

THE GOLDEN SANDS RIDDLE

By Alexander Campbell

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Characters in the Story

PETER CROSBY: Young mining engineer taking a modest seaside holiday when the story opens.

SIR JOHN CARR: A South African gold mining magnate; widower, rather pompous and purse-proud, but sound of heart.

LUCY CARR: His only child, a very attractive girl in the early twenties.

TERENCE PARRY: A rich young acquaintance of the Carrs. A man of great charm and good looks.

FRANCIS GOULD: Sir John Carr's secretary. Silent, reserved; much occupied with his work and with mining statistics.

MR. XOSA: A coloured man of European education, short of stature, but a giant in detective skill.

CHAPTER XV. "I'VE WARNED YOU!"

A stunned silence followed Gould's accusation. Peter was surging with anger. Sir John Carr, glaring ferociously at his secretary was the first to find speech.

"Gould!" he roared. "You—you insufferable prig! This is outrageous. I won't have it! You've presumed too far this time. I've finished with you!"

Gould drew himself up. Spots of colour burned dully in his lean cheeks.

"I've said what I thought it was my duty to say," he replied quietly. "I've warned you. Do you wish me to work to the end of the month, or would you prefer that I leave now?"

"You can leave as soon as you darned well please!" trumpeted Sir John. "Just a moment!" Peter stepped forward. He spoke quietly. His manner held their attention. Their eyes swung from Gould to him.

"In a way," said Peter diffidently. "Gould is quite right. Oh, I'm not an adventurer, as he thinks; I'm not going to make any startling confessions. But it's quite true that you know nothing about me. And I've got myself involved in a case of murder. That isn't good for anyone's reputation. I wouldn't wish any one here to get any of the mud intended for me. Also, I have certain reasons for not wishing a private investigation to be made.

"I propose therefore to move out. I'm going back to my old hotel, the Voyagers. I think it would lessen the embarrassment for you. And I think that it would be best if we didn't meet again."

"Nonsense!" said Sir John loudly. "We're your friends. We intend to stand by you, because we believe in you. As for this young ass—" he waved a pump hand contemptuously at Gould but Peter intervened:

"No, I've made up my mind. Perhaps, when all this is cleared up—but until then no."

He moved across the room to Lucy, and took her hand.

"Wish me luck," he said softly. She clung to his hand.

"But, Peter, don't—"

He shook his head. "No. It's the best way. I have my reasons. Good-bye, Lucy. Good-bye, Parry. Sir John!"

He walked swiftly from the room. Francis Gould nodded his satisfaction as the door closed behind Peter. "I'm sorry if I spoke out of turn," he

said in a voice which did not suggest regret. "But I'm still sure I'm right. And I think, after a day or two, you'll see that I was."

Then he, too, stalked from the room. Sir John began pacing the room restlessly. "What does Crosby mean?" he said impatiently, by "having his reasons?" Oh, I'm not for a moment suspecting that Gould is correct! But—it's puzzling."

Terence Parry said nothing. He was staring out of the window, a thoughtful frown on his handsome face.

Lucy appealed to the two men. "Don't you see?" she demanded. "It's quite true that he has got tied up with a horrible case. And he's frightfully sensitive at the thought of dragging us into it too. So he's taken, what he believes to be the decent way out."

"But do you agree with him, my dear?" asked Sir John.

"I think," said his daughter fiercely, "that he's an idiot!"

After that there seemed little more to be said, and as if by common consent the party broke up.

Lucy Carr left the sumptuous surroundings of the hotel behind her. She walked briskly along the promenade, gazing unseeingly at the brilliant panorama of blue sea and glittering sky. Lucy had inherited a shrewd brain from her father; and now she was using it.

Her first idea, she now saw, had been false. Peter had not made his abrupt decision because he wished to spare them an unwelcome publicity as the friends of a man suspected, however unjustly, of murder. He had been quite eager to accept their help only a few hours before.

Of course, Gould's accusation was a new development, but Peter was hardly the man to take an accusation of that sort lying down.

Peter's change of mind, she decided dated back to his talk with Mr. Xosa. Before that, he had been quite keen for them to probe the whole unpleasant business. Since his talk with Xosa he had been anxious to avoid such an investigation at all costs.

What, then, had Xosa said? She remembered that Xosa's note to Peter had been delivered by one of the hotel servants, called Chocolate, who was in fact, Xosa's brother.

She halted, turned and retraced her footsteps to the hotel.

"I want to get in touch with one of the hotel servants," she said to a native maid at the Orient. "A man they call Chocolate."

The girl nodded quickly. "Nwana Xosa? White people call him Chocolate. Yes, miss. I have him sent up."

Lucy waited. In a few minutes the amiable Bantu appeared.

"Yes, miss?" he said with a large smile. "You want Chocolate?"

Lucy nodded. I want to get in touch with your brother, Mr. Xosa."

Chocolate nodded. His grin was one of pure delight.

"Yes, miss. My brother, he told me you would want to see him."

Lucy looked at him blankly. "But how did he know? I've only just thought of it."

Chocolate chuckled. "My brother, he very clever man," he told the girl. "He know what people think all right. My brother been at university. Anyway, he told me. You want to see him now, at once?" asked Chocolate blandly. "He downstairs."

Lucy, though not quite prepared for so prompt a response, agreed to see Xosa at once, and the space of a few minutes Chocolate returned escorting his immaculate brother.

CHAPTER XVI. A CLUE AND ITS SEQUEL

Xosa bowed extravagantly. His plump face was bland. But behind the big spectacles his brown eyes were warm and friendly.

"You are very clever," he told the girl. "Mr. Xosa thought this when had honour of seeing you for first time. I am good judge of character. It occurred to me that Mr. Crosby's story, whatever it was would not deceive you. Truth is a pearl. I knew you would desire to have this priceless jewel.

Therefore, I am here." He bowed again.

"What was it you told Mr. Crosby?" she demanded.

Mr. Xosa nodded. "It is permitted to be seated in your presence, yes? I thank you." He deposited himself carefully, placed his white hat and black stick no less carefully on another chair. Chocolate who lingered in the background, watched these proceedings with an approving eye and an audible chuckle.

"I fear my information perturbed Mr. Crosby to extent of telling you untruths. But his motives were highly honourable. Here is my poor discovery."

He handed her the card of Mr. Monte, with the threatening scrawl on the back of it.

Lucy read it with growing bewilderment.

"But what does it mean?"

"It is a threat," said Mr. Xosa, and she nodded.

"Yes, but—"

"I found it in your father's note-case—the one he lost and I returned."

Lucy looked at him, and the colour had left her cheeks. The implications of Xosa's statement were clear to her at once.

"Oh!" she said weakly. "Then—Mr. Crosby thought my father had had dealings—with Mr. Monte? And that he was keeping quiet about it? But that's absurd. I'm quite sure my father is telling the truth when he says he never knew Monte!"

"Quite sure?" asked Xosa gently. Lucy did not hesitate.

"Perfectly sure!"

Xosa nodded. "But burning question remains—how did card come to be in your father's note-case?"

Lucy knit her brows. Slowly, she shook her head.

"I can't think. But I'm quite sure father knew nothing about it."

Mr. Xosa beamed. "Excellent. That is conclusion at which I also had arrived. But belatedly, I fear. It was not until after I had left Mr. Crosby that explanation occurred to me. Otherwise I might have saved him much pain. He had made up his mind to shield your father."

Lucy nodded. "Yes I see that. That explains his queer conduct, why he didn't want an investigation. But how can you account for the card being found in my father's note-case?"

"It is simple." Xosa took off his big spectacles and proceeded to polish the lenses on a gaudily coloured handkerchief. "So simple that it eluded me for some time. The cunning lion hides his bulk by melting into the colour of the sand. So it is with truth.

"The explanation is this. Your father's note-case was stolen by Tickey Charlie, and I recovered it from him. Now this Tickey Charlie is notorious thief. Therefore, we may believe that your father was not only victim of his depredations. And so—"

Lucy sprang up excitedly. "Of course! He stole that card from someone else—probably it was in another person's note-case. But my father's was the more valuable of the two cases. So—"

"Tickey Charlie threw other case away, and put all his swag in the one case!" nodded Mr. Xosa. "Probably he disposed of money and small articles. But card was of no value. He kept it in the case. He had not touched any of your father's money when I managed to recover note-case. He had not had time. Probably other persons who had card was robbed before your father."

"That's it!" agreed Lucy. "Then all we have to do now is to find this Tickey Charlie, and ask him who else he robbed in the hotel. That's very easy because, thanks to you, Charlie is in prison!"

Xosa shook his head mournfully.

Lucy stared. "But isn't he?"

"No," Xosa spoke soberly. "Tickey Charlie received option of heavy fine when being sentenced. And fine has been paid."

"The fine has been paid! Who by?"

"That I do not know. But of this I am certain. It was not a native. Tickey Charlie has no friends in Marathan. He had only recently came here from Johannesburg. The fine money was posted to the court, I think," concluded Xosa, "that Tickey Charlie's benefactor was a European."

"A European! You mean—" Lucy opened her eyes very wide. She spoke in a half-whisper. "Do you think his benefactor is the other man he robbed?"

Xosa nodded. Very probable. He never reported his loss, and thus he hoped to ensure that Tickey Charlie would not be available to talk."

"Then how," asked Lucy despairingly, "are we to find Charlie?"

"If he is in Marathan," said Mr. Xosa quietly, "I will find him. I have already started inquiries among my friends in the town. We Bantu people keep good track of one another. Tickey Charlie cannot be far away."

He rose. "When I have located him, I will get in touch with you here at the hotel. If you are not here, I shall leave message with Chocolate."

Chocolate, who had remained all this while in the background, shuffled his big feet. Lucy had left the dismissal of the man to Xosa, and Xosa had not sent him away. Large and shuffling,

he was in startling contrast to his plump, dapper brother.

"I always on hand, miss," he told Lucy with his big toothed smile. "You can depend on me."

"And on me," said Xosa. He had replaced his big spectacles. Behind his polished lenses, his brown eyes twinkled friendly. He gathered up his hat and stick, and bowed low to Lucy. "I go now."

She watched him and Chocolate retreat, her mind busy with the question of what to do next.

Should she get in touch with Peter? Peter ought to have trusted her more. So she must wait until Xosa had located Tickey Charlie and had extracted the vital information. It would be a surprise for him; and it might teach him to be willing to trust her more in future.

"But being a woman, she had to tell someone about her talk with Xosa. She sought her father and Terence Parry.

It was Terry, she found, on the sun terrace. He was alone. He lifted an elegant hand in lazy greeting.

"Lo, Lucy. What's up!"

Breathlessly, she poured out her story about her talk with Xosa. Terry listened with narrowed eyes. He retained his air of languor, but she knew that it cloaked keen attention. Terry was like that.

He heard her out in silence to the end.

"And that," she concluded, "explains Peter's odd conduct. He thought father had been mixed up with Monte in some queer business, and he was determined to shield him."

Terry nodded. "Yes. That's it, Stout fellow, Peter." He glanced at her shrewdly. "Of course, you always thought so?"

She nodded slowly. "Yes. I'm fond of him."

Terry grinned. "So am I. Not that I have any right to be. The fellow's practically my rival! And, as the Ghoul said—"

Lucy blushed. "Gould was talking wicked nonsense, of course. But where's father?"

Terry shook his head. "I haven't seen him since this morning's dramatic scenes. I have a notion he went off after Gould to give him a piece of his mind."

"I'm going to look for him," said Lucy.

But she could find no trace of him or the lean secretary. She gathered that they had gone out together. She hoped they would make up their differences. Gould though odd, was a good sort at heart. His outburst against Peter she was convinced, had been prompted by the most disinterested motives. He simply had a darkly suspicious mind allied to too much zeal.

In the hotel lobby, she encountered Mr. Orion.

The manager of the Orient Hotel was rubbing his soft, plump hands, as was his habit. His round pink and white face was bland.

"Ah, Miss Carr!" He beamed his too affable smile. "Enjoying your holiday, I trust?"

"Quite, thanks," said Lucy shortly.

"I hope," said Mr. Orion earnestly, "that the recent—um—unfortunate incidents have not darkened your horizon! I believe however, that the police are making good progress, and are, in fact, well on the way to an arrest. Inspector Quayle as good as told me so himself, some moment ago. He was here, inquiring after a—a certain person."

"And that reminds me," continued Mr. Orion, smiling blandly. "You are aware that we have lost Mr. Crosby. He left the hotel a little while ago—just before Inspector Quayle arrived, in fact. He—ah—seemed to be in a hurry."

Lucy had a savage impulse to smack the hotel manager's fat pink face. She resisted it.

"Excuse me," she said frigidly, and, walking round him, continued on her way.

Mr. Orion gazed after her. His expression was curious. The bland, self-satisfied smile was still there. He began again to massage his plump hands. And the smile had a certain wolfish quality.

Timmins Man is Picked up for Whitney Police

Timmins police arrested Aimes Lavole, 7½ Windsor avenue, early on Friday on a warrant issued by the Whitney Township police. Lavole had been charged with a traffic offence by the Whitney police and had not appeared in court and a bench warrant was issued for his arrest.

Friday morning, some hours after his arrest, the man was released on a cash bail of \$100, supplied by his father. He will appear before Magistrate Atkinson this week to answer the charges.

Convention Tour of Northern S. S. at South Porcupine

South Porcupine, Oct. 22nd. Special to The Advance.

Under the auspices of the Ontario Religious Education Council, the Northern Ontario Sunday School Convention Tour (1941) visited South Porcupine United Church on Tuesday, Oct. 7th. Rev. Leland Gregory, General Secretary of the Baptist Board of Religious Education, and Rev. J. Russell Harris, assistant editor United Church publications were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Dye, while in South Porcupine. Miss Ruth Lucas, St. Aidan's Anglican Church, Toronto, and Miss Harriett Christie, Girls' Work secretary G.B.E.C., were guests of Mrs. G. McIntosh. Rev. L. Carlson took the afternoon service of worship on Tuesday, while Rev. J. A. Lytle gave the "welcome" address and made the introductions. Rev. J. H. Harris gave an address—"Preparing Next Sunday's Lesson," followed by a solo from Mrs. A. Stanlake, "In a Monastery Garden," for which Mr. G. Hale played the accompaniment. Miss Christie, gave a book talk "Helps for Sunday School Teachers." A primary class (from the U. C. Sunday School) was used for demonstration by Miss Lucas on this branch of Children's work, and Miss Christie took a discussion group on girls work before adjournment. A splendid supper was served by the ladies of the church under convenship of Mrs. W. McDowell. Capt. Volck, of Timmins, gave the worship service at 7:00 p.m., and at 7:15 p.m. Departmental Conferences were held—Beginners and Primary under Miss Lucas; Junior discussion group, under Rev. J. R. Harris; "Teen Age"—a demonstration in teaching by Miss Christie; and "Young People"—discussion group under Rev. L. Gregory. Mr. Tom Kelly was soloist for the evening session and sang "Since You Came Into My Heart." Rev. Leland Gregory gave an address "Better Christian Teaching for a Better World," and Rev. W. M. Mustard officiated at the closing. Sixty-three delegates attended this convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr, of Renfrew, are visiting their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Ken Johnson, of Golden avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, also of Renfrew, are visiting at the same home.

Born—On Wednesday, Oct. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Urho Perttula, of the Hallnor Mine—a son—in Porcupine General Hospital.

Born—in Porcupine General hospital on October 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Phillips, of 105 Second avenue, Schumacher—a son.

Born—to Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Gardner, of 86 Cecil avenue, South Porcupine, on October 15th, in Porcupine General Hospital—a son.

The Sewing Circle of St. Paul's Anglican Church has resumed work for the fall and winter season and met on Wednesday afternoon last week. A bake sale with afternoon tea is scheduled for Wednesday, Oct. 29th and a small amount of sewing and articles made by the Circle—white elephants and other novelties—will be on sale. Will all please keep this date in mind.

At a banquet tendered by Arbutus Eastern Star Chapter to Dr. and Mrs. Day on Tuesday evening the following members of South Porcupine O.E.S. were present: Mrs. G. Bannerman, Mrs. D. Houston, Mrs. F. H. Hall, Mrs. J. Barron, Mrs. J. Spitz, and Mrs. R. Mansfield. Dr. Day is on the Grand Executive for Ontario, and Mrs. Day is Grand Conductress of the Ontario Eastern Star Chapters. Dr. Day was presented with a brief case from Arbutus Chapter and Mrs. Day with a half-dozen crystal sherbets.

Mr. and Mrs. John Costain, who have been on an extended visit to their daughter, Mrs. Bert Frisby, in Kemplville, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Gibbons and son, Billy, of Toronto are spending a few weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibbons, of Shor avenue.

A shower was held on Tuesday evening of last week at the home of Mrs. C. Kavanagh on Strachan avenue by a party of good neighbours. The guests of honour were not present being in hospital. They are the month-old twins (boy and girl) of Mrs. Maxwell, of Strachan avenue. Mrs. Maxwell is also in hospital having had to return through illness after the birth of the twins. Beautiful little gifts, many of them hand made by the neighbours themselves, were brought for the babies. The guests had a lovely time at the party—bingo being played, and a very nice lunch was served by the hostess, who was assisted by Mrs. A. Lyman. Among those present were Mrs. T. Cahill, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. N. Sullivan, Mrs. J. Aitken, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. K. Reilly, Mrs. B. McQuarrie, Mrs. Jos. Dwyer, Miss Thrasher, Mrs. H. Gillham, Mrs. Boyes and Mrs. Sicely. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Derosa who were not present sent gifts.

Recruiting Convoy at South Porcupine

South Porcupine, Oct. 22—(Special to The Advance)—The Recruiting Convoy here last week was greeted at Golden City by a number of residents and the Council of Whitney. They gave a demonstration of efficiency and smartness before the township hall and—in a large crater on the hillside left by the cellar of a removed house—the "blitz wagons" and Bren gun carriers showed with what agility and effectiveness such obstacles could be overcome by modern mechanics. They were given rousing cheers and (by the township) packages of cigarettes each before leaving.

On Tuesday afternoon Tisdale was host to the convoy. They came into town from Timmins by way of the "back road", stopping at the Dome Mines to be cheered by all the Dome employees who could possibly leave their work above or under ground. At the Legion hall they were met by the Goldfields Band, and with the band leading, they paraded the town—up Golden and Crawford, along Broadway and down Main—to the public school grounds where about a thousand people and number of school children (from the school windows) witnessed an exhibition put on by the men and machines. They gave the "changing guard" ceremony, too—a "special" not put on anywhere else in camp.

Afterwards they were the guests of the township at dinner in the McIntyre hall, Schumacher, where they were regaled with a substantial meal, and cigarettes distributed. All Councilors but Mr. Fairhurst dined with the men and Reeve V. H. Evans in a welcoming address spoke of the successful demonstrations of the convoy and predicted an impetus in recruiting in the camp here. To this, Captain Hambley (O.C.) replied and thanked all for their kindly and cordial welcome. Some of the soldiers, he said, had not been recruited during the past six weeks. Other officers in the convoy were Captain Pacard, Lt. Powers, Lt. Milner, and Lt. Woods. Sgt.-Major J. A. Dymond was in charge of the broadcasting wagon. Later the boys enjoyed a concert put on for them by the Canadian Legion, and finished up by attending the free dance later.

Tisdale Township Hosts to Unit on Tour of North.

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Mr. R. Swayne Moves from Temagami to Elk Lake

The New Liskeard Speaker last week says:—"Two station agents on the T. and N. O. Railway have exchanged posts, and in the switch Andy Pelkie goes from Elk Lake to Temagami and Ray Swayne moves from Temagami to Elk Lake. Mr. Pelkie was formerly at Latchford until he moved to the James River community about two years ago, while Mr. Swayne had been agent at the Temagami station for twelve years past. They made the exchange late last week, and the equipment which moved Mr. Swayne's

Reid Robinson Loses His Appeal re Deportation

There has been considerable misunderstanding on both sides as to the case of Reid Robinson, president of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union, and proceedings in regard to his deportation from Canada. Robinson was refused entry to Canada at Patterson, B.C. on Sept. 22nd, 1940. Twice after that date he entered Canada without disclosing the fact that he had been refused entry at Patterson, B.C. Under the law this made his entry into Canada illegal. Coming to Canada recently in connection with the labour situation at Kirkland Lake, Robinson was arrested at Toronto for illegal entry and was held for a short time. He was released in time to attend a session of the Conciliation Board at Kirkland Lake. In the meantime, he has entered appeal against the finding of the immigration authorities. The appeal was considered last week by the Canadian Immigration Branch and the appeal was dismissed. At the same time, Robinson's counsel was informed that the deportation order "will not in future be regarded as grounds for refusing entry to Canada, if at the time of entry he complies with the immigration regulations applicable in his case."

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household goods into Elk Lake carried the Pelkie family's possessions out on the return trip. Mr. Swayne was here on Monday evening, when he brought out Mrs. Swayne and their younger daughter, who was returning to school at Belleville.

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