



PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By BENTLEY RIDGE

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

ROGER KENT: Young, ambitious private secretary to E. C. Smallbridge, a business magnate.

KITTY SMALLBRIDGE: Daughter of Roger Kent's employer. She is somewhat spoiled, and very obstinate, but charming in her more rational moments.

GEORFREY PAISH: Kitty's cousin and accomplice in rash exploits.

CAPTAIN CULLEN: Master of E. C. Smallbridge's yacht, "Glorious Kate."

"CHARLIE": Cullen's 17-year-old assistant.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Roger Kent is summoned urgently from London to St. Raphael, where E. C. Smallbridge is taking the sun. Smallbridge tells Roger that Kitty has taken motor-yacht without permission and has gone off with her cousin Geoffrey to rescue a British prisoner in Majorca, a man interned for his part in the war in Spain.

Roger is instructed to fly to Marseilles and recover the yacht. Smallbridge gives him a note to the Captain, who is on the yacht, authorizing Roger to take charge.

With typical efficiency Roger succeeds in overtaking the yacht, and boards her.

His reception by Kitty Smallbridge is extremely cold. At the end of a brief conversation on the deck of the yacht, she pushes him into the sea.

Roger succeeds in getting aboard again, and finds Cullen remonstrating with Kitty. Roger thereupon produces his authority to take charge of the vessel. Cullen accepts it, and tells Kitty he can no longer take orders from her.

The yacht is taken into Marseilles. Here Geoffrey and Kitty go ashore, the girl declaring that she will not return to her father. Roger contrives, by force, to get her back to the ship, and to lock her in her cabin.

A FEAST OF HATE

He guessed that the steady progress of the "Glorious Kate" in the direction of St. Raphael was getting on her nerves.

She spent the rest of the afternoon stretched out on an air-bed spread on the cabin roof. Wrapped in a furry brown coat, she lay motionless with her face buried in her arms, in a manner that did not invite company. Geoffrey sat in the saloon with his feet on the table reading a book and drinking lager.

Roger heard Captain Cullen's praises of the engine and the particular merits of the "Glorious Kate." He took the wheel for a while.



"A new world..."

...opened before my eyes when I first wore my new glasses. My eyes had always been defective but I didn't realize it. Not until Mr. Curtis examined my eyes and prescribed these glasses, did I really know how beautiful things could be. They gave me an entirely new outlook on life.

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All-Canadian Sweetheart



For Corp. Joe Carpenter of the First Canadian Fighter Squadron, R. C. A. F., there was a special Christmas message in the C.B.C.'s Christmas broadcast to the troops overseas. It came from his fiancée, Marguerite Saucier of Montreal who was chosen to represent all Canadian sweethearts.

Conflict of loyalties. My only loyalty has been to myself. I'm hard—quite hard. All the sentimentalism has been crushed out of me. I don't understand this idealism which is driving you into this wild undertaking, this mission as you call it.

"Oh!" she said. "I don't believe you. You do understand it. You're denying yourself. You're just refusing to be young and brave, and insisting on being mean, and dead, and selfish."

With the wild night sky, and the waves as background; with the fervour of her voice playing on his nerves, he seemed to hear again the clamour of romantic aspirations and youthful ideals in his heart; and to know suddenly, soul shakingly, that in spite of all his efforts to bury them, they had never been dead.

"You're quite right," he said abruptly.

"I am?"

"Yes. But there's still my loyalty to your father. That's certainly real!"

"But it's so small! There's a life at stake. The world is already at war, and everyone must fight on the side which they believe is right. Does it matter who wins, or who doesn't own this yacht? There's a man in Majorca, but for us he may die, he may be shot!"

She put her hand on the sleeve of his coat. Her face, impassioned and shining-eyed, was near to his. "Come below and let me tell you about it. I want you to know. It's a secret, but I trust you."

Prey to a violent mental effort, he stared at her. She was a human embodiment of all his young ambitions, and of everything that was lovely and femininely desirable as well.

He was conscious of a wild impulse to sweep her violently into his arms for want of a better way of expressing himself. Whether she knew it or not he was unaware, but she saved the situation by hurrying on:

"Come below, and I'll tell you the story. I want you to know, I think you ought to know."

She turned, and he followed her through the spray—wet darkness, gripping the rails to steady himself as the "Glorious Kate" plunged onward. . . . (To be Continued)

Nine Births Registered During the Past Week

Born—on December 4th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Edward Rochefort, of 55 Sixth Avenue—a daughter.

Born—on December 1st, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Telsphore LeBrun, of 72 Hollinger avenue—a son.

Born—on December 9th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. John Sydney Owen of 15 Kirby avenue—a daughter.

Born—on December 11th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lapointe (nee Camille Marconi) of 140 Popular street—a son.

Born—on December 18th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smitheram (nee Alice Presse) of 70 Fourth avenue—a son.

Born—on November 21st, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jack Chapman (nee Jean Warren) of 97 Wilson avenue—a son.

Born—on December 8th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bouley of 124 Commercial avenue—a son.

Born—on December 8th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beaudoin (nee Pearl Morissette) of 109 Wilson avenue—a daughter.

Born—on December 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Saudino (nee Alexdrine Lacroix) of 28½ Bannerman avenue—a son.

MORE "HOWLERS"

A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as man and wife.

A worm looks like a caterpillar that has been shaved.

Petroleum is a sort of oilcloth used for covering floors.

Lighthouse-keepers have few opportunities for gardening.

A butress is another name for a dairymaid, that is, a maid who makes butter.—Exchange.

Christian Science Monitor:—Too often we talk of sea power in terms of ships and guns, not thinking for the moment how much men count in the total equation, men whose devotion to God and home gives them the will and the strength to do their duty by King and country. Only this understanding of their high heritage as free men can sustain those whose duty calls them straight into the blazing muzzles of an enemy.

Toronto Telegram: It's laughable at the extremes some comics go to get a laugh.

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

1941 is here, and 1940 soon will be but a memory . . . so many people wonder what will happen to them during the coming year, perhaps it's just as well that they don't know . . . if the year will bring happiness, the thrill of happiness would wear off if one knew about it . . . if sadness is to come into one's life, it would certainly ruin the rest of the year to know what one part of it might bring . . . but, all in all, let's hope that 1941 will be a year of special gaiety, with the top-notch "hit"—peace.

One thing that 1941 has certainly started out well, is engagements . . . not only are the British "engaging" the Italians whenever they can "catch" them, but also, local lads are "engaging" the lassies, whenever they can "catch" them . . .

Among the first good news of the year, is the report that Mrs. Cornthwaite, wife of Major Cornthwaite, of the Salvation Army, is making splendid progress to complete recovery . . . Mrs. Cornthwaite has been quite ill for the past few months, and her many friends are hoping that with the recent improvement, she will soon be able to be up and around again.

"White gifts" were featured at many churches during the Christmas season, but among the best of them was the gift made by the children of the First Baptist Church to the Bombed Victims Fund . . . these youngsters are happy in the knowledge that they really found the Christmas spirit of giving to make others happy . . . the children voluntarily went without their usual Christmas Tree, donating all costs and collections for the event to the Bombed Victims Fund . . . they know that not only will they be assisting mothers and fathers who have lost their homes, but they are extending "hands" and "hearts" of friendship across the sea.

Timmins and district welcomed the new year with many social activities, New Year's eve finding the majority of the populace attending dances, private parties, or show parties . . . a few hardened souls decided they'd spend the New Year's holiday "resting up" after Christmas, but many of these, even, were brought out by the magical notes of bells striking the birth of a New Year . . .

Included in Timmins celebrations were dances at the Riverside Pavilion, the Hollinger Hall and the Hebrew Synagogue . . . at Schumacher the people of the district chose between the Lion's club and Frontiersmen's dance at the McIntyre Community Building and the Badmintin Club dance and in South Porcupine, the dancers gathered at the auditorium in the South Porcupine Arena.

Most of the women and girls surpassed themselves in beauty on New Year's eve, again setting an example with many lovely evening frocks . . . black and white were the most popular colours, with pastels and other shades "rounding-out" the picture . . . nets and sheers were the favourite fabrics, and although, before Christmas, most of the local stores reported only a small sale of evening frocks, there was a galaxy of the newest models "previewed" on New Year's eve . . . flower shops were kept in a flurry of

busy preparation for the event, with many of the shops being unable to fill orders taken on the last day.

New Year's day was not the happiest for many delicious turkeys, and although most of the dancers of the evening before, vowed that they would "dose off" early in the evening, the night found them dancing at the Riverside Pavilion and at the McIntyre Building . . . apparently they believed that this New Year of 1941 was too young to be left alone with its destinies on its birthday . . . and then, too, hoping to find happiness in the coming year, some may have believed the superstition saying that what you do on the first day of the New Year, you will do most frequently throughout that year.

And, now, although it was all very exciting, thrilling, and grand, most of the populace is back at daily duties in offices, mines, stores, etc., and "Ann" is back to "Dropped Between Stitches", hopin' you "drop" a lot.

NEW ANGLE

That the English sense of humor, famed throughout the world, is not falling under the rain of Hun bombs is proven in this bit of advertising seen recently in one of London's swankiest restaurants. The sign reads: "You are now eating only three minutes from London's nicest air-raid shelter!" —North Bay Nugget

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

It was in Toronto, way back at the end of the last war, that the friendship was formed, and that the Christmas presents started.

The Kirkland Lake lady was then "working for a living"—and took sick in her rooming house, so sick that the doctor who was called said that she must go to hospital.

But the other girl, who was also working for a living, said "No."

"Would her friend be all right alone in the daytime?"

"She could manage," said the doctor. So the girl went out and worked during the day and was nurse and attendant to her chum at night.

They're both pretty grown-up now. "Where's this parcel going?" we asked the Kirkland Lake lady Wednesday. "To a very dear friend," she said, and told us the story.

Well, that's what Christmas is for, isn't it? making friends happy!

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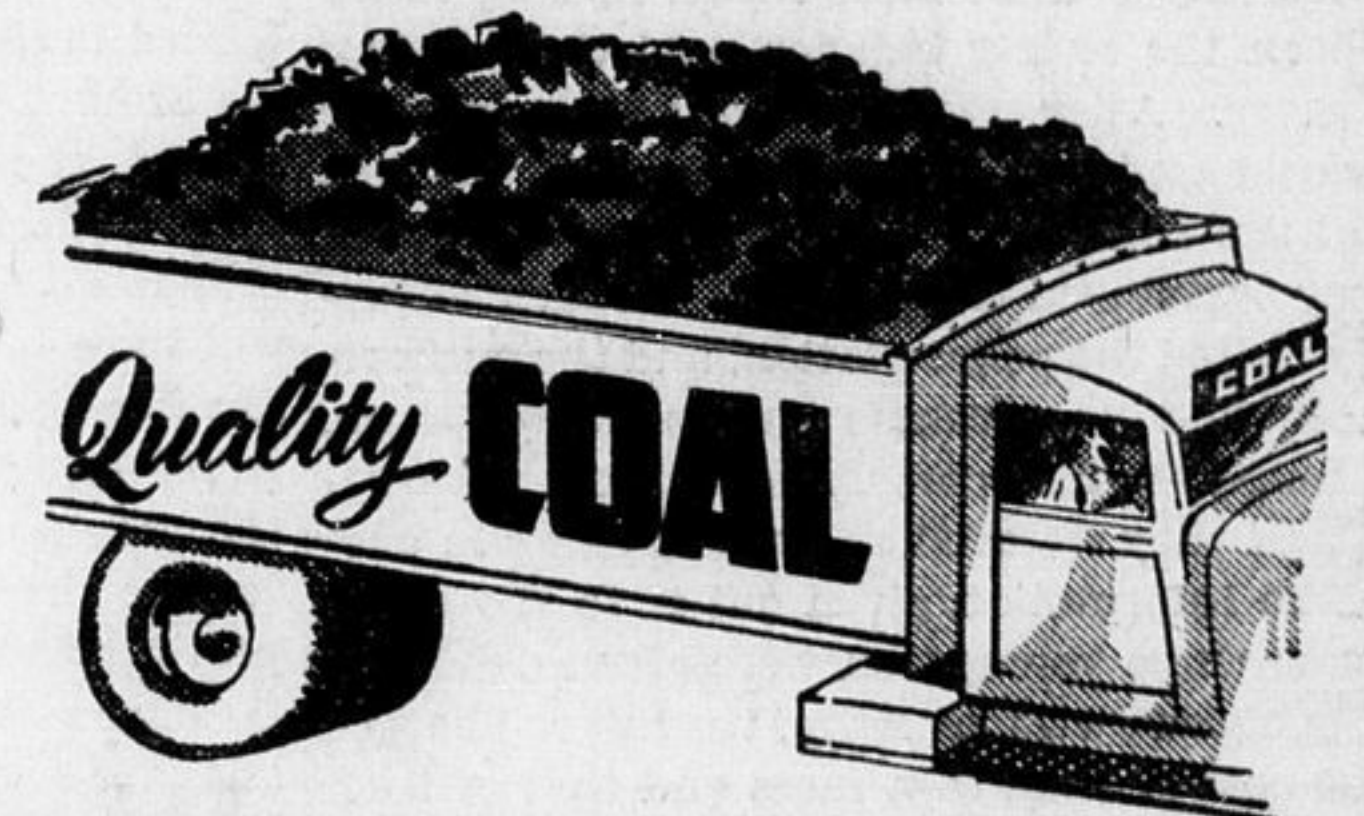
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