

By the Author of "Well of Gold," "Christabel," Etc.

A HOME ON THE RANGE

by BENTLEY RIDGE

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CAPTAIN DAINTRY: An Englishman, forced by business difficulties to emigrate with his family to New Zealand. MYRIE DAINTRY: His daughter, a modern young girl, who discovers a new way of living—and loving—in the wilds of the new country. REX WILDE: A gay, wealthy, irresponsible young man, whom Myrie promises to marry. GEORGE TELLFORTH: A young but sullen and secretive widower, who loves Myrie but who is already engaged to be married.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters Captain Daintry, an Englishman, is forced by business difficulties to take up sheep-farming in New Zealand with his wife and daughter, Myrie. They experience many difficulties; and Mrs. Daintry becomes so upset that she resolves that she and Myrie will go to live in the town. But Telforth, a mysterious neighbour who takes unusual interest in Captain Daintry's young daughter, jibes at her softness and causes Myrie to change her mind. (Now read On) MRS. DAINTRY RETURNS She heard the sudden new cheerfulness of her father's voice as he turned to speak to Telforth in the doorway, after her mother had passed through.

But Myrie felt that her mother was childish. The black on her hands was as nothing to the determination in her heart not to be thought a helpless fool by anyone—the man Telforth in particular. Besides, spoiled finger nails, discomfort, toil, and rats—she would not go back on her father now. "Perhaps you really had better stay down there with your mother," Captain Daintry said as they carried Mrs. Daintry's trunk back to the car. After all it would be pretty hard on Babs alone in a strange town! But Myrie said: "No, father. We have to put our backs into making the best of this place." Mrs. Daintry went out to the car with a white, set face. She felt that Gerald should have insisted that Myrie stay in Christchurch with her. She would hardly say good-bye to him as she and Myrie drove away. Capt. Daintry waved forlornly from the gate, but only Myrie waved back. They drove a hundred yards down the track to the road. Mrs. Daintry broke down and burst into tears. She sobbed so bitterly that Myrie stopped the car. She put her hand on her mother's knee. "Mother, dear—" "It's cruel of you, Myrie. I shall be wretched down there by myself!" "Mother, you know father can't afford to do this house up. We're at the end of things now. He has bought this place, and it's all he has. If we don't try to make something of it, what will become of us?" "It's too hard. I wish we had never left England."

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to stay here too. We think this really rather a quaint little place, after all. He annoyed her by mistaking her false cheerfulness for a wish to be amusing. He laughed as he asked: "Have you taken the bees out of the upstairs room?" "We took them out long ago," said Myrie airily. ROMANTIC CHIMNEY SWEEPS "All this is beastly!" Myrie kept saying to herself during the next hard day and the hard days that followed. "But if other people can do it, so can I!" She swept, beat, scrubbed and learned the first hard rules of cooking. The kitchen range was the worst trouble. Unless there happened to be a high wind it smoked so much that it was impossible to use.

She said he had no doubt a bird or a rat had nested in it; he would see to it the first moment he could spare from ploughing. All the men on the place seemed to be out ploughing for their lives. Stolecally, Captain Daintry rose and went at the first sickly glimmer of morning when the stars were still bright in the night overhead. Aching all over Myrie, who had seen the first light, often enough after dances and parties, got up and cooked him a hot breakfast. Mrs. Daintry made feeble efforts to get up before eight, but Myrie compelled her to have her breakfast in bed. "I'm young," Myrie told her. "All this is beastly, but I'm more adaptable than you are!" Her desire to be equal to it made her refuse the offers of help made by the indefatigably kindly Mrs. Kane; who looked in, or sent her son, or her husband or Rosemary over with some suggestion or another almost every day. Myrie straightened her strained back held her battered hands out of sight, and smiled brightly to hide the fatigue. "We're settling down comfortably, thanks. I simply can't think of a thing we need!" Then Telforth himself came one afternoon, when Captain Daintry was out, and Mrs. Daintry was resting out of sight in the bedroom. It happened to be a windless day, and Myrie was cooking a mutton stew on the sitting-room fire. The sitting-room reeked of onions, and she had to confess to him with a forced laugh: "The kitchen range smokes so much that I have to cook on this fire."

She had whipped off her sacking apron when she heard his step in the verandah; but it was difficult to look instandant when she knew that her hair was untidy, and her arms were black below her rolled up sleeves. "What makes the kitchen range smoke?" said Telforth, annoying her with a smile which seemed to denote some private amusement. "Probably a bird's nest," said Myrie. "Hasn't anyone had a look?" "Oh, they're terribly busy sowing Lucerne." "Shall I see what I can do?" Without so much as asking he stepped through the door into the kitchen. He opened a flue in the roof of the stove and levered himself into a position from which he could see into it. "Probably just want's sweeping," he said. He straightened up, with his feet spattered with particles of soot, and it was Myrie's turn to smile. "I'll get a chimney sweep," she said hurriedly. "Oh, will you? Where?" She was caught out, and looked helpless. Telforth said with a laugh. "I'll show you how we sweep a chimney in the back-blocks. Is one of the men about?" "No, why?" "It takes two—but perhaps I can manage." "Why shouldn't I help?" "Well, I hardly think—" He looked at her dubiously. "You hardly think I have any sense at all, do you?" said Myrie hotly. "It's not sense you'll need—I'm sure you have plenty of it. But you don't look as if you'd care for a bath of soot!" "If you don't mind getting covered with soot—" "Oh, not at all. You think I love it, presumably." It seemed to be a deadlock, with invincible animosity on Myrie's side. She gazed at him in exasperation, and he met the gaze with mockery, and a hint of speculative curiosity in his eyes.

Women's Institute Complete Quilts for Salvation Army Mrs. C. Briggs and Mrs. Holson Hostess to Women's Institute Quilting Bees. On Friday, March 5th, Mrs. Holson, of 6 Knox street, was hostess to the Women's Institute quilting bee which was held at her place. After a delightful evening was spent, during which one quilt was completed, Mrs. Holson, assisted by Mrs. Drummond served a dainty lunch. Those present were Mrs. W. Howe, Mrs. B. Drummond, Mrs. W. Crispin, Mrs. C. Briggs, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. A. Jack, Mrs. J. Harden, Mrs. H. Read, and Mrs. Holson. Mrs. C. Briggs, of 19 Commercial avenue, was hostess to the Women's Institute quilting bee on Thursday afternoon, March 11th, where the ladies gathered and completed one quilt. At the close of the evening, Mrs. Briggs served a dainty lunch. Those present were Mrs. C. Bates, Mrs. A. Atkinson, Mrs. W. Hawse, Mrs. C. Surman, Mrs. A. McCharles, Mrs. C. Briggs. A top for a quilt was donated to the Women's Institute by Mrs. G. Gibson. The completed quilts will be sent to the Salvation Army.

A COUNTRY EDITOR SEES Ottawa WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA BY JIM GREENBLAT, Editor of the SUN SWIFT CURRENT SASKATCHEWAN RATIONING

lions of dollars which can be converted to tanks, planes, guns and other instruments of war. "The success of the whole scheme will depend," he said, "upon the resourcefulness and on the hard work which everyone contributes." They rely on that, here in this Montreal headquarters of consumer rationing.

As an outsider looking in, I felt they had evolved a system which aimed at simplicity combined with effective control. "I didn't think I had to bother these people with questions on the why and wherefore of rationing. The necessity is plain logic and doesn't take any undue reasoning." In previous and following articles the picture of Canada's wartime personal and collective economy is painted just as factually as I can make it from on the spot. If you or I want to criticize methods, that's a democratic privilege. So hop to it if you feel the urge. But at least you are getting a little of the background, I hope.

(This is the Fourth of a Series of Articles by Mr. Greenblat.)

Other Good Stories of the War from a Canadian American

Another Letter from Vincent Woodbury in Texas.

Last week a letter from Vincent Woodbury gave one of the best stories of the war—one about the Australians, who had the British idea about fair play in a fight. Here is another letter from Vincent Woodbury, with another classic story of the war. San Antonio, Texas, March 5th, 1943. To the Editor of The Advance, Timmings Dear Mr. Editor:—Several of the boys who went into the Pacific after Pearl Harbor's tragic event are home for a rest, and many features connect them, among which is that six of the Marines promised themselves juicy steaks thick and large as soon as they landed. They collected in the California market, San Francisco, and said to the waiter: "We want six large juicy steaks one inch thick and a foot long." "Says," replied the astonished waiter, "Don't you fellows know there's a war on?" The second story also happened in San Francisco March the 4th. The blind musician was interrupted by a voice: "How's for a little harmonizing, Pop?" The voice belonged to Pte. Jul-

ius Jordan of Tennessee (any Southerner who can't sing was born in Timbucoo). Jordan had a guitar and a voice. His buddy, Pte. Curtis Hannah of Texas had a violin. After a few minutes of hillbilly songs a crowd gathered and the street musician's cup was filled to overflowing including a sprinkling of currency.

Any Canadian Veteran of the 1st war, or in the present conflict who happens in San Antonio should attend if possible the weekly luncheons of the World War Veterans in the Cascade Room of the St. Anthony hotel held every Tuesday. The Legion always has a splendid program, and you are assured of good fellowship.

Much talk slants around regarding "Post-war commercial aviation" and a phrase has been developed "freedom of the air". It is essential to bear in mind that reciprocal pacts with Great Britain and other nations are necessary, and "freedom of the air" can, and only will mean an agreement that meets the approval of all concerned.

The first agreement between any State government and the United States was consummated in the State Capitol at Austin, Texas, with Governor Coke Stevenson and the officials of the various Unions; the agreement:

1st. A pledge by labor that no strikes, slow-downs, lock-outs or work stoppage of any nature in Texas for the war's duration.

2nd. A promise by Gov. Stevenson that the executive branch of the State Government will not interfere with industry or labor in any manner that will impede maximum war production.

3rd. An understanding permitting the Government to use any and all powers at his command to stop or prevent unauthorized strikes, slow-downs, lock-outs or work stoppages.

4th. A call by labor upon industry to produce at full capacity for the war effort.

The pact promises a time of industrial and labor peace. Vincent Woodbury

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