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Another Successful and Pleasing Father and Son Banquet

Younger Boys Enjoy Event in the United Church.

Fathers and Sons to the number of 120 sat down to their annual banquet in the United Church basement on Thursday evening. The musical feature of the program was a chorus by eight boys conducted by Mr. Garfield Bender in the selection, "A Capital Ship." This was followed by a vocal solo by Billy Mackie, "Ten Pretty Girls." The toast to the Church and Sunday School was proposed by Bransby Williams, and responded to by Mr. Peter Arnott. And the toast to the Fathers was proposed by Bobby Goodings and responded to by Mr. Alec A. Rose.

Mr. Percy Boyce, of Schumacher, gave an interesting address on "The Game of Life" in which he spoke of the equipment needed, the rules to be followed, the referee who decided between the players and the penalties for breaking the rules.

The enthusiastic sing-song was led by Mr. Bender.

The committee of mothers under the leadership of Mrs. Arthur Jackson was in charge of the dinner.

The thanks of the dads and the lads was expressed to the mothers by Mr. Carson Armstrong.

After the sons had introduced their dads, Rev. W. M. Mustard introduced the teachers and leaders of the Junior Department. The programme concluded with a Chalk Talk by Rev. E. Gilmour-Smith, in which he entertained the diners with sketches of various comic characters. The programme was planned by W. D. McLean, Gerald Doughty and Edward Wilson, and the dinner arrangements by Bruce Clark, Carson Armstrong, and Kenneth Mason.

Mrs. J. Cotnam Bereaved by Death of Her Mother

The following reference was made last week in The Pembroke Bulletin to the death of Mrs. Peter Dufault, at Lapasse:

"The death occurred in a local hospital Sunday of Mrs. Peter Dufault, a well known resident of Lapasse, at the age of 67. Formerly Theresa Woods, Mrs. Dufault was born in Vinton, Que., but had lived at Lapasse for many years and had many friends in that district. Her husband died a number of years ago and she is survived by two sons, Ernest and David, Lapasse, and two daughters, Mrs. D. W. Cochrane, Toronto, and Mrs. John Cotnam, Timmins. Requiem mass was sung Tuesday morning in Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, Lapasse, and burial was in the parish cemetery.

Veterans of Present War Classed "Ex-Service Men"

Ottawa—The term "ex-service men" will henceforth include those who have served with the active services forces of Canada during the present war, as well as veterans of the war of 1914-1918. Emphasis is placed on this fact in an instruction from the Department of National Defence to those in charge of government works under the supervision of the Department suggesting that other things being equal unemployed ex-service men receive preference on these works.

Telegram—Somehow or another we seldom encounter the man who has little to say.

No More Running



His feet hurt—maybe he's been running too hard—but this Italian sailor seems happy about it as he settles down to three meals a day and no more brushes with the British. He was one of thousands captured at Tobruk.

Lost Wallet Brought Into Police Station Last Friday Morning

Wallet Has Considerable Amount of Money In It, Police Anxious to Locate Owner.

There are still honest people in this old world yet. The fact was forcibly brought to the attention of the local police department on Friday morning. A man had found a wallet with a considerable amount of money in it and had brought the wallet directly to the police station and turned it in with the request that the police try to find the owner.

Few people would have bothered to try to locate the owner but when Clair Meadows of 29 Hollinger Lane found the wallet on Friday morning he went directly to the police with it. The wallet was left in care of the police. There were a number of things in the wallet that made it easy to identify and police were of the opinion that it would be difficult for anyone else to make the necessary identification.

The wallet was claimed at noon on Friday, shortly after it had been brought in. The man who had lost the wallet noticed the loss when he was eating dinner in a restaurant in town. When he went to pay for his meal he found that he had no money so he went to the police station to report the loss and easily identified the wallet.

He left a ten dollar reward for the finder.

FIGURE THIS OUT.

A story has been going the rounds of a young lady in a cafeteria who wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to the cashier on her way out. The cashier looked at it and seemed satisfied to let the girl go without paying. This is what was written: "1 0 0 4 1 8 0." The story ran in the Teeswater News last week and right underneath was "A tale half told is the father of many lies." We don't suppose editor Brown noticed it, but we are going to give our readers the solution, so they won't need to prevaricate. Read 1004180 as "I owe nothing for I ate nothing"—Warton Echo.

Toronto Telegram—Physicians pronounce the uranium atom unique, in that it splits into two parts when its nucleus, or central sun, is shattered.

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

When a King puts his hand in the hand of God

At the very gate of the year, Though the way may be dark and the foe abroad,

What need his Empire fear? For the God of Hosts will guide us on through many a perilous hour. Though the way may lead by the way of the Cross,

We are led by a mighty power, We will come at last to a harbor safe when our hour of trial is o'er.

If only his people will follow the King

And turn to their God once more, How blessed the nation who follow the lead

Of a King who walks with God; No weapon that's formed against them shall prosper,

Whose feet are with righteousness shod.

—(H. M. C.)

At a quiet ceremony on Wednesday evening, Pauline Caron became Mrs. Roland Parsons, and although the couple has not made official announcement of the marriage, their many friends have heard "the little birdie", and are extending best wishes. Pauline is on the staff of the Bucovetsky stores, and the engagement took place a few months ago, her sister, Anna, also receiving a diamond on the same day.

"Mommy, did I cry", said the little lad as he left the clinic on Thursday afternoon, after being vaccinated for small-pox by Dr. McInnis. The youngster was very quiet during the procedure, but apparently he had been so excited that he did not know if he had cried. This little lad was only one of the many who received vaccination at the Clinic on Thursday, a large number of babies and pre-school children being there on Thursday. During the week, over seven hundred children of the lower schools, and pre-school children have been vaccinated, the work being done by Dr. McInnis and the town nurses, assisted by the members of the Princess Alice Club.

Even though spring has done her best to "oust" old man winter, the members of the Porcupine Ski Club are hopeful. They feel that march won't let them down, and that there will be more skiing days. This is how the Frost Feather (club bulletin) expresses the thought: "White birches against a blue spring sky, a warm sun, and a cool breeze such is the invitation for the skier in the month of March, the last dependable month of skiing before old man winter bows out to spring, when 'young man's fancy lightly turns from' skiing to—well, this, that and other things."

And also from the Frost Feather comes news that will be welcomed by many friends of the three skiers who were "invalided" during the past months. It says: "Wheel chairs, crutches and casts are gradually being discarded by our disabled members. Ann Zuck is taking it like a true sport, and is waiting for next winter to make up for lost time. Helen Prout is about ready to kiss her crutches goodbye, and what d'ya know—Bill West 'came out' last week—out of his cast."

Best wishes to two couples. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lake, whose twenty-fifth wedding anniversary was celebrated here on Friday evening. Their wedding took place here twenty-five years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Lake returned to the camp from Langstaff, near Toronto, where they now reside, to celebrate the event with old friends. Then, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Neil Ashwin, whose marriage was a charming event at the St. Matthew's Anglican Church on Saturday morning. Mrs. Ashwin was formerly Miss Grace

Winnifred Schofield, and the couple will reside in Timmins.

Friday's excursion to Toronto proved very popular and the T. & N. O. station here was crowded with those who were travelling and others who had come to bid them farewell. . . and how many plans were made for the week's visit to the Queen City. . . it just doesn't seem possible that that many events can be enjoyed in six days, but, then, the people of this district know how to make the best of even a short visit.

Mrs. R. Wales of 264 Spruce street north, was hostess to the knitting group of the Women's Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church on Thursday afternoon. . . while the needles clicked busily, the members talked about church work and made plans to hold their next knitting meeting on April 10th at the home of Mrs. L. Partridge, 158 1/2 Hemlock street. . . on Thursday afternoon, too, Miss M. E. Blythe, of the Birch street public school was hostess to the members of the staff at an afternoon tea which has become a weekly custom with the teachers. . . they take turns at entertaining, and spend a pleasant hour in discussing school plans.

Unfortunately, in the account of the visit to Timmins a week ago, of Helmo Hailto, boy violinist, and his party, credit was not given to Mrs. Toivo Kallio, one of the most energetic workers in the local Finnish Aid, and also one of those who worked most strenuously to make the visit a success. . . not only was Mrs. Kallio on the committee which arranged the visit, spending a great deal of time in planning entertainment for the party, as well as finding suitable halls for the performances, but, also, Mr. and Mrs. Kallio were host and hostess to one member of the party, Professor V. Mackey, accompanist.

At the McIntyre Arena yesterday afternoon, with admittance to members only, the members of the Porcupine Skating Club prepared for the annual skating carnival which will take place at the arena on April 17th, 18th, and 19th. . . for the past few months, the members have held rehearsals and made plans for the great event, but during the past week they have settled down to hard work, with rehearsals scheduled for each day of the week. . . yesterday afternoon, while the rest of the Porcupine was out enjoying the spring sunshine, they all sat down to a delicious supper in the auditorium, but soon afterwards, they were back at work again. . . and, just think, you'll be able to enjoy the result of all this hard work.

Paul Muni, as Pierre Radisson, in "Hudson's Bay," proved a great philosopher. . . and it seemed, too, that if he had said the words that came from Paul Muni, the explorer must have been more than that for which is noted. . . he must have been able to read the future, for he said "I teenk maybe some day there be plenty happy people in Canada. . . he must have seen into the future, to see you, and you, and you!"

Congratulations and best wishes today to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Darling, who were united in marriage yesterday at Kirkland Lake. . . Mrs. Darling was formerly Miss Norma Kribbis, of Timmins, and was press correspondent for the United Church Young People's Union last year. . . the couple will reside in Kirkland Lake, but a large number of friends in Timmins are joining in extending every wish for a long and happy future.

Rotary Oracle—Customer: "Have you a book called 'Man, the Master of Women'?" Salesgirl: "Fiction department on the other side, sir."



PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS
MICHAEL BOND — Former R. A. P. Officer who resigned his commission. Gossip connects him with some missing plans

DELMA VIVIAN — Wealthy young woman who become 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 L'THEERIDGE — Former subordinate to Bond. Now he is suspicious of Bond's sudden resignation.

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

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

CHAPTER XIII
EXILE'S RETURN

Bond found that three years had brought considerable alterations to the neighbourhood in which the old house of Sunningholme was a two century-old landmark. He was vaguely surprised, although he realized that he could scarcely have expected even quiet old Sunning to remain for ever the same.

The village itself had swollen in size, its original old-world nature being fringed by modern dwellings and a shopping centre of an entirely different character. All this was due to the large air force station since established there. In addition, some little way out near the winding river, vast film studios formed a complete township of their own.

The several big country houses, like Sunningholme, were dotted around in their wooded or farmed acres, like superior being holding themselves aloof from the common crowd. Bond had known them all from his childhood, intimately and socially. He had once been a welcome guest in any of them.

Now, he had already discovered, their occupants were mostly on the change, too. That had, indeed, started in his time, but, as inquiries from the proprietor of the Sun Hotel now enlightened him, scarcely one of the old country families remained.

The proprietor himself was quite newly licensed at the old hotel, and so he did not know Bond, nor indeed did he connect his name with Sunningholme, which, he said, was the show-place of the neighbourhood, and let to an American girl. He didn't even know the name of the real owner, but said there was some story locally about him having been slung out of the country as some sort of a crook.

"Fancy you letting him get away with that, sir, and not punching him on the jaw!" Welsh had later protested wrathfully.

It was dark when Bond made his way to his old home. But he knew every inch of the road, every twist and turn through the unchanging grounds, where, as a boy, he had played. Games of adventure then. To-day adventure with no game about it, he thought, as he pushed on amid old memories.

From the main terrace, he could see that the house was lit on the ground floor, with many windows open owing to the warmth. It struck him as unexpectedly quiet, remembering what he had been told of the gay and noisy entertainments Delma Vivian had been in the habit of holding there.

Passing along the terrace, and making for the front door, with its magnificent portico, two of those open windows showed him the glowing-lit interior of what he had always known as the drawing-room, though its furnishings had in his own time been those of a masculine lounge.

A radio set emitted light orchestral music faintly, but the room seemed empty as he approached the nearest window, looking in. He was almost on the point—as by old habit—of climbing across the threshold by natural right into those well-remembered surroundings. But he suddenly remembered that right was not his at the moment, that he had to pay a formal call by way of the front door.

He was turning to do this when fingers were laid, lightly, but with detaining force, on his arm, and a soft voice said with a quavering little laugh:

"Won't you step right in? It is your home more than it is mine, and—somehow, I thought perhaps you might find your way down here after all, now Anna's here. She's with someone from the police at the minute."

"THE INSPECTOR'S ALREADY HERE"

He swung round to look at Delma's rather pale little face.

"Don't tell me that Inspector House has actually reached here already, before me?" Bond asked, taken aback.

"He's been here, talking to Anna, for about half-an-hour. He came in a car, I believe. It's probably parked somewhere along the terrace there in the dark."

Bond felt chagrined that he should not have realized that House, delayed in making the journey by train, would come by car rather than be held up.

"And has he asked you anything about that note from Gregorescu?" he asked sharply, explaining about the

floor-valet's report.

"Oh, that's quite all right," she surprised him by saying. "You see, before he came, I had a long talk with Anna. She knew about that note. She knew there was something her father wanted to find out from me—about her uncle's death in the Place Maroc that night. We—Anna and I—didn't go in to all that, of course. But, like you, she saw there was no good in my being mixed up with her father's affairs, and—when this inspector came, asking about that letter to my suite from there—Anna said it was from her, as if we'd already been old friends."

That was certainly one way, and it looked like a perfect one, out of the difficulty, so Bond felt relieved. At the same time it rather knocked the bottom out of his visit here, though that mattered little. In any case, he owed it to Anna to be around, and he owed clearly Delma imagined that the real reason for his arrival.

"She'll be glad when she knows you've turned up," Delma told him as they passed inside, and she switched off the radio. "She was terribly disappointed because you said you were staying on in town, as I was too."

"And—what a way to arrive!" she went on. "Just as if you were afraid to set foot in your own place! Did you come by car, and where is it, where's your luggage?"

He explained where he was staying, that he had just walked over from the hotel.

"But—there's no need for you to put up at any hotel, when Anna and I will be only too glad to have you here!" she protested impatiently. "Surely, if you're engaged to Anna this is the proper place for you?"

"Thank you, but I am all right," he insisted. "I'll be here only over the week-end, and I can look in and see Anna whenever it is necessary."

Just then a door opened, Anna and the Inspector coming in. Anna was looking for Delma, but was overjoyed to find Bond. She was somewhat hysterical, and obviously upset over the Inspector's long questioning of her.

"Won't you tell him to believe that I don't know anything—anything at all of how my father came to be killed," she urged Bond tearfully.

The Inspector was regretful, making it clear that he was only doing his duty, that he had to get the fullest information possible from everyone who might in the slightest degree be concerned with the affair, or could give him even the faintest clue likely to be of use in his investigations.

"I don't think harrasing that girl is going to get you very far, Inspector," Bond said, as—leaving Anna with Delma—he and House moved out on to the terrace.

"It's not a question of harrasing, but of getting at the truth. And nobody can persuade me that girl—his daughter—is as innocent of her father's affairs as she makes out," the Inspector retorted tersely. "It looks to me as if there's an all-round conspiracy of silence to defeat the ends of justice. If I could only prove that—"

"You can't prove that, Inspector," Bond interrupted, and the other laughed.

"Why tell me? Now I'll tell you something, Mr. Bond. You're going to marry Miss Gregorescu, I understand? Well, be careful the same people who killed her father don't try to do her an injury. Or—am I offering you nothing fresh?"

TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY

"I'm very much obliged to you for the tip Inspector. Is that based on logic—or merely dependable information?"

"Here's where I keep my own counsel, Mr. Bond," the other countered.

Moving along the terrace as they talked, Bond found they had reached the parked car in which the Inspector had run down from town, and with which Bond almost collided in the darkness. The Inspector began switching on lights as he sat himself in the driving-seat and then set the self-starter purring.

"By the way, Mr. Bond," he said drily, "I saw you at Paddington on that 4.50 fast, which I just missed by a hair's breadth this afternoon, yet I got down here before you did. When I reached here, I asked about you and was told you were understood definitely to be staying in town, not expected this way at all. What was your idea? Just casual change of mind?"

He swung the car out into the drive, and was on his way without waiting for Bond to answer. Michael had an uncomfortable feeling that House was aware of the main reason—the Gregorescu letter to Delma—for what actually had been a change of mind.

All Bond could do at the moment was to blunder through, hoping for the best. He went back into the room where he had left Anna and Delma, saying to himself that a man's worst day's work was done on the day when he was mixed up with a bunch of women.

"He has gone, darling Michael?" Anna clung to him. "He frightened me, asking so many and quick questions."

"You don't want to worry about that, Anna," he soothed her. "You are going to be quite safe—"

"I'll only feel that, Michael, while I have you near me."

"Listen, Anna. . ." There was impatience in Bond's voice. "It would be silly of you to take too seriously what the inspector said. He was just trying to frighten you, in the hope he'd get more information out of you than you seemed inclined to give. You've nothing whatever to fear, I tell you."

"But there's every reason why Anna should like to have you here with her," Delma interposed. "And, if you can give any good reason why you shouldn't be here instead of at that stupid inn, I'd like to know it."

"The very good reason that I prefer to be at the hotel," he retorted, impatiently again. "I appreciate your kindness, but the pub is only ten minutes' walk away, and—as I've said—I can be over here quite frequently—"

"Better still to be here altogether," Delma interposed once again. "I don't know why you should be so obstinately opposed to sleeping under what really is your own roof, unless, of course, it's because you dislike me being here. Anna wants you here, and that matters more than your obstinacy. So I've taken the law in my own hands. I've sent Lena, my maid, to the Hun Hotel to find your man there, with your instructions that he is to bring your luggage along here at once, as you're both staying here."

(To be Continued)

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lake Honoured on Occasion of Their Silver Wedding

Guests of Honour at Party on Friday Evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lake, formerly of Timmins, but now residing at Langstaff, near Toronto, were guests-of-honour on Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pritchard, 51 Hemlock Street, where about thirty of their friends gathered to honour them on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Lake were married in Timmins on March 23rd, 1916, and were popular residents of the camp until 1939, when they moved to Langstaff. Mr. Lake is a pioneer of the camp, coming to the Porcupine district during the gold rush days. In 1911, he became publisher of The Advance, which has continued successfully through the years under his ownership.

The friends who gathered together on Friday evening are all old-timers of this district, and a pleasant evening was spent in exchanging reminiscences. Winners at bridge were Mr. and Mrs. Arch Gillies, and the guests-of-honour, Mr. and Mrs. Lake.

A very delicious supper was served. On behalf of their friends, Mr. Geo. S. Drew extended congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Lake on their anniversary, and Mrs. A. G. Carson made the presentation of a beautiful silver raw fruit bowl. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lake responded, thanking their friends for the gift and for the pleasant occasion.

The supper table was centred with a beautifully iced wedding cake, in silver and white, topped with a silver basket of flowers, and made and presented by Mrs. J. E. Gurnell. Other decorations were vases of roses.

Among the guests were Mr. W. M. Widdfield, who was groomsman at the wedding twenty-five years ago, and Mrs. Gordon Cross, of South Porcupine (nee Olive Pearce), who was the bridesmaid of twenty-five years ago.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gurnell, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cross, Mr. W. M. Widdfield, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. W. Rinn, Mr. and Mrs. P. Moisle, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Leeman, Mrs. A. C. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Gillies, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Drew, Mr. P. H. Carson, Dr. S. L. Honey, Mr. Merton Lake, the guests-of-honour, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lake, and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pritchard.

Two Trucks Involved in Minor Accident Saturday

Two trucks, one driven by Walter Rintala, of the Timmins Bottling Works and the other driven by Donald Spence of the Workers' Co-op were involved in a minor accident on Saturday morning causing damage estimated at about fifteen or twenty dollars. One truck was travelling east on Sixth avenue and the other was travelling west. Each one tried to get out of the ruts in the road and as they passed they had a minor collision. The radiator grill on one truck was pushed in and the left fender on the other was dented. Both were covered by insurance.

Globe and Mail—A British airman has scored his twenty-second confirmed victory, and thus is entitled to be regarded as a confirmed destroyer of Hun planes.

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