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The Channel-Crasher

By LESLIE BERESFORD

Author of "Chateau Sinister," "A Man from the Air Port," etc. etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

JOHN CRAVEN: A mysterious young man, escaped from German-occupied France.

SIR BANTOCK DREW: A wealthy industrialist with an important key position in certain Government war work.

ROWENA DREW: His niece, a young girl of attractive and virile personality.

WANDA FANSSHAWE: A sophisticated young woman, who in other days, belonged to a Mayfair set.

BERNARD FANSSHAWE: Her brother; a sinister individual.

The character in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

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FOR NEW READERS

While heavy fog screens the Southern coast at sunset, a half-drowned and exhausted swimmer emerges from the sea off a secluded beach in Sussex. Forcing a blind way from the beach he eventually reaches a motor-road.

Here his swaying figure is caught in the light of a car driven by a girl who gets out and questions him. The man gives his name as JOHN CRAVEN. He explains that he had escaped from German-occupied France making his way across channel alone in a small rowing-boat. The boat, which was leaking from the start, sank some distance off shore, and he has swum the rest. The girl is ROWENA DREW, niece of a wealthy industrialist who is also a highly-placed personage in Britain's war effort.

While the two are talking they are all but run down by a recklessly-driven car hurtling past them in the fog. Only the quick and strong action of the man, who calls himself John Craven saves her life.

Craven believes the car to be driven by a man, but Rowena tells him a girl was at the wheel. Rowena says he may be meeting the girl soon.

Rowena insists on Craven entering her car, and she takes him to her uncle's house, Quarry Hill, where she tends a wound on his head, and leaves him to the butler to provide a hot bath and a change of clothing. Afterwards she will want to be told more about him and what such a man of mystery had been doing over in France.

(Now read on)

CHAPTER III A HIDDEN PAST

As he followed the fat and wheezing Maddocks upstairs, the man who had given him his name as John Craven had to admit the kindness of the gods in landing him where they had done.

He had never hoped for such a reception on his unorthodox return to his native land. Bullets from sentries, perhaps, or a less dramatic welcome from the open arms of the police, whom he had not the least desire to encounter. These were the possibilities he had visualized. But now life seemed extremely good as he leaned back in the bath and enjoyed the glow inspired by steaming water.

Indeed, he thought that he must soon explain his exile, and the reason behind it, represented the only snag in to-night's pleasant experience. True he was more than accustomed to awkward situations by this time, but this one, however, presented peculiar difficulties, even though they did not appear on the surface.

When he had left his bath, still more invigorated by a good towelling, to get into the underclothing laid out by Maddocks, Craven began to ask himself why he was suddenly developing this fit of nervous apprehension over the story he must tell his hostess—and possibly her uncle too.

His thoughts were broken by Maddocks who broke silence with an involuntary appreciation of Craven's appearance now that he had donned a

There was nothing in the wallet as to which he need feel afraid, for he had taken great care on that point before leaving France. So there had been no need for his sudden wave of apprehension.

He told himself once again that he really must keep a better grip on his nerves and cease jittering in this childish way. It was becoming far too frequent a habit of his lately, doubtless as a result—he tried to excuse himself of the followed Maddocks downstairs—of the nerve-racking time through which he had passed during recent months in France.

Yet, curiously, in none of those months when he had carried his life in his hands, had he really known what it was to feel physically afraid. On the contrary the mere hint of danger had always seemed to urge him to his wit, to calm him, and to sharpen him by the perils of life among the enemy without even the quiver of an eyelid.

As Rowena Drew had said, he was Craven only by name. And, even that name—

That reflection was never carried to a conclusion, for Rowena Drew had come into his line of vision. She was standing not far from the log-fire near a cocktail wagon. She was no longer alone, he noticed.

Beside her was a short, virile, grey-haired man, hands clasped behind his back, which was towards the fire. That keen-featured and live face, with its shrewd and glittering eyes set deep below a high bald forehead, and beaded brows was familiar enough to anyone who had seen the British newspapers during the last few years.

"Ah... Here is my mysterious channel-crasher, Uncle," she turned to Craven. "This is my uncle, Mr. Craven. And here is Peter Sayers."

Craven's fingers instinctively fluttered in an odd gesture as if deliberately drawing attention to the suit he was wearing.

"I feel rather like a burglar taken in the act, Mr. Sayers—" he began when the young man standing by Rowena laughed heartily.

"You're a better advertisement for my tailor than I am, Mr. Craven," he exclaimed. "And from what Miss Drew has been telling us, you deserve anything we can do for you." Maddocks endorsed the sentiment by bringing sherry on a tray.

"You're very welcome here, Mr. Craven," there intruded the clear-cut and precise voice of Sir Bantock from the hearth. He leaned a little forward, hands still clasped behind him, his glittering and beetle-browed eyes studying the other intently.

"You're a very unsuitable name, Mr. Craven," he went on with a wry little smile. "From all accounts a most inappropriate name."

CHAPTER IV MAN OF MYSTERY

For a moment nothing was said. Then the punctiliously stilled voice of Maddocks made itself heard with the announcement that dinner was served. Craven finished his sherry hurriedly and Rowena led the way towards a room off the entrance hall.

It was a large room with walls panelled in black oak, this being relieved by four large oil-paintings. Craven found himself seated at the round table with its restrained but well selected appointments of silver and napery. And as he was Sir Bantocks right, and, as they were seated the other side to him—"You'll forgive my taking liberties with your name? It's your own name and no doubt you think it a perfectly good one. So do I, in fact. And actually, it was Rowena who suggested the contradiction between the name and its owner. She's been telling Sayers and myself how she came on you."

That was Craven's cue to explain himself, and he recognized it. Upstairs Craven had rehearsed to himself the story he should tell to these people. It seemed commonplace enough to him, having lived it. As he began by pointing out, he was only one of hundreds, perhaps thousands of people who had forced their ways out from German-occupied France without making any song or dance about it.

What he told, he told briefly, keeping it to bare facts, and above all saying nothing to convey any suggestion that his exploit required any courage. He made light of the critical moments, emphasized the ease with which a German could be duped and left behind. When he had come to an end he hoped the general interest might become focussed elsewhere than on himself.

But that was not Sir Bantock's idea. He seemed hungry for first-hand information of conditions in Paris, and other towns in France which Craven had visited on his way to the Normandy coast. It was some time before Sir Bantock released him from a barrage of questioning with a final and more personal inquiry:

"I'd just like to ask one thing more, if I may," he suggested on a note of apology as he added: "I'm afraid I've been putting you rather through the mill—a sort of third degree, which you'd be well entitled to resent."

"Why should I resent it, Sir Bantock?" Craven laughed. "I quite understand anyone here—especially in your position—being keen to have facts about conditions in France, and of course I'm naturally in the position to give quite a lot."

"That brings me to the one thing more I wanted to ask you, Mr. Craven. You've been some years in France, I gathered. In your own words once you expressed yourself as being 'almost' a Frenchman. How came you to go over there to live, for on your own showing you're English to the backbone?"

It was perhaps fortunate for Craven that, at the moment, a maid claimed his attention with a dish she was serving. The question was one quite to be expected, and indeed he had already prepared the answer to it, the answer having some truth in it, while shirking the actual and greater realities.

So there really was no need for him to hesitate, or feel any sense of trepi-

lation. Yet there surged in him such a wave of confusion that for the moment he remained dumb. Without looking up from his plate Craven sensed the keen watchfulness of Sir Bantock, the good-humoured curiosity of Sayers, the intent and interested gaze of Rowena.

He replied eventually, pulling himself together with a sudden effort, as if aware of lapse:

"It may not reflect credit on me, I know, but—perhaps the best way of putting it is to say that I drifted there as the result of money troubles. I had always been inclined to drift, anyhow. One of the sort to take the line of least resistance."

"Not always the worst of policies," interposed Sir Bantock with more sympathy than sincerity.

"With me it wasn't a policy, sir, so much as the unfortunate outcome of inheriting sufficient money to live life easily, and to be without any other ambition. Well, my spot of trouble made easy living quite out of the question in this country. I drifted over to the Continent where, anyhow, the surroundings were more to my taste and my income. There I stayed put till I was caught by the Hun."

"And what do you propose to do now you're back in this country?" asked Sir Bantock.

"I really haven't thought much of that. My chances of getting here at all were so small that I'm still a bit dazed to find I've accomplished what at first looked like sheer suicide. I suppose—naturally—I'll do something useful. Join up in the fighting forces, or something of the sort."

"You should be useful—"

Sir Bantock was interrupted. Maddocks whispered in his ear, and he rose abruptly to his feet, saying something in a sharp aside to Sayers. Craven gathered vaguely that London had put through a long-distance call. Sir Bantock, followed by Sayers, seemed to streak from the room. Himself, with Rowena, Craven crossed the large entrance-hall to a small drawing-room.

At the moment, however, it had the appearance of an office, to which the earlier social atmosphere had given way, becoming now only a background, rather out of place. Typewriters, filing cabinets, and tables littered with piles of documents, suggested this room had been used for a frenzied orgy of work. Some vividly coloured propaganda posters on the walls urged different forms of war-effort.

"This is where I spend the greatest part of my time," Rowena explained, adding: "When I'm not running the place for Uncle, and doing a hundred other odd jobs. No time"—she smiled so charmingly that the barb behind her words lost some of its hurt—"no time for drift in my life."

"You know," she went on, "I can't somehow quite see your picture of yourself as—well, a lounge-lizard, Mr. Craven?"

"Please remember that I apologized for making the confession. And, you can be sure, it's a phase of my life I want to forget. To-morrow, when I make tracks for London, I'll not be many hours before I'm doing something worth while."

"A bit of an optimist, aren't you?" Rowena eyed him with amusement, and added: "I don't mean about getting a job. You'd have no difficulty over that. But—to set about going to London to-morrow—with that wound on your head? I've already arranged for our doctor to come and see you in the morning—"

"I'm sorry. He'd only be wasting his time. My head's not worth troubling about. It wouldn't make an invalid of me. And of course, I must be off to-morrow. I couldn't think of imposing on you after to-night. As I've said, I must make London in the morning and get busy."

"That's the right spirit!" interposed here rather startlingly the voice of Sir Bantock, causing Craven to swing round in surprise.

He found that Rowena's uncle had entered the room by a door to which his back had been turned.

"I'm wanting to take you to London, if you're fit to travel," Sir Bantock went on. "I have to go there myself for an important conference. I propose to take you with me. There are important people who will want to put some questions to you about France and about yourself. Landing here as you've done, gives you a certain interest to the authorities. You'll appreciate that, I'm sure, Mr.—Craven?"

(To be continued)

Would Exchange Florida for Ski Trails of North

A letter received from Mrs. A. J. Shragge, now in San Francisco, California, says in part:—"I somehow cannot feel that our home is complete without The Porcupine Advance. We have always enjoyed it since the first day of our arrival in Timmins. Will you please send your paper to us for a year and have the bill sent to me. Strange as it may seem, but I have just received a letter from Jerome, our eldest son. He writes from his Air Base in Orlando, and wishes he could have some of your chilly weather, and also writes how he misses the Ski Trail."

Mrs. H. Lloyd Entertains French Federation Knitters

Mrs. H. Lloyd, of 159 Spruce north, entertained the French Federation knitting group on Friday evening, and a pleasant evening was spent knitting.

After a dainty lunch was served by the hostess, Mrs. H. Lloyd, the meeting was brought to a close, and on Friday evening, the group will meet again at the home of Mrs. J. Barbarie, 315 Spruce south.

Those present were Mrs. J. Barbarie, Mrs. T. Belanger, Mrs. R. Carle, Mrs. R. Sullivan, Mrs. J. Cloutier, Mrs. J. Landry, Mrs. N. Barrette, Mrs. L. Dubien, Mrs. W. Page, and Mrs. H. Lloyd.

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The Temiskaming Baseball League was officially opened Wednesday, June 7th, 1933, in Timmins. A record crowd greeted both teams and even though the new grandstands were bigger than the old ones, they could have been still bigger. The Kirkland Lake team journeyed up here and went back on the lucky end of 5-4 score. Kirkland Lake had a fine team that year. But the big surprise was the Timmins team. Nobody expected as effective a team as they proved that Wednesday. The Timmins team was a classy aggregation, the only fault being their inability to hit in a pinch. However with practice they hoped to overcome this. Their pitching staff was better than the year before; O'Donnell having improved a lot.

The following is the statement of receipts and expenditures of the Timmins Relief Fund up to May 31st, 1933. The total receipts to May 31st, 1933, were \$12,589.87. There were further receipts to come in. The expenditures to May 31st, 1933, were \$8,833.41, made up as follows: Food, \$1,877.12; fuel, \$256.75; rents, \$2,452.91; clothing, \$2,207.43; sundry, \$39.20; C. A. S. \$2,000.00; total, \$8,833.41.

The second game of the current season of box lacrosse brought out a better brand of the game, in 1933. The boys were learning in rapid way and with a few more games behind them were stepping to hold their own with any team in their class. The local juveniles met defeat when the South End juveniles took them into camp, the score being 3 to 1. The Timmins team could offer no excuse except that the South Porcupine team played a better game. Turner for South End, with Wright as an assistant, played heads-up lacrosse on the forward line, while the defence line of Pecore and O'Shea was worthy of much credit. The Timmins line of Ansara, Theriot, Sauve, Delmonte, was well balanced and strove hard to get in and score. Jackson deserved a big hand for tackling a goal tending job without the protection of pads.

The Goldfields theatre, Timmins, was filled to capacity on Sunday evening, June 4th, 1933, for the address by J. S. Woodsworth, M. P., for one of the Winnipeg ridings, and leader of the Canadian Co-operative Commonwealth Federation party. A. Stewart, prominent here in labour circles, was chairman of the meeting and on the platform with him were D. McKenzie, Moise Maltais, and others. J. S. Woodsworth was the only speaker for the evening and he delivered a clever political address. He referred to the organization of the party of which he was the leader, the "C.C.F." as it was usually called. He outlined the policies which this new political group advocated. He also told of the success of the organization of the C.C.F. party in various sections of the Dominion. While Mr. Woodsworth's address was greeted with considerable applause at many points, the feeling of the majority of the thoughtful people present was one of disappointment at the indefinite nature of the new political party. Mr. Woodsworth's reliance on generalities and broad statements disappointed many. Others were disappointed not to find him a more able speaker than he was.

The annual inspection of the Timmins Cadets took place on Wednesday, May 31st, 1933, the inspecting officer being Capt. Cummings, of Toronto. Capt. Cummings said it was the best inspection he had had in the three years he had been coming to the North Land. The Cadets made a very creditable showing under the inspection and won praise for their appearance, their knowledge of the work and their proficiency at drill. The Cadets at the Timmins Central public school were 65 strong and under the able and earnest direction of S. M. Robinson, were attaining high standing. Mr. Robinson and the principal of the school, Mr. Transom, took very active interest in the Cadets, and the work generally was proving of high value both in the way of instilling discipline and in developing the boys physically, mentally and morally.

On Monday, June 5th, 1933, a quiet wedding took place at the United Church manse, Timmins, when Miss Verdon Latham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Latham, of Timmins, was united in marriage to Mr. Newton Wainman, of Harrison, Ont.

The dance given by the Porcupine Badminton Club in the club hall, Schumacher, Wednesday evening, June 7th, 1933, was one of the outstanding social events of the year. There were close to five hundred attending the event, there being often during the evening a hundred and fifty couples on the floor, while others enjoyed the comforts of the club rooms. There was a number of distinguished visitors for the occasion, these including Hon. Chas. McCrear, Minister of Mines for Ontario, J. P. Bickell, president of the McIntyre Porcupine Mines, Geo. W. Lee, chairman of the T. & N. O. Railway, J. A. Bradette, M.P., A. F. Kenning, M.P.P., Mayor Geo. S. Drew, of Timmins, and others. Tommy Stephens' orchestra provided the liveliest of good music for dancing.

A crowd numbering fully 6,000 people gathered on Spruce street, on the park, and in the vicinity, Wednesday evening, June 7th, 1933, to welcome His Excellency the Governor General of Canada and the Countess of Bessborough and party on tour of the north. The town was gay with flags and bunting and other decorations for the occasion, the flags, lighting and other features in the vicinity of the Empire hotel being especially noteworthy, Leo

Mascoli seeing to the lighting and decorations and doing it well as usual. On the arrival of the special train of seven cars, the distinguished visitors were met by His Worship the Mayor of Timmins, Geo. S. Drew, and the reception committee. The reception committee included: Mayor Drew and Mrs. Drew, Councillor D. Kerr, representative of the township of Tisdale; Jos. A. Bradette, M.P.; A. F. Kenning, M.P.P.; Mr. and Mrs. John Knox; R. J. Ennis; Mrs. J. A. McInnis, Regent of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, and Dr. J. A. McInnis; T. Parsons, president of the Timmins Branch of the Canadian Legion and Mrs. Parsons; and others. The Timmins Citizens' Band played the National Anthem as the party stepped from the train. Mayor Drew read an address of welcome to their Excellencies, presenting them with the address printed in black and gold, with golden cover and enclosed in envelope of gold-coloured paper. This address was graciously responded to by His Excellency and the party continued on its visit in this town.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago were:—"George Fenwick, of New Liskeard, was in town last week-end renewing acquaintances here and returning to work on Monday." "Bill Ramsay, formerly of Timmins, has been elected as manager of the newly-organized Kirkland Lake football team." "Born—in Timmins, Ont., on Tuesday, May 30th, 1933, at 215 Pine street south to Mr. and Mrs. D. Mick, (nee Florence Kendall) of 122 Kirby avenue, Timmins—a daughter (May Alathia Marijn). Both mother and child doing very well." "Mrs. A. V. Hill, of Steubenville, Ohio, is the guest of her brother-in-law, W. L. Hogarth and family." "A. M. Bilsky, prominent in mining circles in the North in the earlier days of the country, was a guest of his sister, Mrs. A. J. Shragge, last week. Mr. Bilsky now makes his headquarters in New York City, his offices being located on Wall street."

Bears Threatening the Live Stock in the North

Bears are reported as doing considerable damage in Central Temiskaming to live stock on the farms. Farmers report bears as raiding pig pens and disturbing sheep and cattle. Coincident with these reports is the announcement that Henry Haskins, overseer at Temagami for the provincial department of Game and Fisheries, has been transferred to Blind River, and Elgin Binkley, overseer at New Liskeard, is having added to his duties the territory hitherto looked after by Mr. Haskins.

Squadron Leader Holley Honoured at North Bay

Squadron Leader T. G. Holley who has been for some time commanding officer of the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre at North Bay, and who was recently transferred and will later proceed to a new post overseas, was honoured last week at North Bay. Squadron Leader Holley has made a number of visits to Timmins during the course of his duties at North Bay, and during these visits he has made many friends here who will be interested in the following from The North Bay Nugget of last Thursday:—

"There was a pleasing cessation from official duties at the R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, North Bay, for a brief period on Wednesday afternoon when the senior administrative officer, on behalf of the personnel of the centre, presented a desk fountain pen set to Sqdn. Ldr. T. G. Holley. All members of the staff were present at the ceremony.

"The officer making the presentation expressed the best wishes of the entire personnel of the centre for his success in his new duties wherever they might take him.

"The recipient of the gift said he was sorry to leave North Bay centre. In his new work he would carry on with the same enthusiasm as in this city and he knew the good wishes tendered him would assist him in the future.

"Sqdn. Ldr. Holley, who has been succeeded in North Bay by Sqdn. Ldr. J. M. Roberts, leaves this week for a period of leave in Southern Ontario. Later in the summer he will be posted to an overseas destination."

WELL CONNECTED

Little Gordon Paisley, 2 years and 7 months old, has two parents, 3 grandparents and 5 great-grandparents all living.

If anyone can beat that let us hear from them. — Grandview (Manitoba) Exponent.



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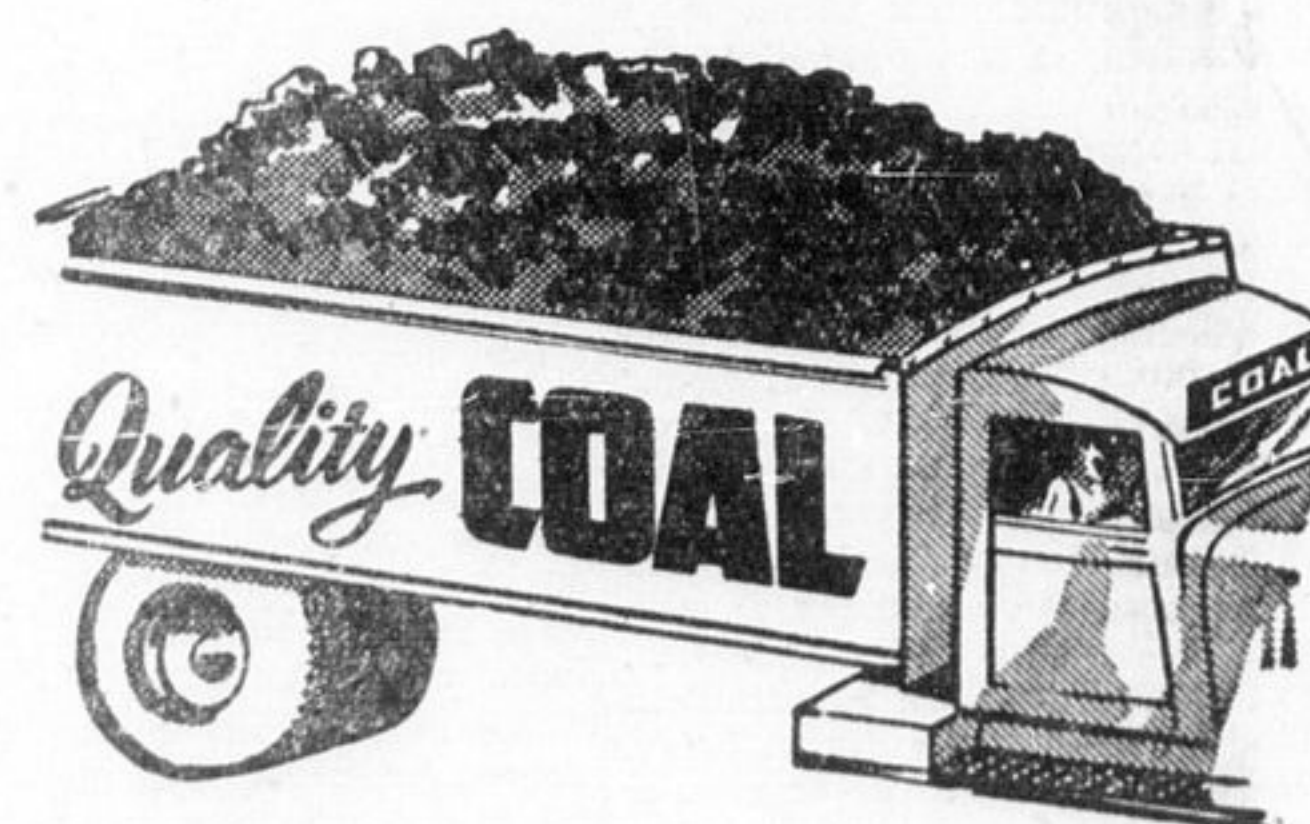
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GRATITUDE

Clerk: "May I have the afternoon off to go shopping with my wife?"
Boss: "Certainly not."

Clerk: "Thank you very much." — Milverton Sun.