

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The speaker for the day at Timmings Kiwanis Club luncheon ten years ago was A. G. Carson, local superintendent of the District of Cochrane Children's Aid Society. Mr. Carson gave an illuminating address on the work of the society and his clear and detailed account of the good accomplished by the work was much appreciated by the large number of members present.

"Conditions at Cochrane in regard to the unemployed are still bad, there being two or three hundred transients there who have no available work," said The Advance ten years ago. "The recent riot at Cochrane in which Provincial Constable Ralph Crozier was seriously injured has alienated the sympathy of the people of the town who feel that the action of the most on the occasion in question was an ungrateful and mean return for the kindness shown the transients who have been such a burden to Cochrane for several months past. At present the people of Cochrane are looking to the governments to remove these transients at once. If this is not done, there is danger of trouble, the good people of Cochrane being completely disgusted with the treatment meted out to them apparently from all sides in the cost and annoyance entailed by the influx to the town of the unemployed."

In The Advance ten years ago: "The old saying that lightning never hits twice in the one place has to be taken with reservations in regard to houses in Mountjoy township according to an incident this week. During the big electrical storm in this district on Monday morning, the house on Haewyer Farm, the property of H. Duff, and situated about four miles from

Timmings, in the township of Mountjoy, was struck by lightning twice in the space of a few minutes. Mrs. Duff and son, Lachlan, were in the front part of the house when about eight o'clock lightning struck the kitchen, tearing a gaping hole in the roof, slashing the linoleum on the floor as with a knife and shattering the flooring of the room. Mrs. Duff and Lachlan immediately went to the kitchen to see what damage had been done and to guard against the danger of fire from the effects of the lightning. While they were in the kitchen lightning again struck the house, this time damaging the front part of the structure, splitting the roof and slashing the floor before it grounded. A few minutes' difference in the lightning strokes would have meant tragedy, as Mrs. Duff and son had just left each room before the lightning struck kitchen and sitting room in succession. Lachlan was able to extinguish the fire started by the lightning in each of the rooms, but not before some little damage was done."

"Despatches from Sault Ste. Marie have the efronty to suggest that there is unanimity in Northern Ontario in regard to the Sault's scheme for a "Northern Council" or "unofficial legislation for all the North," said The Advance ten years ago. "The contrary is the fact. There seems to be no one supporting the Sault scheme, except those originally proposing it and trying to foist it on the North. After appearing to put over the scheme for forcing the rocky route north of Lake Superior as part of the Trans-Canada highway, the Sault may think that everything is possible. The Sault, however, should remember that the said improper route has not yet been chosen, and so far the only result of the Sault's propaganda and expense in the matter is to make the rest of the North suspicious of all the other tricks of the Sault. The recent "conference" at North Bay showed every thoughtful man in the North how any scheme originating in Sault Ste. Marie would work out."

By winning the game at Timmings ten years ago with Wright-Hargreaves the efficient McIntyre Baseball team won the championship of the Temiskaming Baseball League. In the game ten years ago the McIntyres won in a fine game of ball, the score being 11 to 4. The brand of ball put up suggested that McIntyres would go further in baseball honours that year.

In The Advance ten years ago: "Re-



"All the motorman said was—see you later boys—in the army!"

ports were current this week of four or five men coming from the West, with terrifying Western toughness, and promising to terrorize the town with wild and woolly methods. One of these fellows was said to have boasted about handling four policemen at North Bay, and what he was going to do to the Timmings police was a shame. Then reports came of men stopping automobiles and asking for money to buy food and if refused curses and abuse were showered upon the motorists. Unfortunately, the motorists concerned did not make complaint to the police until Wednesday and as the wild and woolly fellows did not do anything or say anything before the police, the latter had no cause for action. Sunday evening Constable Gauthier saw a couple of them on Third avenue and advised them to get off the street as they appeared to have been drinking though not drunk enough to be locked up. They took the advice meekly enough and made themselves scarce. Then there came stories of blind pigs being invaded by these fellows who secured drinks for which they refused to pay, the owners of the resorts having no recourse in the matter. On Tuesday evening the police received the first complaint on which they had to act, a man saying he had been robbed of \$8.00 and describing his assailant, the description agreeing with that of one of the wild men from the West. Constables Gauthier and Landriault went out and picked up the man described but when he was safely landed at the police station the man who was robbed could not identify him so he was allowed to go with the warning that this was not a lucky town for wild men. Wednesday, the police were notified of the beggars stopping motorists and using abuse if money was not forthcoming. A search was made for the men, but they could not be located until just before six o'clock when Constable Gauthier noticed one of them in an old car containing three other men who did not look like well-dressed persons. The constable boarded the running board of the car and drawing his revolver covered the four in the car and made the driver proceed to the police station. One man gave the name of Leo Couture. He was charged with vagrancy and evidence secured by the police showed that he had been begging money and making threats if the money was not forthcoming. At police court Wednesday evening this was sentenced to two months. He had talked meekly to the police, but when the sentence was announced he was inclined to be impudent with the magistrate but was very promptly set in his place, and by his pleading escaped further sentence than the two months for vagrancy. Other tough men are advised to note that Timmings is a good town to keep away from in case anyone thinks themselves a genuine terror."

ing friends and relatives in Cobalt." "Mrs. W. C. Brewer and son, Beverly, returned home this week after a two weeks' holiday at Montreal and Buckingham, Quebec." "O. R. Kelly was on a holiday for two weeks at his cottage at Long Lake. He also visited Ottawa and Outremont, Quebec." "Mrs. John Dalton is spending part of the summer at her cottage in the beautiful Thousand Islands section of Ontario." "Mrs. J. E. Wilson and Miss Francis Wilson, now of Kirkland Lake, but formerly of Timmings, were visitors to Timmings during the week-end and were warmly welcomed here by hosts of old friends in the town and district." "Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Burke are spending a few days at Muskoka."

Will Hitler Find the Common Fate in the Russian Earth?

(From the New York Times)
One doubts that even Adolf Hitler, communing with what he takes to be his soul in lofty Berchtesgaden, can grasp the full extent of land, of peoples and of history which he has troubled by his invasion of Russia. His deepest penetrations, after nearly a month of war, were pin-pricks in Russia's skin, however costly to her armies. At Smolensk, Kiev, Leningrad or even Moscow, the invader is barely launched upon the Russian ocean. From these points to Vladivostok is a journey of weary thousands of miles.

Take the whole continent of North America, throw in Central America, and Venezuela and Colombia, and one has a little more than the equivalent of the Soviet Union. Place Soviet-controlled Outer Mongolia and parts of Chinese Turkestan on the Russian side of the scales and they will send the balance down with a bang. In total population the Russians will have considerably the advantage.

For centuries beyond history this unimagable area has been trampled by countless invasions and migrations. Scythians, Sarmatians, Goths, Huns, Mongols, Northern Turks, Germans, Swedes and Frenchmen have at one time or another inhabited or invaded it. Jenghis Khan and Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century, Tamerlane in the fifteenth, Napoleon in the nineteenth have controlled or attempted to control great parts of it. The European part of Russia has been a recurrent battleground. Mingling of races have taken place which no scholar can now unravel. Neither rivers nor mountains have ever proved a permanent barrier. Almost every condition of human life on earth has existed within the Soviet Union; life on the tundras and among the stunted firs and pines of the north; in the forest belt of oaks, elms and beeches; on the fertile black earth of the middle belt; in grazing lands and deserts south and east; in the wild mountains of the Ural and the Caucasus, and in the shadow of the ranges of Turkestan and Mongolia.

The Chinese, the Greeks, the Italians of the Renaissance, the French of the Age of Enlightenment have all contributed to historic Russia. Her Communist phase has not wiped out her physical geography, her racial composition or her immemorial tendencies. And now her land and people are a channel between the waters and civilizations of the Atlantic and those of the Pacific.

When one considers the magnitude of Russia, the depth of her tradition, the strategy of her place on the globe's surface, one may be skeptical as to the lasting effects of nearly a quarter of a century of Leninism and Stalinism, as well as doubtful of how much Hitler's destroying angels may be able to accomplish. The Nazi tanks go where the Golden Horde once ruled, but the dust and mud may swallow them up too.

The hungry seekers after world domination have crossed these plains many times before. Their bones rest in the Russian earth.

Toronto Telegram: When it comes to painting the lily, a fellow recommending a friend for a political job usually does a bang-up job.

Toronto Telegram: Some men will always give another one a pat on the back before sticking in the knife.



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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 XXIX NO CHANCE

Peggy stepped across, put her hands on Rose's shoulders and kissed her cheek.

"I was afraid you would recognize me, Rose, but now you have, I'm glad. I've been very lonely, with no one to talk to. Now sit down and I'll tell you how it has come about that I'm back here at Coombe Royal."

Peggy could not have asked for a more sympathetic listener.

"Are you quite sure that you can keep this to yourself?" Peggy asked the astonished girl when the story was finished.

"Sure and certain, Miss. I wouldn't even tell Father."

"Or Charles Perkins?" said Peggy, with a smile. Rose flushed.

"Certainly not, Miss."

"We'll have another talk soon," Peggy said, as she opened the door and went out.

They did have other talks, and Peggy found Rose a great comfort. It was Rose who suggested that Peggy should go fishing again.

"Do go fishing," she said. "I know how you enjoy it."

That very night there was rain, and next morning dawned bright, with big soft clouds sailing across the blue. The sort of day that is a fisherman's dream and the first thing Peggy did on getting up was to put a couple of castes to soak. By ten o'clock she was on the river.

There is nothing like fishing to take your mind off your troubles—that is, if you are fond of it—and for the first time for weeks Peggy felt almost happy. It was a perfect spring morning. Water ouzels flitted from stone to stone, a living jewel which was a kingfisher flashed past her; a pair of sandpipers ran jerkily along a stretch of shingle; a water-rat sat up straight at the mouth of its hole, washing its face with its delicate paws; the long stilts sparkled in the sunshine, and the tawny pools under the high peaty banks were starred with the rises of feeding fish.

Peggy took many, but kept only the best. Even so, her creel was heavy when, a little after midday, she came within sight of the high-arched granite bridge which carries the old road over Okstock. To the right rose Hannaford Tor, its steep side scarred by the adits of an old and long-disused tin mine. Beneath this was an immense dump of reddish earth and rock dug from the bowels of the tor, and at the foot of the dump the old mine-house in ruins. Up here the breeze was cool and Peggy decided that the sunny side of the mine house would be a capital spot for a rest and lunch. Just tired enough to enjoy a rest, she lunched off the sandwiches and coffee she had brought, and having finished, lit a cigarette.

"Toto! Toto!"

The call came from far up the hill-side, the voice was that of a woman calling a dog which, perhaps, had gone into the mine—probably after a rabbit. Peggy strode up the hillside in the direction of the adit. She could not see the mouth of the adit, or the dig-owner, for both were hidden by a projecting shoulder of the tor. When at last the woman came into view, Peggy recognized at once Mrs. Jardine.

Peggy's first impulse was to bolt but, before she could turn, Mrs. Jardine had seen her.

"Oh, do help me," she called. "My dog has gone into the mine, and it's all dark and I can't find him."

There was no choice—none at all. Peggy walked towards the woman of whom she was more afraid than of any creature on earth.

"It was a rabbit," Mrs. Jardine said quickly as Peggy came up. "Toto went in after it. I've called and called. I've even been into this dreadful place but I can't see or hear him."

"I'll try," said Peggy with a calmness which surprised herself, and walked straight into the mine.

As best the adit of a tin mine is a nasty place. This adit, unused for half a century, was not only low-roofed but dangerous, from rotted posts. The floor was mud, deep, sticky, reddish mud in which Peggy stuck and slid.

Peggy went in as far as her eyes would serve her, then stopped and felt for her matchbox which was in a pocket of her light fishing jacket. She heard a thump behind her. A stone had fallen from the rotten roof. A horrible idea flashed through her brain and left her rigid. Had Mrs. Jardine

recognized her or somehow known that she was at Coombe Royal and was this a plot to get rid of her? With fingers that shook a little she struck a match and at once saw marks of small paws in the mud at her feet. She gave a short laugh.

"Peggy, you've got the wind up properly," she said to herself and, holding the match high, pushed on. A second match brought her to a rockfall which lay waste high all across the passage. She struck a third match and looked over.

"There was the dog, a Pekinese, standing facing her. Somehow it had scrambled over the fall but been unable to get back."

Peggy glanced up uncomfortably at the yawning gap in the roof from which the stones had fallen. It looked as if a mere touch would bring down another ton or two. It was no use fudging it. She began to climb over, no easy task for the rocks were wet and slippery and she had to use one hand to hold a match. Somehow she managed it and stooped to pick up the dog.

"The ungrateful little brute snarled and snapped at her. Peggy grasped him by the scruff of the neck, lifted him, slung him over her shoulder, then followed. So far she had managed excellently, now luck deserted her. Her foot slipped, over she went and the spasms of pain that ran like an electric shock through her ankle made her feel sick. It was the ankle she had sprained in Switzerland and now it had gone again.

CHAPTER XXX "IT WAS ALL A TRICK!"

"This time there was no one to help Peggy. Somehow she scrambled up and, sitting on a stone, took off her shoe and tied a handkerchief as firmly as possible round the ankle. Then, holding to the rotting mine timbers, she hobbled slowly out of the adit. Once in the open she dropped on the turf. She was very near to fainting.

"You're hurt!" she heard Mrs. Jardine say.

"My ankle," Peggy managed to answer.

"The other woman was no fool. She had the shoe and stocking off at once, and taping off her scarf made a good job of bandaging the damaged ankle.

"My car is on the road," she said. "If you can get as far I will drive you home."

"Thank you," Peggy said. "My name is Fletcher. I am Miss Rivers's—I mean Mrs. Trelawney's—companion. If I can get to Coombe Royal I shall be all right."

The distance to the road was not more than a couple of hundred yards and all downhill, but to Peggy the journey was an endless nightmare. Not that Mrs. Jardine was any weakling. Peggy, strong herself, was amazed at the power of the other. Slight as Mrs. Jardine seemed, her muscles were of steel and she knew how to use them.

But for Peggy the repulsion she had always felt for Mrs. Jardine was doubled by the contact and, when you add to that, the intense pain she was suffering, it is not hard to understand the misery of that short walk.

Arrived at last at the road, Mrs. Jardine left Peggy sitting on the grassy verge and went to fetch the car which was in the hollow below. She brought it up, turned it skilfully and helped Peggy in. She put Toto on the seat beside her, started the car and drove slowly back towards Coombe Royal. Peggy lay back with her eyes closed, biting her lip to keep herself from groaning.

Soon she felt the car slowing, and then Mrs. Jardine spoke.

"Here is Dr. Arkwright, Miss Fletcher. Shall I ask him to call and see to the ankle?"

Peggy opened her eyes. Here was John Arkwright striding up the slope towards them, not twenty yards away. In the brilliant sunlight his face was sharp and clear and Peggy's heart gave a jump that almost choked her as she saw how much older he looked than when she had last seen him. For the moment she could not speak, could not do anything but stare at him.

"The car was stopping. Mrs. Jardine was looking around at her. Peggy saw, or thought she saw suspicion in her eyes.

"No, don't stop," Peggy said in a strangled voice. "I know exactly what to do. I don't need a doctor."

Without a word Mrs. Jardine sent the car on again. For an instant

Arkwright's eyes were on the car. He raised his hat to Mrs. Jardine but his face was grim. Then the car passed and he was out of sight. Mrs. Jardine gave a little laugh.

"A bit of a boor, that young man," she observed.

At Coombe Royal the butler and Rose lifted Peggy out, and Mrs. Jardine left, with polite expressions of thanks over the rescue of her dog.

"Take me to my room, please," Peggy said, and they carried her upstairs. There the butler left her to Rose.

Plainly Rose was bursting with curiosity yet to her credit did not ask a single question. She got Peggy to bed and very gently took the bandage off the damaged ankle. She shook her head.

"It's badly swollen, Miss. You ought to have a doctor."

"I know exactly what to do," Peggy told her. "Get some very hot water."

Rose fetched it and, while she fomented the injured joint, Peggy told her what had happened.

"So that was the way of it," said the girl. "I thought she'd be up to some of her tricks." Peggy stared. She had never heard the gentle-voiced Rose speak in such a tone.

"What do you mean, Rose?"

"I mean it was a trick, Miss Peggy. She saw you fishing and she put that dog in the mine just to make you go after it." Peggy had an unpleasant, sinking feeling.

"You mean that she recognized me?" Rose looked at her gravely.

"I can't say that for certain, but I think it's likely. That lady's got eyes like a cat and she's just as inquisitive."

Peggy shook her head.

"This is bad, Rose. If she has recognized me she may tell Trelawney."

"I'm sure I hope she hasn't," Rose said earnestly. "But it's a long time still before they come home, and she can't do any harm till then. Don't you worry, Miss Peggy. I've a feeling it will all come right."

For the next few days Peggy lay in bed, surrounded by every comfort. The cook sent her up perfect little meals, the chauffeur fetched books for her from Taverton, the gardener kept her room fragrant with flowers. All this was comforting, yet Peggy was very unhappy. It was not so much the fear that Mrs. Jardine had recognized her; what worried her most was the knowledge of how greatly John Arkwright was suffering. One glimpse of his face had told her much.

Almost she weakened but not quite. She compromised by writing a short letter to him, which she sent to Mr. Meakin, with the request that he would post it from London.

The second sprain was not so severe as the first one, but even so a fortnight passed before Peggy was about again. Morning paper to Peggy as she was one morning Rose brought the eating an early breakfast.

"Oh, Miss, there's been trouble up at the prison," she said. "Some convicts set on a warden and nearly killed him. The postman told me. He says it's all in the paper."

Peggy opened the paper at once, and the first thing that caught her eyes was a heading:

CONVICTS MUTINY WARDEN ATTACKED WITH SHOVELS

"Discontent of which rumours have been rife for some time past, culminated yesterday in a sudden and ferocious attack upon Warden Calderon who was in charge of one of the parties on the Dartmoor Prison Farm. The warden was attacked by three men at once and knocked down by a fearful blow on the head from a shovel. He would undoubtedly have been killed but for the bravery of a fourth prisoner, who rushed to his assistance and fought off his assailants. In the course of the struggle this man, too, was severely injured.

"His name is Leonard Mason, and he is serving a five year sentence for burglary. Warden Calderon was still unconscious at midnight. Mason, who is in the Prison Infirmary, has a broken arm and other injuries, but is said to be doing as well as can be expected."

Peggy drew a long breath.

"Isobel was right after all," she said. "There's good stuff in that husband of hers."

(To be Continued)

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