

Stan Macpherson Again Serving in the Army Overseas

Former Schumacher Druggist Writes from Somewhere in England.

In a letter to Mr. D. Kerr, Schumacher, Mr. Stan Macpherson, who formerly conducted a drug store in Schumacher, asks to be remembered to all his old friends in the Porcupine area.

The weather has been getting a little warmer, but is still cold, especially at night, but I have lots of blankets and a hot water bottle is always available.

Old friends are scarce... I never felt better in my life... Was to a military funeral yesterday. One of our chaps was killed last week in the London Blitz.

How is Frank Furlong, Remember me to him, will you? I guess it will be a while before it is over yet, but it has

Ten Births Registered in the Past Four Days

In last Monday's issue for the first time this year The Advance was able to announce more than twenty births registered here in a week.

Born—on May 15th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Eino Aaltonen, of 25 Lakeshore Road, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on May 8th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lalonde (nee Marthe Martin) of 21 Fifth Avenue at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on May 8th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bernard (nee Marie-Paule Lacasse) of 222 Birch street, south, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on May 20th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Alcide Brunet, of 72 Patricia Boulevard, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on May 20th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Hershel Frederick Jones, of 22 Way Avenue, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on May 13th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Vincent Bonhomme (nee Sim-

got to be finished this time... We certainly have a number of troops in England. I often wonder why he has not been here; he has been every other place.

The war has taken its toll on Northern Ontario... I heard the other day that J. R. Todd was dead... You might put in The Advance that Stan Macpherson is back at the old game again.

monne Larose) of 55 Elm street north, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on May 11th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reave (nee Flurette Blanchet) of 104 Maple street north, at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter.

Born—on May 16th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Deselits, of 314 Spruce street south, at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on April 27th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Gamelin of 166 Cedar street north—a daughter.

Born—on May 8th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Fritz, of 206 Maple street south—a son.

Canada Needs Many Recruits for Parts of the Active Army

Need Men to Use the Guns, Tanks and Equipment That is Being Turned Out in Canada.

Circulars were distributed this week and posters were hung up in many prominent places asking men to join the Canadian Active Army.

Men are now wanted to man the guns, tanks, armoured vehicles and all the implements of modern warfare that the Canadian factories are producing.

This war is different from the last one. In the last war the Hun was lashed when men were recruited here to train in England and fight in France.

The Canadian Active Army requires men for Artillery, Engineers, Signals, Armoured Cars, Tanks, Infantry, Transport and Supply, Medical, Ordnance and other branches of the Service.

Canada is calling for recruits to swing into line with thousands of other stalwart Canadians now ready and eager to hurl back the hordes of hate. It is a matter of fighting for personal freedom or becoming a part of a subject race of regimented slaves.

The step from civilian life to army life, once taken, opens new horizons. The recruit is in a new world, a world of action and adventure; he senses it from the minute he steps out in that smart new uniform, swinging down the street with purpose in his stride

and the knowledge of duty being done, in his heart.

The streak of ambition that brings a man along in civilian life finds ample outlet in the Army. Promotion is open to all men who qualify for advancement, through the various non-commissioned and warrant ranks to commissioned rank in all grades.

The Army consists of the Fighting Troops and the Services that support them. The Fighting Troops are made up of the Armoured Corps, Tanks, Artillery, Engineers, Signals, Infantry Rifle and Machine Gun Units.

Many a man has a liking for a trade but has lacked the opportunity for learning it in civilian life. The Army gives him the chance to learn the trade he wants to know. Suitable recruits are selected after basic training and sent for trade training to vocational or technical schools and in many cases on to the Army Trade School.

The physical requirements are not hard. The minimum height is five feet and the minimum weight is 120 pounds. The minimum chest measurement at exhalation is thirty-two inches. The recruit must be between the ages of 19 and 45.

Any person desiring to join the Canadian Active Army should see the nearest recruiting officer as soon as possible and talk it over with him. The Recruiting Officer is always glad to pass along any information that he can and is eager to place any person on the Army where he is most needed.

In the case of any person in Timmings the nearest recruiting depot is at the Algonquin Regiment Armouries in the Timmings Curling Rink, located on the Hollinger Park. Lt. G. G. Countryman, in charge of the local recruiting depot, will be only too glad to help any prospective recruit.

A CRUISE FOR CINDERELLA By Bentley Ridge

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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. WERTHEIM — Rich cosmopolitan. Owner of a famous necklace of pearls.

MADAME DUPRE—Elderly Frenchwoman of great wealth and charm; takes a sympathetic interest in Bridget.

Bridget found herself in icy, swirling darkness, and shot up like a cork with the force of her lifebelt. A few yards to her right the lifeboat floated upside down in a litter of wreckage.

"Hang on!" she heard Salt shout.

She hung on. The boat swept on into the inlet, it sailed round a bend; there were cliffs on either side, and snow glimmering high up against the sky. No chance of landing showed on either side, the current hurried them along so fast; jagged heads of rocks broke the water; billows from the sea fled in spent waves of water before the rapidly-drifting boat.

Weakened, exhausted, almost paralyzed with cold, they clung to the boat while the current carried them half a mile, a mile... Mountains rose on either side, cliffs near at hand, a low beach was visible.

Then they saw rocks coming on the far side.

"Kick!" said Salt. "Kick!"

They kicked wildly, trying to steer the boat away towards the clear water on their right, but the boat spun round, the current carried them in, the water roared round half-submerged rocks, guarding a stony shore beyond.

Bridget screamed. Salt was flung round against a rock, struck the back of his head and his hold on the boat fell away. Bridget let go of the boat and grabbed him; the boat rushed away, the waves washed them past the rocks. She kicked out desperately for the shore, something tangled in her legs, sea-weed long and hairlike; then she found herself clear again floating in calm, shallow water; she struck out with her legs, and towing Salt on his back, pushed herself in until her feet found land.

MIGHT BE

An elderly woman was taken to see a football match in which her son was playing. After watching for a few minutes she inquired: "What is the object of the game?"

"Why," said her guide, "the object is to put the ball in that net."

"It would be much simpler if they didn't get in one another's way," replied the woman.—Exchange.

CUTS Right Through CLOGGING DIRT

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Gillett's Lye makes light work of dozens of hard cleaning tasks... saves you hours of drudgery. Keep a tin always on hand!



Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

She piled her wood in front of it, then took off her tweed coat and cardigan, and hung them on a bush in front of the cave to dry in the sun.

Then she weakly hurried back to the shore.

Salt had rolled over since she had left him, and now lay on his side. He groaned when she lifted his shoulders, and began to drag him up the beach towards the cave.

Resting every few yards to get her breath, she got him there at last, and laid him down on the warm rock in the sun. She took off some of his wet clothes and chafed his body. But then the sun began to fade, and she remembered the matches, put her damp coat over him, and stumbled hastily away.

With dried sticks and the moss, she built up a roaring fire before the cave before night fell. She spread his clothes to dry over the edge of the cave, in the heat of the fire, and then sat there in the glow. Her aching body expanded to the warmth.

Salt coughed and groaned. A little voice of agony kept saying in the midst of her overwhelming sleepiness: "Don't die! Please don't die!"

She would be so intolerably lonely.

She awakened in the chill light of an early dawn, cold to the bone and in a torment of hunger. The fire had died down, and Salt lay so still with the pale dawn light on his face.

Food was the first consideration, and after replenishing the fire without disturbing Salt, Bridget made her way down the beach.

On the right the cliff came down and ended in a tumble of rocks against which she and Salt had been washed on the previous day. She climbed out on the rocks towards the deep water—and it was then that she saw the mussels in a shallow pool.

Hundreds and hundreds of closely clinging mussels, their shells gleaming blackish blue.

In an instant she was pulling at those nearest her; they clung so hard that she had to smash them away with a piece of rock, and there was no opening.

She took of her cardigan, spread it out and threw a dozen or so into it, then gathered them up, and scrambled back up the beach to the fire.

She flung them down in the hot ashes on the edge, and waited for them to open. So intent was she that she did not notice Salt sitting up, watching her.

CHAPTER XXVIII BACK TO LIFE

"Did I get knocked or something?" Salt's voice, weak and puzzled drew her attention.

"You were thrown against a rock, and I managed to drag you here. We have food too—there are thousands of mussels. I have just found them."

He lay back weakly and closed his eyes.

"We're alone here?" "Yes," she said. "Alone."

The word echoed in her mind as she scraped for mussels in the ashes, repressed her repulsion and ate them, after he had refused to eat. The fire leapt up warming her, and the majestic snows glowed with the promise of a beautiful day.

New strength and life crept through her, and with it a sudden recollection of other things than the primitive necessity of scraping an existence.

They were saved, and sooner or later they would find their way to civilization.

"Is this your jersey I'm wearing?" he asked.

"It's very small for you, but yours was wet."

He turned his head. "But what have you got?" "I have my cardigan. Your sweater is dry now. You'd better put it on. That must be very tight and uncomfortable."

"The food had made a great difference to her. She took his sweater to him, and would have helped to put it on; but he took it from her, seemed to hesitate, and said:

"No, not yet. I'll change it later. Could you get me some water?"

She went for the water, and when she came back he had changed into the other jersey. She realized then, that he hadn't wanted her to see his maimed arm.

"Doesn't he know I must have seen it yesterday?" she thought painfully.

He was just something human which had to be helped, nursed back to strength. She made a pile of dry moss and propped him up on it, and built up the fire until the sun should creep round and warm the cave.

She went away and collected more mussels, and put them in the ashes to open. She persuaded him to eat a little, and then she sat down and proceeded to sharpen the end of a chip which had remained in her hair.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm making a fish hook to try to catch some fish," she replied smiling. She saw him gazing at her, his eyes alive in spite of his physical weakness, and coloured, because she suddenly wondered what she looked like. She could feel her hair standing out, all

matted on her head. She stole away a moment or two later, and washed her face in the stream and dried it on a garment she had taken off to dry on the previous day.

She rinsed the salt out of her hair and combed it through with her fingers, and let it dry in the wind. The permanent wave made it fluff into a cloud.

She sang a song as she collected wood, and made the fire, and talked to him cheerfully about how they might make their way down the inlet and rejoin the others, or perhaps find settlers or Indians nearby.

A smile came over his face when she resumed the business of sharpening her hair chip. As she talked she was conscious that his eyes were on her. Soon the sun flooded in, and he dropped into a doze; aching weariness overwhelmed her too, and she lay down also and slept. When she wakened it was noon, and he had gone.

Later, when she overtook him along the shore, he said:

"We must climb that cliff behind and see what we can see."

"People who have had a bang on the head are supposed to keep quiet and rest!" she told him.

"That doesn't apply to me, my girl!" he said, and she knew he was himself again.

It was he who collected the mussels for their midday meal, and they made a hearty meal of them.

He set about devising shoes for them out of pieces of tough bark, bound on to their feet with strips of rag. Afterwards they made their way up through the woods, dense and dark, and rotting, dripping with damp. He showed her big circular fungus growing on the branches of the gale-twisted trees.

"The Indians eat those. It's useful that I had to read the literature of this part of the world in order to impart it to you people on the ship!"

They climbed, stopping now and again to rest, until all about them were the snow-covered peaks, with the inlet far below winding away to the open sea.

The mouth was hidden by the hump of a bald hill; nowhere, in that vast panorama was there sight or sign of man.

Both were occupied then with the one thought—how to get out.

They talked without restraint of their chances.

"We mustn't be in too much hurry," Salt said. "We've got to rest here and get fit and equip ourselves. It may take us weeks possibly to get to any settlement."

At sunset a bitter wind got up, and rain storms hid the mountain tops in hurrying veils of grey. The fire had to be lighted on the floor of the cave itself to prevent it from being damped out, and they sat with their backs against the wall all night, rain dripping down two feet from their faces.

But the realities of the situation between them could not be kept out of their minds for ever; next day when the sky had cleared, personal recollections were disturbingly vivid in Bridget's mind.

To judge by his preoccupied expression, she knew that he too was remembering and thinking, as they sat by the fire, waiting while some of the fungi he had brought down from the woods, was baked in the ashes.

(To Be Continued)

WANTED A BIG SINK

"Why do you want such a big sink?" asked the plumber. "Well," explained the man who was building a new house, "when my wife leaves in the summer, she's generally gone for a month."—Exchange.

One Year in Doghouse



Sentenced to confinement for one year for attacking a man three times, Caesar, a Great Dane, spends his last few minutes with his owner, Edward L. Coxe, Holly, N.Y. hotelman.

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