

By ALROY WEST PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

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ped. "I know these waters."

became more noticeable.

sent forward.

n any way.

perturbed.

"Naturally."

beloved engines.

racing of the propeller.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and left

the bridge. Evidently Wicks was not

going to explain his anxiety. Probably

there wasn't very much to explain. It

was possible that he was suffering from

reaction. After all, Peter reflected, he

the fog as a friend or an enemy. Nor-

Peter understood the position per-

fectly. So long as he was useful Wicks

would appear to be friendly. But once

opportunity. It was not a pleasing

prespect. There seemed no chance of

Crockett, and Howe had been ordinary

seamen on board the John Dawson.

other man on board, was certainly a

less certain of his reckoning.

stranger. Peter was not too favourably

Wicks soowled.

#### "ACROSS THE ATLANTIC"

"So as I was living honestly." Wicks trawlers mostly, but thought of owning understand. Eh?" one or two of their own. That was | "I'm not barmy." Gallop muttered. two within the next 10 minutes." ing to catch fish, so I had a few alter- ter get yourself some sails." ations made. I felt sure the day would! Wicks frowned. Atlantic."

"Across the Atlantic!" Peter gasped. "Yes! Why not? It can be done."

of the five bags and hastened to replace help me in future." the coins. Then he set to work to force open the second box.

"The drop didn't do much damage to this one," he complained as he struggled with it. "People have no business to put things up in boxes which other folk can't open." At last he succeeded, and quickly inspected the five bags which the box contained.

"All correct!" he announced, looking up with a smile, "Now I think we'll have a word with the Chief. I should think he's finished with his toys by now."

Wicks pushed past Drew, and left the tiny cabin. With a second or so he was shouting at one of the hands.

"I want the Chief!" Wicks cried. "I'll go and fetch him."

"Wait a minute! I suppose you think that you can forget your manners because this craft isn't much bigger than a launch.'

"Sorry, sir!" "That's better. You're going to obey me just as you did on board the John Dawson. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all right." Wicks came lumbering back to the

"You look somewhat worried, Mr Drew," he said in a very different tone of voice.

"I was wondering what the hands would think of the gold."

"They'll think what I tell them t think," Wicks said ominously. "From now on they're sailors-not fishermen. Peter's eyes narrowed.

"Fishermen are pretty good sailors,

he said shortly. "Of course they are! I'm not a fool I know that. But they haven't quite the proper air about them. Not so amenable to discipline. And if we have a bad passage discipline is going to be mighty useful."

The door of the cabin opened and the engineer came in. He was an enormous man and appeared to fill the entire cabin. His keen grey eyes were focussed on the table.

"We're running this ship properly, said Wicks acidly. "In future you can remember to knock when you come to my cabin." Gallop shrugged his shoulders. H

reached cut a hand which seemed to be composed entirely of oil and hair and grasped some of the coins.

He gave a grunt which might equally have meant approval or disapproval. "Fairly good salvage!" Wicks ex-

claimed. Gallop scowled at him

"If I catch the mucker who started to tinker with my engines he'll be in need of salvaging," he remarked darkly. "You don't seem so interested in the

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gold, Chief," Peter said quietly.

"It's not likely to put right the damcontinued. "I decided to keep my age done by some clumsy son of a---" hand in. You have to live with the sea | "That's enough about the engines," distinguish. The sound of foghorns to dive over the side. day after day in order to understand it. | Wicks said quickly. "I just wanted to I found two men who were in a fish tell you that we're going to make a business. They bought from other pretty long voyage. I expect you can

where I came in. You've got me to He looked at the coins in his grimy thank for Lucky Lady. I knew that I fist and then dropped them. "Do as barely eight minutes before the liner shouldn't spend the rest of my life try- | you please," he grunted. "You'd bet-

come when I could take her across the, "The engines are good enough," he

"If only they'd be left to me. But I can't work for twenty-four hours in Wicks was satisfied with the contents every blessed day. I'll have Gordon to

"But he's a useful man for me!" Wicks protested. "I want to teach him navigation

Peter frowned. So that was the idea! He realized that he was valuable to Wicks because of his knowledge. There wasn't anybody else who could be trusted to take charge. It was as impossible for the captain to spend every minute on the bridge as it was for Gallop to be near his beloved engines. So Wicks had planned on giving Gordon a rapid course of instruction. Afterwards, a mate would not be quite so

But Gallop was speaking again. "Lot of use navigation is going to be

if you haven't any power. It's my machinery that will make the voyage possible-not your navigation." Evidently Wicks realized that it was

futile to argue. "Very well," he said quickly. "You can have Gordon. But you understand what I propose doing?" "I'm not a fool," Gallop observed sourly. "I've sailed with you before." He gave one more glance at the

money and then turned round and left the cabin, banging the door behind him. "He doesn't seem enthusisastic," Peter commented, glad to be able to say something unpleasant.

Wicked smiled. "Gallop's a fine man," he declared. 'We understand one another perfectly. the shore. The prospect of swimming He'll help me right to the bitter endif the end is bitter, which I very much doubt. I'm going on deck now to less a prisoner in the hands of Captain him supervise things. Perhaps it might be Wicks. tco great a temptation for you to gaze on the English coastline, Mr. Drew. That being so I will leave you in my cabin. I advise you not to give too that period of usefulness was over, ed like a path. much trouble. It would be so much Wicks would murder him at the first more pleasant for you if we can maintain amicable relations throughout the against me I am sure. Especially as I with him as chief engineer; Gordon, am leaving the gold with you. course, if the port hole looked out on the waves I might feel more anxious. As it does not-well. I'm not inclined to

For a moment Peter thought of trying to everpower his captor, but realized quickly that it would be a fatal mistake. He was not likely to succeed and it would only mean that he would Whether he would find Wellings of fornia, last week sent back pictures be kept a close prisoner until the trawler was far away from land. So long as there was the French coast there did seem the possibility of getting away. He glanced at Captain Wicks.

"As you please," he said quietly. don't propose to give you any trouble." Wicks chuckled.

"I imagine that the gold is having some effect already," he remarked gen-

He went from the cabin and locked the door behind him.

#### CHAPTER III FOG

The first warning of the fog came when they heard the dull, husky note of a distant siren. The Lucky Lady had been moving slowly down the Channel Once she was well off the coast Wicks released Peter.

"I shall be on the bridge most of the time," he said. "You might as wel

join me there. Peter listened to the siren and then glanced at the captain.

"I should imagine it's on the starboard bow," he said. Wicks nodded

"Visibility has been poor most of the time," he said. "I've been expecting

Peter thought he sounded apprehensive. He understood the reason "I suppose we shall have to alter our

course." he said after a minute or so. "Nothing of the sort!" Wicks snap-

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TIMMINS, ONTARIO

was taking them nearer to the land, noted that four inches of rain had

"LAND ON THE PORT BEAM"

He had charge of the wheel. course, was below. Gordon and Well- rain and water poured through holes ings were in the cabin. There was no in the pavement. Some of the rivers particular reason why they should be overflowed their banks with resulting called on deck unless there was some emergency like the trawler striking a The Timmins gentleman holidaying at

strained his eyes trying to pick out ence 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 The sky was colourless and the horisleeves so that he could cast it aside zon line was increasingly difficult to the instant the moment came for him

The breeze strengthened slightly and "The liner's practically at a standonce more the fog lifted a shade. The still," Peter observed. "Unless I'm land was much nearer.

very much mistaken she'll be giving "Land on the port beam!" yelled His prophecy was correct. It was

down and leapt over the side. was signalling that she was under way, but stopped. In the distance there was den shock of it hade him gasp. It was a confused medley of sound. A few impossible to tell whether he had been Breton fishing boats with their lugsails observed or not. He struck out vigorbarely filling with the breeze were ously for the land.

blotted out in the surrounding greyness. There was an awkward current which The trawler's whistle contributed to carried him further over to the left the general din. Speed was reduced than he had anticipated and for a few considerably and one of the hands was seconds he felt the utter blackness of despair as it seemed to him that he would be swept right out to sea once "I don't like this," he grumbled more. In desperation he exerted him-One thing, it doesn't upset our plans self to the utmost. This final effort evidently carried him across the diffi-"Nobody likes fog," Peter remarked cult portion, because it suddenly bewondering why Wicks should be so came much easier.

The land was definitely in front of

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, had taken the finding of the gold in a spluttering and gasping for breath.

comparatively calm manner. Not near-The capacity for thinking seemed to ly so calmly as Gallop, however. Preleave him. Instinctively he splashed sumably Gallop was not interested in through the shallow water, pursued by money, providing he could tend to his waves which attempted to drag him back. Once the beach was reached he It was strange calling Gallop the flopped down and lay as one senseless. Chief. Peter suspected that it was a "This won't do!" he muttered.

sop to his vanity. Although Gallop He strugged to his feet and forced didn't give one the impression that he himself to move across the beach as was vain. He was only interested in quickly as possible. His teeth began machinery. He'd be down below cursto chatter with cold. He looked anxiing the fog which interfered with the cusly about him, but could find no trace of any houses. There were no Peter didn't know whether to regard boats drawn up on the long, sloping

mally it was an enemy. But now it Once his brain started to work prowas just possible that it could do him perly he looked out to sea. From his a good turn. There was always the position it was not possible to look in chance of the trawler edging near to the direction of the trawler because of some jagged rocks which invaded the ashore was not particularly inviting, beach at one portion. These effectivebut it was better than being more or ly screened a section of the sea from

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 look-

As he reached the bottom of the cliffs he glanced over his shoulder and voyage. So you will not hold this defeating Wicks. Gallop had sailed dinghy was just rounding the rocky

(To Be Continued)

### Each one could be reckoned as perfect-Sometimes in California

A Timmins gentleman, who in the impressed with the man. He suspected that Wicks would not have any par- past has seen references in The Adticularly difficulty in buying him. vance to the wonderful climate of Calipermanent use was another matter. | clipped from The Los Angeles Times. There was a slight breeze blowing to- One picture shows a part of West One wards the land, or where Peter imagin- Hundred and Fourteenth street, with a ed the land to be. Wicks had kept number of cars halted in deep water him locked in the cabin for an hour or on the roadway. One man, wearing so, and he had not had an opportunity long boots is pictured standing in of seeing the chart. Now that the fog front of his car, and the water comes Fog is a fickle element. Peter mov- from her car, stalled in the water on spread over a fifteen-year period.

ed over to leeward and looked gloomily the street, a boat being used to effect at the grey curtain which concealed the rescue. A news item among the everything from view. Suddenly it clippings says that a day of heavy rainappeared to draw back a shade and he fall renewed flood dangers in Northgave a grasp of surprise. There was ern California interior valleys, and the dark shadow of the land visible for a howling gale sweeping in from the a second or so. Then it was once more Pacific endangered shipping on the enveloped in the fog. Yeter's eyes nar- eighteenth day of a series of storms rowed. The course they were steering on the west coast. The item further Howe was in the bows using the lead, fallen in twenty-four hours, with more while Crockett stared into the greyness. rain forecast. In San Francisco a heavy rain brought a quarter of an Wicks was intently watching them I inch rainfall in ten minutes. Streets were converted into running streams. That accounted for three. Gallop of Sporm sewers burst under the heavy interference with traffic on the streets Los Angeles and vicinity writes:- "So Peter moved nearer to the side and this is California! How do you expect a fellow to golf down here?"

# If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

A little friend came to visit the writer a few days ago, requesting the

As he shouted, Peter flung his coat right to go through old school-books for poems that she might copy and send The water was icy cold, and the sud- 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" was busy this week at the new Por- Miss Kathleen Woodall is spending and "Smiles.' but mostly, they were cupine General hospital. poems that had a "swing" It seems In fact a minor stork derby was stag- The A.Y.P.A. of St. Paul's Church that it doesn't matter what the poem ed as the honour of being the first were the guests of Timmins A.Y.P.A. is like otherwise, if it can only be baby to be born in the new hospital last Wednesday, when twelve of their rhymed off in a jumble of words that was coveted by two new citizens. number, accompanied by their presilose all meaning. But this little girl However, the baby son of Mr. and dent, Mr. David Evans, and Archdeadidn't have this idea, for every once Mrs. Schauer, of South Porcupine, won con Woodall were entertained in the in a while, she could be heard exclaim- the race and arrived at five minutes parish hall with games, etc., a social and then she would recite the poem. er and son doing well)-his rival the enjoyed the evening. and grown-up as well, should learn to past two. We cannot help but feel hall this Friday (Feb. 25th). They that are humorously appealing.

this public school girl chose, and quot- J. H. Stovel-manager of the Board of Toronto, the Rev. J. T. Mason, of St. ing it here the reader will understand Directors of the hospital why this peem will agree to all ages. Byle Land

(Author Unknown) When out of the West long shadows

And the stars peep out, a shining

Our baby-weary 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

She nestles down with a weary sigh, While lashes touch the rounded cheek:

With her arms clasped, close 'roung mother's neck Who kisses the love she cannot speak

A wonderful land is Bylo Land, To judge by the smiles on baby's

The angels must surely weave her dreams. And lend to her of their winsome

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

Waterloo Chronicle:-Modern methods of financing are being introduced is a guest of Miss Hamilton of Lakeinto churches. St. Mary's United view. Church is offering a bond issue of was blotting cut everything, he felt up to his knees. Another picture of the congregation. These bonds, shows a deputy sheriff rescuing a lady which are being sold to members, are his ranch will be closed to visitors for

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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.

So. Porcupine Hospital

South Porcupine, Feb. 19th, 1938- end visiting Mrs. Wilson Rayner and (Special to The Advance)-The stork Mrs. D. A. Frood.

and word. That is what every student, of Timmins, arriving at ten minutes holding a euchre party in the Parish do, or they will lose the beauty of the pleased that South Porcupine citizens would appreciate a good attendance. a dictionary of rhyming words, and to assisted by Dr. McLaren our "old-time" Henry Kaufman is suffering from an make what some might call a poem, doctor) and wish to heartily congrat- infection in her right hand. but what really makes a poem, is word | ulate the new arrival. A silver cup is | Mr. Thos. Gibbons returned this beauty. And that is what you must to be given to him, donated by the week from Toronto, after attending the .ook for in poetry. However, there are Hospital Board of Directors, or by one funeral of his mother Mrs. John Gibpoems, such as "Courting In Kentucky" of them, which will commemorate the bons last Wednesday. Mrs. John Gibwhich appeared in Thursday's issue, occasion. The baby is to be named bons was buried in Mount Pleasant "Bylo Land" is one of the poems that Joseph being given in deference to Mr. from her home at 4 Fairford avenue,

met on Wednesday and spent an enter- floral tributes sent were several from taining evening of impromptu speak- South Porcupine which the family subjects" were handed round, and the The Eastern Star Chapter, South Porresponses were all good. One question cupine, Mrs. S. Starling, Mrs. J. Singleshock of having it to spend!

Mr. Karl Merger and his sister, Miss Rita Strauss, left on Saturday for their man, and her grandchildren. home in Powassan.

panied 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 only accommodate a hundred guests, ternoon. so we would advise all who are without the typewritten slips of admittance 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

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,

Mr. R. Bowes, of the Porcupine fox \$19,000 to provide for all indebtedness and mink ranch, was talking to us yesterday and asked us to mention that 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 re-actions 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 little daughter was born this mornin (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. Ccoke, of Schunacher, Mrs. Pawson, of Cochrane, and Mrs. Blackburn and Mrs. Plummer, of Monteith. Luncheon was served to the

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. Ulric 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-

ing, "I learnt this poem 'off by heart'," after one on Thursday morning (moth- evening and supper. All thoroughly very clearly enunciating every syllable infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Feltmate, The Kitchener Rebekah Lodge is

the week-end in Porquis Junction.

poem. It is simple enough to pick up have the honour (and the stork was We are sorry to learn that Mrs.

Elwyn Joseph Alexander Schauer, the cemetery, the funeral service being held John's Church, East Toronto, conduct-The Y.P.S. of the United Church ing the service. Among the many ing. Slips of paper with "3-minute deeply appreciate. They were from: was "What would you do with \$100,- ton, "Old-timers", I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 000?" This we consider is not a fair 453, South Porcupine, Mr. and Mrs. F. question as it would personally take us Reynolds and Kathleen, Mr. Charles three minutes to recover from the Edgcumbe and Mr. E. Edgcumbe (Noranda), Mr. Dillon and family, Mr. W. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Free-

### Mrs. Hure, of Main street, accom- 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 are to be given. The Parish hall can tea, and all had a very enjoyable af-

> For the first hour, Mrs. Mortson 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 (homebaking), and Mrs. Kenny and Mrs. Beattie (infants' wear).

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### 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. Caldbick, Dr. Smith and Geo. Drew, also Pipers O'Neill and Stewart, Advance Staff Photo & Engraving