

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

At the regular meeting of the town council ten years ago, there was a large attendance of ratepayers present. Mayor Geo. S. Drew presided and Councillors A. Caron, Dr. Honey, R. Richardson, J. T. Chenier, J. E. H. Chateauvert, and J. Morrison were present. Probably the most interesting item of business was a letter from the Cercle Canadien asking the council to have the tax notices, water bills, etc., printed in French as well as English for the accommodation of the large number of French speaking citizens suggesting a French-speaking assistant to the assessor; and asking that the sanitary inspector be a man able to speak French as well as English. In the letter to the council the benefit that would accrue to a large number of the citizens through this extension of the bi-lingualism. In referring to the matter Mayor Drew said it was a matter that the council could bear in mind. The signs showing the location of the tax collector's office could easily be in French as well as English.

There were 71,579 books in circulation from the Timmins public library during the past year. This is an increase of 8,225 over the year 1929 when 63,354 books were circulated, said The Advance of February 26th, 1931.

"Timmins public library now has 4,545 books of fiction, 2,073 non-fiction, and 2,530 juvenile books, a grand total of 9,148 books.

In The Advance ten years ago: "While walking home Monday evening from his work at the McIntyre Mine where he is employed as a carpenter, Arthur Beaudin, well-known in town and district where he has been a resident for many years, was struck by the Toronto train, No. 47, due at Timmins at 5:35 and sustained injuries to both his shoulders, several broken ribs and other damages. He had been walking home along the track and was near the Rochester crossing when the train came along, whistling in warning and with bell ringing. The engineer no doubt saw the man on the track but thought he would heed the warnings given and leave track. Whether he failed to hear the approaching train or for what other reason, he continued on his way, and though the train was not travelling fast it was impossible to stop it before the unfortunate man was hit. When the train hit him, Beaudin was thrown to one side and so escaped being further mangled by the train. He was hurried at once to St. Mary's hospital. It was the following day before he regained consciousness and then he was not clear as to how the accident happened, further than that he had been walking on the track. He was suffering from the injured shoulders and broken ribs but apparently his vitality was assuring him recovery.

"On Saturday morning about 11:30 o'clock, an explosion occurred in some cases of old dynamite being burned at the Hollinger claims in Kamiskotia. As the powder was being burned on account of it being a couple of years old and its destruction was desirable for safety, every precaution had been taken in the matter," said The Advance on February 26th, 1931. "The burning was being done under approved conditions, and though there was little chance of any strangers being in the district, guards were set in each direction to warn any who might approach. The powder was strategically located in a sort of valley with an embankment between it and the camp. When the powder exploded Saturday morning the force of the blast passed harmlessly above the camp due to this embankment. There had been some 120 cases of the old powder to burn and considerable of this had been done safely on the preceding days. There had been the occasional stick exploding but it was not till Saturday that there was any quantity exploded at the time, and most of them were not aware that any quantity of powder had exploded until afterwards. The nearest man was probably three hundred yards away, watching to guard the roadway. He barely noticed the explosion, though the resulting smoke was evident enough. With the peculiarity of explosions the force of the concussion was felt at Wawaitin Falls and the cloud of smoke following was also noticed from there. It was sur-

Here's How One Tommy Entered Tobruk



Following the fall of Tobruk to British empire forces, this British Tommy staged a triumphal glory entry all his own. Mounted on a donkey, he seems happy about the whole thing.

missed that a serious explosion had occurred at Kamiskotia and word to that effect was phoned to Timmins. While the precautions taken were known here and it was understood that the chances of anyone being injured were small, no risks were taken and the airship at Timmins was chartered and took Dr. H. H. Moore, chief of the medical staff of the Hollinger, and W. H. Pritchard, master mechanic of the Hollinger, to the Kamiskotia property that afternoon. After landing on the lake there were about three miles to cover before the camp could be reached. This took some time and by the time return to the airship was made it was considered inadvisable to attempt to fly back that night to Timmins. The failure of the airship to return Saturday evening, together with the fact that there was no telephone, telegraph or other rapid communication with Kamiskotia gave rise to all sorts of rumours in town as to the seriousness of the explosion and what happened to the airship. These rumours were wired to Toronto and thence got into outside newspapers and on the radio, with the result that much unnecessary alarm and anxiety resulted. The families and friends of the fifteen men on the property had an anxious time, later proven to have been without real foundation.

The latest rush ten years ago was into the Rouyn camp, where discovered reported at the Berrigan-McWatters claims resulted in a regular rush of prospectors and no less than 350 claims were recorded at the Noranda mining recorder's office in a few weeks. "The rush has caused a considerable revival of interest in the Rouyn area and there is a chance that the new rush may rival the Matchewan one in interest.

Globe and Mail - Hitler's speeches are getting more and more terrible, and less and less terrifying.

Home From the War



Ira Lee Sullivan is a native Texan who joined the Royal Air Force and saw war in Britain. Kicking his plane into a power dive he suffered an internal injury when pulling out again, he said, so now he's back home in the big southwest state. His home town of Hillsboro staged a big welcome, and Sullivan's mother donned a British Tommy's helmet he brought here as a souvenir.

Thirteen Births Registered Here During the Past Week

- The following are the births reported in Timmins during the past week.
- Born—on February 14th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Roger Dube (nee Beatrice Chalifoux) of 36 1/2 Columbus avenue—a daughter.
 - Born—on January 21st, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wilson of 62 Way Ave., at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.
 - Born—on January 21st, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Ladouceur of 87 Main avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.
 - Born—on January 16th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alvin Brownlee of 93A Third avenue at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.
 - Born—on February 3rd, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bradley (nee Jessie Powers) of 11 Kent avenue at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.
 - Born—on January 28th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walker of 253 Elm st., south at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.
 - Born—on February 13th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Verdun Jones of Gold Centre at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.
 - Born—on February 9th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrison Moore (nee Florence May Phillips) of 93 First Ave., Schumacher, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.
 - Born—on February 11th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Cicci of 153 Pine street, south at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.
 - Born—on February 9th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shalton of 159 Maple street north at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.
 - Born—on February 2nd, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gagne of 39 Wende avenue—a son.
 - Born—on February 21st, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kozak of 28 Tamarack street—a son.
 - Born—on January 15th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. R. Corbell of 201 Elm street south—a son.

FUEHRER HAD TO HURRY

General Sir Walter Kirke has a new story of the air war. A German pilot brought down in England said to the R.A.F. men: "This is the fourth time I have been brought down in an enemy country. I was brought down in Poland and my conquering fuehrer came along and liberated me in a day or two. The same happened in Belgium and in France, so why should I worry? My fuehrer will soon be here in England."

"You had better tell your fuehrer to hurry up," said the R.A.F. man. "You're sailing to Canada tomorrow."—Sudbury Star.

PUT HIS FOOT IN IT

A young officer stationed "Somewhere in the East" has put his foot in it badly with his girl friend in this country.

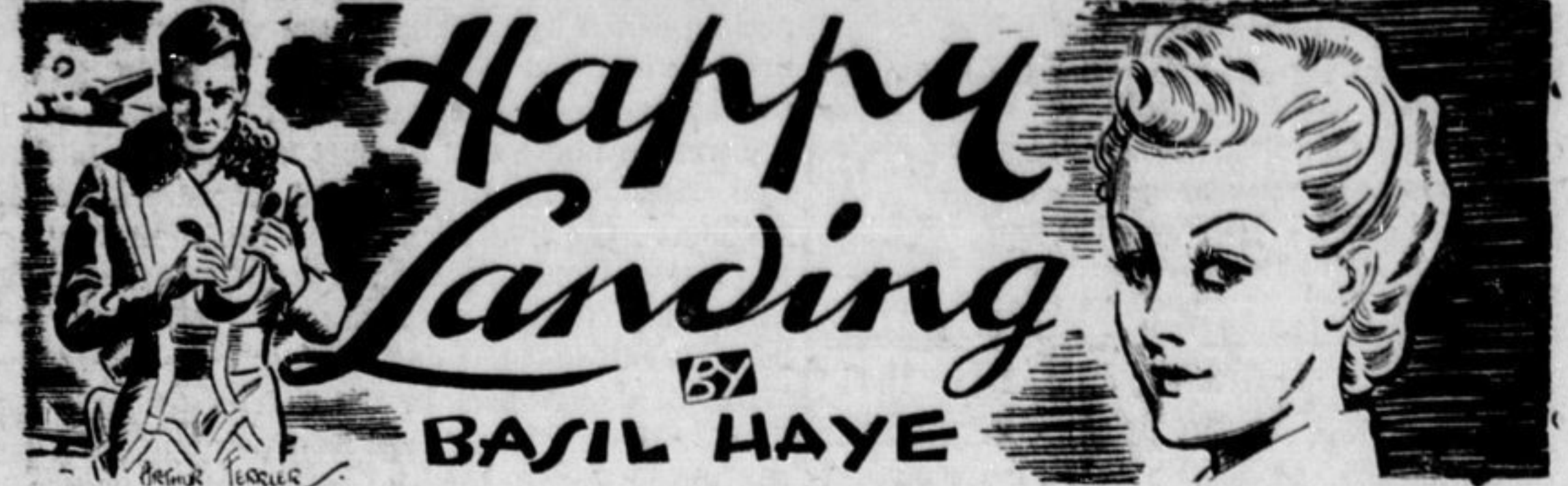
Recently he wrote her saying he had shot a crocodile seven feet long and added: "When I shoot another I will get my native servant to make you a pair of slippers."—Exchange.

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

MICHAEL BOND - Former R. A. F. Officer who resigned his commission. Gossip connects him with some missing plans.

DELMA VIVIAN - Wealthy young woman who became tenant of Bond's family estate, Sunningholme Bond has also met her previously in peculiar circumstances on the Continent.

ANNA GREGORESCU - Daughter of Toni Gregorescu, a Rumanian, and acquaintance of Bond's.

MAJOR LETHBRIDGE - Former subordinate to Bond. Now he is suspicious of Bond's sudden resignation.

GENERAL TANKERTON - Staff Officer with whom Bond formerly closely associated.

TONY FAREHAM - Bond's particular friend while in the Air Force. He remains loyal to Bond.

YOU CAN START THE STORY HERE

Michael Bond a well known British Air Force Pilot resigned from the Service in somewhat mysterious circumstances and has gone abroad, leaving behind him whispers of suspicion of a leakage of important official secrets regarding a new fighter plane.

When he returns to Britain, three years later having inherited his family estate at Sunningholme, these rumours have not been forgotten by his former associates. Bond will neither deny nor admit any story about himself.

Meanwhile, Sunningholme has been let on short lease to an attractive young millionaire named Delma Vivian. On being introduced, Bond remembers having met her the previous year in Marseilles when he had rescued her from a very unpleasant situation. He found her in a room with a murdered man.

While they are lunching at the "Treador", a fashionable London restaurant, they are greeted by one MAURICE LETHBRIDGE, who greets Bond coldly.

Meanwhile, Bond has seen in a mirror the figure of a fat, greasy-looking man, with a girl, whom he recognizes as being concerned in the "past" of both Delma and himself.

Bond on returning to his own rooms has a talk with his servant in which he tells him that it would be as well for him to forget about the "old days" when Bond was in the Air Force. "I'd forget toasts like the one you gave," Bond tells Welsh. The toast was "Happy Landings."

(Now Read On)

CHAPTER IV

"WE SHALL NEED NERVE"

Welsh wiped his lips with a corner of the green baize apron.

"You don't need to tell me that, sir. And a great pity it is, I always do think. Speaking as one who knew you then and, if I may so, having a great admiration for you, whatever happened to make such a blooming bust up—"

"Never mind, Welsh. The bust up came, and that's all there is to it. I'm not telling you, and I admit you've never asked, what was behind it—"

"That being more than would be fitting as your servant, sir. Glad as I am of your kindness in going to all the trouble to seek me out and have me along with you again—"

"Welsh, I'd a rather selfish reason for that. Partly, I trusted you, but that wasn't all. As I remembered you in the old days, you were a good man with your fists, there's every chance that I can make good use of your boxing abilities. As I've already hinted to you, the three years I was out of this country were spent—I can't exactly tell you how, but can only put it that they were pretty hectic. As a result—and I have told you this—there are one or two ugly customers who would rather like to 'put me on the spot.'"

"Meaning I suppose, those bearded gentlemen that's been watching the house lately, sir?"

"Not altogether!" Bond laughed dolefully. "Those poor fools—one of them is outside now, as a matter of fact—are only pawns in the game. They're miserable little fish, compared with the big stuff that may come along yet."

"Big stuff's just my mark, sir—"

"I know it is. You and I, Sloscher, we're going to need quite a lot of nerve in the next few weeks, unless I'm very much mistaken. It's a matter of brain as much as brawn, you understand?"

"What little I have got in the brain line, sir—"

"Oh, you've plenty!" Bond laughed. "There isn't such a person as a brainless Cockney. And—if you can use yours to supply your publican friend with my best Havanas in a good cause—"

"He has found something out, sir, already!" Welsh confided eagerly and triumphantly. "Them two Father Christmases. He's found out where they lives."

Bond glanced at the crumpled scrap of paper the other handed over, with an address in the Seven Dials district pencilled on it.

"If you was to put the police on them, there, sir—"

"The police are the very last people we can call in on a job of this sort, Welsh," Bond replied. "You'd better

be quite clear about that. This isn't any ordinary criminal business. It's on a very different footing. Something very much bigger, and—something you and I have got to fight entirely on our own, if you're going into it with me, as you needn't, if you don't fancy the job."

"What you're in, sir, I'm in too, and up to the neck." Welsh was declaring stoutly when the telephone began to ring.

Welsh crossed to the instrument, answering and listening for a moment then turned to Bond, holding his hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's a lady, sir. Wants to know if you're in. Name of Vivian—"

"I'll speak."

Bond took over the receiver. He was not altogether surprised that Delma should be wasting no time in trying to get in touch with him. He supposed that after the way she had manoeuvred their meeting at Deeping's office, she would also be capable of finding out his address and telephone number.

"Hasn't Lethbridge warned you not to have anything to do with me?" he started off.

"I'd say he has," she laughed, and then was serious. "Listen... I've got to see you as soon as possible. It's about that man who joined you with a girl at the Toreador. He was mixed up in that business at Marseilles on that night when you—"

"You're not telling me anything new, Miss Vivian," Bond interrupted.

I'M AT THE WASHINGTON!

"Listen..." She lowered her voice to what was almost a whisper. "You said that man—in the Place Maroe—was murdered—"

"He was."

"Mr. Gregorescu, who was with you today, knew I was going to that house that night. He may think it was I who killed his brother—"

"He very probably does." Bond agreed in such a casual way as clearly angered the girl.

"Do you mean that—that you're on his side?" she asked sharply. "You certainly seemed very friendly with him, I noticed."

"I've my own reasons for being that," was all Bond would answer, and again over the wire he heard her little involuntary exclamation of indignation.

"I don't understand you at all—"

She remained silent, as if she were thinking deeply, then went on: "You helped me get away that night, and now—when I want you to help me again—you speak as if it didn't matter. I must talk to you tonight. It must be tonight, because I'm going to Sunningholme in the morning. I'll stay in till you come. I'm at the Washington—"

"At the Washington?" he gasped, and—before he could say any more—she went on rapidly:

"Yes, the Washington Suite No. 42. Have me paged—"

"Listen—" he stopped her, but only for an instant.

"I'll listen to no excuses!" she told him. "I'll be expecting you—"

Again before he could say a word she prevented him. This time, by ringing off at her end. The line was dead.

This was the second invitation to the Washington Hotel he had received for this evening. It was an immense building that hotel. It was hardly so immense, however, that Delma Vivian and the mysterious Gregorescu—both occupying suites there—could very well avoid meeting each other.

It really was not Bond's business if they did. Nor was it his business whatever might happen as a result. Indeed, from the point of view of his own activities, he would be wise if he kept right out of that little matter.

However, it wasn't as easy as all that. He had been foolishly chivalrous as to help Delma Vivian out of the house in the Place Maroe on that night a year gone. And now, as if to emphasize that fact, here she was renting his property at Sunningholme. The wise landlord watches over his tenant's interests.

One thing was certain. He dared not shirk his eight o'clock appointment with Gregorescu. Not that he was afraid of the Rumanian at all. Bond was far more afraid of the causes, the activities, behind them.

For that reason alone his appointment with the Rumanian had to stand, which meant that he had to go to the Washington Hotel in any case. So he might just as well kill two birds with one stone, and look in on Delma Vivian.

The Washington, as its name indicated, represented an hotelier syndicate's attempt to create in London not only an opportunity for American visitors to stay at a home from home, but to popularize the American hotel system over Britain.

WITH LIGHTS FULL ON

Bond, a quarter of an hour before his time to see Gregorescu, occupied an unobtrusive seat in a corner of the immense lounge. But the seat he had chosen was in such a position that he could slip up the broad, carpeted stairway without being noticed. Which was one reason why he had arrived so early. He was making sure that he had not been followed.

Watching the settee of hotel guests and visitors with a practised eye, he was convinced that no such idea need worry him. Everything, in fact, seemed to be working his way, he told himself. Looking back on recent months indeed, matters had moved easily for him, almost as if the mechanism of life had been well oiled to his advantage.

This meeting with Gregorescu today was a case in point. If he hadn't run across Delma Vivian, and been taken at her suggestion to the Toreador Restaurant, he might not have known Gregorescu was in London. It was helpful that he had known at this particular moment.

Gregorescu was able to give him certain information he badly wanted, and which nobody else could give in time for his needs. Bond had indeed only known that fact within the last day or so, so the fact of meeting him in this unexpected way was an almost miraculous gift.

Bond, with the thrum of orchestral music and the talk of the crowd disturbing his thoughts, glanced once again impatiently at the face of the clock which he could see up the centre of the fan shaped hotel bureau.

He was surprised to find that the hands of it still pointed to a quarter to eight o'clock, just as they had pointed when he had entered the vast sweep of the palm foyer. It needed nothing to tell him that, while he was sitting here waiting, the clock must have stopped.

He glanced at the wrist watch he was wearing. The hands of this indicated precisely eleven minutes past eight. That brought Bond to his feet, with an involuntary little exclamation of annoyance.

He wasted not an instant in ascending the broad stairway with its crimson carpeting and magnificent sweep round the gilt caged lifts. He came, in the curve of a corridor, outside Suite No. 5. He moved on, finding Suite No. 7, and proceeded that way—so it seemed—for miles.

He had met no one at all when at last he stood outside the cream enamelled door on which were the metal figures 17. He was about to press the bell push, when he was surprised to find the door ajar.

Still, he pressed the electric button, and the bell jangled noisily within. Then, after long waiting, he could hear no signs of anyone answering the ring. He pushed the door still further open. He could see that the lights were on at full in the little entrance foyer, with doors open from this straight ahead and to the right of him.

He began to wonder if by chance he had misunderstood the number Gregorescu had given him, for this suite seemed—so far as he could see—unoccupied. However, to make sure, he thrust into the foyer and on into the room on the right. The suit was still occupied. But—with what?

(To Be Continued)

STICKS AND STONES

The wife was raving because her hubby had been conferring with a few "ups" before arriving home for supper.

"You vile snake," she hollered. "You wretch you serpent... you fool... you incompop... you blackguard!"

But the husband continued to nibble at his piece of burnt toast.

"You're a disgrace, a lout, a scoundrel, an utter fool!" snapped the irate spouse. But all in vain.

Her husband remained immovably calm. He was a hockey referee!—North Bay Nugget.

JUST LIKE THAT

Visitor—What are the twins called?
Mother—Henrietta.
Visitor—Not both the same name?
Mother—Certainly not. One Henry and the other Etta.—Exchange.

Bosses Men



First woman pilot in the U.S. is the proud claim long ago recorded by Phoebe Omlie. Also the first woman to get an airplane and engine mechanic's license, she has taken over the big task of training 5,000 W.P.A. workers to be "grease monkeys" to serve U.S. airplanes. Her students will all be men.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1941

Bargain coach excursion tickets will be valid on Train 46, Thursday, Feb. 27. Passengers will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C.P. Depot and take C.P. Train No. 8, leaving 12:55 a.m. Friday, February 28.

Tickets are valid to return leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train No. 7, from Montreal 8:15 p.m. Sunday, March 2, to connect at North Bay with our Train No. 47, Monday, March 3, 1941.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50—The "Northland"

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