

Have you Tried? DURHAM CORN STARCH

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LIVELY TIME AT LIBERAL GATHERING AT NORTH BAY

There was a rousing time at a gathering of North Bay Liberals last week to name the delegates for the Liberal convention to select a candidate for the by-election in the Sturgeon Falls-Nipissing riding in the provincial house. At times it seemed that those present apparently forgot that it was simply a meeting to select delegates. At times it looked as if the gathering thought it was an election, so much excitement was provoked. From appearances it suggested a convention at the very least. There were words be-

twen J. Harry Marceau and Cyril P. Smith. The president of the Independent United Road Workers of Nipissing attempted to make a protest about something or other but the gathering hooted and yelled at him and eventually to restore order it was necessary for the police to escort the president of the Road Workers out of the hall. He returned later but there was no difficulty as he did not attempt to make a speech. Eventually the gathering selected 129 delegates for the convention.

Atlanta Constitution:—Business is tickled pink to be in the black.

New Fiction Added to Public Library

Another Humorous One by P. G. Wodehouse. "Wild Strawberries" by Angela Thirkell. Some New Mystery Stories.

Fiction recently placed on the shelves at the library includes the following works:—"Mrs. Piffey," by W. C. James. (A child's-eye view of life. Photographs).—"The Passionate Problem," by E. W. Savi. (A strange romance in Indian setting).—"The White Reef," by Martha Ostenso. (Life in a Vancouver Island fishing village).—"Happy Day," by Oliver Sandys. (Love story set in England).—"The Golden Hoard," by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie. (Excitement when Horace Dinslow converts all his worldly wealth to gold).—"Drury Randall," by Mary Johnson. (Sensitive novel of Virginian life from 1850-1900 when there was plenty happening).—"Right Ho, Jeeves," by P. G. Wodehouse. (Another hilarious story of the far-famed servant).—"Legacy of Death," by R. A. J. Walling. (Mystery of an old man's death reveals a strange story).—"What if This Friend—?", by Richard O'Hanlon. (Roman times when the gods failed and the humbling of Gallien's influence was spreading).—"The Haunted Hills," by B. M. Bowser. (Western mystery minus the guns and cattle rustlers).—"Wild Strawberries," by Angela Thirkell. (Laughter about an English family).—"The Horn," by Flynn. (Mystery in which a hunting horn plays a prominent part).—"Death Chimes," by Gribble. (Mystery).—"Hornet's Nest," by Ashton.—"Sunburst," by Ruck. (Love story). Two non-fiction books added this week are:—"The Fire Raisers," by Harold Dearborn. (How not to commit arson in England. Interesting).—"Dictionary of Embroidery Stitches," by Mary Thomas. (Profusely illustrated and clearly written).

Woman Thought to be Dead Rouses During the Wake

A despatch from Massey, Ont., says that while friends sat around the bed of Mrs. George Owl, Sr., on the Indian Reserve near Massey, the supposed deceased woman astonished them all by rising from her bed. She had been apparently dead for six hours, and mourning Indians had come to the wake from Cutler, and many other nearby Indian villages. Mrs. Owl is now on the road to recovery. Mrs. Owl was not examined after her supposed death by a physician, and apparently had not been certified dead. She had been visited once during a two weeks' illness by a Massey physician, who did not think her seriously ill, but after she appeared to have died, her relatives apparently did not consider a doctor of any use. She had been laid out in grave clothes on a bed. The coffin had been ordered from an undertaker in Massey, but had not arrived, and the wake was in progress, when she suddenly sat up in bed and demanded what all the fuss was about.

Big Game Plentiful in Abitibi Preserve

Game Warden Refers to Moose, Deer, Foxes, Lynx whose Tracks he has Seen in Abitibi Game Preserve

A despatch from Iroquois Falls says that Ed. Olaveson, newly-appointed game warden for Abitibi district, told the Iroquois Falls and District Rod and Gun Club, at their February meeting, in the Canadian Legion hut, that there now seems to be considerable big game in the Abitibi Crown Game Preserve. Mr. Olaveson has been making periodic inspection of the preserve and has been erecting signs to definitely mark the boundaries. He has seen quite a number of moose and deer tracks many fox tracks and one lynx track. There are, he says, no pinealcs or Arctic grouse, or at least, he has seen none. Mr. Olaveson had heard reports that rabbits were diseased but has seen no evidence of such disease. Other members reported that rabbits they shot in the Falls were definitely diseased. The club decided to write the Minister of Game and Fisheries thanking the Government for the re-appointment of an overseer to succeed Overseer David Stewart, appointed last spring and withdrawn in July, and to indicate to the Department the splendid manner in which Mr. Olaveson is carrying out his duties. He has a dog team and has already made trips as far as 50 miles into the woods. The matter of applications for fish to be deposited in district streams was discussed. It was decided to immediately send in applications for speckled and lake trout, small mouth black bass and pickerel. The club will request that Fish Culture Branch biologists examine a number of lakes in the district including Lady Maude Lake, Island Lake, Anderson Lake, Moose Lake, Bob Lake and Tom and Henry Lakes. The executive was authorized to proceed with plans for a competition in which prizes will be awarded for the largest fish caught legitimately in the regular season.

Arkansas Gazette:—I'd be a break for the girls of "permanent" waves had the durability of "temporary" waves.

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

by Maurice LeBlanc CREATOR OF ARSENE LUPIIN

Fifteen years before the story opens Elizabeth Hornain, a beautiful singer who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered at the chateau of Monsieur and Madame de Jouvilles at Volnic. Marquis Jean d'Erlumont distinguished society favorite, is among those present. The tragedy caused the de Jouvilles to sell their chateau to an unidentified purchaser. As the story opens Chief Inspector Gorgoret, who had worked on the Volnic mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, follow an attractive girl whom they believe is one blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, fugitive crook to the home of the Marquis d'Erlumont at Saint-Lazare. By mistake she reaches the apartment of Monsieur Raoul, who leases the first floor of the marquis' home. Attracted by her beauty Raoul sends the detectives on a false scent. After leaving Raoul she meets the marquis through a note from her mother, now dead, a forgotten sweetheart of d'Erlumont. He learns her name is Antoinette and offers her a position as his secretary. Raoul reveals he is Arsene Lupine, gentleman burglar, to Courville, d'Erlumont's secretary. Because the secretary is under obligation to Raoul, the latter induces him to give him the key to the marquis' quarters while the latter is away, Raoul finds an old photograph of Elisabeth Hornain and concludes the dead singer was one of d'Erlumont's many loves. A girl who Raoul recognizes as Antoinette slips into the marquis' apartment while he is there and takes a photograph from a secret drawer. They talk and she shows great fear when Raoul mentions Big Paul. When the girl and Raoul leave the marquis' quarters they find Big Paul and three others waiting outside. Raoul tussles with all four as the girl disappears. Three of them run and he seizes Big Paul only to find he is Valkhix, relative of the dead Elizabeth Valkhix Hornain, who he knows is "bleeding" the marquis for money. Next day Raoul tells Courville he is leaving his present flat.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 11
THE CHATEAU of Volnic still retained its venerable aspect, crowned with great red turrets, but many of the shutters now hung dilapidated from the windows, tiles were missing, and the garden paths were overrun with weeds, while the majestic pile of ruins lay half buried under the mantle of ivy which veiled the very shape of its towers and dungeons.

The chapel terrace on which Elisabeth Hornain had sung on the day of her death was almost completely hidden by the mass of verdure that had grown up around and over it.

To right and left of the massive gateway in the park walls, large sign boards proclaimed that the chateau was for sale and gave details of the property with its outbuildings, farms, pastures and all that appertained thereto.

Ever since, three months ago, the boards had gone up and notices had appeared in the local press, the chateau gates had often been opened to receive prospective purchasers. Widow Le-

bardon had been obliged to hire a man to clean up the terrace and weed the path leading to the ruins. Many visitors came out of mere curiosity to the grounds where the tragedy had been enacted. But neither Madame Lebardon nor young Audigat, son and successor of the late notary, had betrayed their trust. Who had bought the chateau from the de Jouvilles after the tragedy? And who had put it up for sale now? No one knew.

On that particular morning—the third since the marquis had left Paris—the shutters of a window on the first floor were thrown violently open, and Antoinette's head appeared—a sunny Antoinette, her face framed in a large drooping straw hat. She was wearing her little gray frock, and smiled out at the July sun, the green trees, the rank lawns and bright blue sky.

"Godfather!" she called gaily.

"She could see the Marquis d'Erlumont smoking his pipe on a mossy seat, sheltered from the sun by a shrubbery of evergreens.

"And, so you're up?" he returned joyfully. "It's only ten, you know!"

"I sleep so well here!" laughed Antoinette. "And just see what I've found in a cupboard, godfather... an old sun-hat, that I find most becoming, don't you?"

"She withdrew into her room and came running downstairs, crossed the terrace and joined the marquis, holding up her face for his kiss.

"Oh, godfather... for I suppose you still want me to call you that... I'm so happy! Everything's so lovely here and you're so good to me. I seem to have come into fairyland."

"You deserve it, Antoinette," the marquis told her. "That is, judging from the little you've told me about yourself—I say the little, for you're not very communicative!"

A shadow crossed her face as she replied:

"But I'm not an interesting subject of conversation. And the present is all that matters. If it could only last, godfather!"

"Well, why shouldn't it?"

"Why? Because the chateau's being sold by auction this afternoon, and tomorrow evening we shall be back in Paris. If only we could stay—the air is so lovely here, and everything is so marvellous!"

The marquis remained silent. She laid her hand on his, saying gently:

"Must you really sell it?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I must. Why ever since I bought it on the spur of the moment from my friends the de Jouvilles, I've only been here about a dozen times, and then only on flying visits. So, as I need money rather badly just now, I've decided to sell the place. Unless a miracle happens..."

He added smiling, "But as you love it so much there, there may be a way to ensure your living here."

"She looked at him inquiringly. He continued, jocularly:

"My dear Antoinette, ever since the day before yesterday, young Audigat has been positively buzzing round! I know he's not much to look at, but I can see

he's quite smitten with my goddaughter!"

Antoinette blushed rosy.

"Don't tease godfather. I've hardly looked at him... The reason I loved this place from the very first is that you are here with me."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I do."

The marquis seemed very much touched. From the first, the child whom he knew to be his daughter had appealed to his bachelor heart. Her youthful simplicity and charm of manner had made a great impression on him. Her extraordinary reserve in speaking about her past life, and the aura of mystery that clung to her, made her additionally appealing in his eyes. At times confiding and expansive, she would suddenly withdraw into herself, seeming indifferent and even hostile to the affectionate care of one she had spontaneously elected to call godfather.

Curiously enough, since their arrival at the chateau the marquis had made the same impression on Antoinette, appearing alternately gay and taciturn, a mass of contradictions.

The fact was that, however great their mutual affection and sympathy, it was impossible for them all at once to break down the barriers that separated two persons so little acquainted with one another. Jean d'Erlumont would often try to fathom the mystery of Antoinette, and gazing fixedly at her, would say:

"You're the image of your mother. I can see her in your smile; her smile changed her whole expression."

Antoinette resented his speaking of her mother, and always changed the subject. So he told her of the tragedy at Volnic and the death of Elisabeth Hornain, which gripped her young imagination.

"They lunched together, waited on by the widow guardian.

At two, Audigat arrived to take coffee with them and go over the inventory for the sale by auction that was to take place at four that afternoon in one of the reception rooms of the chateau.

Maitre Audigat was a pale young man, shy and awkward, precise and nervous. He would interlard his conversation with verse of his own composition, but always added to his quotations "As the poet says..." then glancing at Antoinette in humble hope.

Antoinette put up with his mannerisms for a long time, but at last they got on her nerves to such an extent that she rose abruptly, leaving the two men to their coffee, and wandered off into the grounds.

As the hour for the sale approached, the courtyard filled with people who gradually dispersed into groups on the terrace and in the garden. They were mostly well-to-do country folk, trades people from the neighbouring towns, and a few country families from neighbouring estates. The majority had come out of curiosity, and according to Maitre Audigat's estimate there were only about a dozen bona-fide buyers present.

Antoinette came upon some visitors making the most of the opportunity of

Output for Quarter at Ashley Gold Mine

Over 10,000 tons Milled for Three Months Ending, Dec. 31st. Production Valued at \$110,000.

Mining Corporation of Canada, Ltd., in its quarterly report for the three months ended Dec. 31, states that at the Ashley Gold property tonnage was maintained, but grade was somewhat lower due to larger proportion of mill-fee being drawn from the west vein. During the quarter 10,900 tons were milled of average grade of 306 ounces per ton, and bullion shipments contained 3,192 fine ounces valued at \$110,000. Dealing with mine development, the report says: "Again we have to report disappointing results in development work." Work continued in low grade on all levels. Owing to disappointing results in development, in-roads have been made in ore reserves.

At the property of Base Metals Mining Corporation, active development work was carried out with satisfactory results. New ore was developed east of and adjacent to the West Monarch ore body. During the quarter, 25,172 tons of ore were milled and about 1,500 tons added to broken ore reserves. Mill heads averaged 949 per cent. lead, 14 per cent. zinc, and 149 ounces silver per ton. Production included 2,691 tons lead concentrate containing 81.05 per cent. lead and 21,966 ounces silver, and 5,232 tons zinc concentrate containing 61.4 per cent. zinc. Total operating costs were \$2.20 per ton.

General development work was continued at Normetal Mining Corporation. Some additions were made to calculated ore reserve and the shaft was deepened to 950 feet.

At Laguna Gold Mines, Herb Lake, Manitoba, under control and management of Mining Corporation, drifting was carried out on the 350 and 500-foot levels, opening good vein conditions. Results justify continued development.

Manchester Union:—And some have fame thrust upon them—by quintuplets

Discovers Serum to Kill Poison of Deadly Spider

Scientist Finds Means to Counteract Black-Widow Spider. Venom More Poisonous than Rattlesnake's Overcome in Laboratory Tests.



Black-widow spider (female)

Dr. Fred D'Amour of Denver extracting poisonous venom from black-widow spider.

By CENTRAL PRESS CANADIAN

Denver, Col., Feb. 7.—What is believed to be the first highly potent, antivenom serum against the bite of the deadly black widow spider has recently been perfected by Dr. Fred D'Amour of the University of Denver.

The importance of Dr. D'Amour's discovery comes at a propitious time. For with last year's drouth throughout many western states these death-dealing spiders became numerous.

This, combined with the fact that the black widow spider's venom is more poisonous—weight for weight—than rattlesnake venom, makes the spider a greater menace than the rattler. For the rattler is seldom, if ever, found in thickly populated regions. Then, too, the rattler warns his victims, which is more than the lurking spider does.

His Scientific Name

Scientists call this spider Latrodectus mactans. It is a large, shiny, jet-black spider with a balloon-like abdomen. Its long, slender legs cover a span of two inches or more.

"The true danger from the black widow spider is not prompted by the spider's viciousness," Dr. D'Amour says. "In fact, these spiders are timid and retiring. The danger lies in one approaching these poisonous animals unawares."

"For instance, several cases have been reported lately, where the victim was bitten in bed, the spider having fallen from the bedroom ceiling to the bed. Upon rolling over on the spider the

person was bitten. Several such bites have proved fatal.

"Dozens of people have been bitten by these spiders while picking grapes, tomatoes, etc. The harvester, unwittingly clutching a spider while picking grapes from the vine. The moment the hand contacted the frightened spider, the latter sank his poison fangs into the flesh."

How Poison Spreads

The bite is not painful, and faint marks often disappear before the resulting pain is felt.

Dr. D'Amour explains:

"Within an hour or so after the bite, the victim is seized with intense pain and suffering. An almost unbearable pain ascends the extremity bitten, and localizes in the abdomen muscles, as well as in the back and chest. Spasms and untold suffering follow. The abdominal walls become board-like in their rigidity, and the chest muscles contract so violently that it is difficult for the victim to breathe.

"The brain is affected, and the victim may lie in a deep stupor for hours. Nausea and vomiting also are common. If death does not follow these attacks the victim may be weeks in recovering.

Dr. D'Amour's discovery may be worth thousands of dollars to the agricultural world alone, for many cases have been reported throughout the west where entire vineyards have been abandoned because they were overrun with black widow spiders.

A Tea and Sale of Home Baking
Under the auspices of the Ladies Guild of St. Matthew's Church

Wednesday, Afternoon, February 13th, 1935

at the home of
Mrs. S. A. Caldbick, 16 Hemlock Street

From 3.00 p.m. to 6.00 p.m.

for 1935

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