

THE HAILEYBURIAN

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Ten Millions for the North

The recent legislation providing for an expenditure of ten million dollars in Northern Development, double the amount that has been provided during past years, is gratifying not only to Northern Ontario, but to the province as a whole. It has been gradually dawning on the people in the older sections of the province that the North Country is not a land of ice and snow, of wilderness and rocks, but a land so rich in natural resources that not even neglect on the part of the powers that be could prevent her taking her place as one of the most important sections of the whole Dominion.

While the North Country rejoices in this recognition of her importance by the government of the province, the people are not to be misled and will not jump to the conclusion that all their troubles are over and they are to be looked-after by a fatherly administration that will at all times have their interests in the forefront of their minds. It has taken too long to persuade the people of the older sections of the province that Northern Ontario has not been getting her just due for Northerners to cease their vigilance and the claims of the country must be kept before the government. All organizations of a public nature have still their work to do and, while some results are now to be seen in the offing, there should be no slacking off and no hesitation in pressing for the rights of the Northern districts. The fact that there are now ten millions available for Northern Development should lend an added impetus to all reasonable demands and it is up to the people of the North to see that the money is spent wisely and where it will do the greatest good to the greatest number.

Time to Look Ahead

With the near approach of spring it is time to look ahead to the planting season and to make plans for gardens, lawns and other means of making our town beautiful. Too often we neglect this interesting and beneficial season of the year and fail to prepare for the pleasures that may be ours. It is a good time now to do a little planning and preparing. Seeds and roots, trees and shrubs, should all be considered and ordered in good time, as in the case of most the earlier that the planting is done the better the results will be. This is based on long experience at the experimental station and is a good rule to follow.

It is also good to know what are the best varieties to plant to get the greatest satisfaction according to the location. It is easy to secure this information by applying to the nearest experimental station. Many people who have spent years in their particular section have learned the necessary lessons through experience, but there are many others who are comparative newcomers, and to these the best advice is to get what information is available and be governed by that.

In Haileybury there is always a great opportunity for gardening. The soil is well adapted to the growing of flowers and vegetables and, while we are not exactly in the fruit belt, some residents have been successful along those lines also. A good plan for every resident who has gardening ambitions would be to become a member of the Haileybury Horticultural Society and thus support an organization that has done more for the beautifying of the town during its many years of activity than any other. The annual fee is small, one dollar, and the returns, both to the individual and to the town in general, are great.

Cobalt Child Buried Here on Tuesday

The funeral of little Irene Neta Fennah, four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fennah, of Cobalt, was held on Tuesday afternoon of this week, interment being in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Haileybury. The little girl died from an attack of acute appendicitis last week-end.

Says Jury System is Highly Important

In his address to the Grand Jury at the opening of the spring assizes of the Supreme Court here on Tuesday, Mr. Justice Garrow said that, while some authorities are inclined to think that grand juries should be done away with, his opinion was that they formed a very important part in the administration of justice.

His Lordship said that the duties of both petit and grand juries were of the highest importance and he urged the men to pay particular attention to what was required of them, both in their finding in connection with a criminal case that was before the court, and in their inspection of the public buildings.

Speaking of the Haileybury Court House, Justice Garrow said that it was one of the best in the province of Ontario and, while he had not seen the inside of the jail, he believed that it too was a very satisfactory institution for its purpose.

HUNTED By Leslie McFarlane

(Continued from Last Week)

Chapter IV FLASH-LIGHT

The end of Daly's first day as a fugitive found him in his cheerless room, reading the story The Courier had compiled from his telephoned reports.

Aside from his collision with the constable that morning, he had experienced no trouble. That incident had marked his only narrow escape. The Courier had made much of the officer's discomfiture at having the quarry slip through his fingers so easily. There were also touching references to the garrulous man in the restaurant, who had confided to Daly that the police were blind. The remainder of the story reviewed Daly's movements for the rest of the day, but these had been comparatively colorless. He had sat in the park, he had ridden on street cars, he had had lunch and supper in obscure restaurants; he had, in short, moved about leisurely and quite freely.

The Courier was plainly exultant. Editorially, it pointed out that the past twenty-four hours had shown up the police force in its true colors, and asserted that the succeeding days would only prove the case. Adding insult to injury, it announced that Daly would favor Mayor Sands' meeting in Harmony Hall with his presence the following night.

At five o'clock Tuesday afternoon Daly telephoned to Clergue that he was still at large and ready for the meeting.

"You'll never get in!" declared Clergue, solemnly. "Our headquarters man says they'll have a dozen dicks at every door."

"They'll need 'em. How about the windows?"

"They're not overlooking anything. Seriously, kid, I wouldn't try it if I were you. I guess we made a mistake telling them in advance. They'll be watching every square inch of ground around that hall."

"Will you have a camera man there?"

"I expect so."

"Tell him to hang around back stage and watch for me. If I get a chance, I'll have him take a picture, to prove I've been there."

"Now, listen—" expostulated Clergue, but the receiver clicked.

THE fugitive's second day had been uneventful, and the story in the evening final would have been colorless had it not been for reiteration of Daly's promise to attend the meeting that night. The Banner carried an interview with Hollins, in which that worthy declared that if Daly came within a block of Harmony Hall he would be promptly captured.

"Just because he got away with it for one day, he's getting smart," the detective said. "I don't think he'll come near the meeting at all. He may come out tomorrow and say he was there, but he won't be able to prove it. If he is crazy enough to fool around Harmony Hall, he'll be sorry."

At half-past five that afternoon, a tough-looking youth in a worn sweater, with a cap pulled down over one eye and a cigaret dangling from the corner of his mouth, entered the stage door of Harmony Hall, carrying a coil of wire and a miscellaneous assortment of electrical fixtures. In the gloomy, draughty regions back stage he encountered no one but an aged doorman, although from down in the body of the hall he could hear voices and a steady hammering as two workmen repaired damaged seats.

"Where'll I put these?" demanded the tough-looking youth truculently.

The doorman scratched his head.

"I didn't know they was goin' to put up more lights," he said. "Electrician was here just a while ago, and he didn't say nothin' to me."

The truculent one hurled the coil of wire into a corner. "Don't ask me anythin' about it," he said. "Here's the stuff and there ain't no charge, and they can do what they like with it." He kicked open the door of a dressing room and put the fixtures on the table. "Mebbe those guys down front know somethin' about it."

"I'll ask," said the doorman, and he went out in front of the curtain to shout inquiries. The two workmen, glad of an excuse to suspend their labors for a while, came leisurely down into the orchestra pit to talk the matter over. No, they didn't know nothing about no wire. Jack, the electrician, hadn't said anything to them about no wire. No, nor the fixtures, neither. Maybe Jack had ordered the stuff on his way up-town. Better leave it until Jack came back. This weighty dialogue occupied several minutes, and by the time the doorman made his way back stage again the truculent youth had vanished, leaving only the wire, the fixtures, and a thin aura of cigaret smoke. The doorman shrugged his shoulders and went back to his chair out in the alley.

At six o'clock he was joined by a fat detective, who sat down on a box.

"You're early," said the doorman.

"Not taking any chances," said the detective heavily. "We've got two men at the front entrance already, and there'll be half a dozen there by eight o'clock to spot that bird if he tries to get in with the crowd. And there's a man at every exit." He chuckled.

"Hollins even put one watchin' the coal-hole."

That egg hasn't a chance in the world of gettin' by."

The two workmen had gone home to supper. The doorman settled himself more comfortably in his chair and filled his pipe. "He won't get by us anyway."

The meeting was scheduled to start at 8:15 and by half-past seven the dignitaries who were to occupy seats on the platform with Mayor Sands were arriving. Each underwent a careful scrutiny as he entered the stage door. They put their hats and coats in the dressing rooms and stood about in little groups chatting. The stage was set with a flag-draped table and its inevitable pitcher and glass, and the usual semicircle of chairs. From beyond the curtain came a rising hum of voices as the crowd gathered.

Mayor Sands, a plump, smug, little man, arrived after eight o'clock in company with Congressman Walter E. Hopp, imported for the occasion at great expense. Their silk hats gleamed under the electric lights. After much bustling about, the dignitaries took their seats, the chairman cleared his throat and grasped his gavel, the curtain rose, a hush descended on the audience, and the great meeting in support of the mayor was under way.

It lasted, as such meetings do, until every man on the stage had been given an opportunity of saying the same things that the preceding speaker had said. Mayor Sands was exalted, Compton, the opposition candidate, was derided, the police department was eulogized, The Courier was ridiculed, and victory was confidently prophesied for the cause of virtuous city government.

Congressman Hopp valiantly challenged Daly to declare himself.

"This reporter," he roared, "has promised to be here tonight. Where is he? Where is he, I ask?"

"Right behind you!" piped a heckler from the gallery.

Congressman Hopp cast an involuntary glance behind him, the audience howled, and the worthy speaker continued, greatly flustered. "Doubtless The Courier will claim tomorrow that he has been here. It would be characteristic of the sheet to do so. But what proof will we have? Are we to judge the efficiency of our police on such flimsy evidence—on no evidence at all? Will the free-born voters of this great city accept a tissue of fabrications, the mere word of an amateur Ruffian who is doubtless safely hiding in The Courier's basement at this moment?"

JOE GILLIS, staff photographer of The Courier, was sneaking a surreptitious cigaret on the stairs leading to the regions below the stage when he heard a whisper.

"Joe!"

Gillis looked up, behind him, looked on either side of him, and finally peered down beneath the steps. There he saw Daly, and his surprise was so great that he narrowly escaped swallowing his cigaret.

"How the—"

"Don't talk," whispered the fugitive. "Is it clear back stage?"

Gillis nodded.

"I want you to get a picture of me. I'm coming up."

Daly emerged from beneath the stairs. When he joined Gillis, still in the sweater and checked cap which had served him so well in evading the doorman that afternoon, he crouched beside the photographer.

"While they are still out on the stage I'm going to slip up and hide behind one of the flats while you get your camera and your flash-light powder ready. If the coast is clear, I'll step out, you take the picture, and then I'll beat it."

"How will you get out?" asked Gillis hoarsely. "They got a dick at the door."

"I may stick around until the meeting breaks up and I'll walk out with the crowd. But I want you to get that picture."

"Right! You got a good chance now. There's nobody back stage."

Daly went up the stairs and Gillis followed. The photographer saw the reporter squeeze in behind a flat, or piece of stage scenery, that was propped against a side wall near the dressing rooms. They had been unobserved.

Swiftly he set his camera and prepared his flash-light powder. But before he was ready there came a great burst of cheering from the front of the house, a confusion of sound, heavy footsteps, the scraping of chairs, and suddenly men were crowding out from the stage.

The meeting was over.

Gillis was petrified. He knew that Daly would not dare emerge from behind the flat now. The risk would be too great. But there he was, with his camera in readiness. Mayor Sands was surrounded by a group of back-slappers, lesser luminaries were chatting and laughing, and general confusion prevailed.

Utterly nonplussed, the photographer stood there in the milling crowd, watching men crowding about the dressing room doors, trying to keep his flash-light powder from spilling, wondering if he should essay a photograph of Congressman Hopp by way of covering up.

Then his eyes bulged.

There, with a dark coat hiding the sweater and disreputable trousers, with a shiny silk hat replacing the cap, stood Daly. He had just emerged jauntily from one of the dressing rooms, and even now was standing almost directly behind Mayor Sands and Congressman Walter E. Hopp.

Joe Gillis needed no signal. He suppressed a wild whoop of joy and touched off the flash. A puff, a glare, and he had the picture. Congressman Hopp smiled modestly.

NEXT morning, the photograph of Dick Daly, easily recognizable in spite of his unaccustomed garb, apparently standing in friendly communion with the mayor—and the congressman on the stage of Harmony Hall, occupied three columns on the front page of The Courier. From the expectant city came a gasp, a chuckle, and then a roar of Homeric laughter. And when readers of The Courier

learned, furthermore, that the chauffeur of a car marked "official" was grieving because he had been polite to a silk-hatted dignitary who had emerged haughtily from the stage door and ordered him to drive to a down-town hotel, only to disappear mysteriously from the car on the way, they wept in profound and joyful appreciation.

But when it developed that the silk hat and expensive coat left in the car were identified as belonging to Congressman Walter E. Hopp,

and that the worthy gentleman had been forced to go to his hotel coatless and bareheaded after the meeting, the city felt that the climax of artistry had been achieved. "I don't care whether they catch him or not," wheezed John K. Logan as he wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes. "I'm going to raise Daly's wages and give him a bonus." But in an up-town apartment, Racey, the gangster, was going into action. (To be continued)

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