

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

"For when the Great Scorer comes to write against your name He writes not that you won or lost But how you played the game."

"Sportsman's Creed" was sent to Ann by a young man who is now in the air force, but whose sister is "the girl in the front office" . . . four simple lines that speak a multitude of thoughts . . . a creed that seems to form the thought behind the Royal Canadian Airforce of which this friend is a member . . .

Congratulations and best wishes to Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Irvine, whose charming marriage was a quiet event at the manse of the Timmins United Church at 9:30 o'clock on Saturday morning . . . Mrs. Irvine, whose dark beauty was flattered by the attractive romance blue costume she wore for her marriage, is the former Miss Marion Lawlor, R.N.

Also, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Howard, whose 11 o'clock morning wedding took place at the Timmins United Church on Saturday . . . both the bride and groom are among the most popular of the younger set in town, and their parents are well-known citizens . . . the bride is the former Miss Gwendoline Riley, whose many friends know her as "Gwen," daughter of Mrs. J. Riley . . . while the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Howard.

And, to Toronto, best wishes wing their way to Mr. and Mrs. Clement Frederick Leamen, whose marriage was a lovely event at Runnymede United Church on Saturday . . . "Clem" is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Leamen, of Timmins, and has numerous friends here who will

Join in good wishes to him and to his bride, the former Miss Verma Rosalind Paull, of Toronto.

While in Kirkland Lake on Sunday, June 29th, Miss Sophie Moroz, formerly of Timmins, became Mrs. Stan Coulton . . . the bride and groom spent a few days in Timmins with her parents after their wedding, and received the good wishes of many, many friends who think that Mr. Coulton is a very lucky man.

Another wedding scheduled for next week is that of Patricia Holland and Ed Reid, to take place on Friday . . . and on Sunday, another well-known couple will say their "I do's" . . . they are Mary Moroz and Stanley Kremyr . . . on Thursday evening, Mary was guest-of-honour at a delightful miscellaneous shower, at which Mrs. Harry Bobbie and Miss Rose Kremyr were joint hostesses.

Dancing at the Riverside Pavilion on Saturday evening were a couple who were married on Thursday in Toronto . . . a couple who are well-known in this district . . . they are Pilot Officer and Mrs. Dennis Duxfield, and were married while Dennis was on leave from the air force . . . Mrs. Duxfield was the former Miss Florence Pilon . . . congratulations and best wishes.

And once again, best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Aurel Lalonde, whose marriage was a quiet event at the Notre Dame des Lourdes Church on Sunday evening . . . the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dahin Lalonde, and the bride is the former Miss Cecile Morin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morin . . . Mr. D. Lalonde and Mr. Ernest

Morin were witnesses at the wedding.

And in the fall, Clare O'Gorman, popular among the younger set, will become the bride of Mr. Richard Dainton, of Niagara Falls . . . Clare is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. O'Gorman, and "Dick" is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dainton, both families residing in Timmins . . . good luck.

Only One Recruit Signed up Here In Three Days

Only one recruit left Timmins last week-end for training for overseas service. Lieut. Worthington, who is in charge of recruiting here, says that men are needed for many special purposes in the Canadian Army. A man with any of the skilled trades can give particular service to his country by joining up now, as so many men are needed for so many different lines of work. There are excellent opportunities to-day in the Canadian army and Lieut. Worthington asks the young men to come to the armoueries and discuss the matter with him. They will be surprised at the number of real opportunities offered to them by the Canadian army of to-day. In the meantime Lieut. Worthington would like to emphasize the fact that more men are needed at once in this district, if the area is not to fall down in its quota. It would be the first time in this war or in the last one that this district did not do more than its share. Any young men who may be considering the idea of joining the Canadian Army are reminded that medical boards are being held here at the armoueries every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at the armoueries anytime during the morning or afternoon of any day and will be only too pleased to give any information or advice desired by prospective recruits.

The recruit leaving here last week for Toronto was John Langton, of Timmins.

Man Steals Heifer and Slaughters it Yesterday

Memories of the old days in the west when cattle rustlers ran at large were brought back to the Provincial Police detachment in Timmins early yesterday morning. A worker at Feldman's Mill reported that a heifer had been killed and slaughtered at the edge of the bush on a farm on the power line near Feldman's Mill.

Police investigated and found the heifer was a year old and had been a pet. It belonged to Dave Craig, of Schumacher, and somebody had lured it to the edge of the pasture and had slaughtered it there. The best of the meat was taken away and the remainder was left on the spot.

Police are still investigating but as yet have not picked up any suspects.

Samuel Bilsky, Brother Mrs. A. J. Shragge, Passes

Samuel Bilsky, patron of amateur sport in Canada's capital city for many years, and prominent Jewish resident, died at his home, 118 Driveway, Ottawa, on Tuesday morning, July 1st, in his 64th year. The late Mr. Bilsky was a brother of Mrs. A. J. Shragge of Timmins, and besides Mrs. Shragge he leaves to mourn his loss four brothers, Alexander M. Bilsky, of New York; Nathan, Ottawa; Jack, Louisville, Kentucky; David, of New York, and three sisters, Mrs. A. W. Jacobs, Montreal; Mrs. Allan Bronfman, Montreal, and Miss Eva Bilsky, of Ottawa.

Funeral services were held on Thursday afternoon at the house and burial at the Jewish cemetery, with Rabbi Oscar Fasman in charge.

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PEOPLE IN THE STORY:
PEGGY GARLAND—Capable, good-looking companion to
MRS. TRELAWNEY—Rich, elderly widow with a country house in Devonshire, which Peggy runs very efficiently.
EDGAR TRELAWNEY—Weak-willed son of the widow, who dissipates his mother's money in London and only comes home for more.
PHILIP CHESHAM—Edgar's unscrupulous gambling partner.
DR. JOHN ARKWRIGHT—Recently settled in a practice which gives him Mrs. Trelawney as a patient. His bachelor prejudices include a dislike of professional companions.
MRS. JARDINE—A new neighbour of Mrs. Trelawney.

CHAPTER XIV UNANIMOUS VERDICT

"It was a light white wine of which she was fond," said Peggy in answer to another question. "There was a decanter in Mrs. Trelawney's room. But this was empty so Mr. Trelawney took the decanter down and refilled it. He came back quickly, poured out a glass and gave it to his mother." Mr. Sturrock took off his glasses, polished them with a silk handkerchief, then continued his questions.

The answers told how the decanter was broken when the bedside table was upset, along with everything on the table, including the bottle of luminol. "Most unfortunate," said Mr. Sturrock. "Will you now tell me at what hour on that night you last saw Mrs. Trelawney?"

"About half past ten. I went into her room last thing before I went to bed and found her sleeping. I did not sit up with her because Dr. Arkwright had told me that there was no need to do so."

"We come to the next morning—yesterday morning."

Peggy told how Rose had called her, how frightened the girl was and of the state in which she had found her employer. She related how she had used the amyl without result and of sending the car for Dr. Arkwright.

"One more question, Miss Garland," said the Coroner. "You are definitely certain you gave the correct dose?" "I am certain," Peggy said firmly. Arkwright sighed with relief as Peggy finished her evidence. He could sense the favourable impression she had produced. He hoped devoutly nothing would occur to upset it. Now Rose Weller was called and what she said confirmed Peggy's story in every detail. Her evidence took only a few minutes, then Charles Perkins was summoned.

Arkwright, who, of course, knew Perkins well, was shocked at his appearance. Perkins was always delicate, but now he looked really ill. The unfortunate man was trembling from head to foot. Facing a crowd like this was too much for him.

"You must speak up, please, Mr. Perkins," said the Coroner kindly, after his first answer. "I have only a very few questions to ask you."

Perkins's boy hands were clutching the back of the chair behind which he stood, as he stammered out his evidence.

He had no difficulty in reading the prescription, and he made it up according to directions. On the last point he answered confidently.

Again the audience craned their necks as Edgar Trelawney came in. Most of them knew him by sight; all knew him by repute.

Edgar wore a dark suit with a black tie and a black band round his sleeve. He looked well and his expression was well controlled—grave but not too solemn—as he acknowledged the Coroner's sympathetic references to his loss.

"The first question related to the wine he gave his mother. Could he be quite sure it had not been tampered with in any way?"

"Perfectly certain," Edgar replied. "The decanter being empty, I went down to the dining room, and took a fresh bottle from the cellaret. Martin, our butler, was in the room and he pulled the cork for me and poured the wine into the decanter. I took it straight upstairs," Mr. Sturrock nodded.

"You gave nothing else to your mother, Mr. Trelawney?" "Nothing whatever. I did not go up again because I understood from Miss Garland that my mother would be asleep. So far as I can gather, no one but Miss Garland entered my mother's room that Tuesday evening, or gave her food or drink." There was a slight stir in the quiet room. Mr. Sturrock leaned forward.

"You seem to be laying the blame for what has happened upon Miss Garland, Mr. Trelawney," he said in his quiet voice. Edgar shrugged.

"Miss Garland has been companion to my mother for three years. Her services were greatly appreciated both by my mother and myself. The proof is that I recommended my mother to leave her a legacy, and this she did. I say this to make it plain that I have no feeling whatever against Miss Garland. What I suggest is that Miss Garland made a mistake in measuring the dose she gave my mother."

The room became so silent that the chatter of two sparrows fighting in the yard outside could be plainly heard. Arkwright turned to Gerald Meakin, who sat beside him.

"The swine!" he whispered. "I believe he's trying to save his own dirty skin."

"A legacy," the Coroner repeated slowly. "Was the amount important?" "I suggested two hundred pounds a year," Edgar answered.

"And was Miss Garland aware of this bequest?" "I believe that my mother told her of it," Again Mr. Sturrock took off his glasses and polished them.

"Thank you, Mr. Trelawney," he said in a formal tone. "We will not trouble you further."

"Sturrock doesn't like him any better than we do," Gerald whispered back to Arkwright, but Arkwright shook his head.

"This is awful," he said. "I never heard of this infernal legacy." He paused a moment. "I suppose it goes to the jury now."

"Wait!" said Gerald. "There's another witness."

Sergeant Caunter was called. He was a big man of about forty, quiet, slow-speaking, competent. He had lived and worked in Devonshire all his life. His story began when he had been called in on Tuesday morning.

Vincent had fetched him and he had reached the house within about an hour of Mrs. Trelawney's death.

"You made an investigation?" the Coroner asked.

"Dr. Arkwright gave me the details, sir; then I questioned Miss Garland and Rose Weller. I asked specially about the table being upset. That, it seems, was done by Mr. Trelawney, who knocked against it accidentally. I asked for the pieces of broken glass, but they had been already cleared away and thrown into dustbin. I went to the dustbin, but could recover nothing of any value for the purpose of this investigation." He paused.

"Most unfortunate," murmured Mr. Sturrock. "Have you anything else to tell us, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir. I searched the house to make sure there was no other supply of the drug or poison which killed Mrs. Trelawney. In the guest room near the head of the stairs I found this. He held up a small bottle half full of a brownish liquid.

"It was at the back of a small drawer in a bureau. The bureau is one of those old-fashioned pieces made of oak. The front lets down to form a writing table and there are three small drawers on either side. This bottle was pushed in at the back of one of the drawers and was wrapped in a piece of newspaper. It was only by chance I found it."

"And what are the contents?" the Coroner asked.

Again the room was tensely silent. All eyes were on the big policeman.

"I had the contents analysed, sir, by Mr. Dobell, the chemist at Taverton. It is a preparation of opium well known to the police, and commonly called knock-out drops."

CHAPTER XV THE VERDICT

"Knock-out drops?" This was real melodrama. Arkwright could feel the tingle of excitement all through the room.

The only person who did not seem to be specially thrilled was Mr. Sturrock. He turned to Gerald Meakin.

"Mr. Meakin, I should like your opinion as to whether a dose from this bottle could have been taken by Mrs. Trelawney—whether or not it would have been detected by your examination." Gerald Meakin stood up. He spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"A very few drops on top of the luminol would have proved fatal to a person in Mrs. Trelawney's condition, yet I think that even a small dose would have been detected by my analysis. In any case, sir, it seems to me that any person using such an obvious poison would hardly be foolish enough to leave the bottle about."

The Coroner nodded. "That is a point, Mr. Meakin." He turned to the Sergeant. "There was no label or mark on the bottle?"

"None, sir. Nor any date on the piece of newspaper. But the paper is not discoloured. It looks fresh."

"Who last used the room?" the Coroner asked.

"A Mr. Chesham who came down from London about three weeks ago with Mr. Trelawney but was, I understand, recalled to London the same day that he arrived." Arkwright, glancing at Peggy, noticed how tense she had become. And the look in her eyes. Was it anger or—was it fear? But Mr. Sturrock was asking Edgar about Chesham and, when Edgar got up, there was no doubt in Arkwright's mind that he was desperately nervous.

"This Mr. Chesham was a friend of yours, Mr. Trelawney?" the Coroner asked. Edgar pulled himself together. "I knew him fairly well, sir, but he was not an intimate friend. He had been unwell and needed a change. That is why I asked him down. That same evening he had a telephone message to say that his brother was seriously ill. So he left by the late train

from Taverton."

Again Arkwright looked at Peggy and now there was colour in her cheeks. The colour of anger. She was blazing with indignation, yet trying to restrain her feelings. Arkwright felt profoundly uncomfortable. He could make nothing of it.

Edgar sat down and Mr. Sturrock recalled Peggy.

"Miss Garland, you have made no mention of this legacy. Were you aware of it?" His tone was sharper than usual, but Peggy did not raise her voice as she replied.

"Mrs. Trelawney told me some days ago of her intention to leave me an annuity of £200 a year, and I was greatly surprised. But whether or not the bequest had been embodied in her will I had no means of knowing. Naturally then I did not speak of it. She paused then went on. "In any case I have been getting a salary of five pounds a week and a very comfortable home. I seem, then, hardly likely that I should murder my employer for the sake of less money and no home."

A gasp of surprise arose at the boldness of her words.

"Bravo Peggy!" said Meakin half aloud.

"No one has accused you of anything since Miss Garland," said the Coroner curtly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, Mr. Trelawney has at least suggested it." The scorn with which she spoke stung Edgar. He jumped up.

"All I said was that I thought Miss Garland had made a mistake in pouring out the medicine. I never mentioned murder."

"Calm yourself Mr. Trelawney," said the Coroner. "I am aware that you did not use the word 'murder.' He looked towards the jury.

"We have had all the evidence available. After what Mr. Gerald Meakin has told us I do not think that there is any need to adjourn the inquest for the sake of inquiring into the origin of the bottle discovered by Sergeant Caunter. Is there any question that any of you would like to ask?" A jurymen stood up. He was Samuel French, father of the new baby which Arkwright had helped into the world.

"Do 'ee think, zur, as Mrs. Trelawney could have took another dose of the medicine, her own self. They du say the bottle was by her bed."

"What do you think, Dr. Arkwright?" the Coroner asked.

"Possible," said Arkwright, slowly, "but extremely improbable."

"I agree," said the Coroner. "All the same, an intelligent question, Mr. French. The pity is that the medicine bottle was broken. It is that accident which has made the whole inquiry so difficult." He waited a moment, then, as no other jurymen spoke, sent them off to consider their verdict. Gerald Meakin leaned across to Arkwright.

"We're just as wise as when we started, John," he murmured. Arkwright shrugged.

"The only new thing is that bottle of knock-out drops," he whispered back. "I'm fairly sure they belonged to Chesham. There was something fishy about that fellow. Did you see how scared Edgar Trelawney was when Chesham's name came up?"

"He did seem nervous . . . hullo!—here they are back again. They didn't take long."

The jury came in, and Cowie, the foreman, who was the Nethercombe grocer and a churchwarden, gave the verdict.

"We find that Mrs. Trelawney died of an overdose of luminol, but how or by whom administered, there is not sufficient evidence to show. That's unanimous, sir," he added.

"And I think the only possible verdict under the circumstances," said the Coroner, "though naturally unsatisfactory to all concerned. Whether anything further is done in the matter remains with the police. I thank you, gentlemen," he said, and got up.

Arkwright made for the door. He waited to catch Peggy. But he got wedged in the crowd. Two men in front of him were talking.

"Her never did it!" said one. "Her's a lady, her be!"

"Baint so sure," replied the other. "Two hundred pounds a year's a mint o' money. More so when ee don't have to work for un."

Arkwright felt a spasm of anger. He was driven to realize that opinion was divided as to Peggy's guilt or innocence. It made him the more anxious to find her and tell her what was in his mind.

But when he got outside he could see nothing of Peggy. He went to the house, saw Rose, and asked her to find Peggy. She came back presently to say that Miss Peggy was with the elder Mr. Meakin in the library, and that they were talking business."

"Miss Peggy said she was very sorry, but she could not see you now," Arkwright bit his lip.

"All right, Rose," he answered. "Tell her I will call this evening after I've finished my rounds." He paused, and noticed Rose's troubled face. "Don't be upset, Rose," he said, kindly. "It will all come right presently." Then he strode away.

He returned at the end of his rounds without delaying even to take his usual cup of tea. Rose answered his ring.

"Miss Peggy, sir—she's not here!—she's left!" Arkwright gazed at Rose as if he could not believe his senses. "Left!"

"Gone to London, sir, by the 3.30," said Rose, in a shaken voice. "Vincent drove her to the station." She stopped, then—"Oh, sir, don't look like that!" she exclaimed, and burst into tears.

Wedding Event at United Church on Saturday Morning

Miss Gwendoline Riley and Mr. Donald Edwin Howard Married.

The marriage of Miss Gwendoline Riley, elder daughter of Mrs. J. Riley, and the late Mr. J. Riley, of 169 Balsam street north, and Mr. Donald Edwin Howard, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Howard, of 17 Maple street south, took place in the Timmins United Church on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, the Rev. W. M. Mustard officiating. Mr. H. Trener presided at the organ.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her uncle, Mr. J. Riley, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, and made a lovely picture in a petal rose sheer twin print ensemble. The coat was fashioned with a shirred bodice, fitted waistline, softly flared skirt, and featured bishop sleeves, and the bride wore a Pelican brimmed felt in matching shade. Her gloves were white lace, her shoes were in white, and she carried a colonial bouquet of Johanna Hill roses and bouvardia.

Miss Dorothy Howard, sister of the groom, as maid-of-honour, was charming in a waltz blue slier redingote, made with a tucks bodice, fitted waistline, and three-quarter length bell sleeves. A white picture hat, accented with the material of her dress, white shoes and white gloves completed her ensemble, and she carried a colonial bouquet of briarcliff roses.

Mr. Bruce Leek was groomsmen, while Messrs Mervyn Keyes and George Howard, brother of the groom, were ushers.

At the reception held at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Riley received the guests, wearing a figured blue crepe dress, with three-quarter length sleeves, white accessories, and a corsage of peach gladioli. She was assisted by the groom's mother, who chose for the occasion a navy blue redingote ensemble over printed crepe, with navy blue hat and white accessories, and a corsage of pink gladioli.

Mrs. M. B. Gells and Mrs. B. Leek poured tea, being assisted by Mrs. Geo. Howard and Misses Margaret Gells, Peggy Gedge, Pauline Mullen and Hilda Stephenson.

The couple left later in the afternoon by motor for a wedding trip to Muskoka and points south, the bride travelling in a rust polka dot crepe suit, with matching turban and white accessories.

Prior to her marriage, the bride was entertained at showers by Misses Margaret Gells and Peggy Gedge; Miss Pauline Mullen; Mrs. A. Smiley; and at an afternoon tea at the home of Mrs. Gells.

Bride-to-be Guest of Honour at Lawn Party on Saturday

Presentation of Beautiful China Set Made to Miss Ann Honkala.

Miss Ann Honkala, bride-to-be of next Monday, was guest-of-honour on Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. H. W. Darling and Mrs. W. Goranson entertained a number of her friends on the lawn of the Darling residence, 134 Wilson avenue. The day was fine and warm which made the lawn an ideal place to honour the popular young lady who has come to be known as "Ann" by so many "Advance" readers, and to extend best wishes for her future happiness.

A two-tier wedding cake centred the bride's table, which, when opened, contained a tea set of Shelley china in the Dainty Blue pattern for which the pretty blonde bride-to-be suitably thanked those present. Miss Velma Eimes, a bride-to-be of August, assisted the honoree unwrap and display the tea set.

A wedding card decorated with a bridal scene containing the names of her friends who chose to honour her on the occasion of her approaching marriage was presented to her. The list included the following names:—the hostesses (Mrs. H. W. Darling and Mrs. H. Goranson); Mrs. O. Savijarvi; Mrs. J. T. Andrews; Mrs. Steven Leskew; Mrs. C. Cuhlane; Mrs. G. A. MacDonald; Mrs. P. Lahte; Mrs. N. Hursti; Mrs. K. Lemo; Mrs. V. Rauh; Mrs. E. Kivi; Mrs. J. Oltean; Mrs. H. N. McGillis; Mrs. N. Vilenius; Mrs. K. Merikallio; Mrs. N. Rein; Mrs. H. Kangaslanen; Mrs. Wm. Sillanpaa; Mrs. C. V. Sillanpaa; Mrs. J. Korri; Mrs. G. Luopaa; Mrs. O. Kojonen; Mrs. P. Makynen; Mrs. E. Hakola; Mrs. A. Lehtinen; Mrs. T. Schroeder; Mrs. T. Kallio; Mrs. M. Viitanen; Mrs. M. Honkala (mother of the bride-to-be); Misses Marjorie Nelson; Annabelle Lang; Phyllis McCoy; Phyllis McConnell; Vivien Pierce; Jessie Bell; Floris Leveer; Helen Russell; M. Kivi; V. Kautto; Dorothy Frattura; Anne Sullivan; Jean McCnesney; Pat King; Marjorie Dalgarno; Barbara Barry.

During the afternoon the hostesses, assisted by Misses Helen Russell and Barbara Barry, served a delicious lunch.

"Left!" "Gone to London, sir, by the 3.30," said Rose, in a shaken voice. "Vincent drove her to the station." She stopped, then—"Oh, sir, don't look like that!" she exclaimed, and burst into tears.

(To be Continued)

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