

Canadian railways last year, the products of our mines together with foreign coal accounted for 35 per cent, or 24,900,000 tons. This amount exceeds that of agricultural and animal products combined by over 6,000,000 tons.

ROSA SINGS DESPITE BROKEN ARM



ROSA PONSELLE AND WHISKERS. A broken arm, suffered in a realistic scene in "Carmen" doesn't stop Rosa Ponselle, opera star, from singing. And, for that matter, it doesn't seem to be having any effect on the accompaniment offered by Rosa's pet pooch, Whiskers. Scene is in her New York home.

START THE STORY NOW Only one installment of this interesting serial has been published, so if you would like to read a good yarn, just start the story here. Below will be found a review of what has gone before. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CHAPTERS I and II—Jimmy Ashcroft, and Tony Baring—who is known as "Tubby"—are travelling by train to North Devon and become interested in a girl who is in the company of a man of the "bouncer" type. Tubby learns that her name is Phyllis Laleham and that of her companion, George Cartwright. At the station, Jimmy and Tubby are met by Marjorie Cottle at whose uncle's house at Roma Cleft they are to stay. Marjorie knows Cartwright, but "cuts" him and explains that he lives with his wife at the Manor House at Roma Cleft, and that the girl with him is evidently one of a long succession of companions, none of whom has ever been persuaded to stay at the Manor House for long.

must be getting close at hand. He was right. Dimly he could see the dark blur of it through the mist, and was about to lower his head for a final spurt when he became aware that someone was already on it. Outlined against the fog, poised in the act of diving, was a slim and shapely body—a girl's, he could just tell that. Then, finding Marjorie drawing alongside him, his head went down and he put in all he knew for the last 20 strokes. Thus, with head half-submerged as he cut through the water, he failed to see what was happening on the wreck—the shadowy form that crept across the deck, the oar raised above the head of the girl who was about to dive, the falling of the blow, and then the stealthy withdrawal of the second figure into a boat which, propelled with infinite care, was soon lost in the noise of his own progress. His hand shot out and touched the wreck's side a yard ahead of Marjorie. "Beat you!" he gasped triumphantly. "But, by Jove, you can swim, old thing!" Then he remembered, and looked upward and around. "Hullo, where's the other girl?" he queried. "What other girl?" Better aware of the wreck's position, Marjorie had not needed to raise her head. Therefore she had seen nothing of the girl on its deck. "What other girl?" she repeated. "You're dreaming, Jimmy. As Tubby would say, there ain't no other girl." "No," Jimmy said, "but there was," and he told her what he had noticed. "Funny," he murmured, "she was just about to dive." He raised his voice, and hailed the deck above him. "Hi! Anybody there? Anyone swimming near here?" There was no response, save a croak from a gull, which, having alighted on the hull, flew indignantly away. Jimmy frowned. "She must have dived," he muttered, "and if so..." He carefully gauged the spot where he had seen her standing, and then turned to Marjorie. "Stick her, old thing," he told her. "I'm going down." Drawing a long breath, he swam beneath the surface. There was no revealing sunlight to pierce those dim depths, but it struck him later that Fate must have guided his progress straight to the blurred figure that lay huddled on the ocean floor. A moment later, feeling as if his lungs must burst, he had her up in the air again, and was vaguely conscious of Marjorie's astonished cry. "Why it's that girl—the one we saw with Cartwright yesterday." Then, in a scared voice—"Jimmy, is she dead?" He shook his head. "No, I can feel her heart still going. But we'd better get ashore—first aid's indicated. Thank heaven I saw her. She must have slipped and hit her head, or something, or the shock of the water was too great. Come along." On the way back they met Tubby, who, having discovered that the injury to his foot was negligible, was manfully cleaving the Atlantic with a laborious breast stroke. His astonishment caused him to swallow a large portion of that same Atlantic. "Good lord," he spluttered. "Where d'you find her? By the way, I passed some cloths back yonder. Must be hers." Both Jimmy and Marjorie Cottle were expert at resuscitating the drowning, and it was not long before Phyllis Laleham, thanks to their efforts and the promptness of her rescue, opened her eyes and gave other evidence that she would soon be, to some extent at least, herself again. Whereupon Jimmy grew suddenly shy. "Give her a good rub-down, and get her into her clothes," he told Marjorie. "Sing out when you're ready, and we'll come back." A brisk trot down the shore to keep themselves warm is what we want," agreed Tubby. "Come on, James, old bean, we'll see what's agitating that infernal dog. It's never stopped barking all the time we've been here." Leaving Marjorie to her further ministrations, they disappeared into the mist which was already showing welcome signs of lifting. As they approached it, the dog's barking grew more vociferous, reaching a shrill crescendo which caused Tubby to stoop and pick up a pebble with a purposeful air. "Just wait till I get up to you, you brute," he threatened. The dog must have heard their footsteps, for presently it came racing to meet them, and Tubby's stone was never thrown, for its barking changed to an urgent whine. It ran a little way before them, and then back, and all the time it whined as if endeavoring to tell them what was on its mind. "Pity you can't speak, old hound," said Tubby. "Then we'd know if it was worth while following you." The animal, a fox terrier, evidently had no misgivings on this point, for once when their pace slackened it redoubled its entreaties, even going so far as to catch hold of the end of Jimmy's mackintosh with its teeth and pull. With the dog as their eager courier,

CHAPTER III A thick mist, prophetic of a warm day, hid the beauties of the bay when, early next morning, the younger members of Cliff Cottage, clad in bathing togs and mackintoshes, trooped down the steep pathway to the shore. Hardly 30 yards of the cliffs were visible on either hand, and Tubby Baring was inclined to be peevish. "Pity we didn't wait for the sun to break through after breakfast," he grumbled. "Nonsense," retorted the downright Marjorie, "one bath before breakfast is worth a dozen after. No one is allowed to sleep after seven in our house, I can tell you. Lazy slacker!" Whereat the abashed Tubby subsided into silence, and with no further remonstrance from him to break the almost eerie stillness, they reached the shore. Seaward was a grey void, the softly breaking line of wavelets fringing it themselves almost invisible. Somewhere along the shore a dog was yapping ceaselessly. For some reason it got on Tubby's nerves. "Shut up, you brute," he said crossly. "I'd buzz a stone at you if you were closer." Marjorie slipped off her wrap and pointed seawards. "Straight ahead," she said, "you can't see it now but you probably noticed it yesterday, is the remains of an old wreck, a top-hole place to dive from. I'll race you to it." A moment later all three were picking their way over the rocks and shingle, Tubby, who preferred softer going, once more full of lamentation. Jimmy and the girl, reaching sand and the sea together, plunged in, oblivious to their companion in distress who, having stubbed his toes against a rock, had sat down bitterly to inspect the damage. Already he had decided that the race was not for him. Both fine swimmers, the other two kept on, doing the "crawl," and presently Jimmy raised his head to get his bearings. The wreck was about a hundred yards from shore and, he judged,

them as alarmists if they were to adopt the description of the Ottawa authority as applicable generally—literally the homes of this province are astride a powder keg. The same authorities would be frank to admit that there has not been a serious outbreak of smallpox in Ontario for three and a half years. But they would not alter their previous opinion because of that admission. When they look at their records the only conclusion is that the province is fair game for another outbreak with the most favourable smallpox season approaching. And, unfortunately, it is not characteristic of smallpox to pay humans the courtesy of announcing in advance that it is coming. An isolated case here and there would be sufficient by way of a fuse.

Mining Produces Million New Wealth

of miners, mining supplies, timber and coal. Long hauls characterize this traffic; the mines bring coal from the east; timber from the west, and they ship heavy metals to the seaboard or border points for export. An example of the growth of mine-freighting traffic is provided in the reports of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which traverses one of the richest of the Dominion's mineralized areas. In 1915 the revenue tonnage hauled was 676,000 tons, whereas in 1935 the figure had reached 1,041,000 tons. That railway is outstanding in this country in that it consistently earns profits.

Ontario on Powder Keg in Way of Health

Situation in Regard to Smallpox Given as Example. Need for Public Awakening. (Dr. Gordon Bates) It is a fact that while much in the way of public instruction remains to be done, people are much more familiar with the superficial facts of health and disease prevention than they were a decade ago. Yet are the people exercising that knowledge for their protection? Are they making use of the discoveries of medical science or are they neglecting their part in the community programme and throwing the full onus on the family doctor, the public health department or some other agency, expecting them to work "miracles" when trouble comes? Some authorities are inclined to think the answers to those questions are definitely "yes," making exception for those alert few who, realizing the dangers of communicable diseases and the pitiful aftermath many of them bequeath to the home, leave nothing to chance in protecting themselves and their families. In a recent editorial the Toronto Globe called attention to the condition that exists, partly as an outgrowth of ignorance, partly of neglect, and said: "They (the parents) take no pains to guard their children from infection and so are active agents in spreading the disease. There is no reason why a child, properly safeguarded, should fall victim to any of these communicable diseases."

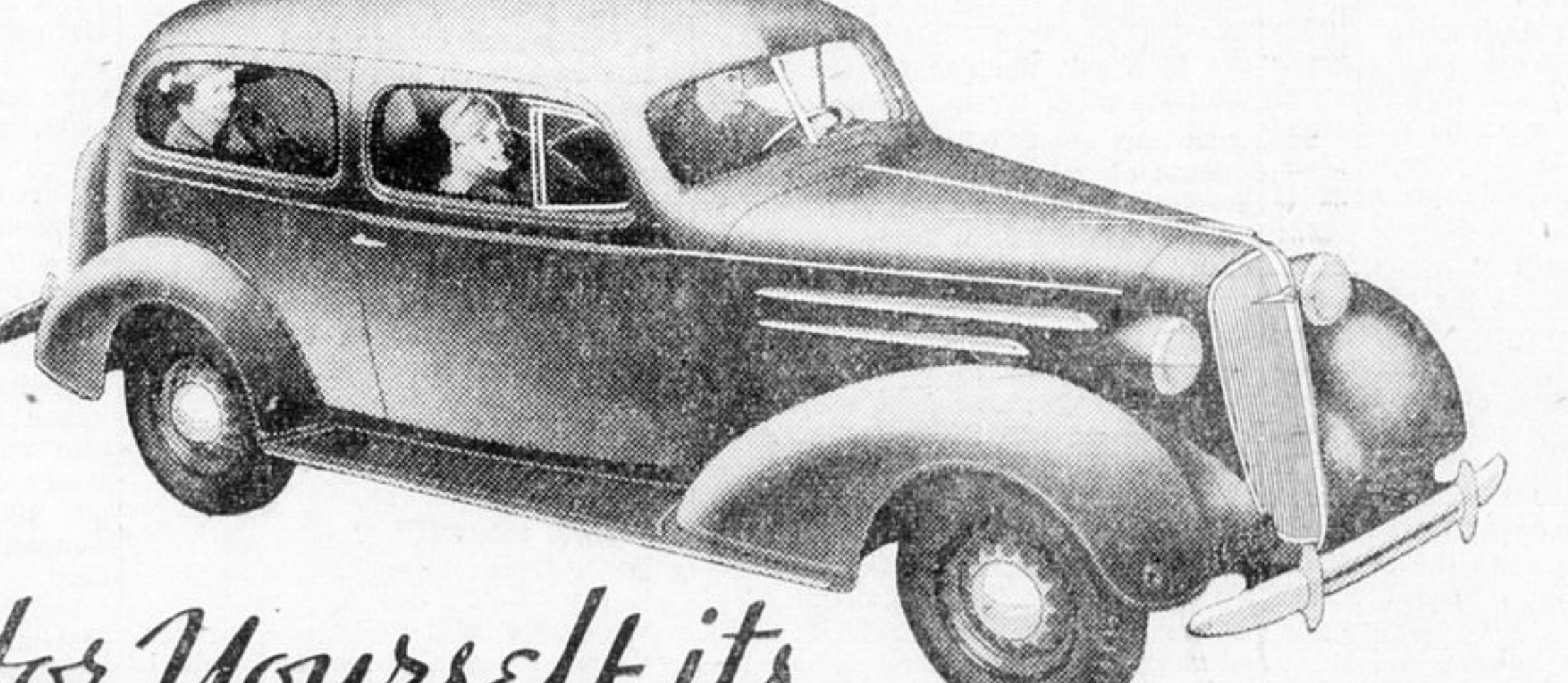
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Between the manufacturing and agricultural East and the farming West there lies a stretch of territory hundreds of square miles in extent, the weak link in the Canadian railway system. Outside of tourist and through traffic it yielded little revenue for years. But this condition is rapidly changing. Gold has been found at dozens of points and the link has been strengthened by increased outputs of precious metal. Demands for new railway lines are coming from recently established mining areas, as for example those in northwestern Quebec. In that region deposits of copper and gold have been discovered and opened and the only requirement for a big development is cheap transportation. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has estimated that, out of the 69,000,000 tons representing the entire volume of revenue-bearing freight carried by

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