

### Wedding Event at St. Anthony's on Saturday Morning

Miss Viola Lemire and Mr. Valois Legendre Married.

St. Anthony's Cathedral was the setting for a lovely wedding on Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock, when Miss Viola Lemire daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lemire, became the bride of Mr. Valois Legendre, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Legendre.

The Rev. Fr. G. Kilmough officiated at an altar adorned with summer flowers, and during the ceremony, Sister St. Gerard presided at the organ.

During the signing of the register members of the Sacred Heart League, sang "A tes Pieds Dieu D'Amour."

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was lovely in a floor-length frock of white sheer, fashioned with shirring at the neckline, full sleeves, and full skirt. Her white net veil was caught with a crown of lilies-of-the-valley, and she carried a bouquet of pink and white roses, while wearing the groom's gift, a gold locket.

Miss Rita Lemire attended her sister as maid-of-honour, wearing a charming frock of powder blue sheer, with a round neckline, full long sleeves, and flared skirt. She completed her costume with a white braided turban, and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

Mr. Roland Legendre, cousin of the groom, acted as groomsman.

Following the ceremony, the couple

were honoured at the home of the groom's parents, 67 Sixth avenue, where his mother received the guests in a gown of light grey crepe, with navy blue accessories and a corsage of white roses. Later, the bride's mother was hostess at a reception at her home, 48 Pine street south, wearing a gown of flowered sheer, with navy blue and white accessories and a corsage of white roses.

Out-of-town guests at the wedding included Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lemire of Kirkland Lake, and Mrs. Presse of Kirkland Lake.

The couple will take up residence at 453 Spruce street south.

### Timmins United Church Scene of Lovely Wedding

Miss Anne Kolaski and Mr. Basil Darling Married.

At the Timmins United Church on Saturday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock, a lovely wedding ceremony took place, when Miss Anne Kolaski, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kolaski, became the bride of Mr. Basil Darling, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Albert Darling. The Rev. E. Gilmour-Smith officiated.

Presiding at the organ was Mr. Bruce Tremere, while Miss Betsy Dodge acted as soloist, singing "O Promise Me."

Given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. M. Matymitz, the bride made a lovely picture in a gown of white lace over

taffeta, made on long fitted lines, falling into a gracefully flared skirt. The gown featured a sweetheart neckline and long fitted sleeves, and the bride wore a finger-tip length veil of lace and net, caught in orange blossoms. Her arm bouquet was made up of white roses.

Miss Anne Wlasi acted as maid-of-honour, wearing a charming floor-length frock of mauve lace, with matching picture hat, and carrying a bouquet of yellow roses.

Mr. Fred Darling, brother of the groom, acted as groomsman, and Mr. Jack Russell was usher.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Matymitz entertained in honour of the couple, the hostess wearing a gown of royal purple crepe, with white accessories. The bride and groom left later on a wedding trip to Muskoka and Toronto, the bride travelling in a grey tailored suit, with white and black accessories. They will reside in Timmins.

### Wilson Avenue Child Hit by Car Friday Not Badly Injured

Rene Aube Treated for Minor Injuries Following Accident. Driver Absolved of Blame.

Rene Aube, 8 years old, of 13 Wilson Avenue, was slightly injured when he was hit by a car on Wilson Avenue, opposite his home, on Friday afternoon at 2:15. The driver took the young lad to Dr. MacKee's office where he was treated for small bruises on the right side of the face and for shock.

The driver of the car, Mr. John W. Spencer, 158 Cope Street, Hamilton, was absolved of all blame by the police who investigated the accident. Police found out from a witness at the accident, that the car had been travelling along Wilson Avenue at a moderate rate of speed when the young child ran across the road from behind another car that was parked at the side of the road. Near the centre of the road, the child was struck by the front right fender of the car.

#### HOW HE DID IT

One Scotsman bragged to another that he made a fan last twenty years by opening only a fourth section, and using this for five years, then the next section and so on.

The other Scotsman registered scorn. "Wasteful!" he ejaculated. "I was better taught. I made a fan last a lifetime. I open it wide, and hold it under my nose quite motionless. Then I wave my head."—Geraldton Star-Times.

#### P.S. TO PRAYER

A little girl wrote a letter to God asking for \$10 for her parents.

The letter went to the Dead Letter Office, where a sorter, a Mason, saw it, and took it to his lodge. As a result \$8 was collected and sent to the child.

Some months later she wrote a similar letter and added a postscript, "Don't send it through the Masons this time. Last time they kept back \$2."—Sudbury Star.

Toronto Telegram: Be sure you have the right-of-way before you go ahead.

Exchange: Home is the place where you can spill something on the table without being embarrassed.

### Red Cross Work to be Displayed at Toronto Exhibition

Various Branches of Red Cross Work to be Shown at Canadian National Exhibition.

The entire Graphic Arts Building at the Canadian National Exhibition this year will again be used to house what is expected to be the most unique and beautiful portrayal of Red Cross work, at home and overseas, ever displayed in Canada.

The conception and erection of the exhibit, as last year, are being undertaken by The T. Eaton Company Limited, who are donating their full cost in this connection to the Red Cross war effort, while the Exhibition itself is donating the space.

Upon entering the building, a room will be seen on the left devoted to the Red Cross Nursing Auxiliary Service, which will be equipped to provide first aid to anyone in need of it. This room will be in the form of a model first aid post, or A.R.P. station, and will be in charge of a trained nurse, assisted by two members of the Nursing Auxiliary Section, Canadian Red Cross Corps.

The next room is being constructed as a small theatre, in which a film in colour will be run continuously throughout the day, depicting the Red Cross Blood Donor Service and showing how the blood is processed from the time it leaves the human body until it is shipped overseas in the form of dried serum for the benefit of wounded soldiers and civilians.

In the large room at the back other Red Cross War Services will be shown. Here will be found displays and instructional demonstration on knitting for the armed forces and on clothing for bombed victims, planned under the auspices of the National Women's War Work Committee; pictures and demonstration on the Canadian Red Cross Corps; pictures and display of prisoners-of-war parcels, showing packing and distribution; displays and demonstration by the Red Cross Nutrition Department showing the possibilities and necessity of special war-time feeding. The last booth will be devoted to other Red Cross supplies which also are being sent overseas in great quantities, such as surgical supplies, special equipment for minesweepers, etc.

In the middle room on the right will be a marionette show, giving clever portrayal of the work and principles of the Canadian Junior Red Cross organization, and also stressing the value of the Red Cross training in Home Nursing and Emergencies. Pictures of the Outpost Hospital Service, Disaster Relief, Aid for Veterans, and other phases of work will also be displayed. The centre lobby will be devoted to the accomplishments of the Canadian Red Cross in the past year.

Trained volunteers will man all exhibits and will be prepared to inform and instruct in all branches of Red Cross war work.

On August 23rd, Warriors' Day and Red Cross Day, at least 150 representatives of the Red Cross Corps from various parts of Ontario will march in the Warriors' Day Parade. This will be the first time women have taken part in this parade.

#### PARTICULAR

Dorrance—How far do you live from the station?

Weed—Do you mean as the crow flies, the time flies or the money flies?—Exchange.



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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 XXXV

MRS. JARDINE'S PROFESSION He saw her start. She came closer and stared at him.

"Leonard Mason," she said slowly. "I thought you were doing time."

"So I did, but I had a bit of luck and let me out."

"Come to think of it, I read about that. What brings you here?" she questioned briskly.

"One of the maids is a relative of mine. I came to see her." The other gave a short laugh.

"You always had an answer, Leonard."

"But this one happens to be the truth," Leonard told her coolly. "And that's more than you'd tell me."

"You're wrong." She paused a moment. "I'd hoped that down here I should never again run into any of the old gang. But as you are here I'll have to tell you the truth or you'll get it from someone else."

"You mean you live here?" Leonard said in a tone of extreme surprise.

"I do, Leonard, you remember Garry Jardine?"

"That old twister. You bet I do." "I married him. He died two years ago and left me his money. That gave me the chance to clear out. I came down here. Today I go everywhere."

Mason chuckled. "The fine lady, eh! Well, you were always fully equipped for the part."

"What about you? You don't look too prosperous," observed the woman.

"I have a job. Some day I'll be my own boss."

"You might be that tomorrow. There's stuff in this house worth lifting." She looked at him. "There's an emerald necklace worth four thousand and they keep it in an iron box you could open with a pen-knife."

"For a moment," Mason was tempted. But he had given Isabel his word never to lapse again, and he meant to keep it. At the same time he was deeply interested in this meeting with his old associate, Lily Quinn. Knowing her as he did, he didn't believe a word she had told him except that she might have married Jardine. He did not believe Jardine had left her much, and was certain that her present pose as country lady was only cover for some new exploit.

"Four thousand's worth thinking about," he told her with a grin. "Give me a lay."

Mrs. Jardine told him of the old safe behind the picture in the room of the late Mrs. Trelawney.

"The room's empty," she said. "Sounds all right," he said lightly. "Perhaps I'd better postpone my call." At this moment both heard the front door open. Leonard wheeled.

"I'll go," he said, in a quick whisper, and melted into the trees.

"Hooked him!" Mrs. Jardine remarked to herself with quiet satisfaction.

If she had stayed to watch Leonard the lady would not have been so sure. He waited until he heard her car move off, then walked up to the house. He rang at the front door and asked for Miss Fletcher. The maid shook her head.

"I'm sorry, sir," she replied, "but Miss Fletcher is with the mistress, who is very ill. I am sure she can't see anyone at present. Will you leave a message?" Leonard handed her his parcel.

"There's a letter inside," he said, "but tell her I am very sorry not to see her, and tell her, please, that I have to leave for London tomorrow morning. My name is Mason."

He walked back to The Feathers, had supper and another chat with the landlord. At ten Leonard went to bed, but a couple of hours later was out again, though certainly no one at the inn was aware of his going.

The night was still misty, but there was a moon behind the clouds, and it was not dark. Leonard found his way back to Coombe Royal, and presently was in the path from which Mrs. Jardine and her companion had emerged. He drifted silently down it. What he was after was some explanation of the reason why Mrs. Jardine should have been in that path late in the evening, talking to a man who, Leonard was now pretty sure, was Edgar Trelawney.

The ground was moist, and with the aid of a tiny torch no bigger than a fountain pen, Leonard tracked the lady to a shed which, as he saw by looking through a window, contained garden implements. It was locked, so he could

not get inside without tools. In any case, it hardly seemed worth while.

Next morning Leonard drove back to London, a puzzled and anxious man.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI

#### IT HAPPENED BEFORE

If Leonard had waited a little longer he would have seen a car drive up. Dr. Cray, who had been at Coombe Royal that morning, had been called again by Peggy. Althea was very ill indeed. Peggy was badly frightened.

Cray stayed for more than an hour, and when he left, told Peggy that he would come again before breakfast.

"Meantime," he said, "she is to have nothing but milk."

Peggy had been up much of the previous night. Cray ordered her to bed, saying that Rose Weller could sit up with the patient, and Peggy was so worn out that she fell asleep at once, and did not move until Rose came in to tell her that the doctor was due.

Peggy had just time to swallow the cup of tea which Rose brought her and put on a dressing gown and slippers. She stepped out of the room to find herself facing John Arkwright.

His eyes widened. He stared hard at her. Then came recognition.

"Peggy!" he said in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper.

Cray was already inside Althea's room, and only they two were in the passage. A great surge of delight ran through Peggy's veins. She stepped forward and put out her arms. John Arkwright caught her and for the first time in her life Peggy knew real kisses.

But only for a moment. He released her.

"You've been here all the time," he said swiftly.

"All the time," Peggy answered.

"I felt it. I knew you were near. You must tell me afterwards. I must see Mrs. Trelawney."

He went in after Cray had closed the door. Peggy returned to her own room. She was so excited she could not think. With John's kisses still warm on her lips, her only feeling was one of intense happiness.

Suddenly it came to her that she was wearing only pyjamas and dressing gown. She began to dress with all speed. She need not have hurried for it was half an hour before the two doctors came out of the sick room. She met them and was dismayed at their grim faces. Cray spoke to her.

"I must see Mr. Trelawney at once," he said curtly.

"I will send for him," Peggy replied. "Will you come downstairs, please?"

She took the two into the library and rang. Prang, the butler, answered and was told to summon Edgar. He had hardly left the room before Edgar strode in.

Peggy had never seen Edgar so angry. He glared at John Arkwright.

"What brings you here?" he demanded harshly. "You are not our medical adviser."

"I called him in as consultant, Mr. Trelawney," said Cray. "The matter was too urgent to wait for a specialist from a distance."

"What do you mean?" snapped Edgar. "Aren't you capable of treating my wife without bringing in this fellow?" Arkwright interposed.

"If I were you, Mr. Trelawney, I should keep a civil tongue. Your wife is being poisoned. Dr. Cray and I have diagnosed arsenic."

"So that's it," Edgar retorted. "I suppose you're going to accuse me again!"

"I have never yet made any accusation against you," said John Arkwright sternly. "Is that all you have to say?"

Edgar bit his lip. He knew he had blundered. He did his best to set it right.

"I shouldn't have said that, but I am so shocked and horrified at what you have told me that I hardly know what I am saying. If you are certain that poison has been administered to my wife, I suggest that the police are called in at once."

"That, of course, is necessary," replied Dr. Cray. "With your permission, I will use your telephone."

He left the room, and as he did so, Arkwright glanced at Peggy and made an almost imperceptible sign. She knew what he meant—that he wished to speak to her—and gave back a tiny nod. Then Edgar was speaking again.

"How is my wife, Dr. Arkwright?"

"Alive—and that is about all," was the curt answer.

"Can I see her?"

"You must ask Dr. Cray. I am here merely as consultant." He bowed formally and left the room.

Edgar looked at Peggy and seemed about to speak, then thought better of it and went out. Peggy waited a little, then, when she was sure that Edgar was out of sight, went out by the garden door and round by a path leading to the drive. There, out of sight of the house, she found John. He drew her among the trees, caught her to him once more, and for a short time they talked, Peggy explaining her change of identity, and how Rose Weller alone knew.

"Peggy, are you sure Trelawney doesn't know who you are?" Peggy was troubled.

"I can't be sure. I have thought that Mrs. Jardine recognized me. If

so, she will have told him. Those two are always together."

She told him of the burning of Furzy Brake and of the finding of the lighter. She went on: "After that I knew they meant to get rid of Althea, and I have watched over her the whole time. I have been specially careful about her food. The servants are absolutely trustworthy."

"Trelawney hasn't given her anything—wine, for instance, or chocolates?"

"Nothing of the sort. She wouldn't have taken it. She was too sick. She's had nothing but what Dr. Cray prescribed." John bit his lip. He considered a moment.

"Tell me, Peggy, has Mrs. Jardine been in the house lately?"

"Never so far as I know since the day of the Furzy Brake fire."

John was silent for a moment. Then he said, decisively:

"I'll write for Gerald Meakin at once and meantime Cray and I will do our best to get the truth. Now go back and watch Mrs. Trelawney—not that there's much risk of their trying anything now," he added grimly. "By this time they must have got the wind up pretty thoroughly." He gave her one quick kiss. "Go," he said. "I shall wait for the police."

Peggy went to her room and sat by the bed and tried to think. But to think clearly was impossible. So much had happened in the past hour that everything was jumbled in her mind.

She heard a car drive up and looked out. Sergeant Caunter got out and John Arkwright met him. Along with Cray they went into the house.

Another half hour dragged by, then Rose came in softly.

"They want to see you, Miss," she whispered.

Peggy went down. The sergeant and the two doctors were in the library. The first thing that struck her was the look on John Arkwright's face. It frightened her so that she felt as if the very ground was being cut away from under her feet. Sergeant Caunter spoke.

"Sit down, Miss," he said. Peggy dropped into a chair. The sergeant went on.

"You are aware that arsenic has been administered to Mrs. Edgar Trelawney."

"I heard Dr. Arkwright say so," Peggy answered.

"And you have told him that you had no idea how this poison was given to your employer?"

"That is true," Peggy said.

"I have to inform you that Dr. Cray has already discovered the source of the poison. He had found arsenic mixed with patent food which, I understand, you yourself have been preparing for Mrs. Trelawney."

(To be Concluded.)

Toronto Telegram: A small town is the one where they gather around a car when the horn has a short circuit and continues to blow.

Toronto Telegram: The average man doesn't discuss the war in detail. He doesn't know how to pronounce those foreign names.

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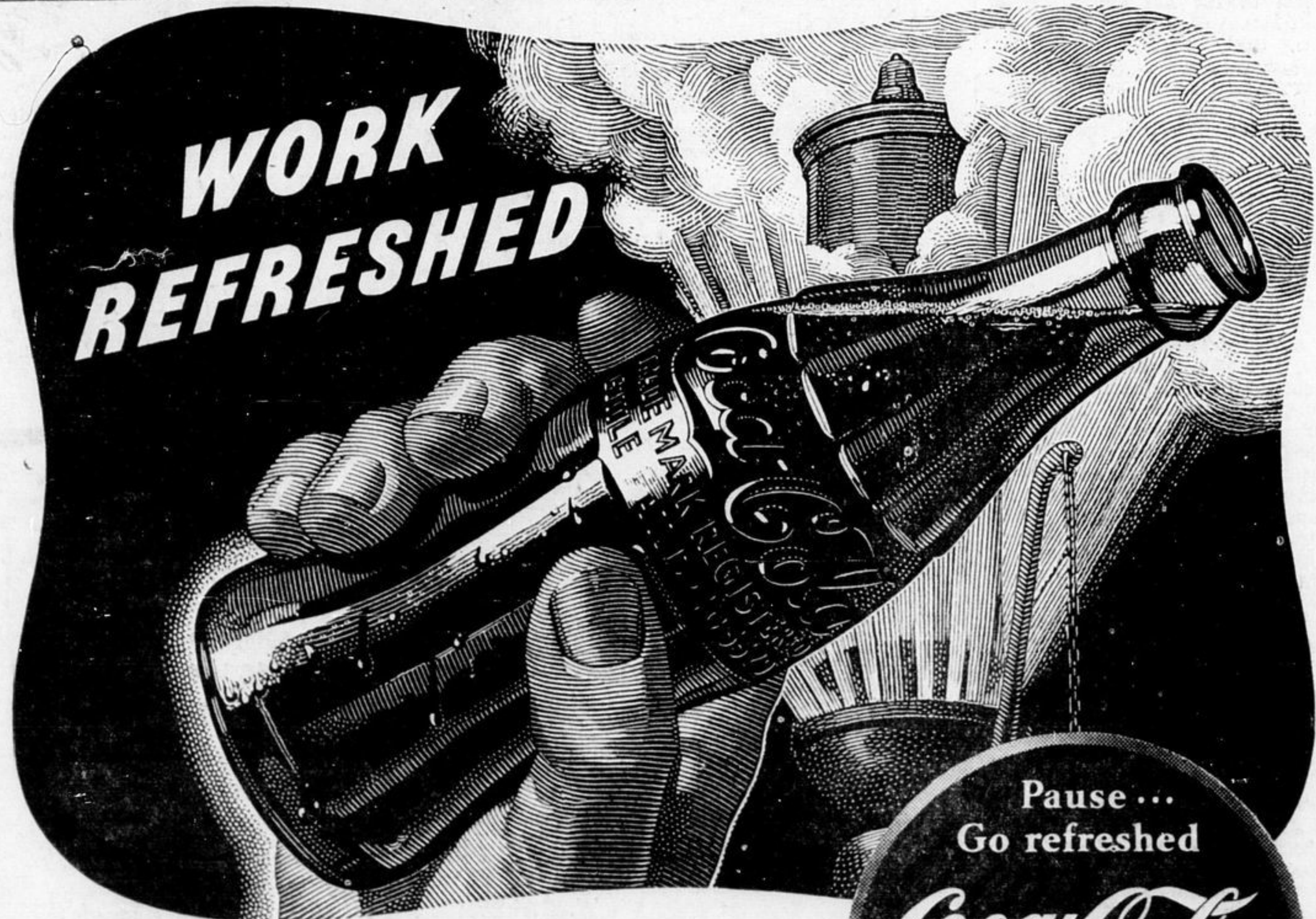
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