now."

She urged the girls to lie down, and nobly set an example, though she knew that it was fantastic to think of sleep.

The girls reluctantly agreed. But a few minutes later Florence found herself standing at the window, gazing up at the mountain.

Rupert was out there. She had a sudden, swift presentiment of danger. He was so eager to get to the scene of his great discovery, he might hurry on ahead of the others, go off the path in the darkness, perhaps fall.

She had a sudden, horrible vision of Rupert lying in a crevasse, helpless, perhaps unable to call for aid, while the others searched for him blindly.

Her mind was made up. She could not remain here while he was out there in the storm. She must go to him.

She recalled how they had caught Rupert emerging from the rondavel, a little way from the chalet, when he had formed his desperate plan to climb the mountain alone. That was where he must keep his gear and his clothes. She remembered the heavy rubber boots he had been wearing.

Softly she slipped out of the house, taking care to disturb no one, and especially the other two women, and made her way across the grass to the rondavel. It had stopped raining, but the night was black as pitch.

The rondavel door was in two sections, an upper and a lower. The lower was locked, but the upper half swung inwards at her touch. She put down a hand in the darkness and groped for the latch of the lower section. It lifted without difficulty, and she stepped into the rondavel.

Another is Restless
Fortunately she had matches in her pocket. She struck one, and by its flickering light saw an electric light switch in the far corner of the little, bee-hive shaped hut. She pressed it down and then looked around her.

The place was sparsely furnished. There was a bed, a chair, and a screen which served as a wardrobe. Under the bed was a battered trunk, and a small folding table beside the bed held a few books. That was all.

Everything was neat and in precise order—a true reflection of the hut's occupant.

She pulled back the screen, and smiled her satisfaction. A stick rested against the wall, and a hat and waterproof hung from a peg in a rough wooden frame. On the ground were a pair of strong rubber boots.

Hastily, for she feared that someone might see the light and come to investigate she pulled on the boots and donned the coat and the hat. Then she picked up the stick, put out the light, and left the rondavel.

A moment later she was speeding down the path that led to the mountain. She crossed a stream by a frail

water warned her that the stream had swollen bridge, and the roar of the been swollen to a torrent. In the darkness, however, she could see nothing.

The path followed the river bank for a little, and then, so abruptly that she nearly went off it altogether, turned at right angles and went steeply upwards.

She had begun to climb the mountain.

She had not left the hostel undetected, as she had hoped. Dorothy, also, had been unable to rest. Crossing to the window she had fancied she had seen light bobbing on the mountain far above. That would be the little party.

Then her attention was attracted by another light, this time close at hand. As she watched it, the light went out. Dorothy saw a figure steal rather furtively away from the hostel. It wore a man's coat and hat, but it was unmistakably a woman.

The height told her that it could not be Christine.

For a moment she thought of rousing Christine. Then she realized that by the time she did so, Florence would be well on her way.

She must act at once.

She ran out of the house and after some difficulty found the path. But the figure had vanished. She peered ahead into the darkness. She saw nothing. There was no sound but the angry murmur of the swollen stream.

She hesitated for a second. Then she went on along the path after Florence.

Rupert Shows His Spirit
"The storm is passing away!" There was jubilation in Frank Carter's voice.

"We'll make it!" he said.

The three men toiled up the steep path that led to the top of the mountain. Rupert was in the lead, the professor came next, and Frank brought up the rear.

Professor Ellington breathed somewhat heavily.

"A good thing that I got plenty of exercise on board ship!" he panted. "If my muscles hadn't been limbered up, I should have been having considerable difficulty by now! Even as it is—"

He paused to mop his brow.

"It's a stiff climb," agreed Frank. "Dashed if I know why your friends the neanderthal men or whoever they were couldn't have camped in the valley!"

"The heights afforded them protection against wild beasts and other tribes," Rupert explained. "They could cast down stones on their enemies and protect themselves in other ways." He peered upwards. "It isn't far to go now."

They had brought torches with them and the flickering lights revealed a rocky path winding upwards, bounded on either side by thick prickly bushes.

The lightning had ceased to flash, and the rain had gone off. The storm had left the air cooler and cleaner. But the black sky held neither stars nor moon.

They toiled on. The path grew more broken as they progressed, and several times they had to climb round huge boulders and outcroppings of rock.

"We're coming to the end of it," said Rupert. "It starts again a little higher up, but it branches to the left. The cave is on the right."

Professor Ellington eyed the bushes dubiously.

"Snakes?" he suggested.

"Possibly," said Rupert cheerfully. "But we have to risk that. In any case they won't attack unless you attack them. If you see one the thing to do is to stand still until it clears off. They usually glide away pretty fast. Fortunately this isn't tree country."

"Why fortunately?" asked Frank.

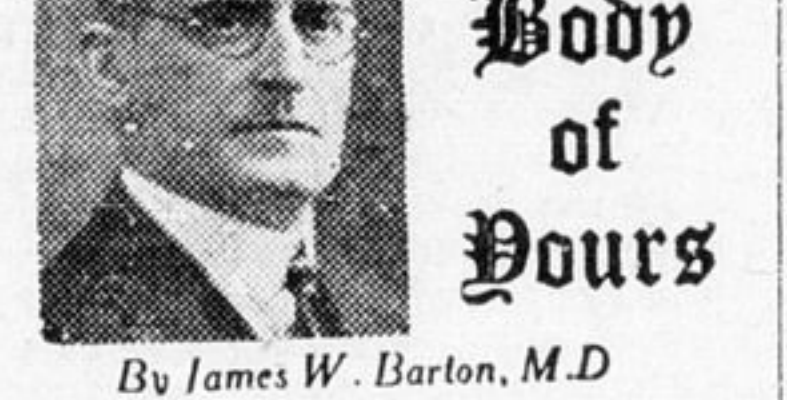
Rupert paused again and raised his torch. Then he gave a little cry of satisfaction and pointed upwards.

"The cave!"

Two huge boulders were buried deep in the hillside, like gigantic jaws. There was a tiny, black opening between the jaws.

"The natives were superstitious about the place," said Rupert. "I suppose that's why it had been undisturbed. Of course there was nothing to see, but the floor was covered with soil, about five feet deep. That was what made me dig. It turned out not to be soil at all, but an accumulation of debris and powdered bones. At the five foot level I found definite traces of occupation and when I excavated thoroughly I found the skull and the teeth."

(To be Continued)



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

ASTHMA DUE TO ALLERGY
A few years ago an attack of asthma was taken for granted; the patient was simply an asthmatic. There was no cure; that attack was relieved by inhaling amyl nitrite, or taking nitroglycerin by mouth. The patients rarely died.

What do we find to-day. Although able to cut short the attack with adrenalin, the physician to-day searches for the cause of asthma and is often able to find it.

The three most important causes of allergy or "sensitiveness" are outlined by Dr. H. K. Detweiler, Toronto, in the Canadian Medical Association Journal. They are:

- 1. atopy or atopic (hereditary) allergy;
- 2. bacterial allergy;
- 3. contact allergy

Atopy is best shown by hay fever, pollen asthma, or asthma due to the protein of foods, fur and feathers, house dust, orris root. These substances bring on the usual head cold or asthmatic attack if the individual is exposed to them. The asthmatic attack follows "immediately" after exposure to these substances.

In the bacterial type—due to presence of some infection—bronchitis, sinus infection—the symptoms do not appear till 24 to 48 hours after infection is noted.

The contact type of allergy due to handling substances to which the individual is sensitive, brings on skin irritation but not asthma or hay fever.

The treatment of asthma is to try to remove underlying cause. In the atopic by avoiding the substance or being inoculated against it; in the bacterial type by avoiding those suffering with colds or bronchitis, exposure to wet, colds, draughts and chilling of the body surface, irritating gases and dusty atmospheres. Besides avoiding the substances to which he is allergic, he should avoid those circumstances which he has found will bring on an attack—hurry to catch a car, eating a generous meal, stepping out into the frosty air, attending an exciting hockey match—or even indulging in a hearty laugh.

The thought then is that while asthma may be due to other causes—nervousness, nose and throat deformities, heredity—a great many cases are due to allergy, and if found by skin and other tests—avoiding the substances, being inoculated against them, or eating them in small quantities to overcome the sensitiveness, may bring about a cure.

Allergy
Send for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled "Allergy" (No. 106). Enclose ten cents with your request to cover cost of handling and mailing and send it to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N. Y., mentioning the name of this newspaper.

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SUCCESSOR TO STORK

"I had to hit him," he said calmly. I trod on his tail and he was going to strike. Fortunately he was a slow one—probably had just had his supper."

They could hear the reptile thrashing angrily away through the bushes. The other two stepped even more gingerly.

"And when were you born?" the sergeant asked the recruit. "December, 1917," was the reply. "Ah," mused the sergeant. "I well remember that winter. It was bitterly cold." "Cold!" echoed the recruit. "I'll say it was cold. I was brought by a penguin—the stork couldn't make it!"—Exchange.

Kinsmen Urge Use of All Service Clubs in United War Effort

Timmins Well Represented at Convention at North Bay Last Week.

Fourteen clubs were represented in the eighty delegates present at the convention at North Bay on Saturday last of the Kinsmen Clubs of Ontario District No. 6. Delegates from Timmins were:—B. Montgomery, Bill Burgess, Ramsay Park, Jack Gauthier and Bud Burgess. Kirkland Lake was represented by Ted Jones and John Rankin. Noranda, Que., had V. A. Dille and A. W. Derby, and Rouyn's representative was Lionel Beauchamp. Other clubs represented by delegates were:—Toronto, Cobourg, Sault Ste. Marie, Peterborough, Kingston, Sudbury, Oshawa, North Toronto and Oshawa.

The outstanding feature of the convention from the public standpoint was the sending of a telegram to Premier Mackenzie King urging the Government "to instruct all service clubs in Canada to co-operate as a unit in war services."

The message to the prime minister said: "Representatives of 700 members of Kinsmen clubs in District No. 6, in convention at North Bay, respectfully request that you instruct all service clubs in Canada to co-operate as a unit in war services in this present national crisis; that you instruct all service clubs to act at once to set up a national war service club board, representative of all clubs, to co-relate and to initiate the war service efforts possible in the united strength of the 25,000 service club members in Canada."

"These Kinsmen clubs pledge again their united loyalty, and ask your approval and action for the immediate establishment of this board."

The message was signed by District Governor Peters, and by the founder of the Kinsmen organization, Hal A. Rogers, of Toronto.

The convention was attended by many leading officials of the Kinsmen organization. Among them were Governor Austin Peters, Hal Rogers, John Maddocks, of North Bay, district deputy governor; D. J. Rankin, of Toronto, district secretary; L. G. Rice, of Toronto, district treasurer; J. Harvey Lynes, of Toronto, chairman of the district service committee.

Election of officers was marked by the election of John Maddocks, of North Bay, deputy governor during the past term, to office of district governor.

and W. A. Honey, of Toronto, to the post of deputy governor. They will assume office September 1.

One of the guest speakers at the convention was Mr. J. P. Johnson, general superintendent of Northern Ontario District Canadian National Railways. Dr. Allan Dafoe also spoke to the delegates.

An interesting address by Charles Chumpton, of Toronto, on "How Kinsmen can play their part in assisting Canada's war effort" was received with enthusiasm.

The election of officers followed, with the resulting election of John Maddocks of North Bay to the office of district governor. The gathering voted in favour of accepting the invitation of Ottawa Kinsmen Club to hold the 1941 convention in that city. Mr. Maddocks will attend the Kinsmen national convention at Edmonton in August.

An interesting feature of the day was the introduction of "Lack Hitler" stamps by Hal Rogers. The stamps, originated by the Halifax Kinsmen Club, are a means of raising money for the war effort. Profits from the sale are divided among the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Canadian Legion, Y.M.C.A., Knights of Columbus, and other war work organizations.

B. G. Gosse was speaker at the Saturday noon luncheon. He discussed the British Commonwealth of Nations, and furnished facts and figures concerning the British Empire that proved inspiring to his hearers.

Among the social features of the convention was a stag party for the men and an afternoon tea for the ladies. Saturday evening the Kinsmen and their ladies enjoyed dinner at Lakeview Inn. A toast to "the founder" was proposed by Kinsman Stan Dellar, and responded to in able fashion by Hal Rogers. Mr. Rogers spoke on "Fellowship" in replying. Bouquets of flowers were presented to Mrs. Charles Sherwood, Mrs. W. A. Peters and Mrs. K. Palmer, as a mark of gratitude from the men to the "Kinettes" for their assistance in carrying out the convention programme. A toast to "The Ladies" was proposed by J. Harvey Lynes. Sally Johnstone, of Timmins, replied. The entire assembly attended the governor's ball later in the evening. At midnight, the playing of the national Anthem closed the convention.

ANOTHER AXIS
"Why leave two quarters in my pocket?" the victim asked the hold-up man.

"The bloke round the corner gets nasty if I don't leave him something," explained the other—Globe and Mail.

Cardinal Villeneuve Calls Hitler a Callous Murderer

The following is a translation of part of the address delivered by His Eminence, Roderique Cardinal Villeneuve, O.M.I., at a recent demonstration in honour of the Sacred Heart at Quebec:

"We must all take advantage of these solemn prayers to ask the Sacred Heart to kindle and spiritualize in ourselves the sentiments of the greatest and purest patriotism, so that we may feel the harms which befall our friendly nations and the dangers which threaten the whole of Christianity. In these days when disturbing ideas conflict in confusion, the world is in need of the riches of the Sacred Heart. It is proper to condemn the superficial minds who, by their inconsiderate or malevolent declamations towards the nations representing the cause of justice, weaken the Christian sentiment of right and of a just victory."

"As a persecuting and sacrilegious potentate, murderer of children and women, Hitler represents the felony and the very organization of evil. His adversaries and victims represent patriotism and right. The Pope, with prudence but also with an indomitable energy, has publicly pronounced himself against the barbarous audacity of a man who respects nothing in humanity. We must loudly proclaim, to the face of the world, and more so to the adorable sacrament of the Divine Heart, that the flag of the Allied armies is our flag. The Church does not bless the war, but it blesses the sword of those who are using it for good. Our Allies, by treaty, by blood, by tongue and by political solidarity, have the right to count on our wishes, on our prayers and even on our sacrifice to insure their victory. Religion gives us

a sacred right to be supernaturally devoted to the cause of our Allies. I incline to think, nay, I remain convinced, that the civil authorities will, in this effort towards victory, make use of a great prudence and will measure our sacrifices to the limits of our means."

Speedy Air Service Now Available to Old Land

There are many in the North, and especially in Timmins, with relatives and friends in the Old Country, and these are particularly interested in the air mail service just announced by the Dominion post office department. The particulars of the service are given in the following memo received from Mr. E. H. King, postmaster at Timmins:—

Re Air Mail Service Overseas
Effective June 4th, 1940, a twice-a-week Air Service has been placed in operation from Lisbon, Portugal, to London, Eng., to connect with the Trans-Atlantic air mail service performed by Pan-American Airways Company between New York and Lisbon.

This new service will expedite the transmission of Trans-Atlantic Air mail, and depending on weather conditions at Horta, Azores, will mean that letter mail sent by Trans-Atlantic service leaving Timmins at noon on Mondays or Fridays, should reach London, Eng., on the following Friday or Tuesday or considerably less than a week between Timmins and points in the British Isles.

The letter rate of postage on this service is 30 cents per half ounce, plus an additional 10 cents per item if registration is desired.

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