

TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH AT SCHUMACHER



Miss Gladys Madeline Cooke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cooke, and Mr. John Armstrong, of Kirkland Lake, son of Mrs. F. A. Armstrong, of New York, will be married at Trinity United Church, Schumacher, on Saturday, June 21st, at 2.30 p.m.

Funeral Services Saturday for Late Miss Julia Cici

Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, for the late Julia Cici, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cici of 71 First Avenue, Schumacher, who passed away at St. Mary's Hospital on Thursday. The services took place at the St. Alphonsus Church in Schumacher and interment was made in the Timmins Roman Catholic Cemetery.

WELL, FOR SURT

The safest way to handle a canoe, says The Guelph Mercury, is to put in the cushions and paddle first, have it clear of the landing, and then don't go.—Sudbury Star.

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Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

All fairy tales begin with the words "a long, long time ago" . . . this, however, isn't a fairy tale . . . no, it's the true story of the way our sailors appreciate what the women of Timmins are doing for them . . . a long, long time ago, the members of the Women's Institute adopted the ship "H. M. C. S. Gaspe" . . . and for many months they have been knitting and sewing articles to be sent to the sailors of that ship . . . up to date, they have shipped many bales of warm knitted "comforts", and many times they have heard from the sailors expressing their thanks for these necessities.

Only a few days ago, the commanding officer of the Gaspe wrote to Mrs. Carl Briggs, who is convener of the war work committee, expressing the thanks of the men . . . and about the same time, Mrs. R. Gray, of 3 Carlin Avenue, received a letter from Hilary A. Belloc, one of the men on the Gaspe . . . to Mrs. Gray he said—

"Your sweater is doing yeoman service right on my back as I write this, crawling back to port in a black, damp fog . . . So there's one piece of work which is not in vain . . . I hope that whole big package from your chapter was properly acknowledged to Mrs.

Briggs . . . We collected it after an unavoidable delay and it was much appreciated, but occasionally things get mixed up due to transfer of men and the proper letters do not get written . . . Timmins struck me as a friendly town when I was there just ten years ago at this time . . . Now I know it is . . . Sincerely, Hilary A. Belloc.

Mr. Belloc is quite right about the friendly people of Timmins . . . they have done their best to help at all times, and when, like Mrs. Gray, the women of Timmins receive special acknowledgment for their work, they are quite delighted . . . which makes for the happy ending of the story . . . unless there are other chapters to come later.

Twelve young ladies with dreams of a nursing future showing in their sparkling eyes . . . that was the picture at the graduation ceremonies at St. Mary's Hospital on Thursday evening . . . for three long years, they had worked hard and devoted their time and thought to a successful future career . . . for three long years, their parents and friends had helped them along the way . . . for three long years, the Sisters of Providence had trained them to be fine representatives of the nursing order . . . and they knew that new ship . . . one that would carry them to sufferers who needed not only the medical attention that they would give, but needed the kindness and understanding which they knew to be a part of their life.

No wonder those graduates were happy . . . and no wonder all who had helped them along the way "swelled" with pride to see them in their white uniforms and black-banded caps which signified that success had come . . . it was fitting that the presentation of beautiful bouquets of flowers to the graduates should be made by little Mary Harper, whose "Daddy" is Dr. B. H. Harper, of the hospital staff.

and by little Marie Clemens, whose "big sister" Joan, was one of the graduating class.

And, then, on Friday evening, while friends showered them with congratulations, the graduates were honoured at the annual dance, which took place at the Badminton Club . . . these followers of Florence Nightingale were dressed in the pure white of their profession, in lovely gowns which added to their attractive appearance . . . their only adornments were corsages of beautiful roses, presented to each graduate by Dr. W. D. Robson . . . and, although the event was for the graduates, their relatives and friends enjoyed the event every bit as much . . . the special dances were a treat, and the delicious lunch, served from flower-bedecked tables, was a tribute to the occasion.

Friday afternoon's rain could not dim the spirits of the little girls and boys who formed the school choir which sang patriotic songs with an enthusiasm that showed they believed in this country of ours . . . when the raindrops started to patter down, the youngsters went right on singing, some of them slipping raincoats over their shoulders . . . and over the shoulders of a friend who happened to be nearby . . . one little lad, running toward home after the singing was all over, put it simply, "What's a little rain when you're singing for the Victory Loan?" . . . that certainly is the right idea.

One more summer wedding . . . it just seems that there are more and more couples planning to say their "I do's" this summer . . . this time it's Gwendoline Riley and Donald E. Howard, who will become Mr. and Mrs. on July 5th . . . the ceremony will take place in Timmins United Church . . . "Gwen" as she is popularly known to many friends, is the daughter of Mrs. J. Riley, and Donald is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Howard.

Another "soon-to-be bride," Miss Mary Ramsay, was guest-of-honor on Saturday evening at a kitchen shower at which Mrs. A. B. Ramsay and Miss Margaret Thorburn were joint hostesses . . . novel competitions formed the evening's entertainment, and a novel form of presenting the gifts "topped off" the occasion . . . this was the "delivery" of the gifts by express and delivery boy.

Best wishes to this morning's bridal couple . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Pond . . . they looked very happy after the ceremony which took place in the priests' home of the Church of Nativity . . . and the bride was truly a picture of loveliness . . . she is the former Mildred Holland . . . they'll spend a honeymoon in Toronto.

A last minute reminder—members of the Women's Institute are asked to remember the District of Cochrane Annual meeting of the Women's Institute, to be held on Friday, June 13th at the Hollinger Hall . . . the meeting will commence at 10 o'clock, and there are numerous very important business matters to be dealt with.

Giöte and Mall:—The people of Chile found an effective way of handling an ambitious "Fuehrer": They put him in an asylum. What a pity that . . . But it's too late now for lamentations.

North Bay Nugget:—The meek have inherited the earth, to be sure. The wives are now showing them where they want the garden spaded!

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.

Tears of excitement started into Mr. Mills's eyes. His lips were badly cracked and swollen, and the bones stood out of his emaciated face.

"So you see, we're saved! Our people at home will know we're alive! It will be radioed from Magellan—it's a city now, you know, a big city. They'll send out the news."
"In the meantime," put in Connors, the steward, "Colonel Kinglake and the quartermaster have gone up the cave to see if they could find what had become of you and the young lady!"
"What?" said Salt. "When did they leave?"
"Yesterday noon," said Mr. Mills. "They must have passed us as we came out! One could miss anyone in those woods!"

The appearance of Salt and Bridget caused a wave of excitement and elation in the camp; everyone gathered round while they sat down by the fire, and unbound the rags from their feet. Mrs. Mills brought them some cold roasted mutton and a piece of dough cake in a tin dish from the prospector's hut.
"Oh look!" cried Bridget. "It's a plate!"
"I shall have to go back and try to pick up Kinglake and Higgs," said Salt.
"Ye can't do any more tramping on them feet, mate!" said one of the men. Salt's feet were bruised and bleeding. But he said that if someone would lend him a pair of good boots he would be able to walk. Mr. Mills said he would go instead.

"Mary Grimson, dear!" his wife reminded him. "You shouldn't go away!"
"Yes!" said Mr. Mills, looking grave. "Poor woman! I'm afraid you're right!"
It was then that Bridget realized that they believed Grimson was dying.

Night was falling so it was agreed that at dawn Salt should go back to look for Colonel Kinglake and the quartermaster, since he knew the route: one of the men, less exhausted than the others, volunteered to go with him.
Grimson lay in the miner's hut, on the miner's wooden bunk, covered with blankets. Mrs. Mills was looking after her, but it seemed that the injury to her leg when she jumped ashore from the boat had become septic; in her weakness from exposure and lack of food she had contracted a general blood-poisoning.

Madame Dupre had also been given a place in the hut, on a bed of dried kelp. She was weak, and suffering from digestive troubles; she almost cried when Bridget went in.
"So you are alive and well, after all! One gets dulled like an animal, but I grieved for you, I was in despair to think that at the last moment you should be lost. When the ship comes to take us away I am afraid it will be too late to help my poor Grimson! But at least you have come back, I have that happiness!"
Mary Grimson, clay white in the light of Mrs. Mills's candle, lay in a stupor. Mrs. Mills lifted the blankets and showed Bridget the injured leg which she had treated as best she could, by wrapping it in a torn shirt, wrung out every hour in hot water.

Bridget lifted Grimson's clawlike hand.
"Miss Grimson!" she said softly, bending near. "Miss Grimson!"
A look of understanding came into the glazed eyes as they stared at Bridget's face; they darkened suddenly, it seemed as though the faltering soul rushed up into the light in a kind of terror.
"How are you, Miss Grimson?" Bridget squeezed her hand reassuringly, worried by the queer uneasiness of that dark stare . . .
Grimson's lips parted, for a moment she looked as though she was going to speak . . . Then stupor descended again, a listless blank.

Bridget went out into the night with Mrs. Mills, painfully disturbed. Poor Grimson! She had always looked so repressed and scared.
Salt was already rolled up in a blanket by the fire, round which the men were gathered. The Garforths, with Mrs. Kinglake, who was complaining about her husband's absence, were sitting by the fire outside the hut; when it rained at night they all crowded inside, otherwise they lay on the

ground by the fire.
Bridget had to recount all over again what had happened after she and Salt had drifted away into the inlet with the lifeboat. She explained how Salt had hit his head and she had dragged him ashore. With Mrs. Garforth and the girls listening so eagerly she felt guilty thinking of all there was that she could not tell . . .
"We slept in a cave," she said. "I made a line," she added hastily. "And we caught fish. We ate those awful mushrooms off the trees, too."
"In a cave!" "Tittered Joyce weakly. "By themselves! Unconventional, to say the least of it!"
But from her tone and the attitude of the others it was obvious that nothing was inferred from it; Bridget gathered she was deemed a harmless sort of person to have been alone with their beloved Mark.

"After we thought that he—that you were both dead there seemed to be no hope in anything!" said Joyce. "I cried and cried for hours, I just didn't care if we were never rescued! Diana was just the same. She sat down on those awful rocks and wouldn't move. Mother and Mr. Mills had to drag her along to the place where we camped on the first night. I thought she had gone mad!"
And so, Bridget thought, when she lay down a few minutes later, too tired to move, things were back to normal again. He and she were separated, surrounded by others who knew nothing of their relationship, regarded them as two people of all the world least likely to interest one another . . .

In the morning when she awakened from the heavy sleep of exhaustion, the sun was looking over the mountains; Diana told her Salt and his companion had gone. Joyce came walking back into camp a few minutes later to say that she had gone with them for a short distance; and while the other women fetched wood for the fire, she experimented with a wet finger and the red label on a bully beef tin from the miner's hut, trying to improvise a substitute for lipstick.
"I hope nothing happens to them," Mrs. Garforth kept saying anxiously. "Suppose the ship arrives before they get back? I wish Mark had not gone! With all that he's been through he might very well have let one of the other men go!"
At noon Craig, the shepherd from the sheep-run on the far side of the hills came over with two Indian boys on horseback, bringing some tobacco, sacks of flour, condensed milk, and medical supplies.

He said his father was an Australian, and he had been born in Navarre Island, but his dark skin suggested that he was half Indian. His legs were permanently bowed from riding in a climate where the winds made walking too exhausting to be usual . . .
He said the ship sent by the Chile Government authorities in the Magellan's ought to arrive next morning.
"I heard the 'Melville' was sunk," he said. "I picked it up from Maggyarnies on me set. One of her boats with twenty-three in it was picked up off Staten Island; but that was going on a fortnight ago. It wasn't expected any more of you could have been saved."

Bridget assisted Mrs. Mills by sitting with the sick woman. Grimson's fingers plucked the blankets, her breath came at irregular intervals, her eyes were half closed. The half-caste came and looked at her and shook his head. He said he had nothing in his hut in the hills that would be of any use to her . . .

CHAPTER XXXIV
"I TOOK THE PEARLS"
"Will you come and speak to Mary Grimson?" Mrs. Mills said. "She seems to want to speak to you, and she's terribly upset."
Bridget, who was outside the hut helping to make a dough cake on the fire, rose hastily.
Mrs. Mills hurried away to get her husband who had gone with the men to bring in wood.

Bridget went into the hut, where Grimson was lying alone. Madame Dupre, strengthened by meat and bread, had walked to a sheltered spot under the cliff with Mrs. Kinglake.
Grimson's head was rolling from side to side.
"Miss Brown! Is it you, Miss Brown?"
"What is it?" said Bridget. "What can I do? What is the matter?"
Grimson sank back, breathless.
"Oh, Miss Brown, I got you into trouble! I never meant it, and you've been so good to me, you were good to me in the boat—"
"Got me into trouble?" At first she thought Grimson was distressed by some exaggerated memory of the scolding Bridget had had from Salt for giving away her ration.

"But that was nothing," she said. "No one blamed me really, you mustn't worry about that!"
Mr. Mills came hurriedly into the hut, followed by his wife. They came to Grimson's side.
"She's wandering, I think," Bridget

told them in a low voice.
Grimson lay still, as though exhausted, but her eyes were open, alight with meaning.
"I didn't plan to put them there!" she whispered.
Bridget's hand tightened on hers convulsively.
"Didn't plan to put what where?" she asked, after an incredulous pause.
"I was afraid! The steward said they were going to search the cabins. I saw the sleeve had come away in the lining of your coat, so when you were talking to Madam, I picked up the coat and slipped the pearls through the hole. I didn't think as you'd be the one to get into trouble. And if you hadn't got off I'd have come forward, so help me, I would!"
Grimson's voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Bridget bent her head, too shaken to speak.
"There," she managed to say. "That's all right!"
Mr. Mills's voice asked curiously: "What is it? What is she talking about?"
"There was a fuss in Sydney, Mr. Mills. I was accused of having stolen a string of pearls. I had never seen them before, but there was some trouble," Bridget said hurriedly. "She's trying to tell me that it was she who took them. I was never—I'm glad to know who it really was!" she ended incoherently.
"Good gracious!" whispered Mrs. Mills.
"Weren't you cleared, Miss Brown?" Mr. Mills asked quickly.
"Not properly. It doesn't matter, don't bother her now."

With mixed feelings, Bridget drew away and Mr. Mills bent over the bunk; he pulled up a box and sat down. Grimson was sinking into a coma again and he took her hand and roused her.
"Mary," he said. "Mary Grimson, you wanted to tell Mrs. Brown something. Tell me the story, don't be afraid. We're all friends here!"
"I didn't mean to get her into trouble."
"Yes, yes; tell us what happened."
"I did time when I was twenty-four. Six months for taking a gold watch and a ring. When I came out I went straight as I could, and Madam was good to me . . ." Her breath seemed to be falling her.
"Yes, Mary; but about the pearls?"
Grimson made a terrific effort and lifted her voice:
"I passed Mrs. Wertheim's cabin, and there was the door wide open and the pearls lying there! I went in and took them out. I was going to keep them. But then they said they were going to search the cabins along our row, and when Miss Brown came down to Madam's cabin I slipped them into her coat!"

Grimson seemed to be fighting for life itself. Between each sentence she drew a breath with a noise like a rag being torn across.
"Stop, Mr. Mills," Bridget begged in a distraught whisper. "It's killing her!"
Mr. Mills said:
"It's all right, Mary, we understand what happened. There's no harm done. You can be quite happy now you've spoken! Don't worry any more, God forgives you, Mary. His mercy is infinite!"
Grimson gave a convulsive shudder, and her breathing grew quieter.
"There," put in Mrs. Mills. "Nobody blames you! Miss Brown doesn't blame you. She only wants you to try and get better, Mary, my dear!"
Grimson's lips moved and the others bent to catch the words.
"What do you say, Mary?" asked Mr. Mills.
"Gave me a bit o' biscuit!" she whispered.

The lids closed slowly over her eyes. Mrs. Mills felt her pulse. Mr. Mills bent to listen to her breathing, suddenly hushed to nearly nothing . . .
Twenty minutes later Bridget walked out of the hut with tears running down her pale cheeks.
"Is she dead?" asked Joyce, who was sitting outside waiting.
Bridget nodded.
Meanwhile, sitting in the hut while his wife busied herself over what had been Mary Grimson, Mr. Mills took out a pencil and the damp-stained remains of a note book and wrote. When he had finished he said to his wife:
"I'll sign this, and you had better sign it too, my dear!"
When the late evening was sinking into twilight over the wind-tossed sea, they carried Grimson out. She needed no shelter now.

Mr. Mills was to bury her in the morning.
Elk Lake Man Held Under Defence of Canada Act
Valentine Clement, of Elk Lake, is held by provincial police on a charge laid under the Defence of Canada Act. Paul Barstat, no fixed address, is also facing a similar charge.
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