

Utility Is Keynote of the New Hospital Addition



By ALROY WEST

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

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BAD WEATHER CHAPTER XIV

The captain was correct in his forecast of bad weather. The storm came without warning. The first gust shook the trawler from bow to stern. Her timbers groaned under the force of it, and one of the masts quivered like a knife flung into a plank. It was night, and the stars were covered by a pitch-black curtain of clouds. Great foam-flecked waves rolled out of the darkness and threatened to engulf the ship. The awning was carried away instantly. For a moment it flapped in the air like an apparition—then it vanished from sight.

Wicks was at the wheel and clung to it with every ounce of his strength. Gallop, aroused by the sudden tossing of the ship, jumped into his things and left the cabin in order to fight his way to the engine-room so that he could help Gordon.

Anxious about Alla, Peter was only a second or so behind him. The wind tore at him and tried to fling him across the deck. He staggered to the galley where he found everything in confusion. Alla was up and trying to restore order.

Outside the gale shrieked and howled. Crockett and Howe were practically knee-deep in the water trying to get everything battened down. To add to their discomfort the rain started to fall. Not ordinary rain, but stuff which came down like a solid mass and nearly beat them to the deck.

Wicks tried his hardest to swing round so that the trawler's head would be into the wind, but she was slow in responding. Heavy seas tore at her sides and made her quiver so that it seemed she would fall to pieces.

She seemed as helpless as a piece of driftwood. At last however, he achieved his object, and the situation was eased. The storm showed no signs of abating and the waves broke over the bow with such force that it seemed the deck would be pressed down under their weight.

Peter left the galley and made his way forward in order to help the two men. For a time they struggled with things and then moved back into shelter. Peter joined Wicks on the bridge.

"Yes," Wicks said. "It's putting us out of our course as well. We couldn't possibly have carried on and survived. I think it will last a good few hours yet."

The wind dropped about noon the following day, but the seas were still high and looked formidable as they bore down on the trawler.

Peter had the wheel most of the day in order to give Wicks a rest, for he had stayed at the wheel throughout the night and into the early hours of the

morning until there was no further danger.

Gallop complained that their was no water in the engine-room, and the pump had to be used. Alla managed to get the fire lit in the galley and to prepare a meal, which was ravenously devoured.

Toward evening conditions were much better and Wicks took over the wheel in order to get the ship on her course. Peter went to his cabin and flopped down on his bunk. It was not long before Gallop entered.

"I'm glad that's over," he announced with feeling. The engines were all right, but your part of the ship leaked a bit too much."

"I'm surprised that we were not flooded out," Peter told him. "Anyway I should think we're all far too tired to quarrel about the gold now."

"SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK"

"For the moment," Gallop agreed, climbing into his bunk and getting his pipe alight. "I don't like the way Wicks handed out some of the money to the hands. I wonder what scheme he has at the back of his mind. Have you any idea?"

I'm not sure. I didn't like the look of it, though. It may have been just in order to keep them quiet. After all he doesn't want any trouble until the voyage is nearly over. On the other hand it may have been a bid to win them all over to his side. Your hand doesn't seem to be very strong at the moment."

Gallop scowled at him.

"So that's what you think—is it? I can tell you that captain Wicks isn't as smart as he thinks. Those men will not be contented with two hundred a-piece. You wait until we get a spell of fine weather, and they have a chance of gambling. They'll lose their heads quick enough. And the one who loses his gold as well as his head will want more gold in order to recover his losses. I think Wicks has made a mistake. It stands to reason that they'll turn awkward if he refuses to advance any more gold to them."

Peter shook his head.

"I don't agree with you," he declared. "You're right about the gambling and the demands for more, but so long as they feel they can get more money out of the captain they are not likely to do anything against him. He's given up some of the gold, I know, but at the same time he has firmly placed himself right where he wants to be—at the top. If they want money they are to go to him—not to an engineer by the name of Gallop. Do you follow my line of argument?"

Gallop shifted in his bunk.

"I follow you," he said. "But you've forgotten that one of those men works

with me. He's not too enthusiastic about gambling with his money. He was ready enough to join the other two but I doubt if he'll play cards. So that means that only one man should win. And the loser having become over-excited—might be tempted to get his money back with pretty good interest. You seem to forget that Crockett is useful with a belying pin. And I have an idea that Howe is uncommonly good with a knife. You mark my words, that the captain has made a mistake. He's let himself in for a nasty packet of trouble. He'll get it, sooner or later."

"We'll see," Peter said quietly.

"We'll see right enough," Gallop retorted. "And one of the things we'll see is a first-rate scrap between the captain and the engineer. I don't trust Wicks and he doesn't trust me. But we both believe in laying low until the time is ripe for a bit of real action. And I don't fancy the chances of the hands—with the exception of Gordon. He's a good man. I'll make a splendid engineer of him before I've finished."

Saying this, Gallop turned over and went to sleep.

When the course was altered to the south-west they ran into more unsettled weather. The sun blazed down pitilessly, and they had to erect a new awning in order to get some shade. It was exhausting to do any work, and both Gallop and Gordon came up to the engine room at intervals in order to douse themselves with water.

Crockett was in little better humour, though he was perfectly willing when it came to going on the bridge with the captain and learning some of the technicalities of navigation. Both Peter and Gallop were uneasy about this. Peter knew that once Crockett could be relied upon his own services could be dispensed with. Gallop felt that Peter would maintain a neutral state, but now Crockett belonged absolutely to the captain.

"I don't see why he should teach that skunk navigation," he grumbled. "Maybe he doesn't like the idea of you instructing Gordon," Peter pointed out to him.

"Why should he bother about that? Does he think that I can run the engine single-handed?" Gallop retorted angrily.

He was displeased at the way things were going. Crockett and Howe were seizing every opportunity of playing cards, and Wicks, instead of keeping strictly to a system of watch and watch, permitted them to do it. Gordon was out of the way some of the time, but he knew what was going on and was becoming interested. Once or twice he played with Howe and managed to win some of the money which Howe had won from Crockett. Crockett, outplay-

Ontario Mines Are Real Trade Builders

Hon. Paul Leduc Shows Value to Province of Mining Industry.

In an address to the "Y" Men's Club at Brantford last week Hon. Paul Leduc, Minister of Mines for Ontario, showed very clearly that Ontario mines to-day are real builders of general business and industry and so helpful indeed in restoring prosperity. He stressed the fact also that stabilization of taxation on mines and mining had much to do with the increased development of mines in the province and the opening up of new prospects.

"No increase in taxation has meant new mines and encouraged new works. It is impossible to tell the number of jobs that have been provided through stabilization. Tell me, is it not better to forego taxes and provide employment than to impose taxes and pay later for unemployment relief?"

The minister declared he would rather see the employment of an additional 150 to 200 men than impose an additional tax of \$2,000 on a mine.

Prosperity Barometer

"The prosperity of Ontario's mines is the barometer of the prosperity of Ontario more and more," the minister said. One dollar in six obtained from mining was spent on mining and the remainder went into general funds that provided for education, hospitals and similar institutions.

"As far as this province is concerned we certainly are not losing money on mines," Mr. Leduc declared. He stated that he knew that within the next few days a mining area would make application to the Hydro-Electric Power Commission for the erecting of a transmission line costing in the neighbourhood of half a million dollars.

"In my opinion the commission will grant that application," he said. "If it does, it just means another large district provided with power, other mines encouraged. The commission knows it is a good investment."

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HUSBAND GETS \$25,000 ALIMONY



Britain's high society circles are intrigued by the financial aspects of faded romance between wealthy Mrs. Ruth Mary Clarissa Cunningham-Reid, and her husband, Capt. Alexander Cunningham-Reid. After suing for divorce and asking for an accounting of that part of her fortune entrusted to her husband, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid suddenly changed her mind, guaranteed him \$25,000 a year annually for life. But she is still asking for the divorce. Sister of Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, married her father's one-time secretary against family opposition. They are pictured together in a recent photograph.

Larder Lake Department Stops Threatening Fire

Kirkland Lake, March 26.—Prompt work by the Larder Lake fire department under Chief Roy Maxwell saved several houses on Market street from destruction early this morning.

Fire broke out at about one o'clock in a small house adjoining Corbell's. Of filmy construction, it was destroyed, but the department worked hard to save the other buildings.

St. Mary's Journal-Argus:—A petition is a list of persons who did not have the backbone to say "No," according to the Kitchener Record.

Our Congratulations and Best Wishes

are extended to all those associated with

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D. R. FRANKLIN ARCHITECT

extends felicitations to the Sisters of Providence, the Nursing Staff of St. Mary's, the Hospital Board and all others who have contributed in any way to the notable hospital accommodation and equipment for Timmings and district.

Moneta School to Present Operetta

Attractive Costumes, Music, Dancing. April 6th, 7th and 8th.

All who remember the talent with which "In Christmas Land" was presented some months ago by the Moneta public school pupils will be interested in the announcement that the pupils of Moneta school will present an operetta, "Why the Garden Grows," in the Kindergarten of the school, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 6th, 7th and 8th. Children from each class will take part in this operetta. "Why the Garden Grows" is featured by its pleasing costumes, its musical numbers and dances. No one interested in the Moneta school or children in general will wish to miss this event. The event is being held on the three nights—April 6th, 7th and 8th—so as to allow all an opportunity to see it. On each evening it will commence at 8 p.m. Tickets may be obtained from students of the school, the price being nominal. There are no reserve seats.