



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.

GEOFFREY 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 motoryacht 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.

As the gang plank is being raised for the return to St. Raphael, Geoffrey returns in quest of Kitty. He tries to intimidate Roger, but in the end agrees to accompany the yacht to St. Raphael. Kitty proves very turbulent and when released for a meal, she rages at Roger and smacks his face. When calmer, she apologizes, and Roger tells her that she has misunderstood his character and his purpose.

CHAPTER IV — (Continued)

ROGER IS WON OVER

Geoffrey had gone from the salon. Kitty, her face flushed from the sea wind, her eyes brilliant, faced Roger eagerly.

"I don't know how much my father told you?"

"Not very much," Roger replied.

"The mission of ours concerns a young Englishman whom we know who was shot down over Majorca, and made a prisoner. He's still there in the village of Manreal, on the coast about thirty miles from Palma; he has friends there, secret supporters of the United Front, and he can be smuggled out of his prison by them, if only there were some means of getting him away. That's where the 'Glorious Kate' comes in. Have you ever heard of 'Captain Rubero'?"

"I can't say I have."

"Captain Rubero is only a name for someone whose real identity we don't know. He has organized the escape of scores of internationals who have been captured. Geoffrey met him through a friend of his in Barcelona, and a few weeks ago Geoffrey was approached by an agent of his in Paris. They asked me if I would be willing to go to Majorca in the 'Glorious Kate' and help them smuggle this Englishman away. I talked to 'Captain Rubero' about it in a cafe in Paris. He was at one table behind a screen, and I was at another. He talked to me through the screen. Very few people have ever seen him."

"And what did he want you to do?" Roger prompted her.

"We were to take a course which would bring us to a point just off the village of Manreal on the night of June 10th. We were to signal by burning a flare and the prisoner would be rowed out to us; we were to take him aboard, and make for Marseilles as quickly as possible."

"Simple," commented Roger. "And risky."

"There is danger. But I believe even father would consent to our doing it if he knew who the prisoner in Majorca is. He's the son of some people whom father has known all his life."

"But doesn't he know that?"

"Geoffrey and I were sworn to secrecy. This boy went to Spain against his parents' wish. His mother is ill, the anxiety would kill her if she knew where he is. His father would be so

furious he would probably cast him off altogether."

"I see," Roger said.

"I used to play with this boy when I was a little girl. Father has known his father for ages. Oh, I feel furious with myself because I was fool enough not to tell him!"

"In that case you can tell your father when you get to St. Raphael, and he may let you go yet," said Roger, in sudden relief.

But Kitty's face was tragic.

"It may be too late!"

"Too late?"

"Yes, they're going to move the prisoners from Marjorca to North Africa. He may be shifted any day. He'll have no friends in Morocco."

Roger could hear the wind whine and there was the hush, hushing of the seas through the open skylight; the "Glorious Kate" leaned to it as she labored on crested the bow of each oncoming swell. Outside in the night, in the darkness away in the south was Africa, and growing steadily further into the west with every wave the yacht breasted—the Balearics...

Her voice held a quality of despairing appeal: "If only you were one of us!"

A movement in the doorway, and Geoffrey Paish was standing there looking in on them. Roger glanced at him irresolutely thinking hard.

The hope died in Kitty's face, its place was taken by a look of contempt. "No; you're not one of us!" she said bitterly. "Stupid to imagine you could be for a moment!"

She rose. Geoffrey stood aside to let her pass. Her whole attitude was one of undefeatable pride and scorn. Roger was carried away by the one scorched by the other. Smarting, he flung at her as she got to the door:

"Do you think you'll get anywhere by assuming that I'm no use?"

She turned.

"I'll take this yacht to Majorca," Roger said. "And take the consequences too. Do you think I'm not as game as the rest of you?"

They stood and gazed at him in speechless astonishment. A deep flush overspread Kitty's face, her lips parted—and he saw his reward already, in her eyes.

CHAPTER V SPEEDING TOWARDS DANGER

Captain Cullen was at the wheel when Roger brought his new instructions to the chart house:

"We're going to touch at Majorca, Cullen, before we return to St. Raphael."

Captain Cullen shot him a shrewd glance from under his shaggy eye-brows opened his mouth to speak, and closed it again, looking thoughtful. He said nothing, except:

"If you'll take the wheel sir, I'll get out another chart."

His blood still aflame from his momentous decision—Roger took the wheel. He kept the yacht on her course to St. Raphael with a hand that trembled slightly.

Cullen apparently was not going to question that authority which Smallbridge had given Roger, and that in itself was something which added to the turmoil of his mind.

He hardened his purpose while he discussed the necessary course with Cullen; and reckoned that with the yacht's cruising speed of fourteen knots and allowing for wind into which they must head, the "Glorious Kate" should arrive at a point 20 miles east of the village of Manreal at ten p.m. on the following night.

He did not explain to Cullen that they would approach Manreal by that method because it was the one least likely to bring them under observation from the Majorcan shore. Cullen knew nothing of the prisoner.

Captain Cullen put the wheel over. Slightly the "Glorious Kate" described a half circle in the Mediterranean night, and dimly occulting light on the shore of France fell astern, and began to grow dimmer.

Roger came out of the chart house to see two dim figures, Geoffrey and Kitty by the rail. They both came towards him. Geoffrey said:

"How did Cullen take it?"

"Perfectly well," said Roger, cold with reaction after the heat of his decision.

"When can we hope to be there?" asked Kitty.

"About ten p.m. to-morrow."

"That was what I thought," she said eagerly in a low voice to Geoffrey.

Roger noticed how much she seemed to share her triumph with Geoffrey. He turned away rather bleakly, and left them. He went below into the gently swaying saloon and sat down to smoke a cigarette.

It was difficult to face what he had done, when he thought of Smallbridge and of everything he was risking. He put his hand and tried ineffectively to smooth his wind-blown hair. It was tangled beyond ordering.

He felt that way through, reduced to chaos and disorder.

Frowning fiercely, drawing on the cigarette, he looked up at a movement in the doorway, and saw Kitty standing there.

She gazed at him without speaking and softly in and stood before the table, her face transfigured, shining with elation.

WORTH THE PRICE

Roger rose slowly to his feet.

"It's wonderful of you to do this," she said, her voice quivering with intensity. "I know how much you stand to lose."

All the regret and dismay fell from him.

"Don't over-estimate me," he said. "Over-estimate you?"

"Yes perhaps my motives aren't so altruistic, not quite so impersonal as you think."

She met his meaning gaze with a little smile something in her manner which reminded him sharply that the situation was probably far from new to her; other men had tried where she was concerned and had lost—

But the colour suddenly came into her face and her glance fell in confusion. And without ever having decided that what he wanted was to get Kitty Smallbridge, Roger was telling himself in astonishment, his blood on fire. "I believe I could get this girl!"

"Oh, I know!" he exclaimed all the keenness suddenly melting out of his personality. "I know that one has to give a hand to that chap in Majorca. There's nothing else one can do. But I can't help being glad that I'm in on this—with you!"

She just said "Thank you!" in a soft little voice.

Roger, quite elated, lifted on to a lighter and brighter plane of existence than he had ever known before, gazed at her with a pounding heart—

And then, shattering the moment, or rather, crashing it under the weight of his large and morose presence, Geoffrey Paish appeared in the doorway of the saloon.

A certain pointedness of inquiry sharpened his usual phlegm as he looked in on them.

Kitty with feminine presence of mind was the first to speak:

"We thought that we should make some effective hiding place for the prisoner supposing we manage to get him on board," she said. "We might be stopped and searched."

The change of conversation was decidedly noticeable but Geoffrey Paish looked bland enough.

"We've thought it out," he told Roger. "There's a space between the Galley and engine room bulkheads. It will mean prising out the panel in the back of the galley locker, so that he can get into the space."

"Let's have a look at it own, shall we?" said Roger.

He lighted a cigarette, and followed the other two through into the galley. He was annoyed with Geoffrey for butting in. Yet what Geoffrey's arrival had prevented he did not quite know.

All that—the astounding effect that this girl had on him—must wait until the mission to Majorca was completed. A minute later he was tapping the panel at the back of the galley locker, and asking for a screwdriver.

As he worked he thought of what he would get from Smallbridge. But it wasn't too big a price to pay for Smallbridge's daughter.

NO CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY

Roger was at the wheel when the following day dawned, in a perfect calm. The sea had become so flat that the morning star laid a path of silver into the east.

With the sun came Kitty, fresh as the early morning itself, in white shorts and shirt, with a tense childish expectant face. She offered to take the wheel, so that Roger could go below and wash and brush up before breakfast.

He accepted the offer and went below. His own suit was dry. Charlie had even pressed it. Thankfully, he put it on.

United by their purpose the three had a friendly breakfast. Geoffrey in a velvet dressing gown of elaborate design, ate nothing, and drank black coffee with a dash of sherry in it.

"Must you bring the evil habits of Bloomsbury flat life with you wherever you go?" said Kitty.

Geoffrey smiled under his long nose in a superior weary sort of way. Roger decided, and surprised himself by doing so since he really hadn't intended to give the matter any thought—that there was no need of jealousy of Geoffrey, so far as Kitty was concerned.

"It's enough that I'm willing to risk my life for my beliefs," Geoffrey bestirred himself to say. "One doesn't have to give up all one's comforts as well. If any necessity should arise, of course, I shall give them up. But

there's no shortage of coffee or sherry on board at the moment so far as I know!"

"During the day Roger worked hard at the panel behind the locker in the galley. Kitty sat on the galley bench tanned legs crossed the excitement of the venture lurking in her eyes, Roger asked if she was going to St. Raphael to stay with her father after the affair was over."

"I may go to Ventemiglia to stay with friends. I don't know that my father will exactly welcome me after this!"

"Or me?" added Roger, grimly. "He should understand!" said Kitty storm blowing up at once. "He should see that it's only right for us to do this!"

Roger said nothing. His own moral position was so difficult to explain in a word or two.

But what he thought was that if she went to Ventemiglia and he, sacked by Smallbridge, went to London, where would he and she meet again?

He set his teeth and went on with the job.

The events of the night drew near and the tension of expectation grew.

At five-thirty the "Glorious Kate" altered her course for Manreal. (To Be Continued.)

Legion Helping Soldier in Study for the Ministry

Ottawa, Jan. 4th.—(Special) Lance-Cpl. Granville Taylor-Munro, of Kitchener, Ont., is going to become a minister at last.

The young n. c. o. of the Royal Canadian Engineers, who enlisted shortly after the war broke out, is now completing his college studies. It will take three years of hard plugging during the hours free of army duties but he fully expects to wind up with his degree in theology.

Lance-cpl. Taylor-Munro is a young married man whose academic career was halted somewhat by lack of funds. When he joined the army he gave up all thoughts of ever accomplishing his ambition. The Canadian Legion's education scheme for members of the Dominion's fighting forces, however, has solved his problem and he is now able to obtain his degree at no cost whatever and still carry on the important job of soldiering.

Taylor-Munro, who is studying by means of the correspondence courses instituted by the Legion, is one of more than 15,000 service men throughout the Dominion and overseas who are taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the Legion to start or to continue studies even though on active duty.

Further Donations to Help the Battle Against Tuberculosis

Very satisfactory results have been achieved again this year through the sale of Christmas seals. Each year a campaign is conducted here by a committee sponsored by the Lions Club, to raise funds to carry on the fight against tuberculosis in the Porcupine.

The response this year has been particularly gratifying in view of the many calls for other patriotic purposes. There are still some who have not sent in their donations for the Christmas seals sent them. They should make their subscription at the earliest possible moment so that the committee may be able to close the campaign at an early date. If there are any who have not received a book of the seals and wish to do so or to contribute to the work of fighting tuberculosis in the Porcupine, donations may be sent to Dr. N. H. Russell.

A large number of donations have already been acknowledged in The Advance. Below will be found two further lists of donations.

December 30th, 1940:

A. R. Bateman; George Biggs, Schumacher.

William Docton.

T. E. Farrell, South Porcupine.

Robt. Hardy; Charles A. Hill, Sr. King George Cafe, South Porcupine;

J. Klivkeboom.

Uli Livinson, South Porcupine.

James Ormston.

Herbert Parsens; S. Pearce, South Porcupine; Fred Priebe.

Albert Ranger; Ernest Reeves, P. Reid.

Mrs. Lynn Sisson; William Spencer.

Dr. C. E. Taylor; S. S. No 2 Tisdale Township.

United Dry Cleaners.

O. E. Wall.

January 2nd, 1941:

Albert Bailey.

Joseph Cunliffe; Herbert Curnow.

John Dingley.

Frank Elmer.

M. G. Fleming, South Porcupine.

F. A. Holden.

William M. Isnor.

Lewis Jones.

Miss Rose Lamoureaux.

G. A. Macdonald; Mrs. Joseph Mahn;

H. B. Megill, Aunor Mine; Holden McCarthy, Schumacher; Mrs. James McFadden; Pietro Morandini; Geo. Munro, South Porcupine. H. J. O'Neill.

Miss A. Richards; William M. Ritchie.

John Spitz, South Porcupine.

Miss D. M. Taylor; Timmins Dairy.

Richard Wilson, William Wren.

MAYBE YOU'VE NOTICED

The girl who keeps

Her "face" intact.

Is the girl who has

The inside track.

—Kingsmount Anne.

WHAT A SHOCK

Dear Old Soul (in curiosity shop)—I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings which you call modern art. Shopkeeper—Excuse me, madam, but that's a mirror.—Exchange.

Pleasing Programme at Regular Meeting of the Ca-Bo-Gi Club

Pupils of Grade III Holy Family School Show Marked Talent.

The Timmins Ca-Bo-Gi Club held its regular semi-monthly meeting on Sunday evening in the Nativity parish hall, with a good attendance of members enjoying the programme, and taking active part in the business discussion.

A feature of the evening was a programme presented by the pupils of Grade III, Holy Family Separate School, under the direction of Miss Mary Lalonde. A skit, entitled "Catching the Lunatic," highlighted the programme, and was enacted by Diane Lloyd, Bob Van Russell, Michael Wadsworth, Gerald Dillon, and Bob Desormeau. Marion McDonald, aged eight years, made a big "hit" with her rendition of three vocal solos, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," "Woodpecker Song" and "Wish Me Luck."

It was decided that prizes would be awarded at the regular Thursday night bowling for the club members, and that on Wednesday of this week at 8 o'clock, a skating party will be held at the McIntyre Arena for club members. Following the skating period, there will be a party, and all members are asked to take part in the event.

Plans are under way for a bowling congress at which the Kirkland Lake, Schumacher, and Timmins Ca-Bo-Gi Clubs will vie for the trophy recently donated by the spiritual directors of the three clubs for inter-club competition.

A letter read from the Knights of Columbus at Camp Borden expressed the organization's appreciation to the Ca-Bo-Gi Club for the four hundred magazines sent to Camp Borden recently for distribution among the soldiers there. Another shipment is to be made at the end of this month. All members are asked to turn their magazines in to convenor, Miss Olive Lafreniere.

Victor Banning and Eddie McLellan, club members who left here to join the R.C.A.F., were presented with cigarettes by the club before their departure. It was announced.

Sunday, January 19th, is to be Ca-Bo-Gi Night. A monster entertainment programme is being arranged for that meeting, which will open a membership drive being launched by the club. Members of the Junior and Senior Catholic Women's Leagues will be invited to attend. Membership committee chairman Greg Evans outlined

the plans for the programme to be given at that meeting.

Plans were also made for a dance for members, to be held at the Hollinger hall on Friday, January 17th.

Following the adjournment of the business meeting a period of open discussion was enjoyed. Lunch was then served and a sing-song conducted before the meeting came to a close.

Try The Advance Want Advertisements.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

Mrs. A.—I thought you knew her. She lives in the same square as you.

Mrs. B.—Perhaps! But she doesn't move in the same circle.—Exchange.

PERHAPS

A man in Pittsfield, Mass., has made a violin out of 3,457 toothpicks. Anyway, he ought to be able to pick out a tune.—Globe and Mail.

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY

This Canada of Ours!

POPULATION

1871	3,689,000
1901	5,371,000
1911	7,207,000
1939	11,315,000

In 1867 less than 20% of the population lived in urban centres. Today we have 54% urban, 46% rural. The last census in 1931 showed 89% of the population as British or Canadian born and 55% of the foreign born as naturalized Canadians.

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