



JIMMY

PHYLLIS

(Copyright)

CHAPTER X

A further rest between tea and dinner did much to restore Phyllis to her normal self.

Cartwright himself was positively affable, paying not only Phyllis but also his wife little attentions of which the girl had believed him incapable, and it was almost pathetic to observe the poor woman's expansion under the glow of his unaccustomed mood.

Yet, as the meal progressed, Phyllis found herself puzzled. How real, she asked herself, was this new-found kindness of Cartwright towards the woman who shared his home?

When, however, she showed him her displeasure he dropped back on the safe ground of generalities, amongst other things discussing Inspector Mearcroft and his work.

"A smart man," he said, "as provincial policemen go, but I doubt if he gets much farther with the case he's got on hand. I don't suppose the police will worry much over it myself. If no one is reported missing, they probably won't trouble themselves unduly over the identity of that fellow on the shore. Why should they, if no one claims him? Mark my words, it'll just be allowed to slide into oblivion—a mystery which everyone will have forgotten six months from now."

"With which, remembering Mearcroft's keen eyes and determined jaw, Phyllis disagreed. She saw no reason for prolonging the argument, however, and presently Cartwright passed on to a fresh and somewhat surprising subject. "Guess what I did to-day, my dear?" he asked his wife.

"I don't know, George; what did you do?" "Increased my life insurance," adding as she looked puzzled: "You see, I've got to think of you, my love. It may be nothing, but I've felt twinges about the heart lately, which may be ominous—I'm not going to be pulled about by a doctor and told not to do

this, that and the other, though. So I managed to get my old insurance increased without an examination, though it means a pretty penny added to my premium. But I must leave you well provided for, Ethel, my dear; I must leave you well provided."

Once more in Ethel Cartwright's eyes appeared the soft light of other days. "Nonsense, George," she said. "It is very kind and thoughtful of you, of course, but you're younger than I and will doubtless outlive me. Your heart, though, it's not serious?"

"Oh, no," he laughed, and indeed he looked in robust health. "I'm merely taking precautions—for your sake." "All very touching and dutiful, but again Phyllis was conscious of doubt. Somehow to her this new Cartwright didn't ring true. Was she right in detecting a tinge of mockery beneath the apparently affectionate words?

After dinner they sat in the drawing room, the open French windows of which admitted the scented air. It was a beautiful evening and Phyllis would have liked a stroll in the grounds. She was afraid to suggest it, however, in case Cartwright volunteered to accompany her. After what had occurred at dinner, she was in no mood to accept his escort.

Presently, when dusk outside had changed to darkness, Cartwright himself rose, and mumbled something about having left his pipe in the conservatory, went out through the window. Phyllis watched him turn left-handed towards the greenhouses, and when she judged him to be clear strolled to the window and stood breathing in the soft night air and listening to the gentle murmur of the distant sea.

A few minutes later he returned, a pipe in his hand. "It's a glorious night, Ethel," he observed to his wife. "I don't think it would hurt even you to take a stroll with Miss Laleham before turning in. Keep to the paths though, there's a heavy dew on the grass."

Whereat Mrs. Cartwright also rose and came to the window. "Yes, George, I'll do as you suggest," she acquiesced with a meekness that irritated Phyllis, glad though the latter was for this opportunity to get some air herself. Had Cartwright ordered his wife to bed she guessed that she would have gone just as meekly.

"I must have my shawl though," she murmured. "Phyllis, my dear, will you get it for me from my room?" "At once the girl slipped out to do her bidding, and thereby missed the tableau that took place directly she had left the room.

As if wiped off by a sponge, the mask of benevolence which he had worn all the evening slipped from Cartwright's face. Bully incarnate, he turned upon his wife, his coarse features flashed and working.

"You and your shawls!" he snarled. "Why didn't I marry a real woman instead of a pulling invalid. Get out; get outside, I say! I want a word or two with that Laleham girl alone when she comes back, and don't you interfere either. You stay outside till I send for you—understand?"

As if he had swung a whip lash across her face, she shrank back, her face piteous. Any normal woman would have known the proper response to make to his disgraceful words, but Ethel Cartwright, her always meek nature pulverized into nothingness by his systematic cruelty, was not normal. She only realized that her brief evening's dream of happiness had dissolved around her, that his kindness to her had been feigned, that his intention was to make love to Phyllis Laleham almost before her eyes, as he had made love to others, that he cared no more for her than for the gravel he had just been treading beneath his feet.

Her hands pressed to her eyes, through which the blinding tears were brimming, she stumbled through the window and along the path which led from it into the shrubberies—a favourite way of hers in daylight, where she could go and be alone with her sorrows and the silent sympathy of the trees. It was partly this instinct which kept her to this path now, partly the knowledge that to deviate from it would be to cross the dew-dampened grass, a proceeding not to be thought of under any circumstances by poor Ethel Cartwright.

With a queer glint in his eyes, her

husband watched her until the trees and bushes swallowed her up. Although no longer able to see her, he was still gazing after her when Phyllis re-entered the room.

He swung round at once, with a smile that was meant to be arch. "The impudence of women!" he exclaimed. "My wife wouldn't wait for you or the shawl after all. Never mind though, it'll give us time for a talk together."

Phyllis guessed at once that he had contrived to get Mrs. Cartwright out of the way, although she was far from surmising the callous brutality by which he had achieved it. Her method of dealing with the situation was decisive.

"No time to talk, Mr. Cartwright," she told him with assumed lightness. "It won't do to let Mrs. Cartwright catch cold, so I'm going straight out to her with her shawl."

"She made as if to brush past him when he laid his hand on her arm. "No need to hurry, my dear," he said thickly. "Just let us—"

He broke off. From the direction of the shrubbery there came a piercing scream, and then another, and another—cries of mortal terror and alarm. "Your wife!" Phyllis gasped. "Oh, what is happening? What is happening?"

Then, seeing that Cartwright seemed frozen into immobility she tore herself from him and dashed out into the garden and along the path.

"I'm coming, I'm coming Mrs. Cartwright!" she shouted, as she tore along. The cries for help ahead of her continued, and as she plunged amid the trees, fearful of what she might see and yet resolve to lend what aid she could, it puzzled her that they seemed to come from somewhere near her feet.

Glancing down, she stopped involuntarily. Across the shadowed path there loomed a deeper shadow. She knew what it must be—a hole or well. And as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom she made out a head on the opposite side of the hole and two white, strained hands that were slipping, slipping...

In a trice she had skinned it, and, stopping, seized the wrists above the hands. "My dear, my dear," she said, "you are safe now. I will get you out."

Vain words, as she realized next instant. She felt the hands relax their grip, and the dead weight of a senseless body pulled her to her knees and inexorably towards the pit into which the other woman had fallen. No doubt from sheer relief at her arrival, Mrs. Cartwright had incontinently fainted.

She was a frail little woman, but to Phyllis under the circumstances her weight seemed overwhelming. The strain on her arms became unendurable, and she knew that it was but a question of time before she must release her hold or herself be dragged into the unknown depths before her. Without knowing it, she, too, was shouting for help, but no one came.

Her arms seemed pulled from their sockets, fiery pangs in her fingers and wrists tortured her until she fought down the agony and compelled herself to renew her hold. But all the time she was being dragged rearer to the edge, to what every fibre in her being cried out to her was death.

The breaking point came. Half senseless, she felt herself slipping over the edge, borne down by the remorseless weight of the woman she meant to hold till the end. Somehow it didn't seem to matter now.

And then, with safety measured by a fraction of a second rather than the second itself, a man's arm encircled her. She felt the strain of his muscles, felt herself drawn up. And with her, inch by inch, came the woman she had so nearly died to save. Vaguely, she heard Cartwright's harsh voice and panting breath and was aware that it was his great strength that was achieving the apparently impossible. But not until she sensed that his wife as well as herself had been drawn back from the jaws of that hole which had assumed for her the aspect of the bottomless pit itself, did she relax her tortured grip.

Then, without a word, she fainted. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Pleasing Dance Recital by Pupils of Mrs. H. Burt

Little Misses Helen Spinks, of Timmins, and Irene Caveney of Sandy Falls, the Popular Stars, but All Numbers and All Dancers Specially Appreciated. Good Crowds, Good Programme.

If Timmins continues to produce dance recitals such as the one by the pupils of Mrs. Harold Burt last week it won't be long until there are enough expert toe dancers, tap dancers and interpretive dancers to stage almost any kind of production here, from a ballet to a musical comedy.

In a fast moving programme that included 23 numbers, each distinctive, well rehearsed and executed almost without a mistake, 25 young dancers and singers received round after round of applause from packed halls on Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee. The events were held in the Ukrainian Prosvita hall.

To choose stars from such a group is well nigh impossible but the two who made the biggest hit with the audience were Irene Caveney, of Sandy Falls, and Helen Spinks, of Timmins. These two little girls appeared often on the programme, yet their vigour and happiness in the dance carried them right through to the end.

Mayor J. P. Bartleman opened the evening's entertainment with a brief address in which he said that to really dance, one must be happy. That seemed to be the keynote of the recital. Each one of the artists looked happy and their contagious smiles did much to weld their audience into one approving group.

Opened with Scarf Dance

The Scarf dance, first number of the evening, gave the audience an inkling of what they were about to see. Abbreviated costumes gave the dancers all the freedom they needed for so lively a dance. The unusual routine was also an indication of how carefully the numbers were chosen for the whole evening's performance.

Those who danced in this were: Helen Russell, Edith Smith, Beatrice Pennington, Rose Bregman, Joanne Langdon, Irene Caveney, Helen Spinks, Joan Clark and Marguerite Mackenzie. Kathleen Wilkinson appeared in a ballet costume as the central figure, toe dancing.

Gypsy Scene Well Done

One of the fine features of the recital was the care that had been lavished on costumes. Each number meant a change of dress and throughout the evening the costumes seemed to improve progressively.

The Sailor's Hornpipe by Huela Scully, a soft shoe dance, was as full of real action as that old hornpipe should be. Miss Scully put the right kind of effort into the rhythmic haul on the

ropes that was the origin of the dance. The "Tots Minuet" brought the smaller girls of the class to the stage. Dressed in the prim costumes of the age when the minuet was a ballroom dance, the four little girls, two of whom were dressed as men, went through their routine with an air of politeness that gave the right atmosphere. In the first minuet Nancy Bollinger, Joan Clark, Margaret McDermott, and Dorothy Tate. As an encore, another group of the younger dancers, bringing a new set of costumes, danced. They were Mary Harper, Kenneth Burt, Helen Spinks and Irene Caveney.

Colourful Waltz Tap

A waltz tap dance brought three of the more accomplished dancers of the class to the stage. Elizabeth McNeil, Marguerite Mackenzie and Joy Fitzgerald, in sparkling, coloured top hats and brief costumes brought night club flavour to the performance. The unusual routine was well executed.

The dance of the Emerald Isle, the Irish jig was danced by a comely collection, Beatrice Pennington. "A Little Bit Independent," song and dance by Helen Spinks and Kenneth Burt was reminiscent of the musical comedy style. The two youngsters did a take off of the popular style that brought many a laugh from the audience.

Turning to the interpretive style, Edith Smith's "Powder Puff" toe dance was a remarkable number. Not once did the dancer allow her expression to stray from that of the girl "making-up" before a green hand mirror.

The pipes came to the stage for the Highland Fling, danced with a hesitation by Marguerite Mackenzie. Piper O'Neill of the Porcupine District Pipe Band supplied the music. Pretty little Joanne Langdon's solo dance, "The Butterfly," was another attractive dance. Filmy blue wings and a glittering dress added to the effect.

A gypsy scene brought the first half of the programme to a close. In this a camp scene was set on the stage and "Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart" was the theme song about which the singing and dancing display were built. Betty Dodge and Cyril Hlay were the singers, while Kathleen Wilkinson, Ivy Paice and Beatrice Pennington danced.

A minuet, in which three couples of

the older girls of the class took part, opened the second half. It was gracefully performed by Helen Russell, Marguerite Mackenzie, Edith Smith, Beatrice Pennington, Joanne Langdon and Helen Spinks.

"I Love You Truly," with an encore, "Just A-Wearyin' for You," were two songs by Peggy Bellamy that brought much applause.

The waltz tap dance by Helen Spinks and Irene Caveney was the most loudly-applauded number on the programme. When the two youngsters came out to take their bow, Mayor Bartleman presented them each with a bouquet. The dance itself was a difficult one that included some tricky athletic dancing but they never made a miss and did not appear to tire throughout.

Conventional evening clothes, top hats, canes and all, were the costumes for "Narcissus," a unison tap dance by Elizabeth McNeil and Huela Scully that showed another difficult routine well performed.

For the "Dutch Dance" Helen Russell, Marguerite Mackenzie, Joy Fitzgerald, Beatrice Pennington, Edith Smith, Joanne Langdon, Helen Spinks and Irene Caveney appeared in pretty blue and white costumes to do the heavy stepping group dance of the Netherlands. The facial expressions with which the "boys" of the dance favoured the "girls" were highly popular.

Good Spanish Dancing

Grace Lawrence was the soloist in a Spanish dance that had all the smoothness of movement and grace attached to the dance of that country.

Kathleen Wilkinson, probably the most accomplished dancer of the class, appeared in ballet costume for "Coppelia" a toe dance. It was excellently done.

"An Ear Full of Music, An Eye Full of You" was the title of a song and dance by Irene Caveney and Helen Spinks, into which the two youngsters put all their enthusiasm.

The Russian dance by Ivy Paice, Kathleen Wilkinson and Helen Russell, with its fast, exciting music and movement was another favourite.

A group tap dance brought Helen Spinks, Irene Caveney, Joanne Langdon, Edith Smith, Beatrice Pennington and Rose Bregman back to the stage in a good number.

"Three Taps," a series of lively modern dances by Elizabeth McNeil, with a song, "I Feel Like a Feather in a Breeze," also brought Mrs. Burt to the stage. It was dancing that required a great deal of skill.

Bringing the programme to a close was a smart military dance with Leone McNeil, Kathleen Wilkinson, Audrey Paice, Ivy Paice, Huela Scully and Elizabeth McNeil.

Mrs. Wilkinson played excellent piano accompaniment throughout the performance.

Gifts for the Bride

With weddings in the offing, friends will naturally be thinking of suitable gifts—and "gifts" of course, immediately brings to mind Remus', for where else could one find such a collection. Fine china, gleaming silver, delicate crystal, modern chrom— and a thousand and one other lovely suggestions. Call in, you'll have no trouble at all choosing something to please the happy pair.

C. A. Remus JEWELLER

17 Pine St. N. Phone 190

REMUS OPTICAL DEPT

Is equipped and able to render careful, individual and satisfactory service. Consult our registered optometrist. Evenings by appointment.

A SOAK-THE-POOR TAX

(The Cobourg World)
A Sales Tax is a Soak-the-Poor tax. It places a far greater proportionate burden on the low wage earner than any other form of taxation yet devised. So intolerable have its exactions been when it was openly imposed so that the public could realize what they are up against, that in New Jersey and Kentucky it could not survive public opinion for six months. Both these states had to repeal their sales taxes in the face of an aroused public opinion. In Canada the sales tax is hidden, but it bears heavily upon the pocket of the harassed wage earner. Every article he buys will be definitely and unfairly increased in cost.



FURS

- REMODELLED
- REPAIRED
- RELINED
- STORED

Most Reasonable Prices

The only furriers in the Porcupine district doing fully guaranteed work on the premises. Our modern shop is completely equipped to handle the finest fur work. Hundreds of satisfied customers is your assurance of perfect satisfaction.

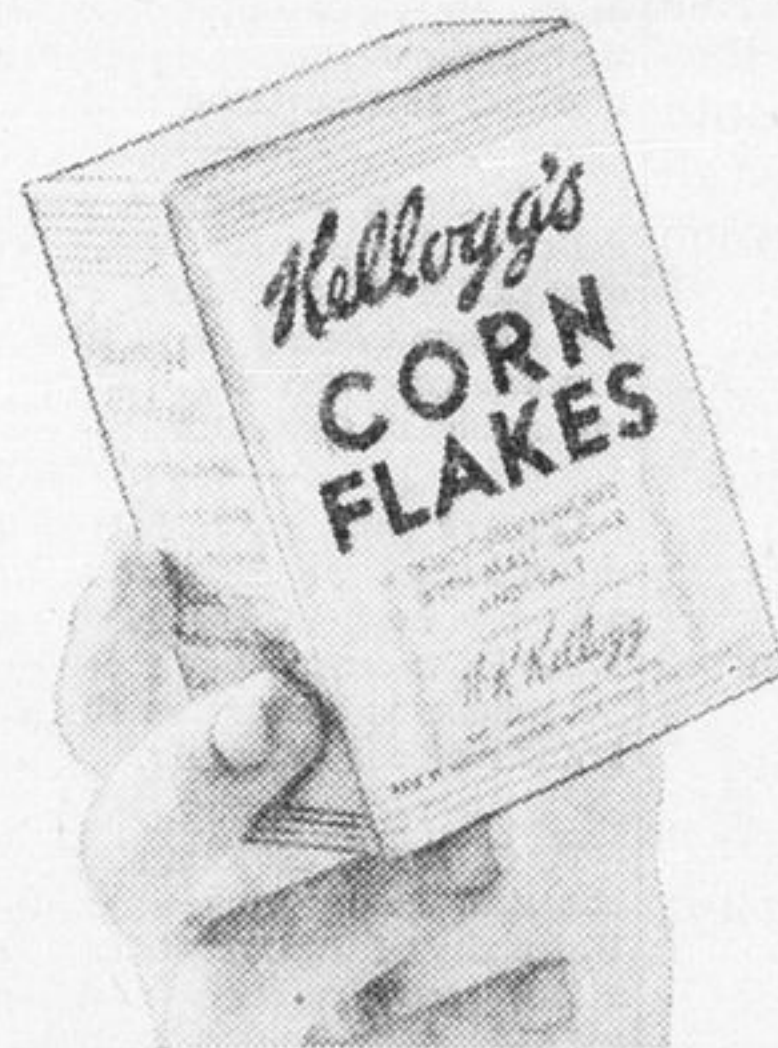
Estimates Gladly Given

BEAVER FUR & LADIES' WEAR

2 Empire Block Phone 1160

THIS COUPON IS WORTH **500 VOTES** in the **Schumacher Lions Carnival Queen Contest** When accompanied by the receipts of one six-ticket draw book. (contestant's name) To J. A. HAWKINS, Box 93, SCHUMACHER

"PLEASE ACCEPT THIS SAMPLE with the compliments of the Kellogg Company



You'll find nothing takes the place of **Kellogg's Corn Flakes!**



THANK YOU! WE'LL TRY THE SAMPLE TODAY!
MY-AREN'T KELLOGG'S CRISP AND FRESH? I NEVER TASTED ANYTHING SO GOOD!
LATER A PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, PLEASE. THEY CERTAINLY ARE LOW IN PRICE!

NEXT MORNING ISN'T THIS A GRAND BREAKFAST? YES-NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

YOU'VE had an opportunity to try the sample package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—delivered at your home by the Kellogg sampler. You've tasted the crisp, delicious cereal it contains.

Now order a full-sized package at your grocer's—oven-fresh and ready to serve. The whole family will enjoy this change to crispness. And Kellogg's are so convenient—so economical! Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

EATON GROCETERIA FRANK FELDMAN

PURDON & LAFLAMME Consumers Co-operative

PIONEER STORES TIMMINS PROVISION

Unclaimed Money in Banks Seizable in Wisconsin

Wisconsin has a new law which permits the state to seize all bank deposits and safety box contents which have not been touched for 20 years or more, and for which no claimant can be found. Some of the larger eastern banks are known to carry such accounts totalling millions of dollars. The Wisconsin act requires banks to publish in a newspaper for four weeks the names of persons having such inactive accounts. In one bank alone, the First Wisconsin National at Milwaukee, it is reported \$268,723 is on deposit in accounts untouched for at least 20 years. One prominent Milwaukeean, William G. Bruce when informed he had on deposit \$1,186 that has been inactive since 1909, explained he had lost his bank book years ago and afterward forgot he had this money in the bank. Forgetting \$1,186 wouldn't be easy for some persons we could name.