



By ALROY WEST PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT

"ACROSS THE ATLANTIC" "So as I was living honestly," Wicks continued. "I decided to keep my hand in. You have to live with the sea day after day in order to understand it. I found two men who were in a fish business. They bought from other trawlers mostly, but thought of owning one or two of their own. That was where I came in. You've got me to thank for Lucky Lady. I knew that I shouldn't spend the rest of my life trying to catch fish, so I had a few alterations made. I felt sure the day would come when I could take her across the Atlantic."

gold, Chief," Peter said quietly. "It's not likely to put right the damage done by some clumsy son of a— " "That's enough about the engines," Wicks said quickly. "I just wanted to tell you that we're going to make a pretty long voyage. I expect you can understand. Eh?" "I'm not barny," Gallop muttered. He looked at the coins in his grimy fist and then dropped them. "Do as you please," he grunted. "You'd better get yourself some sails."

"I know these waters." The sky was colourless and the horizon line was increasingly difficult to distinguish. The sound of foghorns became more noticeable. "The liner's practically at a standstill," Peter observed. "Unless I'm very much mistaken she'll be giving two within the next 10 minutes." His prophecy was correct. It was barely eight minutes before the liner was signalling that she was under way, but stopped. In the distance there was a confused medley of sound. A few Breton fishing boats with their lug sails barely filling with the breeze were blotted out in the surrounding greyness. The trawler's whistle contributed to the general din. Speed was reduced considerably and one of the hands was sent forward.

ed over to leeward and looked gloomily at the grey curtain which concealed everything from view. Suddenly it appeared to draw back a shade and he gave a gasp of surprise. There was the dark shadow of the land visible for a second or so. Then it was once more enveloped in the fog. Yeter's eyes narrowed. The course they were steering was taking them nearer to the land. Howe was in the bows using the lead, while Crockett stared into the greyness. "LAND ON THE PORT BEAM" Wicks was intently watching them. He had charge of the wheel. That accounted for three. Gallop of course, was below. Gordon and Wellings were in the cabin. There was no particular reason why they should be called on deck unless there was some emergency like the trawler striking a rock. Peter moved nearer to the side and strained his eyes trying to pick out once more that dark patch which might mean security and freedom. It was cold, so he was wearing his heavy coat, but he slipped his arms out of the sleeves so that he could cast it aside the instant the moment came for him to dive over the side. The breeze strengthened slightly and once more the fog lifted a shade. The land was much nearer. "Land on the port beam!" yelled Crockett. As he shouted, Peter flung his coat down and leapt over the side. The water was icy cold, and the sudden shock of it made him gasp. It was impossible to tell whether he had been observed or not. He struck out vigorously for the land. There was an awkward current which carried him further over to the left than he had anticipated and for a few seconds he felt the utter blackness of despair as it seemed to him that he would be swept right out to sea once more. In desperation he exerted himself to the utmost. This final effort evidently carried him across the difficult portion, because it suddenly became much easier. The land was definitely in front of him. It towered up like a great mountain the summit of which was lost in fog. His first warning of the beach was when he knocked his knee against a jagged boulder. The sudden agony made him go under. He came up again, spluttering and gasping for breath. The capacity for thinking seemed to leave him. Instinctively he splashed through the shallow water, pursued by waves which attempted to drag him back. Once the beach was reached he flopped down and lay as one senseless. "This won't do!" he muttered. He struggled to his feet and forced himself to move across the beach as quickly as possible. His teeth began to chatter with cold. He looked anxiously about him, but could find no trace of any houses. There were no boats drawn up on the long, sloping beach. Once his brain started to work properly he looked out to sea. From his position it was not possible to look in the direction of the trawler because of some jagged rocks which invaded the beach at one portion. These effectively screened a section of the sea from him. Still wondering whether Wicks would assume that he had been drowned, Peter started to trot towards the cliffs, where he could see a break which looked like a path. As he reached the bottom of the cliffs he glanced over his shoulder and his heart sank. The Lucky Lady's dinghy was just rounding the rocky outcrop. (To Be Continued)

If You Like Books (By A. H.)

A little friend came to visit the writer a few days ago, requesting the right to go through old school-books for poems that she might copy and send to a friend in Southern Ontario who has gotten the scrapbook "bug." And that is how for about an hour and a half she picked out poems that were favourites to her. Many of the poems were such well-known ones as "Trees" and "Smiles" but mostly, they were poems that had a "swing." It seems that it doesn't matter what the poem is like otherwise, if it can only be rhymed off in a jumble of words that lose all meaning. But this little girl didn't have this idea, for every once in a while, she could be heard exclaiming, "I learnt this poem 'off by heart,'" and then she would recite the poem, very clearly enunciating every syllable and word. That is what every student, and grown-up as well, should learn to do, or they will lose the beauty of the poem. It is simple enough to pick up a dictionary of rhyming words, and to make what some might call a poem, but what really makes a poem, is word beauty. And that is what you must look for in poetry. However, there are poems, such as "Courtin' In Kentucky" which appeared in Thursday's issue, that are humorously appealing. "Bylo Land" is one of the poems that this public school girl chose, and quoting it here the reader will understand why this poem will agree to all ages.

Bylo Land (Author Unknown) When out of the West long shadows creep, And the stars peep out, a shining band, Our baby—wary of fun and play— Goes out thro' the gates to Bylo Land.

O, which is the road to Bylo Land? By the way of grandpa's easy chair, Or, better, by mother's loving arms, With kisses pressed on the shining hair?

She nestles down with a weary sigh, While lashes touch the rounded cheek; With her arms clasped, close 'round mother's neck, Who kisses the love she cannot speak.

A wonderful land is Bylo Land, To judge by the smiles on baby's face; The angels must surely weave her dreams, And lend to her of their winsome grace.

O, baby, we envy thy sunny lot, For we that are older seldom see The flowery path to Bylo Land, Or meet the angles that talk with thee.

Waterloo Chronicle—Modern methods of financing are being introduced into churches. St. Mary's United Church is offering a bond issue of \$19,000 to provide for all indebtedness of the congregation. These bonds, which are being sold to members, are spread over a fifteen-year period.

Stay at the ST. REGIS HOTEL WHEN YOU'RE IN TORONTO EVERY ROOM is an outside room, high-ceilinged and good size. Each room has its own balcony and tiled bath and shower. Good food. Attentive service. Private hotel garage service available. Away from trains and noise; yet only 3 minutes from Eaton's College Street Store—which indicates how quickly you can reach stores and theatres. Single rooms, double rooms, suites—all with bath and shower FROM \$2.00 DAILY 392 SHERBOURNE ST. (Just above Carlton) RA. 4135

First Baby Born at New So. Porcupine Hospital

Honour Goes to Baby Son of Mr. and Mrs. Schauer. Timmins had a Close Second in Race. Fox Farm at South Porcupine Closed to Visitors for a Time. Other South Porcupine and Dome News.

South Porcupine, Feb. 19th, 1938—(Special to The Advance)—The stork was busy this week at the new Porcupine General Hospital.

In fact a minor stork derby was staged as the honour of being the first baby to be born in the new hospital was coveted by two new citizens. However, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Schauer, of South Porcupine, won the race and arrived at five minutes after one on Thursday morning (mother and son doing well)—his rival the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Feltmate, of Timmins, arriving at ten minutes past two. We cannot help but feel pleased that South Porcupine citizens have the honour (and the stork was assisted by Dr. McLaren our "old-time" doctor) and wish to heartily congratulate the new arrival. A silver cup is to be given to him, donated by the Hospital Board of Directors, or by one of them, which will commemorate the occasion. The baby is to be named Elwyn Joseph Alexander Schauer, the Joseph being given in deference to Mr. J. H. Stovel—manager of the Board of Directors of the hospital.

The Y.P.S. of the United Church met on Wednesday and spent an entertaining evening of impromptu speaking. Slips of paper with "3-minute subjects" were handed round, and the responses were all good. One question was "What would you do with \$100,000?" This we consider is not a fair question as it would personally take us three minutes to recover from the shock of having it to spend!

Mr. Karl Merger and his sister, Miss Rita Strauss, left on Saturday for their home in Pownassan.

Mrs. Hure, of Main street, accompanied by Miss Verne Laforest, R.N., left on Saturday for the Toronto General Hospital for medical attention.

The W.A. of St. Paul's Anglican Church is holding a luncheon-bridge in the Parish hall on Wednesday at 1 p.m. This is going to be a smart affair, a three-course luncheon being followed by bridge for which lovely prizes are to be given. The Parish hall can only accommodate a hundred guests, so we would advise all who are without the typewritten slips of admission to get them without delay to avoid disappointment. Mrs. W. H. Johns at the Dome and Mrs. Wm. Fairhurst, of town, will be glad to supply them.

Archdeacon Woodall spent Thursday in Iroquois Falls attending a meeting of the executive of the Diocese of Moosonee of which he is secretary.

Mrs. James Gibson, of New Liskeard, is a guest of Miss Hamilton of Lakeview.

Mr. R. Bowes, of the Porcupine fox and mink ranch, was talking to us yesterday and asked us to mention that his ranch will be closed to visitors for some time, possibly until the middle of the summer. This is the breeding season, and the animals resent the presence of strangers. Later when the pups are born, the mothers have strange reactions to strangers as they sense a stranger very quickly. After the pups are a month or two old the proprietor will welcome visitors and be glad to show them his ranch which is most interesting, and will have pleasure in answering questions, etc., about these interesting little creatures and their habits.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. B. Schultz is quite sick, and wish him a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Dome Extension, to whom a little daughter was born this morning (Feb. 19th) at their home.

The executive of the Women's Auxiliary of the Diocese of Moosonee held a Board meeting on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Wm. Pritchard, in Timmins. Attending from South Porcupine were Mrs. W. H. Johns, president; Mrs. Woodall, vice-president; and Mrs. Fairhurst, treasurer. Also attending were Mrs. A. H. Cooke, of Schu-nacher, Mrs. Pawson, of Cochrane, and Mrs. Blackburn and Mrs. Plummer, of Mont-teith. Luncheon was served to the guests.

Mrs. Wm. Arbour, of South Porcupine, became the proud mother of a little son last week at her parents' home in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Urie Hodgins (nee Irene Kaufman) are now residing in South Porcupine from Noranda. Mr. Hodgins being now an employee of the Preston East Dome Mine.

Mrs. George Sheppard and family, of Connaught, were in town this week

end visiting Mrs. Wilson Rayner and Mrs. D. A. Frood.

Miss Kathleen Woodall is spending the week-end in Porcupine Junction.

The A.Y.P.A. of St. Paul's Church were the guests of Timmins A.Y.P.A. last Wednesday, when twelve of their number, accompanied by their president, Mr. David Evans, and Archdeacon Woodall were entertained in the parish hall with games, etc., a social evening and supper. All thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

The Kitchener Rebekah Lodge is holding a euchre party in the Parish hall this Friday (Feb. 25th). They would appreciate a good attendance.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Henry Kaufman is suffering from an infection in her right hand.

Mr. Thos. Gibbons returned this week from Toronto, after attending the funeral of his mother Mrs. John Gibbons last Wednesday. Mrs. John Gibbons was buried in Mount Pleasant cemetery, the funeral service being held from her home at 4 Fairford avenue, Toronto, the Rev. J. T. Mason, of St. John's Church, East Toronto, conducting the service. Among the many floral tributes sent were several from South Porcupine which the family deeply appreciate. They were from: The Eastern Star Chapter, South Porcupine, Mrs. S. Starling, Mrs. J. Singleton, "Old-timers", I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 453, South Porcupine, Mr. and Mrs. F. Reynolds and Kathleen, Mr. Charles Edgumbe and Mr. E. Edgumbe (Noranda), Mr. Dillon and family, Mr. W. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Freeman, and her grandchildren.

Very Successful Fireside Tea Held on Saturday A very successful Fireside tea was held at the home of Mrs. Clifford Sullivan, 158 Spruce street, north, on Saturday afternoon by the Fireside Club of the United Church. Many friends of the club were present at the tea, and all had a very enjoyable afternoon.

For the first hour, Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Mustard poured tea, while during the second hour Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. McInnis poured tea. They were assisted at the tea tables by members of the club. The guests were received by Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Douglas, president of the club.

Some home-baking and infants' knitted wear was sold during the event, these being in charge of Mrs. Huckerby and Mrs. Belanger (home-baking), and Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Beattie (infants' wear).

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

SCOTTISH CURLERS ARRIVING IN TIMMINS



Above is a picture of the touring Scottish Curlers as they stepped off the train at Timmins on their visit here last week. In addition to the Scottish Curlers shown there are several of the Timmins Curlers in the picture, as well as members of the Porcupine District Pipe Band in the background. Among those in the picture from left to right are: E. E. Smith, D. Mackie, Geo. Lake, S. A. Caldwell, Dr. Smith and Geo. Drew, also Pipers O'Neill and Stewart.

Painting Paperhanging Decorating Service ESTIMATES GLADLY GIVEN J. RIMMER 162 PINE ST. S. PHONE 2112

"MOVERS OF FINE FURNITURE" VANSICKLE the MOVER Packing Crating Storing Dustproof Moving Vans Modern Storage Warehouses Local & Long Distance Moving Fumigating Demolishing Deodorizing Call us for FREE ESTIMATES on your next moving PHONES: 510, 1733, 435, 240 EVERY LOAD INSURED COR. KIRBY & SPRUCE TIMMINS, ONTARIO

It is a well-known fact that the human eye contains a transparent lens which contracts and expands so that the eye may receive a clear image at any distance. In many cases properly fitted glasses will relieve much of the strain on this lens. Our Optical Department has the finest equipment available and your eyes are thoroughly checked by a competent eye-sight specialist. L. HALPERIN Optical Dept. A Registered Optometrist in Charge EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT Phone 212 7 Pine N.