strument. When it operates impro-

perly it needs the attention of a

A Phone call to 1670 will receive

Guaranteed Efficient Service to Your Set.

If You Like

Books

(By A. H.)

A book that is entirely different from

others is "If Winter Don't", by Barry

Pain. It is foolish, yes, there is no

other word that will describe the

strange manner in which it is written.

But it is interesting, and a marvellous

of one chapter the author says, "And

now we'll have a little novelty. The

sections. We'll have a number without

be-." If you like to laugh, and have

book for you. Just as an appetizer, the

"At the end of his honeymoon Luke

and left his wife to prepare Jawbones

her at all, he always added "but she IS

a good housekeeper." He was desper-

"This," said Mabel, opening the door,

as Luke began his visit of inspection.

Luke's ears moved. He kissed her

twice. "But you know, I cannot bear it.

"Very well," said Mabel, a little cold-

ly, "we'll call it your cage. And just

look. There is a pair of my father's

old slippers that I have brought for

you. Size thirteen. You've got none

"Where did you say the dustbin

the kitchen and see the two maids that

able sisters named Morse-Ellen Morse

"There isn't an "1" in Morse," he said

"And Kate Morse," Mabel continued.

kitchen, and the two maids sprang in-

cleaning silver, the other was still

Morse! Don't you see? Dot and Dash.

He howled with laughter. Dash

long, and the second very short.

He put one arm round her waist.

tuberculosis, tennis-net and den."

quite like that, have you?"

did he.

and--"

Dot and Dash."

North Bay Nugget:-We now come dropped the teapot. Dot had hy-

Toronto Telegram:-The winter sea- has shot 24 more alleged enemies of

son always reduces the number of golf the State. Mr. Aberhart can't dispose

widows but increases the number of of his enemies so conveniently—but give

FOLLOW THE MAJORITY — BUY:

"He seemed rather depressed, I Great Novelists of to-day number their

For several seconds he considered his for his accommodation. She was a

"But is your objection to him just

"Both."

"Why not?"

"No."

"You won't tell me?"

"Oh, confound the fellow!"

"I wish you did, Mary."

(To Be Continued)

late candidate is delivered from the

Trained Radio Expert.

#### MOVING STORY OF A MAN WITH A PAST

# Second Chance

## HOLLOWAY HORN

Author of "George," "Two Men and Mary", Etc.

Copyright

Mary Donovan said with a pleasant

"Oh, good afternoon!" he said.

"Not in the way of fish, I'm afraid.

She was standing on the path still

"Have you enough for two?" she

tea. Will you join me?" he suggested.

said. "If I know Mrs. Gaddesden she's

He fixed his rod on an iron upright

knowing that it had almost as much

"It's a very happy meeting."

"I wonder if it is, Mr. Ferguson.

When I saw that it was you, I almost

"Whatever for? Am I so terrible?" he

"Then I'm glad I didnt turn back

"Nor am I. But Mossford takes foot-

"What do you take seriously? What

"That's a very difficult question to be

do you consider important?" he asked.

faced with suddenly," she smiled. "My

job, I suppose-within reason. And the

happiness of the people I'm fond of-

Again he nodded: "Life is like that,

"I hope so. I'm beginning to feel quite

suggested. "But of course you may not

"You mean to make Mossford your

home?" she asked after a silence.

"I hope to," he replied.

ticularly reticent, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," she smiled.

she suddenly cried, excitedly.

badly."

on the hook.

about success."

all," he said.

of his face.

solemnly.

back into the water.

captured or imprisoned."

"But you eat fish!"

mean," she said quietly.

"Well?" she urged.

"Yes. I haven't caught them."

"What's the joke?" she asked.

who spent his life in fishing."

aunt's . . . I wanted a friendly word .

REMINDER OF THE PAST

friendly," she said. "Look! The rod!"

He nodded as if he agreed.

seriously," she went on.

think a great deal of it."

be a Conservative."

people, I suppose."

cess. Now . . . I don't know.'

"And you don't, I gather?"

"No, I'm not."

"Any luck?"

holding her cycle.

against a gate.

#### WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

wise Hallett, a man about 35; hand- might be with a knife." some, prematurely grey. His past history is something of a mystery.

WILLIAM TREVOWE, head of Tre- "Very few, and most of them are 'On vowes, Ltd., of Mossford. When the His Majesty's Service'!" story opens Trevowe gives Ferguson a "Still, his life is his own business. But it's a lovely spot." job in the office of his firm

TEDDY WILSON, otherwise Sternman with whom Ferguson lodges.

staff of Trevowe's. She is also a niece you," said Mary Donovan. of Mrs. Gaddesden.

Wilson's company, and wife of Wilson, him, my dear, aren't you?" SYNOPSIS

ing, but prematurely grey, is regarded and one can't help feeling that there's in the office where he works as some- some secret in his life." thing of a mystery. He has not been in "Aye," said Mrs. Gaddesden and let Mossford long. He was sent up to Tre- it go at that. vowe's by William Trevowe, the man- As the spring progressed, Ferguson basket Mrs. Gaddesden had packed for aging director, who tells the manager, explored the country round Mossford him. Mr. Mumford, that he himself has seen more thoroughly. It was, generally, flat, "Do you often come to the Mill?" he to the references of the newcomer. The but there were lovely little bits which asked as he poured out a cup of tea fact tends to prejudice him in the eyes he came to know. Beyond Ferry Wood, for her, of his colleagues on the staff. He keeps for example, he discovered a field path himself to himself, and the only per- which led to a water mill some three about it last week and decided to come son he is really friendly with is Mary miles beyond, tucked away in a lost I recognized you as I came down the Donovan, Mr. Mumford's secretary. He little valley. The mill was derelict and path from the road." makes such good progress in the busi- only the sound of the water splashing ness that it is obvious he is used to over the weir broke the silence of the more important work. He is an edu- valley. cated man too. But still he remains a Above the weir was a deep pool, and turned back." mystery in Mossford.

(Now read on!)

#### CHAPTER III WEEK-END WEAKNESS

Mossford caters more for the family life possess this charm. than the individual. As far as the office | The mill became Ferguson's favour- terested?" was concerned he was confident. Mr. ite harbour-the word is used deliber-Goodspeed had returned and taken ately. Usually the place was deserted, over the control of the Sales Depart- or, at the most, there were a few ball very seriously." ment. He proved to be a man open to anglers there. A gentle melancholy receive ideas—and that is important, brooded over the spot; once the scene even if the ideas were passed on to of considerable human activity and the the Powers that Be as Mr. Goodspeed's. repository of human hopes, it had

whence the ideas had come. "By the way, Mumford, how's Fer- sults. guson getting on?" Mr. Trevowe asked He spoke of it to Mrs Gaddesden. at the end of a telephone conversation with the Mossford manager.

"Very well indeed, sir." "Good! I'm pleased. I thought he would."

This, of course, was not repeated to pond." Ferguson, but he knew that he was holding the job down. The way his colleagues treated him showed that, even band's." if their attitude retained the curiosity and suspicion of the early days. But rod and tackle of the departed Gaddesthere were times between Saturday den and with a little adjustment it midday and Monday morning when proved to be still usable. On the fol-Ferguson was consciously lonely and lowing Saturday he set out immediately I'm afraid. Not," he went on, "that I've that is a very unsatisfactory state in after the midday meal.

Mrs. Gaddesden, who had apparently taken the lonely man to her heart, was often rather fussily anxious over his welfare, and there were times when he was very glad to have a chat with float moved and the bait had disapher. She was an intelligent woman and peared. But beyond that, the actual resoon discovered that Ferguson had no sult of the afternoon's fishing was nil, intention of telling anything about unless one counts the sedative effect himself. She was certainly not more of the quiet hours by the gently moving curious than the majority of her sex, wate: but she could not fail to notice that | He had brought some tea with him he had practically no correspondence in a vacuum flask and was thinking

of a personal character.

 $\hat{\mathbf{b}}$ she told Mary Donovan, "Seems to me the little bridge. JOHN FINGAL FERGUSON, other- that he has cut off the old life as it "Good afternoon, Mr. Ferguson."

"He does have some?" Mary had smile.

Auntie, and not ours." "Within reason. But nobody-man or

berg, manager of a theatrical company woman—can shut themselves off from MRS. GADDESDEN. A motherly wo- their kind. We aren't so much individuals as members of a family." MARY DONOVAN, a secretary on the "Anyway, he's lucky to be here with asked.

"He might be worse off," agreed Mrs. Lucia Desmund. Principal actress in Gaddesden. "You're very interested in put up sufficient for at least two."

"Not particularly," the girl said. "I John Fingal Ferguson, 35, good-look- come into touch with him at the office

one Saturday afternoon he came on a man fishing there. He didn't appear to asked. be catching fish, but as Ferguson! watched him-physically and mentally like being alone and that it's rather an the angler seemed to have relaxed—he impertinence to intrude." As the weeks went by, Ferguson found realized the great truth about fisherthat it was easier to fit into the rou- men: the catch doesn't matter. Fisher- animal," he said with a smile. "And tine of the office than to adjust him- men themselves will often deny this; I've no friends in Mossford at all." self to the new life outside it. The nevertheless it is a fact that the great week-ends were somewhat wearisome. charm of angling is that results are of Most of the men in the office will be He had no friends, and a town like minor importance. Few occupations in at the football match. It's the last

But Mr. Mumford probably guessed ceased to strive, had passed out of the world where people are judged by re-

"Yes, I know it," she said. "My hus- my mother, for example. And, I sup-

band used to fish there years ago. I've still got his old rod and tackle. Not that life as I can." he ever caught anything but he always said that there were big fish in the

"I think I'll get a rod."

"You're welcome to use my hus-

During the week he went over the

any man. In London there are many The mill was silent; he was comdistractions on which a lonely man can pletely alone there. It is a curious fact Trevowe's?" fall back, many institutions where he that one is never as consciously alone is accepted without question. It is per- in such a place as one often is in the at home there. I find the week-ends haps one of the few definite advantages midst of a great city. Slowly and me- rather lonely, though. There is really life in London has over provincial life. thodically he put the rod together, and very little for a lonely person to do began his attack on the fish, if any, in in Mossford." the pool above the weir.

#### SOMEONE TO TEA

Once, he might have had a bite; the

about it when a girl, wheeling a bi-"He doesn't have one letter a week." cycle, came along the path and over

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway The Nipissing Central Railway Company WILL OPERATE

## BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION Friday, October 29th

PEMBROKE JCT., OTTAWA: MONTREAL, and QUEBEC

via North Bay and Canadian National Rly. Excursion travel will be handled on Train 46 connecting at North Bay with C.N. Train No. 2

On the RETURN journey tickets will be valid for travel on C.N. Train No. 1 from Montreal 7.55 p.m., Sunday, October 31st, and Monday, November 1st, 1937

### BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION Thursday, October 28th

Points in the MARITIMES via North Bay and Canadian National Rly.

Tickets will be valid to leave destination point, Wednesday, November

Bargain Tickets not valid on "THE NORTHLND"-Trains 49 and 50.

For Further Particulars Apply to Local Agent.

JULIA RS. POTATOES, BERMS. CARROTS, FOR CHICKENS. LET'S TRY TO MAKE UP A

The little town of Rosenort in Manitoba responded to this call and loaded several cars for western neighbours.

"I was just about to have a cup of had said.

"According to the story."

Suddenly she, too, smiled: "I fancy him off for worrying me when I was "Go on Pull my leg!"

can understand Luen Chi," she said. "Whatever there is, we'll share,' he "Have a cigarette?" he suggested. "I've some chocolate we can make up ever go?"

"Occasionally."

with," she said as she leaned her cycle glanced at her; she was looking out of a mill-stream-actually a far more, "Oh? Do you know anything about Sharper went to see a man about a dog, chance of getting a fish on its own as across the water where the old mill romantic setting than any of the elab- him?" with his assistance, and turned to the was red in the glint of the setting sun orate studio sets on the screen. For the first time, and almost with a shock, he realized that she was a very ting at her side, absorbed in the un- shouldn't have much to do with him." ledged it. Whenever he thought about pretty girl.

"A penny?" he said.

"No. But I heard someone talking what you thought of me."

exceedingly sympathetic and kind."

in order to show you how kind I really qualities, realizing that four girls out if you don't mind. I've given you my able to endure, such as salt-cellar, am-I will go." She rose from the bank on which vious of her chance.

they had been sitting as she spoke. "No. But I have a feeling that you Wood. I'll walk up with you and come he had argued that love would come. "Not at all. Really, I'm a very sociable back to pack up the rod.'

at the top watched her set out down much romantic nonsense. Nor was she "I shan't. And I think it's unfair of the hill. At the bend in the road she certain that he was wrong, for, in her you, George, to warn me against him was?" he asked. waved to him, and with a queer, ex- experience, not a few marriages which and then refuse to give me a reason." "But," she said amazed, "you don't hilarated feeling he turned back to the had apparently started as wild ro- "I didn't 'warn' you against him. And mean to say-Surely you wear slipgame of the season. But you aren't in-

made all the difference to the after- she had admitted to her mother when you." noon, had dissipated the feeling of Mrs. Donovan had been inclined to They had reached her home. "Coming "And now," said Mabel, "come into loneliness. He packed up the rod and press his claims. But there was no thrill in?" she asked. tackle which he had used for the first in the thought of him. She realized with | "Sure! I like your mother very I have engaged. Two nice respecttime and set out across the field to- grim insight that she would just as soon much." wards Mossford.

She had said that she was going to a girl. the pictures.

He wondered with whom. could meet her on level terms.

pose, seeing that I get as much out of

"And now you tell me what you take "I wonder. At one time it was Suc-"Happiness?" she suggested. "People seem to fight for success-as you call

it-and when they've got it they don't walked through the lush meadows to Mossford. the shadowy wood ahead, without bit- As they walked back to Mary's home hands of his friends back to his folks. Ottawa Journal:-The Soviet Union terness, was due to his meeting with after the show, she said, "I met Mr. experienced this thing we call Success." this Mossford girl who had been kind Ferguson this afternoon." "You're settling down with us at

He wondered what Lucia Desmund was doing and smiled a little grimly Even her name was a fake. But that, he realized, was unfair. Lily Smith would hardly do as the name of an ac-"There's the Conservative Club," she tress. And most of them changed their names. Probably she was somewhere on Easy Street.

"In any case, I know no one there. Still, as time passes, I shall get to know | She belonged to the past, to that portion of the book of his life which was Garrod asked. closed. Here in Mossford a new chapter was opening-indeed, a new book beginning. The past was over; but was there the chance of a future?

"You'll probably find us more reti-He came to the wood, already pearlcent than Londoners," she said and grey in the deepening dusk, and reaadded with a smile, "not that I'm parlized that his spirit was lighter than it silly! You've told me so often, anyway! had been for a long time. "You've been excedingly kind to ma "Did you have any luck?" Mrs. God-

Miss Donovan," he said. "I do appredesden greeted him.

"I caught one, but I threw him back." "It meant a great deal to me," he in-"They're never any good," the wise woman replied. "It's the fun of catchsisted. "That Saturday night at your ing them, I suppose. But there, I never could understand fishing."

As he read his book that evening his attention was apt to wander from the "You'll find that people here are pages. He assured himself that it was no concern of his. Nevertheless, he was Ferguson grabbed the rod and began wondering who was Mary Donovan's to reel in. There was a half-pound perch companion.

It might, he realized, have been another girl.

"Well, I'm bothered!" he said. "That Actually, it was a very well set-up just shows, doesn't it? We were talking man in a blue serge suit. They were He removed the hook gently from the sitting in the second row of the Circle lower jaw of the fish and dropped it at the Royal. During the interval, when the lights were up, the manager of "I don't think I like fishing after the cinema came to them and whispered to Mary's companion.

"Right!" he said, and turning to "I have a horror of anything being Mary, added: "Shan't be a minute; they're on the phone from the office, confound them!'

Many eyes followed his taut figure "I think I understand what you as he walked up the gangway, for Inspector Garrod was a well-known figure Suddenly he smiled at her. He rarely in Mossford. He had achieved record did smile and it altered the expression promotion in the Force and at 32 occupied a position usually reserved for men at least ten years older. Mary Donovan, "I've suddenly remembered some- indeed, was regarded as a lucky girl by thing. It's an absurd story about a most of the people who knew her, and Chinese philosopher called Luen Chi few of them had any doubt as to what the outcome of the friendship would be. It was obvious to all that the young "But he used no bait-since his ob- Inspector was very much in love,

ject was not to catch fish," he added "I SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH HIM"

"He was a philosopher?" she asked! He came back just as the lights were gravely, after thinking over what he dimmed for the big feature.

"Okay!" he whispered. "Pearson had An inspector at thirty-two," she mock- little "pick-me-up" book. At the end the wind up over something. I ticked ed.

off duty." The big feature was an American thought," she went on. "Thank you. Then I must go. I've a film and the story on which it was "Shouldn't wonder," he said. "Did you any section. This has never been done date for the pictures to-night. Do you based was a singularly inept one. This like the film? You didn't say." may or may not have been the reason. "It was all right. What do you mean a private joke of your own, here is the but it failed completely to grip Mary by 'shouldn't wonder'?" He held a match for her and for a Donovan's attention, which wandered "I think you're enough to depress following sections are quoted: while they smoked in silence. Once he out of the theatre to a bank in front any man."

Mentally she compared the man sit- reply before he said: "If I were you I good housekeeper, and Luke acknowsubtle and hackneyed picture they were "Why not?" watching, and the one who had shared "I'd rather not say." She turned her glance to him and his tea with her that afternoon. Of But you say that about every man ately fair. smiled: "Actually, I was wondering Garrod she knew everything—his his- in whom I'm interested!" tory, his ambitions and sometimes, she "I know I do." "I've already told you. I think you're imagined, his very thoughts. She knew. "Tell me, George," she said quietly, "this is your den." indeed, how he would react to any "whether you do know anything about "Anyway, I'm glad you think so. And given situation. She had few romantic Mr. Ferguson. now, having eaten most of your tea- | illusions, and appreciated his sterling | "I'd rather not talk about him, Mary, There are some words which I am un-

of five in Mossford were trankly en- advice."

But she knew with even greater the usual one or is it particular?" "The road's at the top of this path? clarity that she did not love him in came across the fields from Ferry the least. She had told him so and that love as described in books and on He wheeled her cycle up the path and the screen was a lot of poppycock, so mances had ended in disillusion of one I wasn't speaking as an official but as pers?" The meeting with Mary Donovan kind or another. She liked Garrod, as a man who happens to be in love with "I never was," he replied firmly. Nor have been sitting in that cinema with "And she likes you."

Ferguson, on the other hand, inter- "But I do. I've told you so. And I gloomily. ested her as no other man had done. think it's jolly mean of you to refuse Some youngster, he decided, who Indeed, interest was hardly the word, to tell me what you know about Fer- She opened the door into the spotless He intrigued her, worried her so that guson." He fell to thinking of her delicately- she found herself thinking of him at | "I never said I knew anything about stantly to attention. One of them was cut profile as she had looked across the oddest moments. Only Mary Dono- him.' the water to the mill. There was a wist- van knew that the meeting that after- "You didn't actually say it. But I can lingering over tea. The first was very fulness in her face which puzzled him. noon at the deserted mill had not see that you do." And suddenly, as he walked along, he been such a coincidence as it appeared. "In any case, my dear, you will re- Luke slapped his leg enthusiastically. realised that he had not consciously Her aunt had mentioned casually that member that I didn't say I knew him, "Oh, by jove," he said, "this is ripping. thought of a woman's face since Lucia Ferguson had borrowed the rod and won't you?" Desmund had filled his existence. | meant to try his hand at fishing on the Lucia Desmund . . . for months he | Saturday, And, as Mary Donovan knew, had not thought of her at all. That he the mill was the one place where fishing could do so this lovely evening, as he was possible within several miles of to that touching moment, when the sterics."

"Mr. Ferguson. He's just come to Tre- bridge widows.

vowe's from London." "Ferguson?" said the inspector, as if the name stirred some memory with;

"Yes. I cycled to the Mill-out on the Ponders Road-and he was fishing But it was foolish to dwell on her, there. We had a very interesting chat. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing whatever, I wish I did."

"I don't know. He seems a bit out of the ordinary.

"Meaning I'm not?"

"But you are out of the ordinary,

Westinghouse "WORLD CRUISER" RADIOS

Lynch Electrical Appliance Co. TIMMINS



# COIFFURE The Way

You Do a Hat

## To Suit Your Face & Personality

Our stylists are expert at devising new means to bring out your own individual charms. You'll be amazed at the difference a Naturelle permanent can make. Make an appointment to-day at either one of our salons

### NOW TWO BEAUTY SALONS

Our new salon is located in Schumacher

In the Desaulnier Block, and is for the convenience of Schumacher customers. You will get the same individual attention you receive at the Timmins Salon. Our new Schumacher Shop is in charge of Miss Robertson.

## Miss Anderson's Beauty Salons

Rear Moisley & Ball Druggists Timmins-Phone 547

Desaulnier Block Schumacher Phone 1065