



PRISONER IN MAJORCA By BENTLEY RIDGE

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

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 Kat."

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

CHAPTER XV (Contd.)

"SENOR NOME IS DEAD"

The "Marian" stood off at about a hundred yards. By that time Roger had picked them out; Kitty in her brown coat, Geoffrey in his grey pullover, Charlie and Cullen, all standing by on the foredeck while a boat was lowered.

"Thank the Lord!" said Roger. He put off his operations with the keel anchor until Cullen should come aboard.

Five minutes later, the "Marian's" boat was bumped alongside. This time it was Roger's turn to put out a hand and help Kitty aboard. She was breathless with relief.

"We only recognized you five minutes ago! We thought you were Farnesi or one of the gang!"

"Nome let you go then—?" "Senor Nome is dead!"

"Dead?" "He was shot, in the early hours of this morning. Someone in the barracks shot him! We think there was a quarrel about your escape and one of the gang shot him. The Commandant hustled us off an hour ago. All the same, we should get away quickly. You're aground?"

"Yes. Went aground while I was chasing Farnesi and Company off her. I'll tell you later. I'm trying to haul her off."

"Don't worry, I'll signal the Captain of the "Marian" to put a tow rope on her."

Kitty turned immediately and hailed Cullen in the boat below. Three husky French sailors had just climbed aboard beside her. One carried a thick length of wood, the other a short iron bar. Evidently Kitty had come prepared for opposition.

Roger's relief at the suggestion that the "Marian" should tow the "Glorious Kate" off, was checked by a sudden thought.

"Just a moment—!" he said. For Heaven's sake let's be quick before something else happens! Kitty said. "We'll signal the Captain—!"

"Give me a chance to haul her off myself—"

"And waste time? No! She turned from him and went to the rail.

"Not so fast, please. I think you'd better leave this to me—!" He attempted to follow her. He found his way barred by one of the sailors from the "Marian."

"Get back!" Roger said. He was too confused for the moment to recollect his French. The man stared at him uncomprehendingly. Kitty was waving.

"For Heaven's sake!" Roger cried to her. "Listen to me!"

He tried to thrust past the man who suddenly closed in on him. Having come with the idea that they were to be paid for overpowering opposition, the nearest sailor thought he recognized it and gave Roger a push.

Roger struck out in blind exasperation. The sailor snubbed back.

Kitty turned and cried "Stop!" too late.

The sailor at Roger's side had already brought his stout length of wood down on Roger's head; and Roger staggered and fell like a log.

When Roger came to himself, he was lying on a berth below; he saw the cabin ceiling above him first, dappled with reflections of light from the water under the porthole.

An indefinable lightness an instability, told him that the "Glorious Kate" was afloat, and with that sensation the recollection of previous events rushed into his mind.

He lifted his head, then let it fall with a groan, as a splitting pain thudded in his temples.

Kitty was bending over him, Geoffrey hovering behind.

"Better?" said Kitty's voice. "We're afloat?" Roger inquired weakly.

"Yes."

"The 'Marian' towed her off?" "Yes; Cullen and Charlie are getting her under way. Nothing to worry about—"

"You should have let us try the keel!" Roger whispered.

"Now, now, don't bother about that! That wretched man who hit you on the head! They didn't understand—"

Roger collected his strength and gaz-

ed at her anxiously.

"You arranged beforehand what you'd pay the Captain of the "Marian" for hauling the yacht off?"

Kitty stared. "Why, no!"

Roger let his head fall and shut his eyes.

"Just as I feared!" he said weakly. "Now we're open to a salvage claim for heaven knows how much!"

Kitty gazed at him put her hand to her head with a dazed little moan, and fled.

Geoffrey Paish, followed her on deck. "Oh Geoff, what on earth have I done now?"

Tears of mortification were running down her cheeks.

"I don't know anything about marine salvage," said Geoffrey, gloomily.

"I'll have to fix this," said Kitty. "And after that I'll never make a move on my own initiative again!"

CHAPTER XVI TRAMP-SHIP CAPTAIN

Like owners of dogs who gradually take on a resemblance of their pets, Captain Ratchett of the tramp "Marian" had a face which was a remarkable reflection of the salient features of his ship. It was a narrow, long nosed, battered, and none too clean.

When Kitty arrived in the yacht's motor dinghy, while the "Kate" and the "Marian" both prepared to get underway, Captain Ratchett met her with a cautious amiability. She was in a state of feverish dread at the possible consequence of her final indiscretion.

"What do I owe you — or your owners," she asked at once. "For that you give us?"

"I'm the own owner," said Captain Ratchett. "So you can fix it with me."

"Well," said Kitty. "What is it going to be?"

Captain Ratchett gazed, narrow eyed, across the blue swell at the resplendent hull of the yacht, patched here and there about the upperdeck with the beginnings of the disguise of brown paint. Farnesi had tried to put upon her. She might be debauched but Captain Ratchett knew a first class job when he saw one.

"Tricky position," he said. "On that bank! Luck I was here. Don't like the look of the sky either," he added, looking up at the peaceful heaven. "Too clear for my liking. Be blowing hard to-night. She'd 'bin driven on hard, a total loss by morning, maybe."

"I hardly think so," said Kitty coldly. "We could have got help from Manreall."

"Go on!" said the Captain. "There's no craft in Manreall with power enough to have pulled her off. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if I haven't strained my own hull. Stuck fast, you were, and it coming on to blow, and a revolution going on ashore, yacht been stolen, as you told me earlier, and these damn Dages likely to kick up a dust at any moment. You're lucky to have your yacht at all madam!"

"Ah well," said Kitty, preserving an outward calm she was very far from feeling. "We could probably have kedged her off."

"Kedge her off. Well, I ask you? If I've strained me own hull getting her off, would you have shifted her an inch with the kedge?"

Kitty with no faith whatever in Captain Ratchett's strained hull, but growing more and more faint with dread asked abruptly.

"Well, how much do you want?"

Captain Ratchett pushed back his cap and scratched his head, appearing to ponder judiciously.

"For a job like this," he said, "I wouldn't award me half the value of the salvaged craft—I wouldn't be at all surprised. Maybe they'd award me more. But I leave it to you — I leave it to you to make an offer," he concluded generously.

Kitty recovered herself with difficulty. She called to aid all that force of character which had led her into so many disasters of late.

"My offer won't be anything like that!" she said.

They walked up and down the deck arguing. Kitty said she wouldn't pay him a twentieth of the amount he suggested. Captain Ratchett said he would sue. Kitty said he could not sue because they were outside range of British jurisdiction. Captain Ratchett said that "British law ran on British ships the world over."

Kitty was not sure enough about it to be able to contradict him absolutely.

At one point she said she must think the matter over. She went back to the "Glorious Kate" under the jealous eye of Captain Ratchett, and consulted Geoffrey and Cullen. Cullen was not sure of the position. Roger was still below.

"I've got to settle this," said Kitty

"I've got to clear the "Kats" from any claim. I'm not going to let that brute of a Ratchett out of my sight until I've done it."

Ten minutes later both the "Kate" and the "Marian" were under way; the "Kate" bound for San Raphael with Cullen, Charlie and Roger; the "Marian" bound for Marseilles taking Geoffrey and Kitty — Kitty bent on getting legal advice in Marseilles and disposing of Captain Ratchett's claim for all time.

Roger climbed shakily on deck to find the "Marian" receding into the distance on the port beam.

Ten minutes later Cullen announced trouble with the starboard engine which he attributed with malicious curses to inefficient handling by Farnesi's gang.

The "Marian" passed out of sight, while the "Kate" struggled on towards San Raphael at half speed.

Manreall grew smaller and smaller in the distance, but pursued them for half an hour with the sound of gun fire bore faintly on the wind. Evidently the passing of the Conscience had caused trouble.

"Well at least our visit produced one permanent benefit," said Roger to Cullen. "And that was the death of Senor Nome."

"You said it," said Cullen grimly. Roger paced up and down the deck. The "Marian" had gone. Kitty had gone. He would have to trust her to settle the claims of Captain Ratchett. And now what?

He must go to St. Raphael, deliver the "Glorious Kate," pay for the damage to her out of his own pocket, tell his story and resign his job.

There was nothing else to do; no other end to the adventure.

CHAPTER XVII NEWS FROM E. C. SMALLBRIDGE

At nine o'clock on the evening of the following day, E. C. Smallbridge was sitting in the library in his St. Raphael villa playing patience. His leg reposed as usual on another chair, beneath a blanket, he looked even more impatient than he did when we first saw him. At a sound outside he started, listened, and jangled his bell furiously.

"Gullick! Gullick!" Gullick appeared.

"Yes, Mr. Smallbridge."

"Didn't I hear some one come?" Gullick opened his mouth to reply and then fell back to allow Kitty to walk into the room.

"Miss Kitty, sir!" said Gullick, be-lated and withheld.

Smallbridge surveyed her for a moment of breathless silence. He observed that she looked somewhat pale, and by no means in her usual trim; that her shoes were dusty and that her costume, consisting of skirt and slacks and a brown teddy bear coat was an odd one for travelling in—

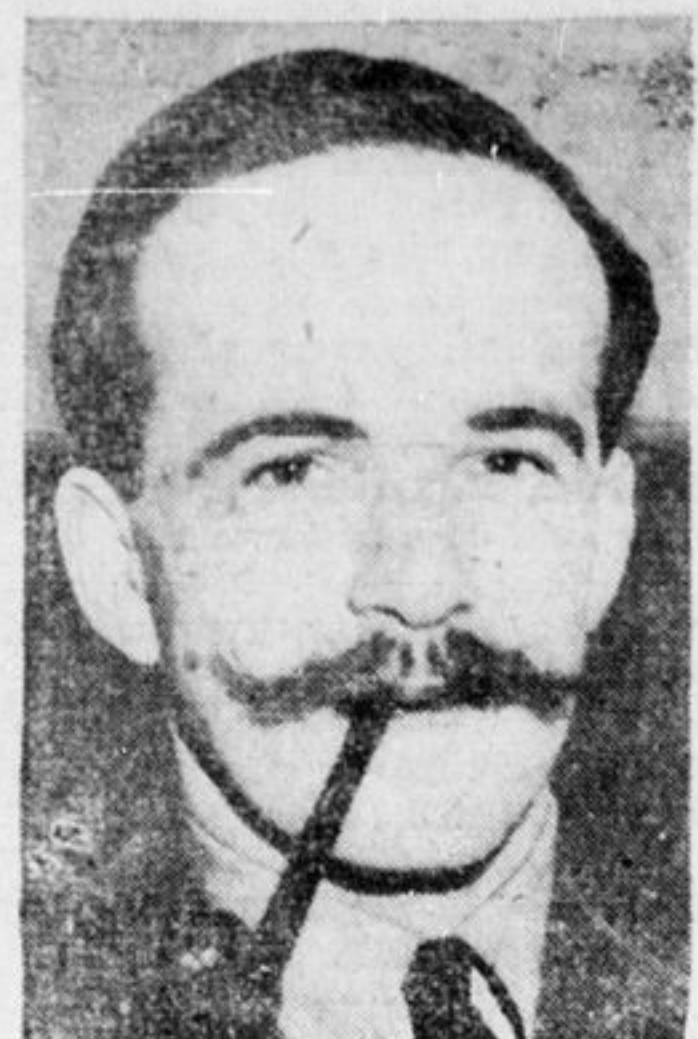
"Well!" he said.

The single word conveyed a multitude of meanings; none of them very pleasant.

"I've come back," said Kitty quaveringly with unusual pointlessness.

"So I see!" said her father, with pent passion. And where, may I ask is the "Glorious Kate"?" Six days ago I received a wire from Kent saying he was bringing her here to St. Raphael. Have I had sight or sound of her since? No! Have I had word from any of you. No! What have you done with the yacht and where is Kent?"

Instructs Canadians



A former instructor of Canadians in the R.A.F. and now stationed at Goderich, Ont., with the Empire Air Training Plan, Flight-Lieut. J. R. M. Boothby, D.F.C., says Canadians are showing "great willingness to learn" all the technique of air fighting and bombing. His newly arrived wife says that everything is going well back home in Sussex and London.

"She's coming," said Kitty. "He's bringing her. He'll never forgive me! It was my fault. He hates me! You don't know what I did!"

Her voice rose to a wail, she sat down plump in the nearest chair and burst into tears.

E. C. Smallbridge, utterly astounded by this collapse of his over-resent daughter was too taken aback to speak.

"Well!" he said at last. "You must have done something pretty serious. This is the first tear I've seen you shed in fifteen years. Is someone dead?"

"No," said Kitty, controlling her tears. "Who is going to resign? What are you talking about?" Smallbridge showed signs of irritability. "You walk in here, you burst into tears you tell me nothing and then you say someone is going to resign!"

"Roger Kent is going to resign his job," explained Kitty. "Because he thinks he let you down. He let me take the yacht to Majorca. I persuaded him it was my fault. Oh it was awful, I was terrible. I began by pushing him overboard, he'll never forgive me. I've ruined him!"

"See here," said Smallbridge patiently. "I sent Roger Kent to take over the yacht and bring her back here. On Wednesday I had a wire saying he had picked her up of Marseilles, and was bringing her. That's all I know. Now try to be calm and begin at the beginning."

(To Be Continued)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

(Copyright: Publishing Arrangement with N. F. L.)

Surprise Party in Honour of Wedding Anniversary Event

Fifteenth Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Slack of 74 Fourth avenue, were guests of honour on Thursday evening at a surprise party in honour of their fifteenth wedding anniversary when a very large number of friends of the popular couple gathered at their home to extend their best wishes and to present many lovely gifts.

The couple were married at Timmings fifteen years ago, and have numerous friends throughout the Porcupine Camp, about one hundred of whom contributed to the event.

A valentine motif was used in the table decorations, the centre-piece being of bright red roses and freesia. The cloth and wedding cake were adorned with tiny red hearts and a very delicious lunch was served by Mrs.

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

The numerous organizations in the district which are sending parcels to the soldiers as well, as many individuals will be interested to know the following information... to send parcels, cigarettes, letters, etc., to any of the soldiers at Gibraltar, the address is not to contain the words "base, Post Office Canada", but is to be made direct to Gibraltar... one detail, especially to be noted, however, is that the words "Royal Canadian Engineers" are to be written out in full, instead of the usual "R. C. E."

While on the subject of soldiers it is well to note that every person in England, carrying on bravely, is a "soldier"... elsewhere in today's issue will be found a letter from one of the "soldiers", the message contained in it being comforting and encouraging to all Canadians... it says that there is no shortage of essential foods in the British Isles, and it also describes the newest in a family shelter.

In an effort to increase the sale of war savings stamps the Ca Bo Gi club held a dance on Friday evening to which admission was in the form of war savings stamps... the young ladies attending brought along one war savings stamp, while the gentlemen paid a small cash amount along with a war savings stamp... about sixty members were present and dancing was enjoyed to the music of Henry Kainek's orchestra... delicious individual lunches were served, and everyone spent a happy evening.

Among those who danced the hours away were Vic Copsps Louis D'iron, Ann McPherson, Annabel Lang, Gregory Evans, Mary Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Evans, Jean Keon, Madeleine Frawley, Bland and Agnes Evans, Mary Guilanardo, Dave Banning, Jim Cranney, Zita Callon, Sally Huntley (a visitor from Oakville), Tony Kloway, Ernie Kennedy, Elsie Sullivan, Olive Lafrenier, and Harry Donovan, as well as many others.

Mrs. Lloyd McBain and Mrs. J. McChesney were hostesses on Friday evening at a "sork shower" in honour of Mrs. Kitchen... the event took place at the home of Mrs. McBain, 282 Elm street north, and about twelve friends of the guest of honour attended... a delicious lunch was served, and the gathering spent a pleasant evening during which many lovely gifts were presented to Mrs. Kitchen.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lacy, whose thirty-fifth wedding anniversary takes place today... Mr. and Mrs. Lacy have been well-known and popular Timmings citizens for the past fourteen years, at present residing at 34 Toke street, and both have a large number of friends throughout the district... on Saturday evening, some of these friends celebrated the anniversary event at a social

evening at the home of the "bride and groom," and during the evening, presented Mr. and Mrs. Lacy with a lovely gift in honour of the occasion... the hostess served a delicious lunch, Mrs. Hatton and Mrs. Harris presiding at the tea table... Mr. and Mrs. Lacy were married at London, England, on February 10th, 1905.

Saturday was the occasion for three events... a Candlelight Bridge by the I.O.D.E., a bake sale by the Rebekah Lodge, and an afternoon tea by Mrs. I. K. Pierce in honour of Mrs. S. R. Harrison, who is leaving this week to join her husband in Eastern Canada... present at the event, which took place at the Badminton Club were many friends of the guest of honour... the bake sale by the Gold Nugget Rebekah Lodge was a very successful affair, with Mrs. J. Webb and Mrs. F. Lawley in charge of the numerous "goodies" which were displayed.

Conduct Inquiry Into Fatal Crash Of Big Airliner

Cause of Crash Still Unknown—No Survivors in First T.C.A. Mishap.

The Dominion Department of Transport will conduct a full inquiry into the fatal crash of a Trans-Canada airliner that claimed the lives of nine passenger and three crew members when the big plane crashed in the bush about a mile from the emergency landing field at Wagaming last Thursday morning shortly before four o'clock. Airlines technicians and experts from the Transport Department are checking the wreckage in an effort to find the cause of the fatal crash. Operators in charge of the Wagaming airport said that the pilot of the airliner was apparently coming in normally for a landing when radio communication with the plane suddenly stopped. The airport had previously given wind velocity and direction to the plane and had received the customary acknowledgment. The pilot had been instructed to use the north-south runway for the landing and without explanation the plane passed over the range station at the airport and disappeared to the South where it crashed a mile away.

POWERFUL REVENGE

A distinguished old gentleman was standing on the curb on Fifth avenue waiting for the lights to change. When he got the green light, he stepped out onto the street, only to jump back in alarm as a taxicab came whizzing up in the middle lane. It stopped with a squeal of brakes right on the line and the driver sat grinning at the old gentleman. The old gentleman smiled back, stepped in front of the cab, and wrenched both headlights out of line. Then he marched across the street, looking more distinguished than ever. The New Yorker

W. T. MONTGOMERY CLEANERS and TAILORS PHONE 915 WE SPECIALIZE IN LADIES' WORK

The Children of England

For you, there is the ever-present shadow Of evil things you cannot understand. No "make-believe" can quite obscure or banish The dread of darkened wings above your land. In Kensington there is no mold for playing, Though Peter Pan still lifts his magic flute, In Drury Lane no pantomime is showing, On London's streets the carolers are mute. But all that makes for England's last-glimpse glory, Is guarded well within the soul of youth And in the days to be, when war is ended Brave hearts will build anew with faith and truth.

Mary S. Edgar in Canadian Camping

More Local Lads Send Thanks for Cigarettes

The following local lads now serving overseas have sent in letters or cards thanking the Legion for Christmas cigarettes sent them by Branch 88 members. All the letters express appreciation. They certainly like the "good old Canadian smokes." They also all wish members of the Legion and all friends "the very best for 1941." In referring to the letters, Comrade Chas. Keates, chairman of the Overseas Service Committee of Branch 88 Canadian Legion, Timmings, says:—"So, let's send them lots more." Provost Company (Military Police)—Cpl. W. Colborne. Infantry Regts.—Ptes. C. Carne, Doug. Pooley. Engineers—Sappers P. Byrom, P. Coulton, J. J. Cherry, M. Gauthier, G. McManus, Basil McDonald, H. Mayhew, Andy McWhinnie, O. Robillard, J. M. Robinson, C. Taylor, Fred Trumble, Nick Salomone.

Clean Rooms BY Day or Week Very Reasonable Rates Quiet Atmosphere

The King Edward Hotel Cor. Spruce St. & Third Ave. PHONE 321 TIMMINS

COAL AND WOOD

Highest Quality DRY JACKPINE Western \$12.75 per cord 12" per cord \$3.00 Coal 16" per cord \$3.50

J. VAN RASSEL

26 Wende Ave. Timmings Phone 583

THE INQUIRING REPORTER GETS ALL THE DIRT FROM...

Mark Antony

Inquiring Reporter: I say, Marc, where were you on the Ides of March when they did poor Caesar dirt at the Senate? You certainly missed something!

Marc Antony

Well I knew I was going to be called on unexpectedly to give my "Friends, Romans and Countrymen" speech and, of course, wanted to look my best, so I was down at the Timmings New Method Laundry arranging to get fast service on my dress shirt.



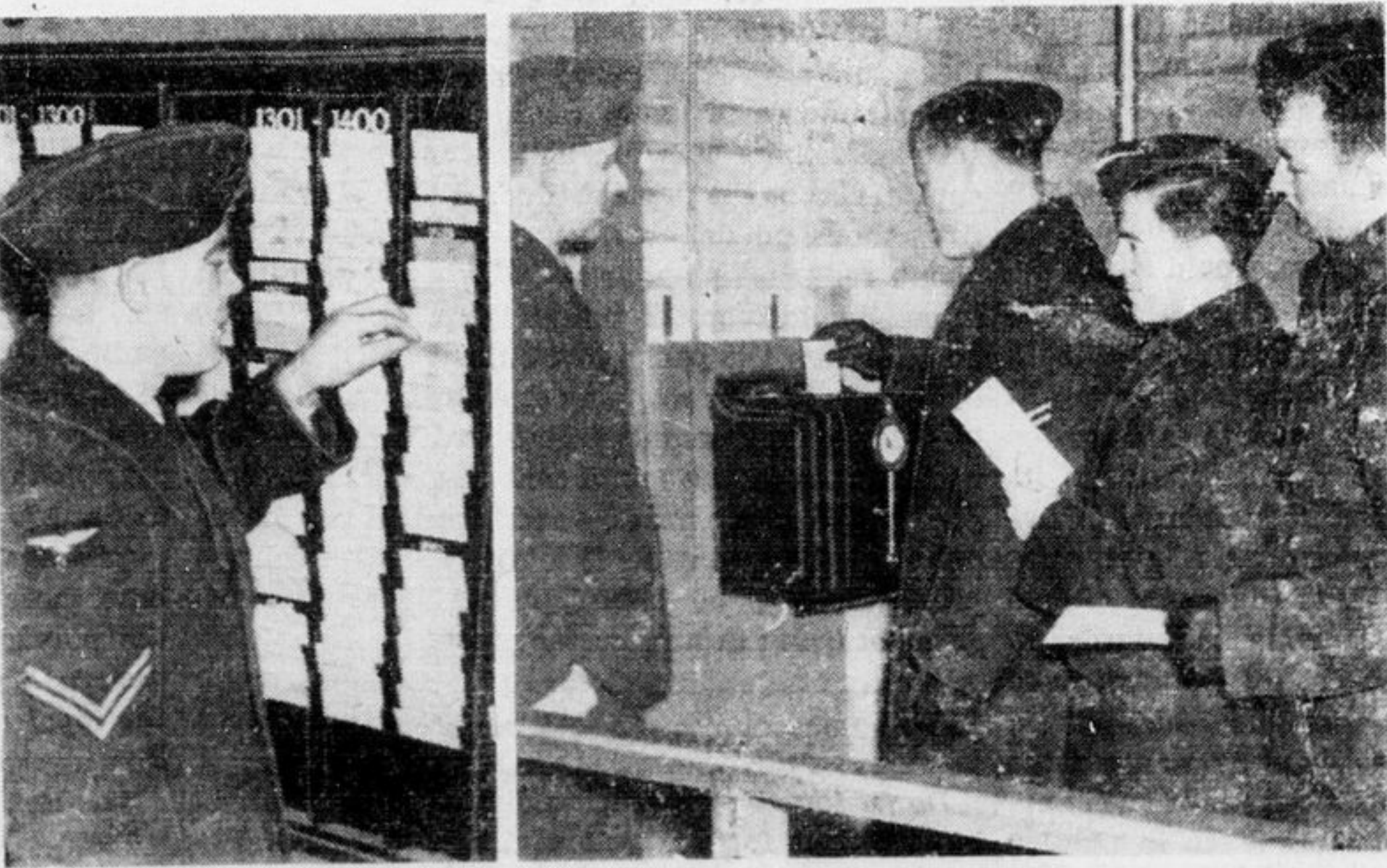
Inquiring Reporter

A likely story, Marc, but it doesn't hold together because everybody knows you don't need to make a special trip to the laundry for that. The Timmings New Method is glad to help anybody in a jam and they will call for your shirt and get it back to you perfectly starched and finished in time to make you look your best at any gala affair.

THE LAUNDRY GETS ALL THE DIRT FROM CLOTHES

TIMMINS New Method Laundry Phone 153 Timmings or 388 South Porcupine LIMITED

OFF ON LEAVE THE R.C.A.F. WAY



In civil life these future pilots, gunners, observers and groundmen punched a time clock at starting and quitting times. In the R.C.A.F. they do it when they go on leave and when they return. This new system is a big help to both men and administration—the men because it eliminates delay in getting checked out and the administration because it is a fool-proof method of keeping track of 4,300 men at Manning Depot, Toronto. The system was evolved by Wing Commander Norman Irwin, C.O., and Squadron Leader G. E. Nash, administrative officer. Each man has a number card which he must take from the rack (LEFT) as he goes out, and get it punched (RIGHT).