

CHRISTABEL

by PEARL BELLAIRS



SHALL WE WALK?

They were both so obsessed by the subtle pleasure that this mutual confession gave them, that neither of them cared very much how staggered Professor Schulster might be by it.

He hesitated, and said at last:

"What seems to me most interesting of all, most remarkable," he glanced at Christabel's faintly flushed face and thoughtfully bent his head. "Is that you're both able to sit here as calm as may be and discuss the matter! It seems to me to show a great spirit of rationality."

"I hope it does," said Hewitson.

After that there was no more to be said. Professor was obviously supernumerary, and no longer needed at his own party. He looked at his watch and remembered an appointment he had at his hotel. He advanced the time of it by half an hour, and said it was just too bad, but he would have to hurry away.

"But don't let me hurry you," he said, his kind intention rather awkwardly obvious in the words, "You stay right here!"

He was going to settle his bill when Hewitson interposed firmly:

"No, Harry, this is on me!"

Schulster protested but wisely did not delay. He took up his hat, shook hands with Christabel, hoped he might meet her again, and that he would hear from her about the Criminal Law Reform Association and left them. They watched him put on his hat and go out of the doors.

"Do you suppose poor old Schulster thinks that we're quite mad?" said Hewitson, "are not exactly in the best of taste!"

They were talking earnestly, in the tone of intimates who have met after half an hour's parting.

"Perhaps," said Christabel.

She looked round the cafe, but her eyes came back finally and met his.

"You're still with Cavanagh?" he said.

"Yes."

She explained, rather carefully, how ill Cavanagh had been, how he had a seizure a week before they were to have been married—only a day or two after I last saw you."

"We came here, then went to Algiers for the winter and came back. I'm staying at the chalet now, with his sister, and a doctor and nurse. He can't walk, you know, or do anything for himself. I don't leave him, except for an hour or two—like this."

"Always like this?"

The query, said with a smile, signified herself, her sitting there with him, the general situation.

Christabel stared at him, and shook her head with a curious emphasis.

"No, never like this."

And inwardly she said to herself, her heart swelling: "Never like this before—"

nothing like this in my whole life!"

Perhaps he saw that utter certainty in her eyes, for the blood suddenly flooded into his face: after a moment he put out his cigarette in the ash tray on the table; then looked up at her to say with a smile:

"Shall we go out for a walk, and admire the fountains—leau vive—the pride of the town?"

"Yes!"

She rose, with the ready responsiveness which characterized her new attitude to him. If he had suggested a visit to the local rubbish dump she would have gone with the same meek exalting pleasure.

There was a woolliness about the floor underfoot as she walked in front of him to the door.

"Walking on air!" she thought, marvelling that such a well-worn phrase should really have a substratum of truth in it.

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE

On the pavement he slipped his hand under her elbow as they walked along and his touch sent a shiver through to her feet. She leaned on his hand, looking up at the sunlit sky. He walked silently beside her for twenty yards or so, then:

"You know, don't you," he said, "that I love you very much?"

"Forever and forever," said Christabel, "I shall always love you. You're part of my life, mixed up with everything that's happened to me. I shall never be able to love anyone else."

His hand gripped her elbow convulsively: "So that diagnosis I once made of your case which enraged you so much," said he, and his voice, though it held a note of laughter, was curiously broken. "That was true after all, was it?"

"Yes, I suppose it was true," said Christabel; she gazed at the nearest fountain, at the glittering shafts of water rising against the background of the lake, then looked up at Hewitson to ask in a tone which was unsteady with emotion for all its playfulness: "Must I give in as much as that to you?"

"All the way!"

He pressed her arm against his side. They loitered and stood still, oblivious of passers-by, looking at the fountains, seeing them with only half an eye.

Hewitson said after a moment: "Cavanagh—?"

"Wants me to marry a novelist friend of his called Paul Sylvester."

One doubt, chased out of his face by relief, was followed by another:

"You're not going to, though?"

"No, I'm not going to."

He smiled.

"Why did you come to Geneva?" she asked.

"Why, do you think?"

"To the conference?"

"It was an excuse. But of course, I thought I might see you in the street, or in a cafe. I even looked forward merely to getting a glimpse of that chalet in the distance. When I heard that Schulster had an invitation to go over to it I came as near hating him as I've ever come to hating anybody."

"Well, you see, you did see me in a cafe."

"Yes; you may not believe it, but everything blacked out for a moment when I looked up and saw you standing beside me."

"Perhaps I meant to have some such effect on you."

"You meant to have some such effect on me, Christabel, the first time you came into the clinic at Bering Street. And you did."

"Yes!"

He gripped her hand emphatically, then suddenly released it.

"I was forgetting!"

"What?"

"I have no money in these days. I have to earn it, like other people, by the sweat of my brow!"

She slipped her hand into his again, and they moved on.

"I'm not sorry," she said. "Perhaps I'm glad, I'm tired of the world I've been living in. I want to go back to the real world of the prison and the clinic, where I met you!"

He said thoughtfully, "Perhaps without all that bitter preliminary we should never have experienced anything quite like this!"

"Payment in advance," Christabel

smiled raptly.

"Was it too much?"

"I've forgotten what I paid."

The wind was cold, but they did not notice it. They walked on slowly, their clasped hands powerless to let go.

That evening Professor Schulster was working alone in his hotel bedroom. Hewitson had come in hurriedly earlier to say that he was going over to have dinner at Cavanagh's chalet.

Turning over the pages of Hewitson's "Criminal Psychology" to find some passages he had marked for reference, Professor Schulster happened to notice the dedication. He had wondered about it before; now he looked at it with even greater curiosity.

"To C.C. for sparing this effort."

The Professor suddenly tumbled to the fact that "C.C." might very well stand for Christabel Collet. All sorts of strange theories, complicated by the fact that Hewitson had gone over to the chalet to dine with Cavanagh, when that morning he had said that he did not know Cavanagh, rose in Professor Schulster's mind.

It was no surprise to him when Hewitson came in at midnight, humming a tune, and with a quick unprecedented glow in his eye. Professor Schulster was a little saddened by a sense of the academic drabness of his own life.

"Congratulations, me, Harry—!"

"I certainly do," said Professor Schulster, promptly. So that was how it had been settled. They were to marry.

"But you don't know—"

"Yes, I do," said the Professor. "I guess I know nearly everything about it."

It was a strange story. The paper before him sounded terribly dry as he shuffled them. He was glad when Hewitson said they would have to share a bottle of champagne.

The End.

Wedding Event at the Church of Nativity Yesterday

Miss Nellie Storoski and Mr. Jack Baschuk, Married

Mixed flowers decorated the Church of Nativity on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, when Nellie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Storoski, of 39 Montgomery Ave., Timmins, became the bride of Mr. Jack Baschuk, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Baschuk, of Weiden, Man. The Rev. Fr. Leo Madry officiated. The Rev. Fr. Leo Madry officiated of friends of the popular couple.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attractively attired in a bridal gown of heavy white satin, made on princess lines, with long leg o' mutton sleeves, tapering at the wrist to a point, and a high, lace-trimmed collar. She wore a neckline floor-length veil of embroidered tulle caught in a coronet of orange blossoms. Her bouquet was made up of Ophelia roses and lily-of-the-valley.

Miss Jenny Pylpiw, as maid-of-honour, and Miss Lucy Kulka, as bridesmaid, were charming in identical floor-length gowns of pink taffeta, made on fitted lines, with full flared skirts. They wore flower coronets in their hair, and carried arm bouquets of pale pink roses.

Mr. John Kaustnik and Mr. Jerry Latour, both of Timmins, attended the groom.

After the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride's parents, where Mrs. Storoski received the guests, wearing a street-length dress of burgundy crepe, with matching accessories.

The bride and groom will leave tomorrow (Tuesday) to spend a month's honeymoon trip at the groom's home in Manitoba. For travel the bride will wear a navy blue tailored suit, with navy blue shoes, hat and gloves.

Upon their return, Mr. and Mrs. Baschuk will take up residence in Timmins.

Have Send-off for Wm. Aston Saturday

William J. Aston, who is leaving Timmins in the near future for Wales, was given a send-off party at the Canadian Legion club rooms on Saturday night by members of the Timmins Fire Department. Mr. Aston was a member of the Volunteer Brigade here for eleven years.

Alvin Leach was chairman of the meeting. Present were Councillors McNeil and Armstrong. They each made short speeches wishing Mr. Aston luck in the old country.

An inscribed pen and pencil set was presented by Fire Chief Alex Borland. Following the reception by the Fire Department a Legion Smoker was held for Mr. Aston.

Globe and Mail—According to a Detroit chiropractor, Hitler has serious foot disorder. Does he base his diagnosis on the way the dictator tramped on the Versailles Treaty, kicked Czechoslovakia around, and put the boots to the Jews?

PRESIDENT OF REBEKAH ASSEMBLY VISITS TIMMINS



Rebekahs of town and district gave sincere welcome on Thursday evening to Mrs. Bertha Sutton, President of the Ontario Rebekah Assembly. In the top picture are shown those who were presented with 20-years' Veterans Jewels on the occasion. From left to right:—Mrs. L. Halperin, Mrs. Lang (Mrs. Sutton, President of Assembly) Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. L. Sauder, Mrs. J. McCarthy.

In the bottom picture, from left to right: Sister Beatrice Anthony, District President; Sister Keene, Past President of the Rebekah Assembly; Sister Bertha Sutton, President of the Ontario Assembly.

Advance Staff Photo & Engraving

Demonstrate Bren Gun Here

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can be fired for three minutes before it is necessary to change the barrel and magazine. Normal firing speed was between 50 and 60 rounds a minute.

Total weight of the weapon was 50 pounds, and it could be fired from a stationary position, on a tripod in a fashion similar to the Lewis machine gun and could be converted into an anti-aircraft gun with a range of 3,000 feet.

Time allowed for conversion from an ordinary rapid-firing machine gun to an anti-aircraft weapon of deadly efficiency within a range of 5,000 yards, was one minute.

Method of aiming while it was in use as an anti-aircraft weapon was for the operator to follow the stream of bullets. At night every fourth or fifth bullet was a tracer so that the stream from the nozzle could be followed.

Demonstrating the three-inch infantry mortar the instructor said that there were two to a battalion and that it was replacing the two inch mortar which had formerly been used. The mortar, which could be set up in very little time, threw a ten pound bomb a maximum distance of 1,600 yards.

It was a smooth bore weapon and loaded from the muzzle.

The anti-tank rifle, which operated on the principle of the machine gun except that it fired a large calibre slug, was similarly easy to operate and assemble.

Several of the members of the local company tried their hands at assembling and operating the trio of weapons.

Mother's Day Event Under Auspices of Jr. C. W. L.

Delightful Banquet and Social Evening Last Night

The Fern Cottage Dining Room was the scene of a happy event on Sunday evening, when the Jr. C.W.L. entertained at a Mother and Daughter Banquet in honour of the day, "Mother's Day." Sixty mothers and daughters were present at the banquet, a delicious supper being served, and a pleasant social evening being enjoyed.

After the singing of a Mother's Day hymn, the Rev. Fr. O'Gorman, who recently returned from a holiday to Florida, said grace, and Miss Pearl Conway proposed the toast "To the Mothers," which was responded to by Mrs. Wm. McCoy. Mrs. Fox proposed a toast "To the Daughters" who had planned this enjoyable event, and Miss Lorraine MacMillan responded.

Miss Charlotte Ogilvie, president of the Jr. C.W.L. welcomed the guests, and the entire gathering joined in singing "Mother Machree."

Four of the members, Mrs. J. Martin, Miss Rose Carlin, Miss Mae Andrews and Miss Anne McPherson, each read a section of a paper, outlining the reasons why every girl should be a member of the Jr. C.W.L. This was an especially interesting feature, each of the members clearly stating their reasons.

Mrs. Carriere, president of the Sr. C.W.L., addressed the gathering, mentioning that she hoped that the Jr. and Sr. C.W.L.'s would always co-operate. Other speakers were Mrs. Munn, Mrs. Copps, Fr. T. Roney, Fr. Leo Madry, and the guest of honour, Fr. O'Gorman.

Miss Sally Note very ably acted as pianist for the evening.

Northern News—Spokesman for the last batch of men to return to Canada from the Spanish battlefront hopes to work to build an "anti-Fascist front" in Canada. Why not help build a Canadian front in Canada—that's more constructive.

Force the Only Thing to Curb Hitler

(Continued From Page One)

Lord Riverdale did not think Britain should have gone to war over Czechoslovakia, as Britain had no obligations to that country. If any country in the North Sea area were menaced, Britain would go to war at once, he believed. Not only should any war entered by Britain be a just one, but it also should be one that was understood by the people.

Hitler was not reliable even to his friends, said Lord Riverdale. In this case he instanced the case of Italy and its treatment by Germany. The Italian people were furious against Germany at present, and he was ready to wager that Italy would be on the side of Britain in the next war.

In regard to former German colonies, Lord Riverdale said that their return would not be considered as long as German prosecution of Jews and Catholics was a national policy, nor where Germany would be a menace to neighboring possessions, nor where the people concerned did not want German rule.

The latest push against the Jews was for financial reasons, the speaker said. He did not see much chance of an upheaval in Germany under the present repressive regime. Most of Germany's troubles were due to her own misuse and manipulation of her currency. He showed where her maintenance of military forces and "police" forces was a great drain on the nation. He also explained the methods used by Germany in her barter system.

Conditions had forced Britain to strengthen her army—navy and air force. "I have never seen the people so united, so devoted, so determined to fully prepare for a war that seems inevitable," he said. He added that the British retained their old sense of honour through all the trials of the times. Many humorisms and apt stories through the address made this point plain. He believes that the Navy would play a dominant part in the next war.

The navy was in great form, the army as good as any for its size, and the airforce excellent. He did not think the next war would be won in the air. Britain was protected in remarkable way now against air raids, and preparations were complete to evacuate large sections of London, leaving only buildings to injure if they could be reached.

Illuminating facts and figures were given in regard to the British debt, taxation, etc., and the speaker noted that the people were bearing up under the load with patience, good humor and determination.

He did not think that much help need be expected from Russia. "I don't think Russia will do anybody any good," he said. Japan, he believed, was committed much more in China than intended, and might retreat to the coast towns. The Chinese will recover sooner than the Japanese. "The Chinese take a lot of beatings," the speaker added.

"Amid all this worry and anxiety," concluded the speaker, "Britons retain their sense of humor and go their way cool and unafraid."

Hallfax Chronicle—As a reader of the Chronicle emphasized in conversation yesterday, it will become anyone to cast reflections on the eyesight or veracity of a Nova Scotia skipper. These are men who are trained in marine observation and better able to recognize moving objects at sea than the mere landlubber. It is to be noted that the reports of the submarines in most cases came from competent seafaring men of mature judgment and not from excited amateurs. This surely gives a certain credence to the stories.

Granddaughter of Mrs. P. A. Robbins is Named

A Chicago newspaper last week gave details of the naming of the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Miller (Helen Robbins). The little girl was named Susan Jane for her aunts Mrs. A. F. Size of Wellesley Hills, Mass., and Miss Jane Robbins, of Highland Park. Mrs. Percy A. Robbins, of Highland Park, who is the new baby's maternal grandmother, was formerly resident in Timmins, where the late Mr. Robbins was general manager of the Hollinger.

Jailed for Selling Bogus Radio Permits

Truro Falls, May 13th. Special to The Advance.

Donald Last was sentenced to serve six months each on four charges of obtaining money by false pretences in Matheson on Saturday. He and his brother, Donald, who was freed on all counts against him, were alleged to have sold radio licenses without proper authority. Sentences will run concurrently. Both men face similar charges in Kirkland Lake.

Are Scraping Coal Bin Corners for More Fuel

Today Will be Cloudy, Cold. Also To-morrow. Expect Fine Weather by Middle of Week.

The corners of coal bins in Timmins are getting a terrific scraping these days. Spring has been officially here for some time but cold rain and snow flurries this morning necessitated a fire somewhere in the house to keep the chill dampness down. The weatherman said this morning that tomorrow will also be cold and that we might begin to look for warmer weather from Wednesday.

Maximum and minimum temperatures since Thursday have been as follows: Thursday, maximum, 34, minimum, 25; Friday, 54 and 22; Saturday, 58 and 30; Sunday, 63 and 35. At eight o'clock this morning the thermometer reading was 30 and last night's minimum temperature was 30 degrees.

There were snow flurries on Thursday up until three o'clock in the afternoon. One-quarter of an inch of snow fell. There were a few drops of rain on Saturday and yesterday there were showers from 3.30 p.m. until 8 p.m. Rain to the depth of 27 inches fell last night and today until 8 a.m.

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Treasurer's Sale of Land for Taxes

TOWN OF TIMMINS District of Cochrane

To Wit:

By virtue of a warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Timmins bearing date the ninth day of March, 1939, sale of lands in arrears of taxes in the Town of Timmins will be held in the Council Chamber, Municipal Building, Timmins, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon on the sixth day of July, 1939, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid. Notice is hereby given that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes is being published in the Ontario Gazette on the first day of April, 1939, on the sixth day of May, 1939, and on the third day of June 1939, and that copies of the said list may be had at my office.

Treasurer's Office, this 18th day of March 1939.

A. L. SHAW, Treasurer

WHEN IT'S TIME TO MOVE

THINK OF STAR TRANSFER

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