

Sentence of Thirty Days Hard Labour Handed Out In Indecent Assault Case

Frank Balog, Unnaturalized Foreigner, Gets Heavy Sentence. Magistrate Compliments Girls For Bringing Matter to Attention of Police.

Thirty days hard labour was the sentence handed out by Magistrate Atkinson on Tuesday afternoon when he registered a conviction against Frank Balog, of Timmins, on a charge of indecent assault on a female. The magistrate also complimented the ladies who had brought the incident to the attention of the police and lauded their courage. Along with this praise went a request that the names of the ladies be kept out of the press so as to not bring any unnecessary publicity towards them.

The magistrate didn't mince any words as he told the defendant what he thought of him. The man, the magistrate said, was very near being an enemy alien, being an unnaturalized foreigner. The magistrate said that during the last war a lot of trouble was experienced with the same sort of people as this man and that if any more cases came before him they would receive the maximum sentence.

Three girls who were involved it would appear that they were walking along the street at the corner of Second Avenue and Balsam Street when they were insulted by Balog. One of the girls said that as she passed Balog, he had grabbed at her and had started tugging at her skirt. At the same time he was muttering something about going for a drive with him and using filthy language. Both of the other girls bore this out, saying that as they passed the man they could hear him muttering something in a language that they could not understand.

The first girl to give evidence said that she had gone to call on a friend and after that her friend, her sister and her were walking along the street when they saw this man on the corner. To get past the man they had to walk in single file and she had been walking behind the other two. When the other girls passed the man, she heard something about going for a ride with him and the girls had told him to leave them alone. When she passed the man he reached out and grabbed her skirt and started to sort of rub her leg near the thigh, the witness said. She had resented this and then knocked his hand away with her purse. After the girls had passed the man, he started to follow them for a few steps and then stopped.

The girls decided that they would tell the first constable they saw all about it and wanted to give the man a scare. They met Constable Browne on Third Avenue, a little more than a block from where the incident took place, and he returned with them to find the man. The man was not on the same corner then but was on the next corner entering a hotel beverage room. The girls and the policeman went to the hotel and the girls pointed out the man.

The other two girls gave similar

evidence and all said that the man had been drinking because they could smell the liquor on his breath. When defence attorney Leiberman suggested to one of the girls that the man may have known her to see for some time since he lived in the same neighbourhood, the girl said that she didn't think the man had ever seen her before because she was certain that she had never seen him.

Constable Browne told of arresting the man in the hotel and bringing him to the police station. On the way to the police station, the man walked straight but had been drinking. The arrest was made shortly after eight o'clock in the evening.

Balog then took the stand in his own defence and admitted that he had been standing on the corner when the ladies passed him and he said that he was drunk. He said that all he had said to the girls was "Hello, ladies" as they passed and for that remark one of the girls had slapped his face. He said that after he had received the slap in the face he had said something in his own language but had not used any filthy language or had he grabbed the one girl by the skirt. He said that after the girls had gone he had gone to the hotel to have another drink. When asked if he had said anything about going for a ride, the defendant said that it would have been impossible for him to take anybody for a ride as he had no car.

Another woman was called to the stand by the defence and she said that Balog had been in the beer parlour from four o'clock till eight o'clock and was very drunk. When asked if the man could walk straight, she said that she knew the man well and that he could walk straight even if he drank thirty bottles of beer.

Defence Counsel Leiberman then put up his argument saying that he felt to see why the crown had laid a charge of indecent assault. Indecent assault, the lawyer said, was a very serious charge, and that the crown had failed to show that there had been any act of indecency. He suggested that if the man had any intentions of doing anything indecent he hardly would have picked one of the town's busiest intersections, and he then suggested that the charge be reduced to one of assault. His client did admit assault but certainly didn't admit the indecent part of it.

Assistant Crown-Attorney Yates then presented his arguments and spoke of the unethical way in which Mr. Leiberman had entered some of the evidence in the case and said that the three girls had taken the stand and told an honest story. All three girls said that the man had grabbed at the one girl's skirt and the defendant denied it. Surely all of the girls could not be lying. He then suggested that the magistrate would have to decide who was telling the truth, the girls or the man, and he thought that there should be no doubt as to who was telling the truth.

Magistrate Atkinson then said that he had no doubt that the man was standing on the corner trying to pick up a date and that if he had touched any part of the girl's person it was definitely a charge of indecent assault. He added that the evidence of the three girls had been given in a straightforward manner and he had no reason to believe that any of them were telling anything but the truth. He then added that the girls should be highly complimented for bringing the matter to the attention of the police. The magistrate said that things of that sort would have to be stopped and he had decided that he would not make it a swinging sentence but would make it a straight thirty days' hard labour.

FELT LIKE DIME

Graham, N.C.—"What's the charge?" the bridegroom asked, briskly.

"Whatever you think it's worth," Magistrate Charles N. Jones replied.

The bridegroom handed Jones a quarter. Jones promptly handed back 15 cents change.—North Bay Nugget.

That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

HAY FEVER

It is known that injections of pollen extract should be given and series completed before the arrival of the hay fever season. That giving these injections while the patient is suffering with hay fever is useless in the opinion of most physicians but some patients apparently get some relief of their symptoms by these injections.

More and more we are reading of the success some physicians are having by giving the pollen extract by mouth instead of injecting it under the skin.

What about this method of giving the pollen extract by mouth? Some months ago Dr. B. B. Alperstein in the Journal of Allergy, which is the special journal for physicians devoting their time to allergy, stated that giving the extract by mouth gave relief in some cases of ragweed to sensitive patients who had been treated in previous seasons by the injections.

Those who had been treated by the injections in previous seasons received much more benefit from taking the pollen by mouth, than did those who had not received any previous treatment. Disturbances of digestion, breathing and the general system occurred by the mouth (oral) method and there is apparently no way it can be told beforehand that these disturbances will occur. "It is inadvisable to allow patients to treat themselves by this oral method because of these reactions."

"The injections of the pollen extract gave a greater percentage of satisfactory relief as well as a smaller percentage of complete failures than did the mouth method."

What about treatment of the hay fever symptoms once they are present? The use of preparations containing ephedrine and epinephrine for dropping in eye or spraying up nose undoubtedly give relief of symptoms for hours at a time. That applying rag weed pollen to the skin by electricity is reported to give favourable results by Dr. H. A. Abramson, New York City, in the New York State Medical Journal. This electrophoretic method, as it is called, administers small quantities of ragweed directly into the skin.

Living for several hours a day in a room which filters all the air coming into it gives great relief from hay fever symptoms.

Allergy

Sensitiveness or being allergic to various substances such as pollen from plants and trees, food stuffs, house dust, and others may cause such symptoms as hay fever, asthma, eczema, stomach upsets, hives and several others. Send today for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled 'Allergy' (No. 105). Enclose Ten Cents with your request to cover cost of handling and mailing and address it to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., mentioning the name of this newspaper.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

Timmins United Church the Scene of Charming Wedding

Miss Virginia Margaret McIvor and Private Delbert Carl Johns Married.

The Timmins United Church was the scene of a charming, quiet wedding on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, when in the presence of relatives and friends (Miss Virginia Margaret McIvor, youngest daughter of Mrs. N. McIvor, of 112 Main Avenue, and the late Mr. McIvor, became the bride of Private Delbert Carl Johns, of the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps, stationed at Barryfield, near Kingston. Private Johns is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Johns, of 2 Laurier Avenue.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Gilmour-Smith. The bride made a lovely picture in a floor-length gown of heavenly blue net, made on fitted lines falling into a full skirt. The gown featured a sweetheart neckline above a fitted bodice, a multiple shirring in the wide waistline, and short, puffed sleeves. She wore a matching shoulder-length veil, caught in pink and white carnations. Miss Gladys McIvor, was her sister's bridesmaid, daintily attired in pale pink organdy, with fitted bodice, flared skirt and long, fitted waistline. She wore a small flowered cap, and a corsage of sweet peas.

Mr. Gerald Killeen acted as groomsmen.

Following the ceremony, a buffet lunch was served at the home of the bride's mother, to family and relatives. Mrs. McIvor received the guests in a street-length ensemble of dusky rose crepe, with a dusky rose hat, white accessories, and a corsage of white roses. Assisting her, Mrs. Johns was attired in turquoise blue crepe, with white accessories and a corsage of pink roses.

The bride and groom spent the week-end at Kirkland Lake, New Liskeard, and other northern points, the groom leaving on Monday to return to his unit. His bride will later travel to where he is stationed, to take up residence there. For travel, the bride chose a powder-blue jacket dress, with white accessories, and a corsage of pink carnations.



PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

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 GESHAM—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 XXXIII "TRY TO BE FAIR TO HIM"

It was a forlorn hope. No one knew that better than Peggy herself. The ground was too dry and hard to show foot prints. Peggy's one chance was a fresh molehill which would hold a foot print. But the molehills were not fresh and no print could Peggy find.

She was on the point of giving it up as a bad job when she caught a reflection of the rays of the setting sun on some metal object lying just inside the edge of the burned ground. She gasped as she picked it up. It was a petrol lighter blackened and partly fused. For a moment she examined it. Wrapping it in her handkerchief, she returned to the car and drove straight back to Coombe Royal.

Althea had gone to bed; the shock had brought on her old trouble, migraine. Peggy dined and thought tired, sat down with a book to await Edgar's return.

It was nearly eleven before she heard the car on the drive. She at once switched out the lights in the drawing room and posted herself at the door facing the hall. She heard the car stop, the front door opened and Edgar came in.

Peggy's first glimpse of his face confirmed her suspicions. Edgar was not merely nervous, he was scared. She saw him start as she stepped forward and faced him.

"Mrs. Trelawney has one of her headaches," she said, quietly. "She is asleep." Edgar licked his dry lips.

"T—thank you," he stammered. "I—I am sorry." He turned and went into the dining room and Peggy heard a clink of glasses and knew that he was pouring himself a stiff drink.

Peggy did a lot of thinking that night. In her own mind there was no shadow of doubt, that Edgar had tried to murder them both, yet she had to realize that she had no definite proof. Other people besides Edgar used lighters of the make she had picked up. For another thing, she could be certain that Edgar had a cast iron alibi. At last she made up her mind that she would write an account of the business seal it and give it to Rose, with orders to post it to Mr. Meakin if she or Althea met with any accident. Then at last she went to sleep.

When Althea was better again she and Peggy went for a drive. This day was hot and calm. Peggy parked the car under Omen Tor, and she and Althea climbed it and found a shady spot among the broken granite boulders at its summit. Here, where no risk could threaten them, they made a peaceful tea.

Althea had a small pair of field glasses, and from the top of the Tor she surveyed the wonderful view of moor and farm lands. From the spot where they sat they could look right down upon Snipe's Barrow, and presently Peggy saw a car turn into the drive. There was no mistaking it for anything but Edgar's big saloon. Althea saw it, too. She did not speak, but Peggy saw her frown. No wonder, for Edgar had said at lunch that he was going into Taverton that afternoon.

Presently Althea got up and climbed higher among the rocks Peggy shrewdly suspected that she was watching Edgar. Some time passed, then Althea came back. Her face was white, but a spot of angry colour burned on each cheek. "I won't stand it," she said fiercely. "He takes everything, gives nothing. So far I've said not a word. Now I mean to speak."

Peggy made no comment. Some instinct warned her to silence. Althea turned to her.

"You've known of this," she accused. "Why didn't you tell me?"

The injustice stung Peggy.

"I did warn you. Long ago. I told you that he had been trying to get Mrs. Jardine to marry him."

During the drive back not a word was said and when they reached the house Althea went straight to her room. Peggy felt very uneasy.

It was nearly seven before Edgar returned. He went straight to his room and Peggy heard Althea tap at the door. She went in and it was a quarter of an hour before she came out. A dinner she looked more cheerful. Edgar not only talked, but laid himself out to be pleasant. Peggy kept silent and afterwards made an excuse to go to her room.

An hour later there was a tap on her door and Althea came in.

"It's all right, Ruth," she said cheerfully. "I talked straight and Edgar took it well. He has promised to keep clear of her." She paused, but Peggy did not speak. Althea frowned.

"You think I'm weak," she said sharply. "If you'd heard what I said you wouldn't have that idea." Peggy still kept silence. She really dared not speak. Althea's voice rose angrily.

"You have always been down on Edgar. You never were fair to him."

"You are his wife. You ought to know more about him than I," Peggy answered.

"I do" cried Althea defiantly. "And I want you to be more considerate to him in future." Peggy had a temper and for once it slipped her control.

"I will try," she answered, "but it is hard to be considerate to a man who has tried to murder you. Don't say I'm mad. I have evidence that he started the fire on the moor."

CHAPTER XXXIV MASON TAKES A HAND

Mrs. Jardine came into her yellow drawing room to find Edgar fidgeting on the hearth rug. He came forward quickly.

"I'm chucking it, Aline," he said sharply. "That girl suspects." Mrs. Jardine's upper lip curled slightly.

"St down, Edgar," Edgar obeyed and Mrs. Jardine lit a cigarette.

"What does she suspect, and how do you know anything about it?"

"She and Althea had a row last night," Edgar said. "They were in her room. I heard it all. Just as well I did. That pest of a girl had gone back to Furry Brake and found my lighter."

"Your lighter!"

"I suppose I dropped it," said Edgar sulkily. There was scorn in Mrs. Jardine's eyes as she spoke again.

"How did she know it was yours? Had it initials on it?"

"No, but it's the sort I've always used."

"It's no proof. Plenty of others exist."

Edgar paused, scowling. "I shall tell Peggy she must go."

"Don't be a fool, Edgar. Can't you see that, if you interfere, you'll make Althea suspicious. Besides," she stopped a moment and a wicked smile crossed her lips—"Besides, we can make use of her. Listen!" She leaned across and whispered in Edgar's ear. A scared look came into his eyes.

"It's a frightful risk," he muttered. "Leave it to me. I'll arrange it all," she assured him.

Still he hesitated.

"I don't like it," he began.

"It's perfectly easy," she declared. "Now go home and be as nice to Althea as ever you can."

No one was more surprised than Peggy at the change which came over Edgar during the following weeks. Instead of seizing every opportunity to rush away he stayed quietly at home. He began to take interest in the garden, he took to riding and in the evening he played bridge with Althea.

She, poor soul, was delighted. The only thing that marred her new happiness was that her headaches became more frequent. Dr. Cray tried various remedies with little effect, and at last put her on a diet.

She followed the doctor's advice faithfully, but it did not seem to do her much good. She grew thinner, and Peggy was much troubled. The possibility of poison did not escape her, and she watched Althea's food with the utmost care.

She now had such a hatred for and horror of Edgar that it was a martyrdom to live in the same house with him. If she had not been so fond of Althea she would have left Coombe Royal and taken her chance of finding another job. It was torture also to Peggy to live within a couple of miles to John Arkwright.

Peggy heard regularly from her sister. Isobel was better, but still delicate; the baby was doing well, and her husband, released early from prison for his courage in the riot, had work of a kind, at a garage. But without help from Peggy, Isobel would have been sadly pinched.

Early in November, Isobel's husband had to take a car with passengers to Plymouth, and to drive it back, empty. Starting late in the day, Mason reached Nehercombe about four. He had a drink at the Feathers and chatted with the landlord, who was always

delighted to talk to an intelligent stranger.

In a short time Mason heard all about Coombe Royal about the death of the lady, the inquest, and the disappearance of Miss Garland. He learned that Edgar was not popular, and that his wife was almost an invalid, and that her companion was a nice young lady but kept herself to herself. Later, Leonard Mason strolled off towards the big house through a mild and misty dusk. He was carrying a small parcel, a jumper knitted by Isobel, which would give him an excuse to ask for "Miss Fletcher."

The Coombe Royal drive was bordered by trees and thick old laurels. Half-way to the house a gravelled walk turned to the right and led to the kitchen garden. Mason, walking silently, for his shoes were rubber-soled, heard two people talking in low voices, and some instinct developed during his wayward past caused him to halt. What he could hear told him that one was a man and the other a woman. Almost at once the man came out of this side path and walked towards the house, carrying something.

With the caution of his old profession he stepped on to the grass verge and waited. Another minute and the woman appeared and went towards the gate. Something in her figure and way of walking was familiar to Mason. He waited until she was close then stepped off the grass.

She stopped short.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" she demanded. Mason laughed.

"Might ask you the same question, Lil," he replied.

Meeting Next Monday of St. John Nursing Division

The regular weekly meeting of the Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, opened on Monday evening with the St. John Prayer, while the president, Mrs. Geoffrey Morris, was in the chair.

Mr. Geo. Allison was once again guest-speaker, choosing as the topic of his lecture, "The circulation of blood, and first aid for wounds and hemorrhages." The speaker was assisted in the lecture and demonstration by Mr. L. H. Thomson.

All members are asked to be in attendance next Monday for the monthly business meeting, when plans will be made for future money-raising events.

Veterans Guard of Canada at Monteith Expresses Thanks

Grateful to Salvation Army for Socks and Stationery.

The Salvation Army not only does its best—and a good best it is—to help the soldiers overseas, but also does not forget those who are serving on duty within Canada. This is shown by the following letter received this week by Major Cornthwaite, of the local Salvation Army. The letter explains itself:—

No. 2 "D" Company, Veterans Guard of Canada, C.A., Monteith, Ont., 7th August, 1941 Major J. H. Cornthwaite, Salvation Army, Timmins, Ont.

Dear Major:—As Officer Commanding this Company of the Veterans Guard of Canada, C.A., I wish to thank you for your kind donation of socks and stationery left with Lieut. H. A. Proctor for his Platoon from Timmins. The men appreciate these socks very very much, and have asked me to thank the ladies who made this donation possible.

Sincerely yours, C. P. Lavigne, Major, Officer Commanding, No. 2 "D" Company, Veterans Guard of Canada, C.A.

A. VERCIVAL
7 Cedar St. S. Phone 1672
FUMIGATOR
Electric Sprayers For Rent

FIRE INSURANCE

Enquire about our low rates for Fire Insurance on that new house or improvements.

We also sell Automobile, Plate Glass, Accident, Sickness and Life Insurance.

National Housing Act Loans

SULLIVAN & NEWTON

(Est 1914)

Phone 104

Timmins, Ontario

21 Pine St. N.

Clean Rooms
BY
Day or Week
Very Reasonable Rates
Quiet Atmosphere

The King Edward Hotel

Cor. Spruce St. & Third Ave.
PHONE 324 TIMMINS



With Light Afternoon Snacks

Milk helps you solve the problem of how to satisfy between-meal appetites. In summer children and adults need additional food energy yet do not feel like eating big meals, so the best thing to do is to have an extra bottle or so of milk around the house. It is always refreshing and you can't drink too much of it.



Timmins Dairy

PHONE 935
Have Our Driver Call Regularly

Makes your mouth water!

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT . . . TOPPED WITH LUSCIOUS PEACHES

Serve this hot-weather treat to your family: Two Nabisco Shredded Wheat with a cupful of milk, topped with fresh peaches. It's grand! These crisp, golden biscuits are 100% whole wheat, with the wheat germ included, high in food-energy. Especially good for children. Always keep a box or two on hand. Order by the full name "Nabisco Shredded Wheat."

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., Niagara Falls, Canada



MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT