All-Canadian Sweetheart



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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

ROGER KENT: Young, ambitious mission had worn off.

a business magnate.

KITTY SMALLBRIDGE: Daughter cautious age against romantic youth. Kent. I suppose you would agree with of Roger Kent's employer. She is Life had chosen him for it. somewhat spoiled and very obstinate. To-morrow this brief interlude out in "I wouldn't say that they have any but charming in her more rational the wind on the open sea would be over, right to expect other Englishmen-or

and accomplice in rash exploits.

Smallbridge's yacht. "Glorious Kat."

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Smallbridge tells Roger that Kitty has accept premature old age!" taken motoryacht without permission | Soon after six o'clock a smoke stack | dangerous. and has gone off with her cousin Geof- appeared on the southern horizon. frey to rescue a British prisoner in "Italian destroyers," said Captain your sort?" Majorca, a man interned for his part Cullen, handing the glasses to Roger, in the war in Spain.

take charge.

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

Here Geoffrey and Kitty go ashore the girl declaring that she will not return changed. She was still wearing the to her father. Roger contrives, by furry brown coat she had worn on deck. do anything to me!" force, to get her back to the ship, and She sat huddled at the table and had a to lock her in her cabin.

(Now Read On)

A FEAST OF HATE He guessed that the steady progress of St. Raphael was getting on her into his head again.

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

Roger heard Captain Cullin'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 oyes when I first wore my new glsses. My eyes had always been defective but I didn" realize it . Not until Mr. Curtis examined my eyes and prescribed these glasses, did 1 really know how beautiful things could be. They gave me an entirely new outlook on life."

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He would be back on the job of dis- English women-to run risks to get them GEOFFREY PAISH: Kitty's cousin tributing hardware all over the six con- cut of a mess if they're in one," replied tinents-on paper. Making money for Roger, meeting her eye, with steady CAPTAIN CULLEN: Master of E. C. E. C. Smallbridge, while Europe defence, though he didn't feel any great struggled . . .

"CHARLIE": Cullen's 17-year-old He had to stick to it because that "Oh, yes," said Kitty. "By all means.

"Confound them!" he thought of been done often enough before!" Roger Kent is summoned urgently Geoffrey and Kitty. "My sacrifice is from London to St. Raphael, where E. as great as theirs. They can risk their C. Smallbridge is taking the sun skins if they want to. I have had to

Roger focused the warships, grey, Roger is instructed to fly to Marseilles beetle-like things, under their pennants and recover the yacht. Smallbridge of smoke. He watched them until they mouth came without the slightest gives him a note to the Captain, who were out of sight in the west. They warning. He didn't move. The slap is on the yacht, authorizing Roger to were his first glimpse of the reality of showed a white patch that swiftly red.

in overtaking the yacht, and boards the wheel. Charlie rang a bell below dashed for the door; ran along the His reception by Kitty Smallbridge Roger to do but set his teeth and go looked at Geoffrey. Geoffrey was peelis extremely cold. At the end of a down and have it. There were wild ing a pear; his superior melanchely brief conversation on the deck of the clouds in the west, with the evening showed a hint of pleasure. yacht, she pushes him into the sea. star floating clear among them, like a

His ears glowed, coming out of the He leapt up the companion and saw low and let me tell you about it.

The yacht is taken into Marseilles, over the dungarees. He was glad to snatched it away and turned, eyes see that neither Geoffery nor Kitty had defiant in a dim white face. frozen look. When he sat down, he met her eyes, brilliant and yet sembre in "You began it by throwing me over-

her pale face. The last sight he had had of the of the "Glorious Kate" in the direction evening sky with the star in it came

The air was tense; and the storm thrash you!" was obviously about to burst. Charlie served fried soles, a gateau St. Honore, of his fury. She blenched slightly, but through the spray-wet darkness, grip-

Kitty refused to eat anything. "My dear girl what is the good of

Kitty, with her elbows on the table cast a hateful glance at Roger, then put her head down in her hands, her slender white fingers clutching desperately

among the dark curls, and said raging-"Why don't you throw that man

"Now don't be foolish, Kitty!" said Geoffrey, covering his discomfort at the suggestion with a certain hauteur. Roger stinging under the affront, returned with a cool smile: "You seem to manage that pretty well yourself." She looked at him with sombre des-

pair and said bitterly: "Yes: it's funny, isn't it, Mr. Kent In your nice, safe, soft job with father you can afford to laugh. It's just a joke to you that men are struggling and

dying for freedom in Spain!" Roger had expected her to say something of the sort. To impress her with his calm, but not quite aware how maddening that calm must be to her

he helped himself to fruit.

"Heavens above!" she burst out "How like sheep some people are. Just about as wooden-headed and unimaginative! Father comes to St. Raphael just the same to enjoy the sun. He thinking about human freedom or anyported by other peop's who think they have been quite fair to me."

can make money out of father-and so it goes!"

make a living, when her father had made her so deuced comfortable--! "As for the Englishmen who have gone to Spain to fight for what they

The elation of accomplishing his believe to be right," she went on "they're just fools, according to father. private secretary to E. C. Smallpridge, He felt like a gaoler. He had not They deserve anything they get! That's chesen the part, of a champion of my father's attitude in the matter, Mr.

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was his job. He wasn't free. Let us all pass on the other side! It's

Her tone was withering. KITTY SLAPS A FACE

She rose. She came round the table and stood before him. Her face was

"Do you know what I think of men of

"No," said Roger. "That!"

The smack of her hand across his dened. They stared at one another With typical efficiency Roger succeeds At seven o'clock Captain Cullen took The tension broke. She turned and for dinner. There was nothing for passage and up the companion. Roger

Roger flung down his napkin, sprang up, and hurried after her.

her a blurred figure in the twilight, The other two were already at the moving towards the bows. As he caught trust you." up with her, she hurried forward. He Roger wore a grey jersey of Cullen's grabbed her wrist to stop her. She

> "You forced me to come with the vacht!" she pointed out.

beard!" "I'd do it again if I could!" "You take advantage of the fact that

you're a woman. If you were a man I'd The words burst from him in the heat

stood her ground. "Try!" she said. "Yes, try-try. I'm "Glorious Kate" plunged onward.

ready to take what's coming! I'll let you know what I think of you and everyone like you, and I'm perfectly Nine Births Registered ready to take the consequences!'

She threw her hands wide, a picture of scornful non-resistance. He was taken back.

The words were startled from him.

caught her wrists. "No! No you don't!"

reathless pause. His rage began to cool, and something Born-on December 11th, 1940, to Mr.

He let her go, and stood back. It was Born-on November 21st, 1940, to Mr. her injustice to him that maddened and Mrs. Walter Jack Chapman (nee

He felt automatically for a cigarette, son.

and leaned against the mast. "I'm sorry!" said Roger, abruptly. "I am, too!" she said, quietly.

The simple rejoinder surprised him.

and melted the last of his resentment "You hardly know me-possibly you wouldn't give ten minutes of the pre- aren't interested in my point of view cious time he gives to making money to about all this!" he said impulsively, and Mrs. Leo Saudino (nee Alexdrine "But you've said a good deal, and I thing else. People like father are sup- haven't answered. I don't think you son.

"Perhaps not," she said in a weary tone. "I don't know."

very bitter. "People who think they Roger went on. "Since I was quite a tween two people, such as man and kid I've always had to worry where the wife Easy for her to despise the need to next meal was coming from. I'm not A worm looks like a caterpillar that free. I never have been free to go has been shaved. privateering the aid of lost causes!" She gazed at him, then said in a low for covering floors.

> "I undertsand when you say that! tunities for gardening. You see, I don't believe you are really A buttress is another name for a the sort of person I've implied you are! dairymaid, that is, a maid who makes I know you're not, that's the trouble! butter.-Exchange, I know you're different! You're too good to be a cipher in the career of a Christian Science Monitor:-Too ofman like my father!"

> a cipher-he had never been that. It moment how much men count in the was his own career he and worried total equation, men whose devotion to

you came aboard here," she was saying, and country. Only this understanding "Besides I know instinctively. I ad- of their high heritage as free men can mire your loyalty to father, I really do. sustain those whose duty calls them I admire it. But there are larger loy- straight into the blazing muzzles of an lalties. One's loyalty to the thing one enemy. knows is right must outweigh one's loyalty to individuals!"

"You're quite mistaken in me," said the extremes some comics go to get a Roger, with bitter truth. "I know not laugh.

CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF Dropped Between Stitches By Ann

1941 is here, and 1940 soon will be but busy preparation for the event with a memory . . . so many people wonder many of the shops being unable to what will happen to them during the fill orders taken on the last day. 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 it 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 gayety, 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. Cornthconflict of loyalties. My only loyalty waite, wife of Major Cornthwaite, of has been to myself. I'm hard-quite the Salvation Army, is making splendid hard. All the sentimentalism has been progress to complete recovery . . . Mrs crushed out of me. I don't understand Cornthwaite has been quite ill for the this idealism which is driving you into past few months, and her many friends hopin' you "drop" a lot. this wild undertaking, this mission as are hoping that with the recent improvement, she will soon be able to be

> "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

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 Badminton 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 During the Past Week colours, with pastels and other shades "rounding-out" the picture . . . nets Born- on December 4th, 1940, to Mr. and sheers were the favourite fab-"I believe you like this sort of thing!" and Mrs. Joseph Edward Rochefort, of rics, and although, before Christmas, most of the local stores reported only a small sale of evening frocks, there infuriated, she who sprang at him. He and Mrs. Telsphore Lebrun, of 72 Hol- was a galaxy of the newest models "praviewed" on New Year's eve

Now 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 Mc-Intyre 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

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"

New Year, you will do most fre-

quently throughout that year.

NEW ANGLE

That the English sense of humor famed throughout the world, is not failing 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 Christ-

mas 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 at-

tendant 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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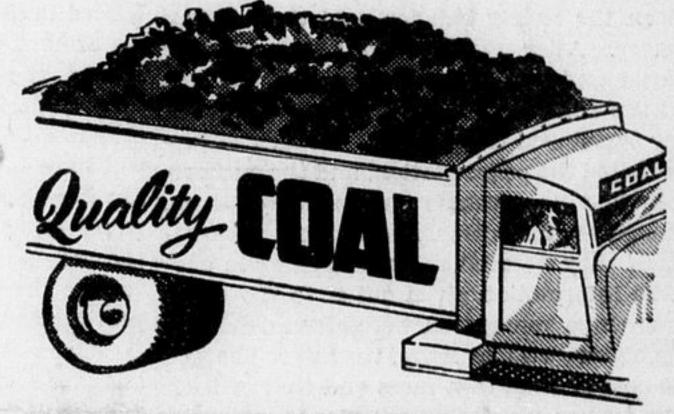
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came from his fiancee. Marguerite Saucier of Montreal who was chosen to represent all Canadian sweetyou call it---" "Oh!" she said. "I don't believe you, up and around again. You do understand it. You're denying

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

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 remantic 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.

yourself. You're just refusing to be

young and brave, and insisting on being

"You're quite right," he said abrupt-

"Yes. But there's still my loyalty to your father. That's certainly real!" "But its so small! There's a life at take. The world is already at war, and everyone must fight on the side which hey believe is right. Does it matter who cwns, or who doesn't cwn 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 bewant you to know. It's a secret, but I

Pray 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 "Here!" he said. "You think you can 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

> ought to knw." She turned, and he followed her ping the rails to steady himself as the

> > (To be Continued)

story. I want you to know, I think you

55 Sixth Avenue—a daughter. "You-!" It was her turn to be Born-on December 1st, 1940, to Mr.

linger avenue-a son. Born-on December 9th, 1940, to Mr. flower shops were kept in a flurry of She ubsided instantly. There was a and Mrs. John Sydney Owen of 15 Kirby avenue—a daughter.

else took possession of his senses. Her and Mrs. Joseph Lapointe (nee Camille nearness, the faint perfume from the Marconi) of 140 Popular street-a son. dark cloud of her hair in the gloom, the Born-on December 18th, 140, to Mr. warmth of her slim wrists, throbbing in and Mrs. Percy Smitheram (nee Alice Presse) of 70 Fourth avenue—a son.

Jean Warren) of 97 Wilson avenue-a Kitty tossed the curls out of her eyes, Born-on December 8th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bouley of 124 Com-

> mercial avenue-a son. Born-on December 8th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beaudoin (nee Pearl Morisette) of 109 Wilson avenue-a

daughter. Born-on December 12th, 1940 to Mr.

MORE "HOWLERS"

"My life hasn't been like your life," A monologue is a conversation be-

Petroleum is a sort of oficioth used

Lighthouse-keepers have few oppor-

ten we talk of sea power in terms f "Cipher!" said Roger. He was not ships and guns, not thinking for the about his own ends he had adhered to. God and home gives them the will and "I've seen how you've behaved since the strength t odo their duty by King

Toronto Telegram: It's laughable at