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THE PLAN IN A NUTSHELL

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WHAT HAPPENED



AT MONTALBAN

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

WHAT HAPPENED AT Story
MOLLY BALCON: A young London nurse, specializing in the care of children.
SIR JOHN MONTALBAN: Head of the Montalban family nearly ninety years of age.
ROBERT MONTALBAN: His son, who has been master of the family seat for twenty years. He has three children: Robert, Junior, crippled in a road smash (unmarried);
RALPH: (married).
CHARLES: 21 (unmarried).
and two unmarried daughters **ELSIE** and **CLEONE**.
BARBARA MONTALBAN: Wife of Ralph.
MALIA DAUNT: Met her death at Montalban in mysterious circumstances.
LAWRENCE SEVERN: Secretary-companion to the veteran Sir John.

MOLLY BALCON, at the pressing request of Dr. Leonard, goes to Montalban to take care of **BARBARA MONTALBAN** and her three-month-old infant, Barbara's husband, **RALPH MONTALBAN**, has just been acquitted on a charge of murdering **MALIA DAUNT**, and the trial has aroused wide-spread interest.
Soon after Molly takes over her duties, the acquitted husband reaches home after release.
(Now Read On)

CHAPTER II (Continued)
RETURN OF THE ACCUSED
The reunion of husband and wife was not dramatic, though there should have been drama enough in the homecoming of a man newly acquitted of murder. It was plain to Molly that Ralph's wife was still sufficiently fond of her husband to wish to be beautiful in his eyes. Instinctively the patient looked round for a mirror. Molly read the thought and put the heavy hand-mirror from the dressing-table into her hands.
"He won't be hard to please," said Molly, and realized with some surprise that the remark was almost in Cleone's manner. However, it was scarcely heard. "Whatever the welcome below, Ralph Montalban was permitted to climb the dazzling oak staircase alone."
"I'll leave you to talk to him," said Molly. "I must go and see Mrs. Forester, and do some unpacking."
To her astonishment Mrs. Ralph caught at her hand. "No, please don't go, Nurse. Not yet. Stay with me just a minute after he comes, and then if—everything seems all right—"
"But of course everything will be all right," said Molly soothingly.
The little creature clung, and her hands were dry and thin. "You see, I don't know how I stand. He was in love with her. You must know that, if you read the papers at all. Everyone in England knows my husband loved that woman. Why should I pretend I don't realize it? I do. I've always known. When she used to sit down by the lake with her lute, and everyone would sit to listen to her, and he wouldn't go. I knew then. And when she used to sit watching him, following him around with those eyes of hers. She had to have them all. All the men—every man there was—" She looked up. Her eyes were brilliant and vindictive. "How do I know he'll be glad to come back? Maybe he wishes he was going to hang."
"There's his baby," said Molly sensibly. "Don't forget, you have that to hold on to. Besides, I think you're forgetting that her influence has been gone for three months. Of course he'll be glad to come home. And glad that you can imagine to see you again."
"I wonder," said Mrs. Ralph, and smiled a small, thin smile.
The door opened with no knock, and Ralph Montalban came in, rather as if he had been away for a week-end. He gave Molly a glance, and appeared to sum her up accurately at once. He came straight to the bedside, and bent and kissed his wife lightly.
"Hullo, Barbara! How are you, dear?"
"It's nice to see you, Ralph," she said almost timidly, and made a shy gesture of invitation. "Do sit by me. I'm not really ill, though Doctor Leonard insists on making me have a nurse." She cast a more confident smile at Molly. "Nurse Balcon only arrived a few minutes ago."
Ralph sat down obediently. He looked rather younger in the flesh than in his photographs, and the intense dark of his eyes and hair proved upon closer examination to be only a deep reddish brown; but the face remained disturbing, primitive, and haggard and imperious. He had a smile for Molly, but it was a very perfunctory smile.
"I'm glad you have someone here to take care of you," he said. "You've lost flesh, Bar. I've worried you terribly. I know. I'm sorry."
"It's been a bad time for all of us. But you couldn't help it," she added eagerly.
"I think so," he said, and was abruptly silent, frowning, smoothing her hand between his own. He went on in the same abstracted voice: "I must have a talk with Dr. Leonard some time. Perhaps if I look you away—later on. We'd leave the baby with nurse here. You'd forget all about this business—"
Barbara was trembling a little, but Molly, watching her narrowly, saw that her face was happy and peaceful. "But I'm going to be all right, Ralph. I shall soon get stronger, now that you're safe."
"Yes," said Ralph, marvelling. "Yes, it's all over. If I thought that you—that we could put the clock back—"
Molly had been right. All they needed was a little privacy. Molly made a diplomatic murmur that she

must see Mrs. Forester, and removed herself unnoticed. She heard, as she closed the door gently behind her, his voice again, a shaken murmur, saying: "I feel guilty as Hades, Barbara."
"Oh, my dear, not on my account—you mustn't. I've told you—"
"Really," thought Molly, treading slowly down the wonderful, orange-glowing stairs, "I don't see that anyone here needs me, unless it's the baby. That sort of treatment will make a new woman of Mrs. Ralph in no time."
Cleone was sitting in the hall, in somewhat desultory conversation with herself, a smaller, slither, younger edition of herself. She looked up at the sound of Molly's step, and lounged to her feet. "Here's Nurse Balcon in person. My sister Elsie—"
Molly saw a sullen face, a thin figure lacking the hint of Parisian grace which made Cleone pleasant to look upon. The girl nodded in an abstracted fashion, and said abruptly:
"I don't envy you, nurse. I wouldn't have the job of looking after Barbara for the world."
"I don't expect to find it so difficult," said Molly, with a slight smile. "Especially with a little co-operation from her husband."
"I'm glad he's behaving himself," said Cleone composedly. "That would perhaps you'd like to talk to our house-keeper—and to the girl who's been looking after baby. It was purely a temporary arrangement—the girl leaves us to-morrow. Poor creature, she'll be glad to go. We are, as you must have noticed already, somewhat wearing to the nerves."
Cleone was leading the way along a half-lit oak corridor, and her smile, as she looked back over her shoulder into Molly's face, was bitter and wild. "Don't look shocked, Nurse. You must understand, and we've lived with this thing for three months, nearly, and we tired long ago of trying to dress it up and make it look respectable."
"Not shocked," said Molly, stung, "merely intrigued." For some reason the most normal of people resent the supposition that they can be shocked, and Molly was no exception. "You've probably lost the flavour of it yourselves, but to a mere onlooker it's rather piquant. However, you know you'll be helping quite a lot if you'll leave it outside Mrs. Ralph's bedroom; it doesn't do her any good."
"I suppose not. Poor Barbara! I'm really rather sorry for her. Still, be content, Nurse. Now that you're here I needn't go into her at all. She won't mind, and I shall be delighted."
Somewhere in the vast back regions of the house, in a small sitting-room attractively furnished, they found the housekeeper. She had piled grey hair, and a passionate face, and her voice when she spoke was slow and over-weighted, so that the words ran singly, with an exaggerated significance. This woman could live through all manner of strange tragedies and not be moved; changes of staff no doubt there had been since the death of the girl Daunt, but no such slight incident could disturb the rest of Mrs. Forester.
She offered a hand as hard and un-emotional as wood, and was glad to see Nurse Balcon, and hoped Nurse Balcon would be comfortable. Her luggage had, of course, been taken up already to her room; and as she had set out early supper was being prepared for her.
The promised supper came on the instant, and was not appreciated. Alone with Mrs. Forester, she ate and listened.
"It might be convenient for you to have your meals here," said Mrs. Forester, "that is, if you have no objection. There's a stairway just outside the door here that leads full on to the corridor where Mrs. Ralph's room is; and it's handy for the garden, too. If you go out by the side door—I'll show you in the morning—you come right into the sunniest corner of the orchard, where baby's pram usually goes on fine days. We're very quiet here; there's no one but myself and Mr. Severn."
"Mr. Severn is old Sir John's attendant—male nurse, if you like, though to be sure I don't think the old gentleman needs a nurse, exactly, even if he is nearly ninety. A very nice gentleman, Mr. Severn." She looked down her nose, and her tone was not at all a tone of liking.
"I trust Mr. Severn isn't nearing ninety, too," said Molly.
"Quite a young man. Not so very much older than yourself, I should say. He's the old gentleman's constant companion."
"I'm a little fogged," confessed Molly, "about the family. I had it fixed in my mind that Sir John was the father of Mr. Ralph and the young ladies; but if he's that age, he surely can't be."
"Sir John, the present baronet, is eighty-nine, and supposed to be childish. So far as the family are concerned, he might as well be dead. Mr. Montalban—his son Mr. Robert Montalban—has been as good as master here for twenty years. He's the father of the young people."
"And have I met them all now? All but Charles, of course. I know he's abroad. Mrs. Montalban met us in the hall, and I've seen the two daughters, and of course Mr. Ralph and his wife. Is there anyone else?"
"There's the eldest son—Robert after his father. Mr. Robert is a cripple," she said primly. He had a motoring accident seven years ago. He's very badly deformed, but quite active. He had a study and his bedroom right up the second floor. Sometimes he stays there for days on end, when he has his bad times."
"They seem to be a peculiarly unlucky family," said Molly.
"Yes, indeed!" said Mrs. Forester, and for once had no more to say. She

was communicative enough, but only upon such subjects as the new member of the household was sure to find out for herself in time. Nor was Molly disposed to ask her questions upon any other subject; one would not choose to share a curiosity with Mrs. Forester. Any one of a hundred openings could have led them straight into the heart of the Daunt tragedy; but Molly held her tongue.
(To be Continued)

Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

Twenty years ago the current issue of The Advance was on Dec. 21st, 1921, and had a touch of the Christmas spirit. In a two-column box, with large type used, and a picture of the porcupine to illustrate, there was the following Christmas message:—**ADVANCE CHRISTMAS WISHES FROM THE PORCUPINE**—
The Porcupine is golden,
And every quill is gold,
And every golden quill a wish,
And every golden wish for you—
That all the days to come
Be rich and full of golden thoughts
And golden deeds and joy.

There were 20 pages in the issue but on account of the smaller size of the pages then, this would be equivalent to about sixteen pages of The Advance as it is to-day. However, that was pretty good for twenty years ago in Timmins. There were three full page advertisements, the Hollinger Stores, the McIntyre Stores and the Curtis Drug Co. There were ten half-page advertisements, Hamilton B. Wills and Co., Victor Gramophone, Ontario Government, Marshall-Eccleston, F. M. Burke, M. Levine, Geo. Taylor Hardware, Todd's Schumacher and South Porcupine Stores, S. Bucovsky, D. Ostrosky and Co. There were a dozen quarter page advertisements, N. Blaney, Frank Byck, Timmins Rink, F. S. Cafe, Mackay's Cash and Carry Store, H. Leduc, Chas. Pierce and Sons, L. Halperin, H. Horwitz, Empire Theatre, Rinn Bros. A. T. Pommier. The number of smaller ads, is too many to enumerate, but the following are a few: Nathan Greenberg, Ned Faulkenham, Noah Teller, Dalton's, W. Dalzell, O. Seguin, Barrow Sign Co., Halleybury, Bachelor Cigar, Chas. P. Grill, Geils and Herman, Wallingford Bros., Sims and Hooker, Sullivan and Newton, John W. Fogg, H. P. Schroeder, Bowie and Barini, J. A. Howse, Dr. Gagnon, Hail-eybury, Leo Mascioli, W. J. Browne, V. Woodbury, A. C. Brown, Dr. Aiken, Miss B. Findlay, D. Laprairie, N. Campbell, King's Amusement Parlours, Timmins Electric.

The issue contained a review of the progress of the various mines of the Porcupine, under the heading, "The Porcupine—Ontario's Land of Gold." There was also a review of the town of Timmins and its progress. The Porcupine was described as the greatest gold camp in Canada, and it was noted that this area had contributed \$70,000,000.00 to the wealth of the Dominion. Canada then was fourth in the world in gold production. To-day it is second, and the Porcupine has done more than any other area to make it so. Up to the present the Porcupine had produced some \$280,000,000.00 in gold. Other great industries in the North were referred to, the neighbouring towns of Iroquois Falls coming in for special mention for having the largest paper-making machine in the world at the time. It was noted that the Porcupine was the greatest centre

in Canada for the shipping of ties. Reference was made to the nickel mines at Alexo and the known presence of barite, asbestos, etc., in other sections of the camp. The town of Timmins was noted as having a population close to 5,000. It many advantages in the way of modern benefits was mentioned. South Porcupine and Selkumacher also came in for due notice. "The towns of the Porcupine," concluded The Advance, "are building for permanence, and believe that here is an abiding gold camp." There is no reason, after twenty years, to do other than fully confirm that verdict.

Of course, the issue of twenty years ago was largely taken up with Christmas articles and affairs. It may be of interest to note that The Advance published a letter from the Canadian Forestry Association saying that there was no alarm necessary about the cutting of young trees for Christmas trees. The practice brought settlers and others some ready cash, and did not endanger the conservation of the forests. Indeed, it helped conservation in many cases by thinning out the young trees and giving those remaining a better chance to thrive.

If there were many special Christmas items, there was also lots of news of the locality and of the day. Building permits for the year 1921 in Timmins totalled over half a million dollars in value of structures created. The buildings included the Hollinger town-site houses, the Marshall-Eccleston new store and a whole host of new residences as well as some new stores and additions and improvements to existing buildings.

On a Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, 1921, at an early hour the J. R. Todd drug store at Schumacher was burglarized and \$109.00 in cash and \$450.00 worth of goods stolen. The burglary came at a most inopportune time, injuring the stocks for Christmas trade and causing serious inconvenience and loss. But even this could not put J. R. Todd in the melancholy class. One of his comments at the time was that the burglars had good taste anyway, when they came to his store for goods.

Four Births Registered at Town Hall Last Week

Born—on November 16th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Emert Perrier of 58 Queen avenue—a son.
Born—on November 17th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Laroque of 39A Seventh avenue—a daughter.
Born—on November 26th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Glasford, of 107 Main avenue—a daughter.
Born—on December 13th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Landone of 134 Commercial avenue—a daughter.

QUITE A CROP

One of George Ade's greatest ambitions was to be a farmer. He took as much pride in his agricultural accomplishments as he did in his writing. One day one of his farmer neighbours came to him and began to brag about his wonderful crop of hay.
"I got quite a crop, too," said Ade.
"You did?" said the farmer. "I didn't know you had cut your hay yet. How many tons did you get?"
"I don't know exactly," said the humorist. "My men stacked up all they could outdoors and then stored the rest in the barn."—Globe and Mail.

LOANS

On First Mortgages
Available in Timmins, Schumacher, and South Porcupine, for commercial buildings, apartment houses, new homes, and improvements. Paid back by monthly payments over a number of years.
APPLY
J. J. McKAY
REAL ESTATE INSURANCE
STEAMSHIP OFFICE
20 Pine St. N., Timmins, Phone 1135
and 40 Main St., South Porcupine, Phone 285

First Down In First Snow



(Photo: Can. Nat'l Rys.)
IN the first snow of the season at St. Sauveur, noted winter sports center in the heart of the Laurentian Mountain district of Quebec, no skier is any too sure on her—his—feet as witness the plight of the pretty young American visitor pictured above. However, it's lots of fun for everybody when the snows come to St. Sauveur, home of famous ski Hill 70, which is annually host to thousands of United States winter sports fans.

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59 Fourth Ave. Phone 2390

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M. C. SULLIVAN
Wishes to Announce the Opening of a New
GARAGE at FIRST AVENUE
SCHUMACHER
Formerly the New Ontario Auto Supply and will specialize in
Auto Service
Repairs
Heated Storage
And Will also Carry on the Business of the
Sullivan Coal Yard
ALL GRADES OF QUALITY COAL
Phone 129 or 744

JEWELLERS

Invest in Freedom
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

L. Halperin
Jeweler—Optometrist
7 Pine Street North Timmins

VISIT OUR NEW UP-TO-DATE
Jewelry Store
Next to Mascioli Theatre
HIGH QUALITY JEWELRY

SAM GUREVITCH
Jeweler — Schumacher

AUTO ELECTRIC

TIMMINS AUTO ELECTRIC
and Battery Service
PHONE 2230

SAVE gasoline
Have your car's ignition system checked. It will save money and gasoline.
Berini Auto Electric
9 Spruce St. N. Timmins
N. Farnen, Hemlock Street

CLEANER

WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE
Sloma Odorless Cleaners
No Gasoline Used
7 Balsam Street North Timmins
PHONE 592
C. McConnell, 354 Spruce St. S.
FAST EFFICIENT SERVICE

FOOTWEAR

SLIPPERS MAKE IDEAL XMAS GIFTS
Neill's Shoe Store
9 Pine Street N. Phone 1550

FURRIER

You'll Save on
HIGH QUALITY FURS
at the
Style Shoppe FURRIERS
Cor. Pine & Fourth Timmins
Mrs. L. Belanger, First avenue

HARDWARE

SEE OUR COMPLETE STOCK
C. C. M. SKATES
and
HIGH QUALITY SKI EQUIPMENT
Chas. Pierce Hardware
16 Third Avenue Phone 17

HOTEL

Join the
WAR WEAPONS DRIVE

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Pearl Lake Hotel
Frank Klisanich (prop.)
FIRST AVENUE
Schumacher
W. Entwistle 1st Ave., Schumacher

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THIRD AVE. TIMMINS
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First Avenue Schumacher

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