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Many great men of the past probably only seemed great by contrast with their fool constituents.

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It is estimated that millions of people nightly listen in on the radio programmes. Another indication that "Ohm, Sweet Ohm" is becoming more and more popular.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Camille Steps In

BY FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON.

PART III.

Camille knew that kerosene was one of the standard means of cleansing chicken houses and killing lice and insects; but, while she was sweeping out the place she recalled that Ward had forgotten to bring kerosene from the village yesterday. Oh, well, it didn't matter. There was a substitute, for the Perleys had a car. She ran to the tank in the yard and drew a couple of quarts of gasoline, which she carried back to the chicken house.

She closed the door and the outlet to the run; then dipped the broom into the pail and began vigorously scrubbing the rough boards of the floor. Began—never finished! A nail in her heel chancing in contact with a nail in the floor.

Bf-ff! There was an instant explosion. Flames sprang up, swirled around her ankles and caught her skirt. She dashed through the door, closed it; then swooped and beat out the fire with her hands, crushing her skirt against the shed floor.

But she had left fire inside. She must call the men. She knew about the big old horn that was always hanging behind the pantry door for possible emergencies. She fairly flew to get it.

Frantic, she drew in her breath and expelled it in a mighty blast upon the horn. To her horror, no sound came. She tried it again and silence again resulted. The horn was a mockery. She threw it down in disgust. Now thoroughly panic-stricken, she grabbed a pail of water from the sink; but before she reached the henhouse, help came from an unexpected quarter.

Ann Hastings! She from her home near by and somewhat higher up, had seen the unnatural glow in the east windows of the chicken house. She had jumped into her small car and was here.

"The horn! Bring the horn," she cried.

"I threw it into the yard. It's no good.

Ann was past her like a streak. She snatched the horn out of the grass, poured water through it, at the sink, and drew up her breast like a pouter pigeon. A long clear blast struck across the meadows.

Camille's eyes bulged as Ann came flying back. "That horn was no good," she gasped incredulously. "It wouldn't blow."

"It does if you wet it. No reed in it. Where's the ax? Oh, I know. I've got it. Bring water! Milk pails—trough. Hurry! All we can hope is to save the barns."

She dropped the ax long enough to pull the heavy lumber wagon out of the shed into safety; then dragged down the short ladder and climbed to the low roof of the open shed that ran from the barns to the chicken house. Spirals of smoke was coming through the roof of the latter and tiny jets of flame, threatening.

Ann brought the ax down on the shingles with smashing blows. Camille brought water from the trough, staggering with a burden to which she was not accustomed.

"Throw it higher," Ann commanded.

Camille clambered with difficulty up the ladder, the water slopping liberally from the pail as it bumped along with her.

"Throw it higher," Ann repeated.

"I can't," wobbled Camille. "It won't go any higher."

"Try harder," snapped Ann. "You've got to help me. And bring water faster. Hurry! Hustle! Bring two pails at a time."

"I am hurrying," choked Camille. "I'm going just as fast as——"

"Go faster," ordered Ann inexorably. Her face was smudged with smoke, moist heat and flying dust. Her mustard linen was a caricature. But she crept steadily up the roof, smashing shingles and cross-pieces with her ax and lengthening the jagged hole between her and the now roaring chicken house. She drove Camille mercilessly, her one thought on the urgency of saving the big barns with their stock of old grain and new hay.

In the midst of her fright and exhaustion, Camille flashed out one protest. "I am hurrying, but I'm not a big ox—like you."

Ann made no answer, but her blows fell with a heavier deal. She could not imagine why the fire should have so great headway.

"What's in there?" she shouted, as Camille drew near. "What started it?"

"I suppose—it was the broom," panted Camille. "I didn't think a broom could— Why, a broom couldn't——"

It seemed to both girls that it had been ages since Ann had blown the horn, but in reality it was only a few brief minutes before all four men came dashing up.

Dividing forces, part of them pumped water from the well, the trough filling too slowly to be of further use, and the others climbed to the barn and fought with wet sacks. All Ann had done was to check the direct progress of the fire. It had not been able to run along the shed, but it was beginning to leap across, and the shingles of the barn were smoking in several places. The men worked silently, doggedly.

When the roof of the hen house caved in, the danger grew less. The building that Camille had cleaned up was reduced to charred and smoking ruins; the shed was a wreck, but the big barns, with their valuable store, were saved.

Ann, released, discovered suddenly that Camille had disappeared, and went in search of her. She found her on the lounge in the sitting room, disheveled, weeping softly.

"What is the matter?" cried Ann, amazed. "Are you hurt?" she added, for she had caught sight of the blood-stained handkerchief wrapped around Camille's left hand.

"Go away," sobbed Camille. "You're too late."

"Too late for what?"

"Nobody—cared."

Ann gently took off the handkerchief, disclosing a long surface scratch. Camille had tripped and grazed the back of her hand along the tip of the scythe.

Ann would have called it an incidental rather than an injury, but she bathed and bandaged it with deft care—a bit perfunctorily, however. She could not entirely forget that she had been called an ox.

Camille accepted her ministrations passively because the real trouble was not touched by them.

She had fainted away as soon as she reached the lounge—the sight of blood always gave her a turn—and in the course of time she had regained consciousness. To faint away and get over it alone and without sympathy was an injury not to be condoned.

When Ann had brought a restorative, she could not restrain the astonishment that was uppermost in her mind.

"Don't you want to know about the fire?"

Camille shook her head. "They put it out, didn't they? I knew they would. It wouldn't take four men to put out a little fire like that. I know you think it was my fault, but it wasn't."

"Nobody's blaming you," soothed Ann. "Just rest and don't get excited. I suppose I'll have to stay. What had you planned for supper?"

Camille said nothing.

Ann went out to the kitchen to answer her own question. She found the half loaf of bread, but very little besides. She went back to the sitting room.

"Is there anything put away where I wouldn't find it?"

Camille's chest rose and fell.

"You must have pared some potatoes," pursued Ann. "Where are they?"

Camille sprang up on one elbow. Her brown eyes blazed through the disordered locks that had fallen over her face.

"It's time you let me alone," she flared. "You haven't any feeling. After I'd slaved all day in a hot kitchen, then you came over here—almost a perfect stranger—and ordered me around, telling me to go faster and lug two pails of water when one's enough to break any woman's back. I was a fool to do it. I ache all over. And it's because you ordered me around.

"I haven't pared any potatoes, Ann Hastings, and I'm not ashamed of it. I've worked every minute, and it's your running me to death that's laid me out now. You're just a pair of hands. Women have changed but you don't seem to know it. You're out of date. You're like Mary Brampton."

She had struck out vicariously, longing to insult Ann and by no means recognizing that her insult was a tribute. Vaguely she felt in Ann Hastings that strength and level-eyed capacity which had marked the pioneer's wife and had started the forces of civilization in the wilderness.

But looking through the wrong end of the telescope, she saw those virtues small.

Ann stood looking down at her a moment, a strange tumult going on under her calmness. Her proud chin lifted.

"I only wish I was like Mary Brampton," she said steadily. "She was a woman worth while. I'm nothing beside her."

With her head still high, she went back to the kitchen.

Ward was coming in at the back door. "Where's Camille?"

Ann thrust a disinterested thumb over her shoulder. "Sitting room. You'd better go in. She needs somebody."

If Ward had rushed in with manifest fright and had taken Camille in his arms and told her it was a shame and she was abused and had been a noble girl she would have crumpled into clinging sweetness.

But when he began by asking questions, even as Ann had done, the kaleidoscope shifted. That he should seek information when he had this chance to pet her! Baffled and disappointed, she made frantic appeals for sympathy.

"Aren't you sorry for me?" she said wistfully.

"Sure I am." He was stroking her well hand. He had got that far on the romantic path. "You've worked too hard. We ought to have let Ann come in to help out."

She stiffened and drew her hand away. He saw that he had said the wrong thing somehow, and reached hastily for a new subject. "How'd that fire start?"

She shook visibly. He interpreted this as distress.

"It doesn't matter," he said quickly. "But, gee whiz, it was a hot fire. You must have been scared when it started."

"I was not scared—not a bit. I got right out."

"Got right out! Were you down there when it started? What were you doing?"

"I was just working for this family—just as I had been all day," she told him indignantly. "I suppose you think it's all my fault."

"Why, look here, Camille, I don't think anything of the sort. How could I? All is, I couldn't help wondering what could start a fire in the henhouse."

She drew in an angry breath. "Nothing started it. It—it started itself. I was just sweeping out—with a broom."

His brows drew together. "You didn't have any gasoline around, did you?"

"I had a broom. I was sweeping—with a broom." Suddenly the muscles around her mouth broke into sops of misery. Tears formed in her eyes and hung there. "Oh, you aren't at all what I thought. All you care about is what started that fire. You didn't even notice when I tumbled."

"I didn't notice anything but the fire," he protested, making it worse in his effort to make it better. "I never thought of your being in danger."

"That's just it," she countered hysterically. "You didn't think about me at all. I might have killed myself and you wouldn't have thought anything about it."

He blinked at her, hopelessly puzzled. He had thought her childlike attributes entrancing; but now that they were in action he didn't find them entrancing in the least. He tried encouragement.

"I don't think you're hurt much. I expect it was a bad scare all right, but——"

"I might have broken my neck," she persisted wailingly. "I might have killed myself. I might have broken my neck and you wouldn't——"

It became a roundelay, as discussions of this sort easily do, and it continued for some time. When he went back to the kitchen, there was a strange bewilderment on his face and in his eyes the expression of one who sees vital matters in a new light.

Ann had built up a brisk fire; then, jumping into her small car, she had made a swift trip home and had returned with a division of the food provided for the Hastings family. She had set the table. There were tarts at one end and a pompous chocolate cake at the other.

There was cold meat; spiced peaches in a glass dish.

On the stove potatoes were boiling. Ann was shoving some tins of biscuits into the oven. When she saw Ward she closed the oven door with a smart click and poured a cup of tea from the pot on the back of the stove. She put it on a tray and brought it toward Ward.

"Please take it to her." She indicated the sitting room with a wave of her hand. Her voice was cool and businesslike. During the catastrophe she and Ward had worked gallantly side by side; but now that it was over, they were stiff and aloof once more.

"You take it," he said. "I—I've just been in there."

"So have I," returned Ann grimly.

"But I don't want to go back right now," he protested.

"Neither do I. You'll have to take it."

"Well, I can't, Ann. You take it."

"I won't. Run along."

"No, really. Please go yourself."

"Hurry up, Ward. It'll get cold."

"Gee, I can't, Ann."

"Well, I shan't, Ward Perley. I'm busy. But she needs it."

"Take it to her, then."

"Take it yourself."

"I can't. I tell you I can't."

"And I won't. I tell you ——"

"Good gosh!" cried John Perley, dragging in at the door, tired and sooty. "What's the scrap? Something wrong with the city boarder?"

Ward told him briefly, while the tea waited. John Perley sighed.

"I'm not struck with her way of cleaning chicken houses," he said ruefully. "But she was doing her best. She's not used to farm life. I vum, Ann, that table looks good. Never saw a girl like you."

Ward jumped in while the way was pointed. "Neither did I," he gulped. "Ann, you'll stay by us, won't you? Seems as if everything is all right, now you're here."

Ann's lips twitched; then her eyes twinkled and she laughed. "I'm staying," she said briskly. "Supper'll be ready very soon."

(The End.)

Sees Him a Long Way Off.

"Does a dollar see you very far now?"

"Yese, and dodges before I can get anywhere near it, too."

New Record Made On Low-Power Sets

A new Canadian low-power transmission record was established recently when George F. Stiff, C-3EL, radio amateur of Toronto, who talked with station A-2RX of Adelaide, Australia. The transmission took place between 8 and 8.45 a.m., and was made possible from the Toronto end with a 5-watt tube which had seen much service. The power input at the time of the transmission was less than 20 watts.

The Toronto signals were reported in Adelaide, Australia, as quite clear and easily readable. At the Toronto station A-2RX came through on a wave length of 32.5 meters.

The radio branch of the Department of Marine and Fisheries announces that twenty-three candidates were successfully examined during the month of November and obtained certificates of proficiency in radiotelegraphy.

Three obtained first-class commercial certificates, all three residing at Cape Race, N. F. One of these was a girl, Miss M. A. Myrick. It is seldom that a girl tries for this certificate, the number holding such in Canada being less than six.

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OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE FRENCH CURRENCY

French Expert Describes Ending of Inflation and Relations With the Bank.

In his recent speech to the French Chamber of Deputies, M. Henri Cheron, the Reporter General, pointed out that the 1927 budget is now completely balanced and the Treasury is free from anxiety. The method of inflation has been set aside. He stated that, if the financial restoration of France has been rapidly realized, it would be unwise to consider the era of difficulties as closed.

Dealing with the fear that the revalorization of the franc is likely to bring about an economic crisis in France and would have an effect on the budget, he said that this would unquestionably be followed by a fall in revenue, but points out that the commission has already reduced expenditure voted by the Chamber by 155,000,000 francs. He added that the State will repay 2,000,000,000 francs on Dec. 31 to the Bank of France for advances made.

Regarding the foreign exchange holding of the Banque de France, M. Cheron stated that it was acquired as follows: (1) from the balance of $30,840,836 remaining from the Morgan loan contracted in the United States in execution of an act of 1924, and the convention of July 24, 1926; (2) from the result of sales of gold and silver purchased from the public; (3) from the proceeds of loans issued abroad in Swiss francs by the State railways and the railways of Alsace-Lorraine ceded by the State; (4) from the proceeds of loans issued abroad by French companies and ceded to the bank; (5) from direct purchases in the market.

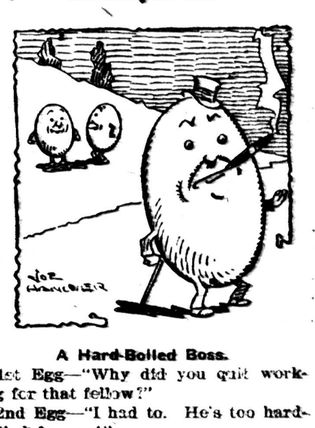
As to the total amount of foreign exchanges held by the Treasury and the bank, he said that it suffices to say that the same exceeds considerably the amount required to meet foreign maturities during the coming year.

BELGIUM IS SATISFIED.

Governor of State Bank Defends Stabilization at the Market.

The Governor of the Bank of Belgium, M. Franck, returning lately from Rome, where he had conferred with the Finance Minister, Volpi, and with Mussolini, pointed out that, in face of growing criticism, the National Bank takes full responsibility for the choice of the Belgian stabilization rate. Belgium, he said, is very glad that other countries are able to stabilize at a higher rate, but Belgium, dependent on exports, could not have chosen a higher rate.

The Belgian stabilization measures resulted in an inflow of foreign currencies and in a partial alleviation of the situation of the Treasury. M. Franck defended the originator of the Belgian stabilization, M. Francqui.



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