

Funeral Services for the Late Aimo Hamari

Funeral services for Aimo Hamari, farmer from Night Hawk Lake, German Township, who died after a short illness at St. Mary's Hospital, Timmins, April 11th, were conducted from Walker's Funeral Home to Timmins cemetery, Monday, April 14th, at six o'clock in the afternoon. The Rev. A. I. Heinonen officiated.

The late Mr. Hamari was widely known in the mining communities of Northern Ontario. He was born at Kalajoki, Vaasa province, Finland, 52 years ago. To mourn his loss he leaves his wife and two daughters and three sons, all in Finland. He also has a brother M. Hamari, living at 273 Barn St., Ishpeming, Michigan, U.S.A. As far as is known he has no relatives in Canada.

LOCAL GOUCH

"Is this the field where the battle was fought in the tenth century?"
"No. It's at the top of the hill!"
"I wonder why they didn't fight it in this field?"
"Expect because its Farmer Gray's field. He won't even lend it for the village sports."—Judge.

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Canadian Pacific

Interesting and Amusing Blitz-Briefs From London, Eng.

Here are a group of interesting and amusing "Blitz-Briefs" from London, England:—
Not even cinders can be shovelled into the ashcan in Britain these days. The Mines Department opened a "Save the Cinders; Spare the Coal" campaign by advising householders and firms to use the cinders with fresh coal to light fires.
The King decorated three Norwegian seamen with the Distinguished Service Order during a visit to Rosyth dockyards.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have joined Britain's "Dig for Victory" campaign. They have ordered their lower garden at Buckingham to be converted to a vegetable plot.

The Postoffice received this order from a little girl: "Please pay interest on my account toward the cost of a big bomber—one for Berlin."

One woman in a Northwest town didn't need a ticket to get her washing into a laundry. The washing was blown into her backyard when the laundry was struck by a bomb.

A picture of Mussolini brought 8 cents at a London auction. A studio bought it for propaganda purposes.

Mayor J. R. Cairns of Plymouth has invented a "carpet sweeper" incendiary "snuffer-outer". A long handle is attached to a sand-filled iron box which can be pushed over a fire-bomb. A lever which withdraws a sliding metal sheet releases the sand.

The Duke of Kent knits for the army. After being shown a blanket at Plymouth he remarked he had knit a "bigger one." Lady Astor jokingly accused him of being a "passionate knitter." And the Duke retorted: "I am not a good knitter but a quick one."

A London postman doesn't put much stock in the adage about bombs and bullets carrying fatal numbers. He picked up the remains of an incendiary outside his home. The number 265—the same as his home—was stamped on it. The only damage was a burned fence.

A would-be inventor thinks R.A.F. night fighters should carry cats as "plane spotters." He explained to the Ministry of Aircraft Production that, since a cat can see in the dark, all a pilot had to do was to aim wherever it looked.

Curiosity saved Sir Robert Witt and two friends from death. They went up to a roof to watch a raid. A minute later a bomb destroyed the room where they had just dined.

Perch-on-toast and fried carp may become part of Britain's wartime breakfast menu. Canning firms are turning out samples of tinned perch and carp, and if the people like the flavour they will be produced in larger quantities.

The National Service Pennant, coveted award of the Boy Scouts' Association, has been presented the First Balderton, Notts, Scout Troop. Since start of the war the twenty-eight members have maintained charge of the first-aid posts, collected fifty tons of waste paper, and cultivated an acre of land.

Urges Establishment of Air Defences in the North

(From North Bay Nugget)

It may seem a strange thing to connect murder with the establishment of air defence bases in the Far North, yet murder has provided one of the strongest arguments yet advanced for the construction of military airdromes in the territory around Hudson Bay in Northern Ontario.

More than a month ago, in February to be exact, murder occurred in the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay, many miles north of the frontiers of civilization in Ontario. Only a few days ago did the first intimation of the affair reach officialdom in Ottawa, and then only the meagrest details were supplied.

Surely the fact that such things can happen without the knowledge of a single person in the thickly-populated areas of the country is grounds for argument in favor of air bases being built to protect Canada's open door in the North.

Let us suppose, for instance, a Nazi warship had sailed into Hudson Bay. Or a Nazi aircraft carrier, or U-boat. Who would know of its presence?

Should the Nazis sail into Hudson Bay—and this is not at all beyond the realm of possibility—Canada's armed forces might not be aware of their presence for days. During that time they might establish a gasoline base,

store explosives and make all preparations for a thrust into the vitals of Canada.

The North must be opened up, and brought within instant touch with the nerve-centres of Canada. The quickest way is to build the air bases which have been recommended repeatedly in recent weeks. If murder can hide in the North so effectively, invasion can do the same.

Iroquois Falls Town Council Anxious for Defence of North

Expect Announcement in Matter from Local Member.

Iroquois Falls, April 16—With the arrival of J. A. Bradette, M.P., in Cochrane, to spend the Easter recess, it is expected that the member will soon have some definite word from the government on any action to be taken towards the defence of the Hudson and James Bays area from possible Nazi invasion.

Practically every council, legion branch and board of trade throughout the North Cochrane riding has forwarded resolutions to the department asking for immediate action on the defence of the far Northern part of Ontario.

The fact that German bombers were allegedly over Greenland on March 27 or 28 and the fact that President Roosevelt has taken the necessary action to establish bases at the tip of Greenland before an agreement is even signed, is looked upon as indicating the stand taken by Magistrate E. R. Tucker, Cochrane, who has urged the construction of Northern air bases.

Many Northerners feel that the time has come when the Dominion government should take immediate action to guard the interior waters west of Greenland with anti-aircraft guns and the establishment of air bases at Iroquois Junction and Kapuskasing.

Mr. Bradette has not made any public statement on the matter, but as the entire riding seems to favor the scheme, it is felt that he will have something definite to announce shortly.

The resolution passed by the town council of Iroquois Falls reads as follows:—

"Whereas the Cochrane district of Northern Ontario lies in the direct air overland route to Europe.

"And whereas any aerial invasion of Canada from Europe would in all probability follow this route.

"And whereas our defences against such an invasion are to all intents and purposes nil.

"Wherefore be it resolved that the Municipality of Iroquois Falls as a whole associates itself with any move to focus the government's attention on this weakness in air defences and to press most unrelentingly for immediate action to organize a defence area centred around the present Trans-Canada Airways landing fields at Porcupine Junction and Kapuskasing.

"This municipality heartily supports the action of Magistrate Tucker of Cochrane in his continuous efforts to bring this matter to the earnest attention of the proper authorities and hereby asks the Department of National Defence to give its unstinted support of Magistrate Tucker's efforts."

"I can't understand in the least—"
"You will to-morrow, Delma—if all goes well."
"If?" she asked, with emphasis, eyeing him anxiously. "Is it as dangerous as all that?"
"Isn't anything dangerous when you're dealing with a man like Van Kronen?" He laughed softly. "You had proof of that in the Place Marc? Who do you think killed Chico Gregorescu? And who killed Anna's father at the Washington? But there are limits even to Van Kronen and all his breed. I think — if everything works out as planned—Van Kronen will touch those limits to-night."

"But—what is planned? You're not going to that Abbey alone—?"
"Absolutely. And immediately, too, for it's getting close on time, and — I wouldn't for the world keep Van Kronen waiting. I'll help myself to a car. While I'm doing that, and getting away, you help me by keeping that inspector quiet. If he asks for me, you don't know where I've gone, or what's happened to me, understand?"

Bond passed through the library and out to the terrace. From there he made his way round the house to the garages.

A few minutes after he was at the wheel of a car, had passed out of one of the three gates on to the winding ribbon of road which was beginning to show white in moonlight. A swing to the left at some cross-roads by a bridge and soon the great grey pile of Lord's Abbey showed distinctly ahead above an immense wooded surround.

Long before Bond and the car reached any gate, or way of entry, high walls surmounted by iron spikes and glass from broken bottles hid completely from sight the vast grounds in which the Abbey stood. These were in most parts densely wooded, though he knew that the interior contained large open spaces, a considerable and very deep lake, and—close around the Abbey itself—beautiful flowered gardens which had once been famous as a show-place of the county.

But all this the high and massive outer wall hid with its frowning and gloomy air of isolation, as if a prison lay inside. The first gate, which Bond passed, was of thick iron, cast in an intricately woven pattern, so that one could scarcely see through, and towered threateningly as if defying entry by the outside world. A second gate, near to a broad motor road, was not so big, and here was a small lodge with lighted windows.

A shambling old man came out of this at the sounding of Bond's horn, peered at him, while Bond murmured a number, followed — as he had been instructed — by yesterday's date. Satisfied, the shambling old man opened up with clanking keys, and the car swept through. Along a considerable wooded vista, out then on to a road across meadowland and one end of the lake, up a gradient and round to the entrance to the Abbey, a pompous and gloomy port.

Here again there was much clanking of keys, suspicion and the passing of that same sign which allowed an almost grudging entry. Bond, leaving his car outside under the portal, passed into a sparsely-lit hall, which looked more like the nave of a cathedral with

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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 GREGORESUCU — Daughter of Toni Gregorescu, a Rumanian, and acquaintance of Bond's.

MAJOR LTHEBRIDGE — 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.

BOND KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT — "It's something to do with that man you found on the terrace!" she said to him under her breath. "And — van Kronen—"

"Tell me," he asked her, "what do you know of van Kronen?"
"Only that he's a fiend incarnate; a brute. I knew, too, that Chico Gregorescu was afraid of him! So was I, though I never had anything much to do with him, beyond meeting him once or twice. He wanted me for some sort of spying work."

"You refused, of course."
"Naturally, but why waste time on me? About Anna. If this is anything to do with him—"

"I'm pretty sure that it is. But— you mustn't worry. You must behave exactly the same about Anna as you've done about those missing papers, trust me, Delma. There's a great deal behind all this mysterious business that makes the mystery necessary. If, by some means it is Van Kronen's doing, I'll find her and get her out. I've an appointment with him at ten o'clock tonight at Lord's Abbey—"

"With those papers in your inside-pocket?"
"With those papers."

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Happy Landing
BASIL HAYE

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its stone pillars and carved roofing, dome-shaped and decorated by sombre-coloured mosaics.

Here, with a cynical smile, he greeted someone, whom he was not surprised to find already in this place — the squint-eyed man for whom doubtless the police and servants still vainly sought in the neighbourhood of Sunningholme.

"Next time the English police won't let you off quite so easily, Fritz!"

CHAPTER XX
NO ESCAPE!

When the man swung wide a door there was light in abundance, and of an almost blinding brilliance in contrast to the outer dimness. It was a large and high, vaulted apartment, furnished luxuriously as a lounge of the most modern style. Other rooms led from the three sides of this one, and were brilliantly lit, too, so that the whole effect was one of vastness and elegance.

In the room where Bond stood, some dozen or more men were grouped, listening to the radio, tuned in to a foreign political speech.

Van Kronen came forward. "It pleases me very much, Mr. Bond, that you shall be here with us on our last pleasant little evening here—"

"What?" Bond murmured. "Last evening?" Then he seemed to remember. "Of course, you're off in the morning—"

"To-night—in less than an hour, my friend."

As they talked, Van Kronen had been leading the way out from the lounge to one of the interior rooms. Here, behind closed doors, three men had been seated in urgent and earnest conference. They glanced up sharply as Van Kronen entered, followed by Bond.

Bond, though looking not in the least concerned, was inwardly surprised and even elated as he looked from one to other of those three men. One of them—corpulent like Van Kronen—he knew well enough. He was Adolf Gunther, the supposed wealthy Swiss financier, who had leased this great place during the last two years.

There were few people in England who would even have imagined for a single moment that the smooth-spoken and locally quite popular Mr. Gunther had far bigger interests than working up British trade with Switzerland — that, in fact, he was here with a deeply sinister purpose.

For Adolf Gunther was only Swiss for passport and espionage purposes.

The other two men, certainly surprised Bond. Three years of his hidden life on the Continent had acquainted him with the big personalities behind foreign secret services. And here—in these two sitting with Gunther—he saw two of the real chiefs, the powers behind a remarkable organization.

All the three, needless to say, were well aware of his identity. It was apparent in the way they turned and stared at him, and it was equally apparent from their expressions that their contempt for him was profound, though tempered by a certain eager curiosity.

"So? It is then our ingenious and so clever English friend?" one of them exclaimed on a note of satire, adding—as all three of them leaned forward with obvious anxiety limned on their round pale faces: "We all hope indeed that our English friend does not, after all, come to us empty-handed, but—like the Greeks—he shall come, bringing gifts?"

"Gifts?" Bond queried caustically, and laughed. "If you know anything about the Greeks, you'll know there's always a price attached to any gift they bring."

"There shall be a good price paid, you may be sure!" chortled the fat Gunther. "We don't mind what price you pay, so long as someone delivers the goods! You shall have all the reward you so truly deserve, Mr. Bond, of that you may be certain! You have the important military papers with you, I hope?"

"Haven't I always delivered the goods?" Bond shrugged, and the more important official waved aside what Van Kronen evidently intended to say, as he postured angrily.

"Certainly you have!" he said in an amicable tone. "You have given us a good service, and none better than when you suggested that you should return to your people, having come in to your family estate, and seek to become friendly again with them."

"From the accounts of our many watchers," he went on, "it seems to have worked quite well. That is good. We have also heard—from that good fellow Fritz, who is with Van Kronen—that you have successfully captured those important documents, which you promised should come into our hands. You have them with you, naturally?"

At this moment, before Bond could answer, sounds of uproar drifted in



Happy Landing
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from an outer room, the doors were flung wide, and the squint-eyed Fritz came in. He came in much against his own will, being battered in the face by a pair of hefty fists. Behind the fists, to Bond's amazement, was Slosheir Welsh!

DROPPED STITCH IN THE WEB
"They've got Miss Anna in here, sir, and they've been treating her rough!" Welsh shouted, held down by overwhelming numbers. "It's up to you and me—"

Bond stepped forward, but discovered the discouraging menace of an automatic muzzle in the pit of his stomach. Van Kronen said:—

"Better keep still, and so kindly put up your hands, please! It is, perhaps, as I have already reported to your superiors that you are not altogether the friend you have been pretending to be, Mr. Bond. Just as well this servant of yours comes here. Like you—he shall be kept!"

"Kept?" echoed Bond calmly, not in the least perturbed on the surface. The man, whom he knew for the chief of the spy ring, laughed.

"You don't think we let you walk into this trap so as to let you go again?" he observed. "No, we are too well aware of that danger, my friend. This country may not be too healthy for us tomorrow. Neither would it be healthy for us to leave you here behind. You might talk too much."

"Here are the papers!" intervened the voice of Van Kronen, who meantime—Bond's arms being powerless above his head under gun threat—had been running agile fingers over the latter's person.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Bond heard Welsh gasp as those at the table examined and opened the brown leather wallet with its gilt official monogram, bringing out a little sheaf of typed documents.

"This is indeed a gift from the enemy!" chortled the spy chief, after he had quickly perused some of the typescript, which he and the others were greedily scanning. He turned to one of the men holding Welsh. "We shall at once get headquarters on the secret radio from here!" he ordered.

"Give them the code signal and order them to stand by, while I shall prepare a message, letting them know of these so secret plans! It is well we know of these arrangements! After all, Mr. Bond, you do us a good service, which I didn't quite expect! Van Kronen — he seems to have been too much inclined to doubt the quality of your service to us, hinted that perhaps you were secretly a traitor to us—"

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Bond heard Welsh repeating in blank amazement, but did not look his way.

"What I promised to do, I have done!" he said to the other. "And that makes it the more strange that I should find myself treated like this! My man here hasn't come by any permission of mine—"

"All the same, he seems to have known where to find you!" the other said suspiciously, and shrugged. "However, it doesn't matter. He, too, shall accompany you and us—"

"And Miss Gregorescu?" interposed Bond. "My man seems to have found out that she is here. I had a suspicion that was so before I came here, though what can have been your reason for seizing her—"

"It is the same reason which caused us to get rid of her father and her uncle, as you may imagine!" the other snapped. "They tried to escape our net, playing traitor, and—they paid the penalty."

"But she — Anna Gregorescu — she knows nothing—"

"We wish to make sure!" Bond was interrupted by the sleek Gunther. "Just as we wish to make sure that you also do us no harm over here by remaining after we go! We don't forget that you may know much about our secret organization."

"Therefore," he went on, "when we all leave in the next half-hour, you and your servant here, and Miss Gregorescu, shall go with us to the port where we have waiting a vessel. And then—well, we shall see!"

"Talk about a couple of Daniels in the lion's den!" Bond heard Welsh saying with his uncrushable Cockney humour. "You and me, sir, giving ourselves away like this—"

A back-handed blow, delivered fiercely across the mouth, silenced him for the moment. Bond found himself—by pressure of that inexorable gun-muzzle—shepherded up against a wall, with his back to it.

"Ain't there no blooming way out of this for us, air?" Welsh appealed anxiously to Bond, and added: "Not that I mind being in the same jam as you, so to speak, but—"

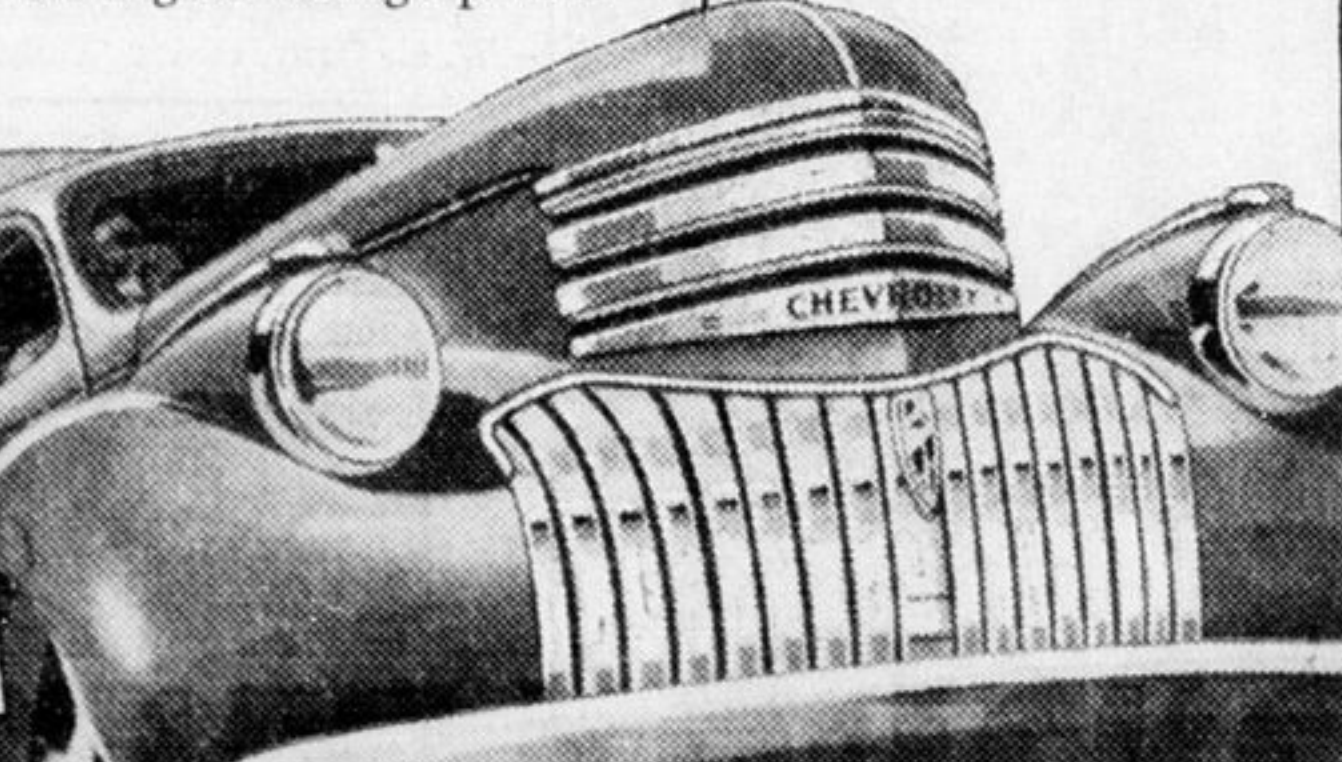
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