

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

Delightful Shower in Honour of Recent Bride

Mrs. A. J. Kelneck was guest-of-honour on Thursday evening at a post-nuptial shower at 58 Balsam Street North, when Misses Floris Lever and Ann Honkala were joint hostesses. Before her recent marriage, Mrs. Kelneck was Miss Helen Bastian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bastian, of Shillington.

The guests enjoyed a guessing contest for which prizes were awarded to Miss Velma Elmes and Helen Wisnuth, and a "memory-test," for which Miss Elmes was once again prize-winner of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bastian, of Tesse.

A treasure-hunt formed the setting

for the presentation of gifts to the guest-of-honour, who, at first, thought that she had been left without a prize in this final game.

Among those who attended were: Misses Virginia McEvor, Doris and Jean MacDonald, Helen Wisnuth, Velma Elmes, Mary Palangio, the hostesses, and the guest-of-honour, Mrs. A. J. Kelneck. Among those who were unable to be present, but sent gifts, were Misses Ethel Brown, Ruth Jenkins, and Aurea Perrault.

NEW YORK READS LONDON PAPERS DAY AFTER ISSUE

New York, May 21—Officials of the Canadian Colonial Airways here described to-day the fastest trans-Atlantic newspaper delivery on record.

In London early Sunday morning five Sunday newspapers were placed aboard a British bomber used to ferry pilots from England to Canada.

The papers arrived in Montreal at 1 p.m. yesterday. One hour later they were aboard a Colonial plane, which arrived here at 4:10 p.m.

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

The very best of good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boivin, whose marriage was a charming event at St. Anthony's Cathedral on Saturday morning... the bride was the former Miss Gilberte Sebastien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sebastien, and a member of one of the town's most popular families... her sister, Miss Cecile Sebastien, was bridesmaid, and her brother, LAC, Camille Sebastien, of the R.C.A.P., Uplands, Ottawa, acted as groomsmen.

need for stenographers to do Red Cross work... so come along and help.

Red, White and Blue... the patriotic colours... formed the background for Red, White and Blue ball, under the auspices of the I.O.D.E., and held at the Riverside Pavilion on Friday evening... special dances added to the evening's entertainment, and all who attended enjoyed the event from beginning to end... they all emphasize the fact that this was a grand way in which to welcome the 24th of May... even if the next day wasn't a holiday for all of them.

May the next twenty-five years bring you every happiness and joy, and add to the fine group of friends you have made during the past twenty-five years... those words to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shankman who yesterday celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary... a novel feature of the event was that the guests... ten couples had all been present at the wedding in Timmins twenty-five years ago... just another happy group of old-timers of the North Land.

The Finnish Choir, soloists, and other numbers combined with the Timmins Citizens' Band to make the concert on Thursday evening at the Lions' Club Hall a very impressive event... many patriotic numbers were featured on the programme, which pleased the fairly good attendance present... and the happy part about it all was that proceeds will go to the Bombed Victims' Fund.

Once again, a reminder about Red Cross Work... the local branch wishes to remind its workers that the work they are doing must be carried on during the summer months, if Canada is to help in this war... therefore, the Red Cross rooms will remain open during the coming season, and any women who are planning to leave on holiday, are asked to have someone to take their place during their absence... also, there is a

Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Spear, whose marriage took place quietly on Saturday afternoon in the manse of the Timmins United Church... Mrs. Spear was formerly Loretta Clark... the couple received their friends at a reception in the Hollinger Hall that evening... and, too, to Mr. and Mrs. Nick Ostfichuk, whose marriage took place yesterday afternoon at the Timmins United Church... the bride was formerly Miss Nancy Kowal, and Mr. and Mrs. Ostfichuk will reside in Timmins.

A familiar voice greeted "Ann" this morning... it was Mrs. J. McChesney, of Schumacher, who as been quite ill for the past several weeks... her many friends will be glad to know that Mrs. McChesney is up and around again... yesterday, she received a letter from her son, Donald, with the Royal Canadian Engineers in Gibraltar, and it was interesting to note that this letter arrived within two weeks of mailing time... it was mailed two weeks ago, on May 11th, and arrived on May 25th... this must be a record for war-time mail delivery from Gibraltar.

Algonquins Go To Camp on June 22nd

Lt. G. G. Countryman, recruiting officer, at the Timmins armouries has received definite word that the Algonquin Regiment, Second Battalion, goes to camp on June 22nd. The regiment will not go to camp at full strength.

Lt. Countryman has just returned from a trip to Kapuskasing and Cochrane, where he made arrangements for the recruiting depot that will visit this district on Saturday. He also established recruiting depots at both places. C.S.M. Adams was in charge of the recruiting depot at Kapuskasing that has been open for a week but he may be taken on as an instructor. His place at Kapuskasing will be taken by another N.C.O. shortly. The recruiting depot at Kapuskasing has a unique record in its short history. Ten men were medically boarded since it opened and they were all passed, a perfect record. Nine of them were in category "A" and one was in "B1."

The recruiting depot at Cochrane was opened on Wednesday last week, with C.Q.M.S. Tessler in charge, and already seven recruits have been sent to Military District No. 2 headquarters at Toronto. Four of them left last night. Last week four men walked from Moosonee to Cochrane to join the army and three of them were accepted after being medically boarded.

Twelve men left Timmins on Friday night for Toronto to join the Canadian Army. They were recruited at the local armouries last week. The men were: Ernest Barkley, Timmins; A. Boyce, Bonnefield; A. J. Bellevue, Durgwald; D. L. Cole, Nellie Lake; P. T. Kelly, Smooth Rock Falls; R. A. Kelly, Timmins; E. V. Lachapelle, Timmins; W. L. Nelson, Nellie Lake; A. J. Prince, Nellie Lake; H. E. Prince, Nellie Lake; S. J. Sunilak, South Porcupine; B. R. Wildman, Nellie Lake.

Three medical boards are held weekly at the Timmins Armouries on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at ten o'clock.

Fireside Club at Supper Party at Badminton Club

Regular Programme Meeting Later of Outstanding Interest.

Many members of the Fireside Club attended the supper party held at the Badminton Club on Monday evening, and later, met at the Timmins United Church hall for the regular programme meeting.

Mrs. F. Greenwood presided, with Mrs. W. A. Jones giving the secretary's report and Mrs. S. Peel the treasurer's report. The various conveners reported on their work and Miss Nina MacLeod informed the club that one hundred and sixty garments had been knitted for the soldiers and returned to Red Cross since January.

Several of Miss Margaret Easton's pupils including Misses Patsy Brewer, Helen Channon, Lois Montgomery, Christine Rose, Nora Shields and Joan Jeffries, delighted the club with their dancing. Some of the winners in the recent Music Festival including Misses Beryl Service, Ruth Mustard, Lillian Hirschfeld, Mabel Menear, Mary Huckerby, Patty Beattie, and Master David Rose gave vocal and piano selections.

Mrs. Gamble was the speaker, giving an interesting talk on the life of Robert Schumann, and playing twelve of his compositions, with her interpretation of them.

Mrs. F. Stock thanked the performers on behalf of the club, and this meeting closed the activities of the organization until September.



RUISE FOR CINDERELLA
By Bentley Ridge

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

Principal Characters
BRIDGET BROWN—Shy and quiet secretary to her wealthy aunt.
MRS. GARFORTH—A successful novelist who keeps Bridget busy producing stories in quick succession.
JOYCE and DIANA—Mrs. Garforth's two spoiled daughters.
MARK SALT—Former airman—tough, reckless, handsome, and minus one arm owing to the air crash which put him out of aviation. He is now conducting tourists on cruises.
MRS. WERTHELM—Rich Cosmopolitan. Owner of a famous necklace of pearls.
MADAME DUPRE—Elderly Frenchwoman of great wealth and charm; takes a sympathetic interest in Bridget.

CHAPTER XXV. (Continued)

SALT CHECKS MUTINY
"I'm no fool with a gun," Salt's voice rang out. "And I mean business. Is Higgs dead?"

"Kelly bashed him," said one. "Somebody held the lantern over the quartermaster's face. 'Knocked silly—he's all right!'"
"The man who had had Trennie's gun burst out: 'They got that rum and we want it.'"

"All right," said Salt. "Open that locker!"
After a hesitation of surprise, the man with the key fitted it in the door and opened it. The locker yawned black and wide.

"Is there any rum in it?" asked Salt. "Two of the men searched diligently then shook their heads. 'No!' A disappointed murmur went up, and a boot kicked down the locker door.

"Who told you there was rum in it?" The chorus of angry growls was immediate. "Kelly!" It was Kelly said so. He said Trennie and Higgs was holding out on us!"

Trennie, sitting up on a side seat, panting and holding his battered head said "Curse you! Curse you all!" and burst into tears. He seemed to have arrived at a state beyond holding out on anybody.

Salt crouched at Kelly, crouching gorilla like in the bow.

"It seems to me, Kelly, that you're bad for the rest of us. If you don't like this boat, you can get out of it—"

Kelly cut him short with a yell: "You can't put it across me. You know where that rum is!"

With a wild gesture and a shout of "Come on, boys!" he launched himself bodily along the boat at Salt. The gun cracked deafeningly.

Kelly brought up short, staggered and went down in the bilge, writhing with a bullet in his shoulder. The men, accepting the inevitable, utterly sobered now, stared aghast. A tall lad with matted red hair, cried out: "We're going mad, that's what it is! We're all goin' mad!"

Next day, Salt was in command, and Trennie, reduced to a state of nervous breakdown, had only sufficient strength to take a sight and check the position of the boat.

There was also the problem of Kelly; the bullet had to be extracted from his shoulder, a job which Mr. Mills undertook with the aid of his wife, who had been a nurse. His nerve seemed to have gone, he rambled and whined incoherently, concentrating his attack on Trennie, but he seemed to bear no malice against Salt for having defended himself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"LOOK, IT'S LAND!"
"Only another eight hours!" Desperate eyes gazed into the north-east hoping to see land.

Everyone had rheumatic pains in their limbs and some were suffering acute abdominal pain as well. The fifty pounds of condensed milk they had had on board had gone, and they were reduced to biscuit only. Salt had cut down their ration of that, and water they had as they could get it, from the frequent rain.

What he said went. When it was possible, he let the improvised sail carry them, if it would keep them on their course. But when rowing was necessary then they must row. He drove them to the oars with scorching words. He tied an oar into the rowlock and rowed himself with his one hand.

The weather was bright and fine and great glassy blue billows rolled out of the south-west. Let it only keep fine for another day!

Grimson was very weak. Bridget's efforts to keep cheerful had failed at last. She felt as though the soul had been ground out of her, she was no longer Bridget, but like an animal without sense or feelings...

When the quartermaster came round with the biscuit ration at nine o'clock, Bridget took it, but she felt sick. She decided to keep it until later. Grimson, lying on a side seat, ate hers, and began to complain afterwards.

"Only that bit all day! I'm that hungry, it's a pain in my inside!"
Bridget gave her her own piece of biscuit. Grimson, too ill to understand took it and ate it.

A shadow fell across them, and Bridget, looking up, saw Salt there.

"What's this?"
"What is what," said Bridget.

"Was that your ration you gave to Grimson?" His face was twitching

with nervous strain.
"I didn't want it. She said she was still hungry."

"Well, kindly keep your own ration yourself. We have only a few pounds of biscuit left; I can give out only so much to each of you."

"Grimson is ill, she needs it more than I do." Bridget hated his over-bearing manner. The despairing rage of nervous strain had hold of them both.

"Ill or not we all have to keep going. If you give your ration away, then I shall have to give you an extra one and that's unfair to everybody!" His peremptory voice lashed at her. Memories buried beneath ten days intolerable suspense rushed upon her. Her nerves obeyed an ungovernable impulse. His face, glowering a few feet from her, infuriated her. She struck at it wildly.

The smack startled everyone's attention. Salt turned white, drew back without a word and clambered forward. Mrs. Garforth was saying weakly: "Bridget, how can you Bridget!"

Joyce clutched her arm with weak fingers, shaking her.
"How dare you hit him, how dare you hit him?"

Bridget passed her hand over her eyes in a dazed kind of way. All she said was "Shouldn't have done that. Bad for discipline."

It was half an hour later when Salt came aft again, and spoke to her.
"I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did."

"We're all getting to the end of our tether," Bridget replied, moistening her cracked, dry lips.
"I think Grimson is really ill," she added.

Salt crouched down beside Grimson. "She's got so terribly thin," Bridget said. "She's lost more weight than the rest of us. You said you had a little condensed milk left in reserve for emergencies. I think she needs it as much as any of us could."

Salt nodded, and scrambled his weary way forward again; he returned a few minutes later with a tin cup of condensed milk and water.

"Cheer up!" he said to Grimson. "Here's something good for you!"
Bridget put it to Grimson's lips. Grimson opened lack lustre eyes and looked about her, saw the cup, and drank with a desperate greed.

"You were right," Salt said gently, as Bridget gave the cup back to him. "Sorry I went for you. You should have told me before, not given your ration away. You need it, don't you, quite as much as the rest of us?"

Bridget staring at him, began to tremble all over. Her eyes filled with tears, her lips shook and she could say nothing. He gazed back with a look in his eyes, questioning, poignant, as though something about her moved him to the depth of his being.

For a fixed, speechless moment they stared at one another. And then from further forward came the voice of one of the A.B.'s shouting wildly. Hoarse voices asked on all sides. "What's up? What's happened?"

The A.B. was standing up, pointing the boat mounting a swell, lifted him into outline against the sky.

"Look! It's land! Gor blimey—look!"

Straining their eyes, in the north-west they could see them, the snowy tops of mountains glimmering in the blue.

"Yes, it's land," said Mrs. Mills, trying and clutching Madam Dupre's clawlike hand. "It's land—we're safe!"

Two hours later the hopes that had risen so high gave way to new anxieties.
Before them was a coast of sheer cliffs, of water-falls bursting in clouds before they reached the sea; of mountains towering behind, a shore, in fact more inhospitable and dangerous than the sea from which they had come.

Standing off as best they could from this appalling prospect with the engine running on the last of the fuel in the tanks, they nosed their way south. Salt's reckoning was that the chain of rocky heights they could see in the south-east had its termination in False Cape Horn. None of them had any clear knowledge of how far they were from the nearest settlement supposing they survived the dangers of an immediate landing.

Their best course, therefore was to the Beagle Channel via Ponsonby Sound the False Cape and make for Round.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Connors the steward. "Let's land where we can. Don't go looking for places—that devil of a wind will get us again and blow us away to hell!"

"The wind isn't blowing us away," said Salt. "It's blowing us on to those rocks over there, it's going to bash us to pieces if we don't keep clear."

"It's no good, Mr. Salt, we can't go. We're that weak now, we got to try for that creek."

"The chances are that we'll starve to death. To try for the Beagle Channel is our best hope," Salt told them.

"We're sick of this boat," called out another seaman. "We ain't no good, Mr. Salt. The engine will go in another hour. We've no strength left in our arms!"

"It's up to you," said Salt, only too well aware of the awful chances of trusting to the sea. "Do as you think best."

"We can beach the boat and rest," said Col. Kinglake, showing that he too sided with the men. "If we can't get to anywhere by land we can take to the sea again."

They gave up the struggle to keep her off shore and turned her head with the race of waters rushing in through the rocks towards the mouth of the inlet. Muscles straining, lips biting back cries of fear, the men struggled to keep the boat in clear water. Then they were through the breakers; there was a breathing space while the tide hurried them on toward the mouth of the inlet.

But soon it was obvious that they were being thrown irresistibly towards the south shore of the inlet where the waves were crashing on rocks set like black teeth in a foaming jaw.

"Keep her clear! Keep her clear!" the men's voices howled in the wind like a cry of despair.

But there was nothing that engine or oars could do against that driving wind and a seven knot tide-race. The sea flung the boat against a smooth side of rock, she almost capsized, then fell back and drifted in the trough of the seas, alongside the rock, waiting for the next breaker. It came sweeping in, lifted the boat level with the rock again.

"Jump!" roared Salt. "Jump for the rock everybody!"

The ablest of them, as well as the wounded Kelly, were already leaping and scrambling on to the surface of the rock, beyond which lay other rocks and a clear way to the stony beach, again the boat fell back. Bridget was still in it trying to help Grimson to her feet. With Salt's help she pushed Grimson over the side, and the quartermaster caught her and dragged her. The side of the boat, flying up, caught Grimson's foot, crushing it against the sharp surfaced rock. Grimson screamed, and Bridget screamed too.

But Grimson was up, and was on the rock; the men had pulled Madame Dupre after her. The other women had already jumped. Salt and Bridget were still in the boat. Salt had scrambled forward to get the last of the biscuits from the locker.

Up went the boat again.
"Jump!" they screamed to Bridget.

But she hesitated, waiting for Salt. He lifted the bag of biscuit and flung it on to the rock. The boat went down again, filling with water through a rent in the keel; it was caught by another billow veering sideways, tossed in the air, and washed back into the turbulent channel. Another wave caught it abeam, tossed it up and turned it over.

(To Be Continued)

Y.P.U. Rally to be Held at S. Porcupine on Wednesday

About 45 young people of the Timmins United Church Y.P.U. enjoyed an outing Wednesday evening to the north side of the town, where a regular meeting was conducted by the Christian Culture committee. Upon arrival at the site, the group engaged in a period of recreation, the games being planned by Peggy Shaw. The young people then grouped around in a hollow in the rocks for a worship service. Although the stiff breeze and the absence of a camp fire detracted from the atmosphere somewhat, the service was successful. Several hymns were sung and the Christian Culture convener, Helge Hongisto, led in prayer.

The worship service was followed by two short talks on camp by Gerald Doughty and Dorothy Taylor. They discussed Camp Lorraine, its location, surroundings and its activities and urged young people to attend this summer, if even for a week-end. A short business session and a sing-song followed the talks on camp and the group indulged in a lunch of untoasted marshmallows. The meeting closed with the singing of taps.

Y.P.U. rally to be held at South Porcupine United Church on Wednesday, May 28th. The guest speaker will be the Rev. E. E. Long, of Kirkland Lake, and all Y.P.U. members and friends in Cochrane presbytery are cordially invited to attend.

Northern War Workers Attend Y.W.C.A. Meeting

In the local and personal column of The Northern News of Kirkland Lake last week there was the following item of interest here:—
"Northern war work conveners who attended a meeting at the Y.W.C.A. yesterday were Mrs. A. C. Fairlanger of New Liskeard, Mrs. H. Pickard of Halleybury, Mrs. J. Douglas of Timmins, Mrs. M. Shore, of Smooth Rock Falls, Mrs. LaFortune of Ansonville, Mrs. A. F. Dales of Ansonville, Mrs. Robson, Schumacher, and Mrs. Dye, South Porcupine. Tea was served after the meeting and presiding at the tea table lovely with daffodils were Mrs. A. L. Blomfield, Mrs. D. E. Kerr-Lawson and Mrs. C. S. Harris. Mrs. T. Alber convener the tea."

OUR RE-MODELLING SALE CONTINUES
WE MUST CLEAR OUR STOCK

High Quality English Bone China -- To Clear

23-Piece TEA SETS **5.95**
Reg. \$9.25

Table Wear

TUDOR PLATE — 45-piece Service for—8
Reg. Price \$29.95 **SALE PRICE 23.95**

See Our Windows all **POTTERY** Must be Sold

SILVERWARE Many Useful Pieces All Reduced **20%**

IRISH BELLEEK CHINA Reduced to Clear

Our Complete Stock **Watches Diamonds all Reduced**

L. HALPERIN
JEWELLER — OPTOMETRIST
7 Pine Street North Phone 212

QUALITY THAT LAUGHS AT TIME AND WEATHER

The Quality of Brantford Roofing Products has resulted from 36 years of Canadian experience in providing roofing materials especially designed to meet our own climatic conditions. During these years, the quality and dependability of Brantford Roofs has been proven under severe tests of varied weather conditions.

For a beautiful, permanent, fire-resistant and weather-proof roof, specify—Brantford Asphalt Slates.

Sold by Reliable Dealers Everywhere

Brantford Roofs

Brantford Roofing Company, Limited
BRANTFORD - ONTARIO

FOR SALE BY—**HILL-CLARKE-FRANCIS LTD.**

GIRL GUIDES IN TIMMINS

The 51st I.O.D.E. Girl Guides held their regular weekly meeting in the Hollinger Scout hall.

Captain Sheridan opened the meeting with the taking of Inspection and Attendance, assisted by Lieut. Starling. Horseshoe was then formed and the colour party marched on the colours. The Guides then repeated the Guide prayer and then a few games were played. The Guides were glad to welcome Mrs. Wheeler to their meeting. Captain then had the company drill for the parade on Sunday. Campfire was formed and several songs sung, followed by the lowering the colours.

Capt. Sheridan then closed the meeting with the "Girl Guide National Anthem," followed by "Taps."

The Guides are reminded that there will be a tag day for the blind this coming Saturday.

—B. Sheridan.

Try the Advance Want Advertisements