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

# HOME ON THE RANGE

by BENTLEY RIDGE

PUBLISSHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

But Myrle felt that her mother was

After all it would be pretty hard

"No, father. We have to put ou

They drove a hundred yards' down the

She sobbed so bitterly that Myrle

wretched down there by myself!"

"Provincial!" sobbed Mrs. Daintry.

"Stay here, mother, Myrle urged her,

Mrs. Daintry brightened a little. De-

spite her disgust with everything, she

knew it was better to be with Gerald-

and Myrle in discomfort than alone in

"You've changed, Myrle. You used to

hate discomfort more than I do. You

said it would bore you to extinction

we're up against it? Father knows it,

Mrs. Daintry said faintly at last.

Myrle felt inexpressibly relieved. Re-

the car, she looked across at the moun-

tain ranges beyond the wide river bed.

The weather had cleared, and patches

of crystalline blue reft the lifted clouds.

What a wide sky it was! On the tops

of the mountains a gleam of suunshine

touched the distant snows. A little

thrill ran through Myrle. How ineff-

ably gentle that light made the moun-

tains looks. The wild land, so empty

as to be harshly oppressive to the new

comer gave her a first hint of its beauty

"Look, mother!" she said, "the sun

has come out. The country doesn't look

At six o'clock that evening it was

the dust of vigorous sweeping who went

I'm still here, and my mother decided

to the 'phone and rang Tellforth.

"Do you really think I should?"

But she checked her tears.

"Of course I do."

living in the cuntry.

"Very well!"

and he isn't backing out."

"You'll come back?"

out her powder compact.

But Myrle said:

"Mother, dear-"

become of us?"

CAPTAIN DAINTRY: An Englishman, forced by business difficulties to emgirate with his family to New Zealand. MYRLE 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 Myrle promises to marry.

GEORGE TELLFORTH: A young but sullen and secretive widower, who loves Myrle but who is already engaged to be married.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Captain Daintry, an Englishman, is childish. The black on her hands was forced by business difficulties to take up as nothing to the determination in her sheep-farming in New Zealand with his | heart not to be thought a helpless' fool wife and daughter, Myrle. They ex- by anyone-the man Tellforth in parperience many difficulties; and Mrs. ticular. Besides, spoiled finger nails, Daintry becomes so upset that she re- discomfort, toil, and rats-she would resolves that she and Myrle will go to not go back on her father now. live in the town. But Tellforth, a mys- "Perhaps you really had better stay terious neighbour who takes unusual down there with your mother," Capinterest in Captain Daintry's young tain Daintry said as they carried Mrs. daughter, jibes at her softness and Daintry's truunk back to the car. causes Myrle to change her mind. on Babs alone in a strange town!

### (Now read On)

MRS. DAINTRY RETURNS She heard the sudden new cheerfulness of her father's voice as he turned backs into making the best of this to speak to Tellforth in the doorway, place." after her mother had passed through. Mrs. Daintry went out to the car with

"Wel, it seems there is no need-ah- a white, set face. She felt that Gerald for me to take advantage of your offer should have insisted that Myrle stay to put me up; not that I would have in Christchurch with her. She would accepted it, grateful though I am. My hardly say good-oye to him as she and daughter will be staying on here." Myrle drove away. Capt. Daintry waved

"So she says," said Tellforth (Myric forlornly from the gate, but only Myrle was thankful that her mother was out waved back. of hearing). "However, she'll be away until to-morrow, driving Mrs. Daintry track to the road. Mrs. Daintry broketo town. If you care to come over for down and burst into tears. to-night it'll be no trouble to my housekeeper. Give me a ring about six, and stopped the car. She put her hand on if you're feeling like it by then, I can her mother's knee. come and pick you up in the car."

"Thank you," said Captain Daintry, "I shall probably take advantage that offer. I'd like to have a talk about the-ah-place here."

"Right sir." And with a smile and a end of things now. He has bought this nod Tellforth turned back to the gate. He untethered his horse and rode away try to make something of it, what will with a wave of his hand

Myrle gazed after him coldly, forced to admit that a well-built man on a left England. horse looks-well-at least a man. Mrs. Daintry was frantic when she land in the end. Those people we saw heard, this morning looked happy enough."

"Are you mad, Myrle? Last night you said that nothing would induce you to | "Dull." stay! Am I expectend to stay down in Christchurch by myself? Nothing to do, nowhere to go, no one to talk to?' "I simply don't see how father can manage up here alone," Myrle said.

"But why should you change your mind? You can't stay in this pig stye!", a strange city. Myrle said she could and would.

Mrs. Daintry took refuge in tears. She would not stay; no nothing would Induce her! And she was wretchedly used in being forced to stay in Christchurch without Myrle.

But Myrle was adamant; and Mrs. Daintry lapsed into wounded silence. Triumph gleamed in her eye when Myrle failed to get the range to burn in an attempt to fry some chops for lunch. She eyed Myrle's blackened hands pointedly, and proudly pushed away the plate with the charred chop Myrle had fried on the living-room

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He annoyed her by mistaking her also.

amusing. He laughed as he asked: upstairs room?"

Myrle airily.

ROMANTIC CHIMNEY SWEEPS "All this is beastly!" Myrle kept say-

ing to herself during the next hard quite enough." COPYRIGHT day and the hard days that followed But if other people can do it, so can I" She swept, beat, scrubbed and learn- his feet to drive him away.

ed the first hard rules of cooking. The "No! By heck, you shan't" He kitchen range was the worst trouble, sounded, for some reason, painfully in Unless there happened to be a high

it the first moment he could spare from have gone on washing the floor.

Myrle, who had seen the first light . . . Had he been sad about his wife? often enough after dances and parties. "Thank you," she said, with a smile

Mrs. Daintry made feeble efforts to up finally. get up before eight, but Myrle com- He said to her suddenly, after she pelled her to have her breakfast in bed had made a cup of tea with the ket-

this is beastly, but I'm more adaptable fire: than you are!"

Her desire to be equal to it made this before, have you?" her refuse the offers of help made by the indefatigably kindly Mrs. Kane; who looked in, or sent her son, or her Myrle straigthened her strained back you then." thanks. I simply can't think of a thing | fingers

we need!' and Mrs. Daintry was resting out of sight in the bedroom

It happened to be a windless day, "It's cruel of you, Myrle. I shall be and Myrle was cooking a mutton stew on the sitting-room fire. The sitting- said. "Mother, you know father can't af-100m reeked of onions, and she had to ford to do this house up. We're at the confess to him with a forced laugh: place, and it's all we have. If we don't

tnat I have to cook on this fire.' She had whipped off her sacking ap- brow made him smile. ron when she heard his step in the "It's too hard. I wish we had never "It would have been harder in Eng-

> black below her rolled up sleeves. "What makes the kitchen range Myrle was astonished, not so much with a smile which seemed to denote felt when he said it. ome private amusement.

"Probably a bird's nest," said Myrle curious, as he went out of the gate. "Hasn't anyone had a look?" "Oh, they're terribly busy sowing Lu- land?"

"Shall I see what I can do?"

ped through the door into the kitchen | Why?" He opened a flue in the roof of the stove and levered himself into a posi-

"I daresay it will—but don't you see spattered with particles of soot, and it was Myrle's turn to smile.

hurriedly.

"Oh, will you? Where?" "Yes I think-I think cour father She was caught out, and looked help-

Mrs. Daintry wiped her eyes and got less. Tellforth said with a laugh. men about?" axing an instant before she turned

"No, why?" nanage." "Why shouldn't I help?"

ed at her dubiously.

at all, do you?" said Myrle hotly. you have plenty of it. But you don't hardly eight o'clock. ook as if you'd care for a bath of soot!"

with soot---" "Oh, not at all. You think I love it, oresumably.

It seemed to be a deadlock, with ingazed at him in exasperation, and he Myrle, grimed from head to foot with

of speculative curiosity in his eyes. "My father won't bother you to put Myrle looked away, with sudden breath- low isn't it?"

him up for the night, Mr. Tellforth. forth's tan too, as he capitulated ab-

"Well, if you insist on helping-Have you a ladder anywhere and rope?" He became very business-like and matter-of-fact.

"Out there in the shed there's a lad der," Myrle told him. "And a rope too. He got the rope, and carried the ladder outside. Three minutes later he was back with a piece of brush wood town from a bush. He tied a length of rope to each end of it.

"I'm going on to the roof to push this down the chimney. Will you stand under the flue and catch the rope as

it comes down?" WHO'S THE BRIDEGROOM?

He put the ladder against the house and climbed on to the roof. Myrle hastened inside and stood ready at the flue. Mrs. Daintry disturbed by thumping up above, rushed in from the bedroom, her ring-velvet negligee floating

"What on earth is happening?" "It's only Tellforth cleaning the chimney. Better go back to bed if you don't want to get dirty!"

Mrs. Daintry scurried back to her

The rope came dangling out of the "Pull!" shouted Tellforth down the

Myrle pulled . . . When she had pulled the brushwood down he pulled the

brushwood up . . . kitchen again. He looked at her; and

"Well, I must say, you're pretty thoroughly disguised."

"If you think your best friend would | the Salvation Army

to stay here too. We think this really, know you, you're very much mistaken," rather a quaint little place, after all," said Myrle, shortly. But she laughed

false cheerfulness for a wish to be It was impossible not to be grateful for what he had done. They cleared "Have you taken the bees out of the the stove and the floor of soot, and emptied it outside by the bucketful. "We took them out long ago," said Myrle filled a pail of water and went down on her knees to wash the floor.

"Let me," said Tellforth. "Thanks very much, you've done "I insist--"

For answer she swilled water round

seemed to be out ploughing for their for her. Watching the swing of his ration is something which affects about treal headquarters of consumer ramuscular arms, the cheerful grimness of Stoiscally, Captain Daintry rose and his face as he worked, she speculated went at the first sickly glimmer of about him-about what his life had morning when the stars were still bright, been-his wife who had died. She forin the night overhead. Aching all over got all her former animosity, wondering

got up and cooked him a hot breakfast of heartfelt gratitude, when he stood

"I'm young," Myrle told her. "All tle, which was boiling on the kitchen "Youv's never done anything like

"No, I never have." "I noticed your hands when I met husband or Rosemary over with some you on the road the other day," he told growing Airlines. He came out from

She admitted:

and smiled brightly to hide the fatigue. her cheeks by looking regretfully at her "English women have, you know,

Then Tellforth himself came one af- rather different manner from the girls ternoon, when Captain Daintry was out, out here," Telforth went on, then seeing her face as she looked at her hands. exclaimed: "It's a shame!" Myrle was surprised.

"They were too lovely to spoil," h

"Rubbish." She put her hands behind her back, "The kitchen range smokes so much unconscious of her gaminesque appearance. The soot-blackened cheeks and

"Ah, well, it's a hard country, but it's verandah; but it was difficult to look a good one!" he said, as he turned to instoudant when she knew that her go. As he paused on the veranda to hair was untidy, and her arms were say goodbye, he added: "But you've got pluck, anyhow."

smoke?" said Teliforth, annoying her by what he said, but at the glow she She asked, trying not to sound too

> "Have you always lived in New Zea-"Oh, no. I've farmed in South Africa

and in Australia. 'Black Hill'" was Without so much as asking he step- my people's place, and I came back, "No reason," Myrle smiled.

Tellforth took leave. Two hours later tion from which he could see into it. he rang un to say he had entirely for-"Probably just wants sweeping," he gotten what he had called for, which was to ask them to have lunch at He straightened up, with his fact "Black Hill" on the following Sunday. Myrle, who was interested to know

what "Black Hill" was like, looked for-"I'll get a chimney sweep," she said ward to the visit all the week. She told herself cynically that that was what living in the "back-blocks" did to one! thought of even the smallest amusement filled one's mind. On Sat-"I'll show you how we sweep a chim- urday morning Captain Daintry heard new in the back-blocks. Is one of the her singing as she fried his bacon on

the reformed kitchen-range. "Singing even before it's light!" s'aid "It takes two-but perhaps I can | Captain Daintry. "The air here must suit you.'

On Saturday evening Mrs. Daintry "Well, I hardly think-" He look- was reading the Christchurch paper which came up every day with the mail "You hardly think I have any sense They were sitting by the living room fire. Myrle and her father both yawn-"It's not sense you'll need-I'm sure ing and ready for bed though it was

"The Kane girl is engaged to be "If you don't mind getting covered married, remarked Mrs. Daintry. "She's engaged to that man Tellforth.'

"Tellforth!" said Myrle, suddenly wide awake.

"Yes. Here's the announcement vincible animosity on Myrle's side. She Mrs. Daintry read aloud: "Rosemary Kane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M' met the gaze with mockery, and a hint Kane, of Greystoke, North Canterbury to George Tellforth of Black Hill' They were too overpowering-and That's where we're lunching to-mor-

Why Myrle was so dumbfounded she There was a hint of red under Tell- hardly knew. But she sat like a stone unable to open her lips. (To be Continued)

## Women's Institute Complete Quilts for Salvation Army

Holson Hostess to Wo- action to this decision. men'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. Hawe,

Mrs. C. Briggs, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. A. Jack Mrs. J. Harnden, Mrs. H. Read, and | The administration, for instance, had Mrs. Holson. Mrs. C. Briggs, of 19 Commercial ave-

stitute quilting bee on Thursday afternoon, March 11th, where the ladies coffee which were jerked out from gathered and completed one quilt. At the close of the evening, Briggs garved a dainty lunch.

Those present were Mrs. C. Bates, son get their hands on them. Mrs. A. Atkinson, Mrs. W. Hawse, Mrs. Ten minutes later he stood in the C. Surman, Mrs. A. McCharles, Mrs. C.

A top for a quilt was donated to the the job over. Reports coming to his Women's Institute by Mrs. G. Gibson. office, analyzed and bird's-eye-viewed The completed quilts will be sent to for his benefit, show that Canadians



RATIONING

12 million people 24 hours in every rationing chief, in trol. his Montreal office. ground of Mr. Unwin will serve to show why it looks to me that these wartime jobs are

L. B. UNWIN being efficiently handled. It sounds a little Horatio Alger. At 51 Mr. Unwin is vice-president in charge of finance for the Canadian Pacific, and president of their suggestion or another almost every day. her, and added, "I'm afraid I annoyed Kent, England, at sixteen and in 27 held her battered hands out of sight, "Not at all!" Myrle hid the flush in a railway clerk at Chapleau in 1908. He years reached his present job. He was won the Military Cross for bravery "We're settling down comfortably, blackened, broken nails, and roughened the first Great War, starting out as a buck private, ending as a Major. He now serves without cost to his country Tall, unobtrusive, baldish; astronomical figures, big jobs, he takes in stride.

Local Boards in National Set-up You wondered why your Local Ration Board was set up, with its for-a-time inactivity. Now you probably know. It was all part of a nation-wide scheme to do a tremendous job with the least disturbance and a minimum of cost to the taxpayer. There were wheels revolving within wheels, policies to be determined before Mr. Unwin's crew got going. Then there had to be directives to those who would do the actual work in cities and towns from Sydney, N.S. to Victoria, B.C.

Just imagine the cinfusion-not to even think of your own feelings, if you had come in from the farm on a blustery day and some inefficient, if patriotic, volunteer worker got your card all balled up. But all this had been taken care of while you sat out the winter around the pot-bellied stove. The Distributing Chief appointed by your own Local Ration Board had definite instructions on every tiny phase of the operation, and so did the other volunteer workers who are doing, or did, something which is their contribution to the war effort. Just think of it; all these folks working without remuneration. That's the home front for you It means a big saving to the taxpayer

Mr. Unwin told of the different sets of conditions which had to be provided centers. That was worked out beforehand, with leeway given the local distributing chief because he knew local conditions better than the fellows in Ottawa or Montreal.

The Story Behind Ration Books

Do you know that the King's Printer started delivering ration books to the administration between January 20th and 26th at the rate of a million a day, with the distribution, Dominion-wide set for Feb. 19th to March 1st. You know yourself what was in each book. They were in cartons of 1,500 books provision, I was told, for additional each, banded in 50's. There had to be sheets in regulative quantity, of course, for underground soft coal miners and diabetics. Just imagine he detail involved and still in this set of Montreal offices with its clatter of typewriters and ringing of phones there was radiating all over Canada, with decision and clarity of purpose but an absence of any bedlam, a distribution of ration cards so vast as to stultify the imagnation unless one was on the scene. As you know the No. 2 book was not

mailed out, but you folks had to "come and get it". Some of us just hate to put ourselves out and the administration realized that. They realized also that Canadians do not have to be Gestapo'd into anything, and are amendable to reason. And why shouldn't they be, with a war on? If we want to play rummy in the back of John Black's real estate office, the government doesn't move John's premises to your doorstep. So, Mr. Unwin's outfit wasn't a bit dis-Mrs. C. Briggs and Mrs. turbed about Canadian consumers' re-

Distribution in Complex

They had to be sure that every town of 500 people had at least one distributing centre; that cities of 100,000 or more clau offices located strategically to accommodate busy people, to avoid bottle-necks, even going so far as to issue instructions that doors in the place; decided on were conveniently located to avoid congestion We wouldn't think of things like that out our way. Do you know I was even shown how instructions were sent out on how the Mrs. B. Drummond, Mrs. W. Crispin, tables were to be arranged to handle people quickly.

to figure out such things as return of cards from ration book No. 1, which nue, was hostess to the Women's In- were handed in before you got a new one; and the green sheets for tea and children's books. Each and every book, card or sheet has to be accounted for to avoid letting any unscrupolous per-

Volunteer Workers Dollar Savers Mr. Unwin told of the vast number of volunteer workers necessary to put responded and saved the nation mil-

lions of dollars whirh can be converted wind it smoked so much that it was At the touch of his determined hand We who think in terms of 50 chickens to tanks, planes, guns and other inon the shoulder. Myrle gave way. To and four cows can hardly conceive the struments of war. "The success of the Joe said he had no doubt a bird or a have actually fought with him would magnitude of the task in planning and whole scheme will depend," he said, rat had nested in it; he would see to have been more undignified than to distributing the millions of Number 2 "upon the resourcefulness and on the Ration Books, which you may or may hard work which everyone contributes." ploughing. All the men on the place | She sat on the table while he did if not yet have when you read this: "This They rely on that, here in this Mon-

> As an outsider looking in, I felt they day," quietly said L. had evolved a system which aimed at B. Unwin, Canada's simplicity combined with effective con-

"I didn't think I had to bother these Just a little back- people with questions on the why and wherefore of rationing. The necessity is plain logic and doesn't take any unque 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 try or labor in any manner that will background, I hope.

(This is the Fourth of a Series of Artices 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, Timmins

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.' "Saay", replied the astonished waiter, "Don't you fellers know there's a war

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-

Phone 104

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

ling 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 fel-

Much talk slants around regarding "Post-war commercial avaition" 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 Unions was consummated in the State Capitol at Austin, Texas, with Governor Coke Stevenson and the officials of the various Unions; the agreemnt:

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

2nd. A promise by Gov. Stevenson that the executive branch of the State Government wil not interfere with indusimpede maximum war production.

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

4th A call by labor upon industry to produce at full capacity for the war The pact promises a time of industrial

and labor peace. Vincent Woodbury



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