

## Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring  
The hour of fate to those we love,  
Each pearl that leaves the broken  
string  
Is set in friendship's crown above.  
As narrower grows the earthly chain,  
The circle widens in the sky;  
These are our treasures that remain,  
But those art stars that beam on  
high."  
Holmes.

Ladies get out your pots and pans... the Dominion-wide drive for the salvaging of aluminum will be started to aid in Canada's war efforts... the members of the Boys' "K" Club will be around to collect all aluminum utensils and articles on Wednesday, July 30th... don't forget that date... this is your way to help win the war.

A perfect day for a Garden Party and Tea... The Women's Auxiliary under the auspices of St. Paul's Church held a Garden Party on the lawn of Mrs. W. H. Johns, of the Dome Extension... Friday, July the 25th... the afternoon tea was witnessed by many of the local ladies... a delightful time was enjoyed by all who attended.

A word about Tag Day held Thursday... all the ladies who helped to make the tag day a success should be complimented on their fine work canvassing the town under the hot rays of "Old Sol"... the tag day realized a very nice sum for the Bomb Victims in Britain... again, ladies, may we take this opportunity in complimenting you for showing your loyalty to the British flag and people.

And, to three little ladies who have worked hard and "with a smile" goes an especially nice bouquet of the prettiest summer flowers and words to match the flowers... they are little Misses Joan MacEilwee, 43 Laurier avenue, Margaret Craig, 42 Laurier avenue and Joyce Lawlor, 7 Leblanc avenue... Joan, Margaret and Joyce joined forces to work for the British Firefighters Relief Fund... for several days they sold tasty candies to neighbours and friends, and then one day, they walked up to the local Fire Hall where they handed eight dollars and two cents to Fire Chief Borland... well, delighted with the work of

the youngsters, Chief Borland turned right around and handed each little girl ten cents to spend for their own pleasure... but, one of the little ladies seemed to think that the ten cents would be of more use in helping the Relief Fund, and asked to donate the ten cents right back to the Fund... and would have eagerly parted with the coin, except for the refusal to receive it made by the chief.

Belated good wishes to Mrs. Hilda Kangasniemi who celebrated her sixtieth birthday a few weeks ago... Mrs. Kangasniemi is a beloved and well-known resident in Timmins, having made her home on Maple street south for many, many years... some of her many friends gathered at her home on Thursday evening, July 17th, to say "happy birthday and many more"... and to present some lovely gifts to the heroine of the day.

The same typewriter... the same office... the same building... and it's good to be back to them all this Monday morning... yes, Ann is on the job again, and it's pleasant to be able to say "hello" to readers of this column... perhaps a fine way to greet you is with three dots and a dash... or perhaps a "V"... cause those are the most common symbols or signs to be seen in Canadian towns and on our highways these days... on Friday afternoon, Ann saw a very dilapidated automobile, which however, was able to chug along at a slow rate... but it was remarkable in that every cracked window was patched up with three dots and a dash, or a V.

Thursday, August 7th, is the date chosen by the members of the Women's Institute for the annual picnic which will be held this year at the Buffalo-Ankerite Park... and what interesting plans are being made by the members and their families for the event... a bus has been chartered for the event, and will leave the Hollinger hall at 11 a.m... so, members and friends, pack up your best spirits and join in the fun... there'll be plenty of it.

### Timmins Market to Re-Open Saturday of This Week

Saturday of this week the Timmins market, at the corner of Second avenue and Mountjoy street, will re-open for the advantage of the settlers and market gardeners of the district and the benefit of the people of the town. In recent years the market has been a notable asset to the town, having the tendency to keep the price of farm products, vegetables, etc., at fair levels. It would be well for all concerned—while at the same time assuring the public of fresh meats, vegetables, etc., farmers, settlers, market gardeners, and the general public to note the date of the re-opening of the Timmins market—Saturday of this week, Aug. 2nd. After that date the market will be open every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the mutual convenience of all. It is expected that the opening day, Saturday, Aug. 2nd, will see a large display of the best in meats, poultry, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, etc.

## TWO REASONS WHY HITLER DOOMED



This four-engined bomber newly arrived in England is being put through its paces for Prime Minister Churchill at an airport somewhere in England.

### Polish Military Mission Recruits in the Dominion

#### Seeking More Men to Carry on the Fight Against the Huns.

(From Globe and Mail)

The Polish military mission, which has just arrived in Canada, will be assured of a warm welcome from the Canadian people and of the whole-hearted co-operation of our government and military authorities, as it comes with the object of mustering fresh forces for the purpose of compassing the downfall of Hitler and his allies. It is headed by a distinguished Polish soldier, Major-General Duch, and every one of its ninety members has seen service against the Germans in the present war, and can contribute valuable experience of modern warfare to the organization and training of the Polish legion, which is in process of formation. It includes Wing Commander Krashodolski, commander of the Polish unit of the Royal Air Force, which was credited with bringing down 126 planes in a few days in the early stages of the battle for Britain, and we trust that his desire to secure a large number of Polish recruits for the allied air force from this continent will be fulfilled.

A site near Owen Sound has been selected for the training camp of the projected legion, and a skeleton staff, which members of the mission will reinforce, has been assembled there already. But the recruiting headquarters of the legion are to be in Windsor. Undoubtedly one reason for this choice is the proximity of Windsor to the great American City of Detroit, which is said to contain more people of Polish blood than any other city in the world except Warsaw and Lodz in Poland itself. The legion hopes to draw recruits from the Polish population of Canada, which numbers about 200,000, but it also aspires to enlist men from the much larger Polish population of the United States, which was placed by the last census at 1,268,583. The great bulk of it resides in five states, New York (350,383), Pennsylvania (166,672), Illinois (173,017), Michigan (119,228), and New Jersey (102,573), and Windsor will be an admirable centre for tapping at least three of these states.

No country has suffered so much from the ruthless tyrannies of the Nazis as Poland, but its national spirit, although its fields have been watered by the blood of hundreds of martyrs, is unbroken. And no people have so deep an interest in the defeat of Hitlerism as the Poles, because it offers them their only hope of emancipation from a terrible servitude. In the American War of Independence Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the famous Polish patriot, after enlisting as a volunteer on the American side in 1776, fought so valiantly that Washington made him his adjutant, and he was admitted to the famous American Order of the Cincinnati. Years later he was the chief leader of his country in its fight for freedom against the Russians and the Prussians, and when he was defeated the poet, Thomas Campbell, wrote the famous line, "And freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

It is therefore fitting that there should be forthcoming from this continent every possible assistance for the rescue of Poland from its present woes, and in providing it the people of Polish stock should be the most zealous contributors.

### Sheep Raisers Ask for Bounty on Bears in North

"The provincial authorities are being asked by members of the Temiskaming Lamb Fair Association to allow a bounty on bears and to enact more stringent laws enabling and aiding the municipalities to enforce their by-laws on dogs running at large. A resolution has been adopted by the Association as a petition to the Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries, this action being taken as a sequel to recent destructive raids on sheep flocks in this district.

"It is claimed that the losses caused by marauding bears "has reached alarming proportions" in Temiskaming and that, as no compensation is allowed farmers who suffer from this cause, the bounty is asked for. In the case of roaming dogs, a more strict enforcement of municipal laws is requested, and the Ontario Government is petitioned to put teeth in the regulations to hold the annual Lamb Fair on September 19 at Uno Park."

Globe and Mail: Italy has lost more than half a million men since this war began, which probably accounts for the silence of the blustering individual who got the country into all this trouble.

### Work in Progress on the Smoky Falls Clay Claims

There has been special interest shown in the development of the china clay claims on the Mattagami river near Smoky Falls, as this promises another new and important industry for the North. The progress of this work, and in this connection herewith passes on the following paragraph from The Northern Tribune, of Kapuskasing, the nearest big centre to the clay deposits:—

"A large diesel tractor familiarly known as a bull-dozer is being shipped today up the Smoky Falls line to the china clay claims on the Mattagami river. This will be used to strip off the over-burden on the rich clay deposits, preparatory to later marketing operations this fall."

### North Bay Disappearance Mystery Not Forgotten

Last week the Attorney-General's office made reply to a question, giving in effect that information that the Kirk case in North Bay had not been dropped or forgotten. Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Kirk, well-known and highly-esteemed residents of North Bay, left last October on a motor holiday trip, and have been listed among the missing since. Family and financial conditions were happy and there seemed to be no possible reason for the voluntary disappearance of the couple, or of either one of them. They left some small children at North Bay, and everything pointed to the idea that they planned to return to North Bay after the holiday. They had notified relatives in the West of their intention to visit there, but it was their failure to fill this engagement or to write about it, that eventually led to fear for their safety, as the couple disappeared completely. They were easily traced from North Bay to Sudbury, but after that it looks as if the couple and their automobile were swallowed in one of the mysteries that seem without reasonable solution. Rivers and lakes along the road between Sault Ste. Marie and Sudbury have been dragged but not a single clue has been unearthed as to the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk. The Attorney-General's Department says that despite the fact that so many months have passed without a clue to the mystery being dug up, the case has not been pigeon-holed, but, instead, efforts are still being made and will continue to be made to find out just exactly why Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kirk have disappeared.

### Housewives Urged to Do More Preserving This Year

Ottawa, July 26—Increase in the demand for commercially canned fruit or vegetables in the next twelve months is leading Canadian housewives to respond to the appeal to "serve by conserving," according to a statement made by the Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

There are indications already of heavy buying for home canning growing out of a realization that commercial packs will be subject to unusual strain because of increased shipments to Great Britain, increased for the armed forces and increased domestic purchasing power, coupled with lessened imports of certain fruits and vegetables. The board points out that increasing household preserving and storage will also contribute to price stability in the winter months.

"Ample supplies of sugar are now available for preserving purposes," stated S. R. Noble, sugar administrator under the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, and "householders will be doing a service to themselves and their country if they make use of it to preserve as much as possible of available fruits and vegetables."

There is no shortage of glass preserving jars, and housewives are urged, if they are not in a position to make use of all their own jars, to make them available to other householders in their locality.



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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 XXVII

Althea was kindness itself. Even after Edgar came she still spent much time in Peggy's room. Nothing that money could do for Peggy was left undone.

Alan stayed until the following Tuesday; then he had a violent row with Edgar. After that there was nothing for it but to go. Before he left he came to say good-bye to Peggy.

"I'm not going to apologize," he said. "The fellow asked for it. All the same, it was a bad job. He's playing the injured innocent, and Althea is comforting him. It's a rotten world, Ruth."

"Not with people like you in it," Peggy said. "I only wish you'd knocked his head off. Tell me, Alan, how are things between him and Althea? She knows I don't like him and never talks about him."

"Bad; you may expect the engagement to be announced any day," Peggy was silent, but the look on her face wrung Alan's heart. "Don't look like that, Ruth," he said sharply. "I can't stick it. Anyhow, there's no need for you to be so miserable. This man you spoke of—why don't you marry him?"

"I can't!" said Peggy, in a small voice.

"What! Is he married already?"

"No!" Alan frowned.

"You mean he doesn't know?"

"He knows," said Peggy. "He'd marry me to-morrow if I'd let him." Alan flung up his hands.

"You're crazy, Ruth!"

"Near it!" Peggy said, grimly. "It's no good, Alan. I can't explain. But when I can, you're the first person I'll tell."

Alan shook his head.

"Ruth, I'm fonder of you than you know. If there's any blessed thing I can do for you, you're only to tell me."

Tears stood in Peggy's eyes.

"You're a dear Alan. But there's not a thing you can do. You'd better go now—I'm going to cry!" He bent and kissed her on the cheek.

"Good-bye, Ruth! You know where to find me. I'll come any time you want me." He turned and went quickly out of the room.

He was a true prophet. That same evening Althea came to see Peggy, and her face was so lit up, her eyes so bright, that Peggy's heart sank.

"Ruth," said Althea, eagerly. "He's told me everything. He admitted he was fond of Mrs. Jardine. Then quite by chance he found that she was still a widow. Her husband was still alive. He asked her straight out if this was true, and she turned on him and demanded to know why he had been spying on her. She was so violent that he left her. He told me that the scene killed all his feeling for her. Then he met me, and he says I attracted him at once. Now he has asked me to marry him, and—oh, Ruth, I am so happy!"

Peggy tried to speak but no words would come out. She sat, propped with pillows, gazing up at Althea with eyes full of misery.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?" Althea asked.

"I can't. Oh, I can't!" Peggy answered.

"But why, Ruth?" Althea questioned. If she had been angry it would have been easier for Peggy. As it was, she was at her wits' ends how to answer.

"I can't make out why you are so prejudiced against Edgar," Althea went on. "You don't know him. You have hardly spoken to him. It's all very strange to me." She paused a moment but, as Peggy did not speak, went on. "Edgar has faults. Even I can see that. But I love him, Ruth, and I'm going to marry him. Nothing can change that."

It was true. Peggy saw it and knew at once that nothing she could say would have any effect. When a weak but obstinate woman like Althea takes the bit between her teeth there is no turning her.

A moment earlier Peggy had been on the point of blurring out the whole story. She would have sacrificed herself to save Althea. Now she realized that it was useless. The tale of Chesham's death she could not tell, though the fact of his being missing might reveal itself any day. Apart from that all she could say was that Edgar was extravagant and selfish.

"You have been very good to me, Althea, and I would do anything to see you happy, but I can't feel that you will be happy with Edgar Trelaw-

ney. Now you won't be needing me any longer so—" Althea broke in.

"What nonsense! I could not dream of parting with you."

"And yet I must go," Peggy insisted. "Edgar Trelawney would soon want to get rid of me even if you did not."

"Listen, Ruth! He and I plan to go on a six months' cruise. Then we shall go to his place in Devonshire to live. I am sending most of my staff there, for Edgar, who seems to have been very extravagant, has got rid of his mother's servants."

"I want you to go down there, to Coombe Royal—that's the name of the place—and get everything ready. You will have plenty of time and plenty of help and I shall of course give you a free hand."

Peggy drew a long breath. To be down at Coombe Royal again in her beloved Devonshire; to be close to John Arkwright! Then the shield turned. No, the risk was impossible; she would be recognized. She shook her head.

"It only means putting off the evil day. Better to make the break at once."

"There's not going to be any break," said Althea with unusual firmness. "But now you are tired and excited so I'm not going to let you talk any more to-night. Good night, my dear."

Peggy had no sleeping draught to help her that night. She lay and tossed miserably thinking and thinking but always coming to a blind end. Towards morning she dozed and waked to find a maid with her dainty breakfast.

There was letter on the tray.

"Peggy, dear," Isobel wrote. "They have given him five years. The judge said it ought to have been seven... I'm very miserable, Peggy, and longing to see you..."

That letter turned the scale. What ever happened, Isobel should not go short. When Althea came up an hour later Peggy told her that she would go to Coombe Royal. Althea's face lit up. She stooped and kissed Peggy.

"My dear, I knew you'd be sensible," she said.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PEGGY GOES BACK TO DEVON

"Don't fret, Peggy, you have done all you can. Now you must let things take their course." Mr. Meakin was speaking. He and Peggy were together in the lawyer's oak-paneled office.

Peggy did not speak. She lay back in her chair, looking worn and dispirited. He went on.

"Luckily I know Iredale, Miss Rivers' lawyer, and have had a talk with him. Utterly unprofessional, of course, but I have put him wise to Master Edgar, and he will see that Miss Rivers' capital is so tied up that her husband can't touch it."

"That won't help her," Peggy said.

"It will, my dear. Trelawney won't abuse his wife when he depends on her for pocket money."

"I wouldn't trust him," Peggy answered. "He'll get money out of her somehow. Anyhow he will make her miserable."

"That, I am afraid, is only too likely. You must do your best to help her." Peggy sat up straight.

"Then you think I am doing right to stay with her?"

"Very right."

"It's going to be pretty lonely down there at Coombe Royal," Peggy said.

"I shall have to avoid all my old friends and—and John. I don't know whether I can stand it."

"True, my dear. On the other hand you will be on the spot. You may be able to discover something that will help to solve the mystery of Mrs. Trelawney's death." Peggy shook her head.

"Edgar isn't likely to give himself away, and suppose he recognizes me?" Mr. Meakin looked up at Peggy.

"I should never recognize you for the girl you were a few months ago. The change goes deeper than the color of your hair and the style of your dress. You seem older, more mature and your manner, even your voice, has changed. If you are careful no one will recognize you and I think you will be too busy to be lonely."

"You are always comforting," said Peggy trying to smile. She picked up her bag and rose to go. The lawyer went with her to the door.

"Have you seen your sister, Peggy?" he asked. Peggy brightened.

"I have and she has quite changed, Mr. Meakin."

"About time," said the other dryly. But Peggy smiled.

"There is good stuff in her, Mr. Meakin. And it's showing now."

"I'm glad."

The daffodils in the untidy gardens of Coombe Royal, were a blaze of yellow when Peggy, alone in Althea's small car steered up the familiar drive.

She was on the point of driving round to the garage when she remembered that she was not supposed to know the place, so she pulled up at the front door and rang. Althea's servants had gone down already, soon after the wedding, and she expected that one of them would answer the bell.

The door was opened by Rose Weller.

"Rose!" Peggy's lips formed the word, yet she just restrained herself from uttering it aloud. She saw Rose

gazing at her and with a violent effort pulled herself together.

"I am Miss Fletcher," she said, "but you—you are not one of Mrs. Trelawney's staff."

"My name is Rose Weller, Miss. I was maid to the late Mrs. Trelawney and was left as caretaker."

"I see," Peggy answered. "The other have arrived?"

"They are all here, Miss. Tea will be ready if you will come in."

It was the strangest experience, to come back to the old house she knew so well and be forced to pretend that she was a stranger. Rose led the way upstairs and Peggy found that her old room had been prepared for her. The same bed, the same furniture and carpet, the same pictures on the wall. After Rose left the room Peggy sat down in her rhinoceros-covered armchair and did not move for some minutes.

Rose here! That made things even more difficult than she had anticipated. From what Althea had told her, she had thought the only survivor of the old staff was Southcote, the lodge-keeper. He, being elderly and short-sighted, was not likely to recognize her, but Rose, young and quick-eyed, was a very real danger and Peggy realized that she would have to be very careful indeed.

Peggy had told Mr. Meakin that she would be lonely at the old house. But how lonely she had hardly realized. No one came to call on a "companion." The neighbours were waiting for the return of the new Mrs. Trelawney. For two weeks Peggy did not exchange a word with anyone except the servants.

If it had not been for the work she felt she would have gone crazy. But there was much to do to prepare the house for Althea's return from the honeymoon. During the whole of this first fortnight she never put a foot outside the grounds.

There was one room in the house which she had not so far entered, the bedroom of old Mrs. Trelawney. At last she hardened her heart and opened the door.

The room was beautifully tidy and well aired but the old furniture was still just as it had been on the day of the old lady's death. Even the bed-table, the one which Edgar had upset, stood in precisely the same spot. The picture, too, which hid the door of the old safe hung exactly as Peggy remembered it. She went across and moved it, and saw that the old safe was still there.

From the door came a slight sound, and Peggy turned quickly to see Rose standing, wide-eyed, gazing at her. Rose stepped into the room and closed the door behind her.

"I thought all the time it was you, Miss Peggy. Now I'm sure." For a moment Peggy could find no words. Rose went on. "I can't think how you got back, Miss, nor why you changed yourself like you have, but—oh, I'm so glad to see you."

There were tears in her eyes as she spoke, but it didn't need these to assure Peggy that the girl meant exactly what she had said.

(To be Continued)

### Kirkland Council Passes Parking Meters By-law

Despite the fact that President Ted Miron of the Kirkland Lake board of trade and some prominent men of the town are strongly opposed to the idea of installing parking meters, the Teck township council last week passed a by-law to buy 322 parking meters as soon as this can be arranged. In the meantime the township council is awaiting the approval of the by-law by the provincial government.

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