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

Driven by Rowena to her country home, where his wound is tended and he is lent dry clothing, he meets at dinner her uncle, SIR BANTOCK DREW, who listens with interest to the story of his adventures in France and his escape, inquiring particularly as to why and how he came to be living over there so long. Craven explains that money-trouble, interrupting a life of independent ease, had caused him to drift there for economy's sake, and that he accepted, though Rowena seems rather surprised over that view of his character. Sir Bantock indicates that he wants to take Craven to London next day, as certain people there will want to interrogate him about France and himself. Landing here as he has done, Sir Bantock points out, gives him a certain interest to the authorities.

Sir Bantock intrigued by a story which suggests so much physical courage and resource, commits him still more by making him accept financial help for his immediate needs and promising him a post in his department.

After a day, during which is acquaintance with Rowena Drew especially reaches an interesting stage. Craven goes out to dance with her. As he is taking her to the buffet. Craven is stopped by a girl, who appears to recognize him as someone named "Geoffrey," and want to know where he has been "hiding all these years?"
(Now Read On)

CHAPTER IX

GIRL FROM THE PAST

Had it not been for the firm hold of the girl's fingers on his arm, Craven might easily have cut short the encounter with a plea of mistaken identity. But those determined fingers held him fast, and this—more than the girl's words—held Rowena and her immediate interest as well.

Craven turned astonished eyes on the girl studying her with a cold aloofness. Not that he really needed to refresh his memory about the ownership of

that rather pert but decidedly intelligent face, which was not without beauty. He recognized the intruder only too well. The dazzling pale skin, which he had always admired in its vivid contrast with dark, sleek hair and intensely dark, very large eyes. He had once imagined himself in love with all these feminine attractions. He knew now, had known long since that their effect on him had not really been love, but merely a passing infatuation.

Craven struggled to conceal any expression of recognition and stared at her in silence for a moment. Then suddenly, he explained with a faint smile of embarrassment:

"I'm afraid you're mistaking me for someone else. My name doesn't happen to be Geoffrey."

"No; I can't possibly be mistaken. You're Geoffrey Deeming. There couldn't be two men so dead alike. You—"

She hesitated. She had become increasingly aware of Rowena's presence, her questioning eyes, her brow puckered to an attractive little frown beneath her aureole of red-gold hair. Craven saw how the glances of the two girls, met something flashing queerly in the two pairs of eyes, a flash charged with inclusive but unspoken thoughts.

He had a feeling that, at all costs, he must avoid any exchange of explanations between the two. He grasped at the first banal idea that came to him. "It seems to be true that everyone has his or her double, dear lady, and I'm afraid—however impossible it may seem to you—that you've met my double in this—the name Deeming?"

person. My name happens to be Craven. John Craven—"

Fortune favours the truer, often when his efforts are not creditable. At this moment three men bustled up to the girl, men in whose company she had been dancing and ignoring the fact that she was talking to Craven, the demanded to know why she was dawdling there when the party was due to leave.

While the girl was still engaged in argument with them Craven took Rowena's arm and they continued their journey to the buffet.

"Someone with bats in the belfry," he observed in the most casual way.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

For the moment Rowena said nothing in response. Once in the buffet other people whom she knew drew her into conversation, and inevitably Craven was introduced. So the episode passed, and he was relieved and grateful.

There was nothing he wanted less at that moment than an obligation to explain himself. He had not really had time as yet to recover from the shock of meeting this girl out of his past. And yet, he had to admit to himself, shock was the last sensation he should have experienced. He had been continually reminding himself that, having returned to the world to which he had belonged somewhat conspicuously he must expect recognition by someone at any second. The thing was inevitable, as certain as death.

Meantime, he found himself talking again of his experiences in France. He was rather tired of this perpetual repetition of his personal story. He was beginning to tell it much as an actor recites a familiar part, the same gestures and grim jokes coming in at the appropriate places.

He was glad when at last he found himself alone with Rowena again. He noticed that she was looking a little tired. In fact, she owned frankly that she wished herself at home.

"It's the worst of having to live with an overstocked engine like my uncle," she laughed. "He's quite tireless. Looking after him is no small job, and, on top of it, I have my own war work. It seems endless. Not that I'm complaining, you know. Nobody in this country ought to waste a minute these days."

With a sudden little catch at her breath, followed by a rather weary laugh, "I do think we might go home, don't you? It's no earthly use waiting for uncle. He may even have gone into a heavy conference with someone in a back room without saying a word to us."

"Shall we try to find out?" he suggested guardedly, instinctively seeking to avoid if possible being alone with her.

"As you please," she answered indifferently. "If ever you get to know him as well as I do, you won't be concerned about his disappearances. His mind is taken up entirely with his duties, and if he decides to dine out, or come to an affair like this, it is generally because he counts on seeing someone whom he has difficulty in catching in the ordinary way; and if he does well, they go into what he calls a 'huddle,' and I'm forgotten. Quite often I go home alone."

"He must take you into very dumb company, if you're allowed to go home alone."

"You forget that it may be a matter of preference that I go home alone."

As they spoke she had moved towards the exit from the buffet, and had taken the turning towards the hall of the hotel, he following her lead without a question about her intention.

"But why this talk of going home, Miss Drew? There is still another hour's dancing here." And remembering a little belatedly that he was once again the owner of a watch, he glanced at his wrist, to discover that his forecast of an hour's dancing was over optimistic and that in fifteen minutes it would be midnight, the hour at which according to notices posted about the place, Authority had determined that dancing must cease.

"Thank you, but there is only one thing I wish to do, and that is to go home."

She made the remark with such a note of decision that Craven knew it would be futile to pug in another plea. If he had thought of doing so, he would have been checked by her quick disclosure of her plans.

"If you'll excuse me now, I will get my coat and if you would be kind you will ask one of the door staff to get a taxi for me. I always leave the car to Uncle on these occasions."

With that she turned and left him. Even if Craven had been dense he would have perceived that there was distinctly a rift in the lute of his very pleasant relationship with this attractive, warm-hearted woman, whose devotion was responsible for his rapid transformation from a half-drowned fugitive in peril of pneumonia and perhaps a prison cell, to a condition of self-respect in the world to which he had been accustomed before his major trouble had come upon him.

And Craven was not dense. He was too receptive. Indeed, an over-sensitive nature was responsible for the faltering, the indecision that he showed so often, and for that caution of speech which caused some people to suspect him of having twisted processes of thought. The man was always afraid of wounding; reluctant to say "No" when "No" was the right thing to say, simply because someone would be disappointed. Confront him with a situation such as that he had met in France, a situation full of peril, calling for swift and vigorous action, and there was no hesitation, no faltering, no indecision. He was a man spoiled by being over-civilized.

In the fog-bound, mine-sown Channel he had known no apprehension. Here, in the hall of an hotel in Park Lane, surrounded by every circumstance of luxury, he was a prisoner of fears. What, he asked himself, had Rowena, with her feminine intuition deduced from his encounter with the intruding woman? If she had derived the slightest clue to his pre-war history, then that must be the end of this new life that had opened so auspiciously.

If he had grasped his fears firmly, if he had gone on, and had asked himself what it mattered if Rowena did come to know, provided she had the truth from him, as a candid disclosure, as infinity of trouble and confusion and pain, especially pain, might have been avoided. But in his anxiety not to inflame pain, he had always chosen the course of evasion, of half-truth and mystification, and in spite of the lessons of the past, his mind till pursued the old tortuous road.

Had his companion at this juncture been anyone but Rowena it is highly probable that he would have ordered a taxi for her and would have disappeared into the night before she returned to him. That was the way of the man known as Craven, and always had been. But this was Rowena and she believed him to be brave. At the thought of it he smiled sardonically. But at least he would be brave enough to resist the instinct to disappear immediately.

He collected his hat and coat quickly, ordered a taxi, and stood waiting to receive her by the door as she returned to him, swathed in a mink coat.

"I hope devoutly that this isn't one of the evenings when you prefer to go home alone," he said in a pleading voice though he would not have been wholly sorry if she had dispensed with his company at once.

"Frankly, no," she replied as they made their way to the cab. "In fact, there is something I want very much to say to you."

Craven with quiet efficiency ushered her to the cab, directed the driver, tipped the linkman and returned his salute as though he had never ceased to go through that routine. Rowena noted it, and liked it—liked, also, his earnest inquiry, "Are you comfortable?" These were the trivial things that so many of the young and awkward forgot, or contrived very clumsily, and when she was tired at the end of the evening their little crudities annoyed her. But Craven's efficient attentions and his caring voice were appealing. So that when she came to say what she had on her mind she was feeling a little tender towards him to put her point with the directness she had meant to employ. She hesitated a little and gazed at a brocade shoe, within which she wriggled her toes as she said:

"Mr. Craven, you tried to be very emphatic when you said you didn't know the girl who spoke to you, and who called you by some other name. All the same you didn't quite carry it off; and it wouldn't be friendly to let you think that you did."

She turned her head towards him and looked straight into his face; but it was now his turn to look intently at the brocade shoe.

"Er—I—Why, whatever makes you say that?" was the only response he was capable of making.

CHAPTER X

WHAT ROWENA KNEW

As he spoke the Klaxon horns of London blared forth a warning and a minute or two passed before Rowena answered Craven's impulsive and anxious question.

"You remember how nearly you and I were hurled into another—and perhaps better—world by the driver of a car being driven all out?" The remembrance of it seemed to amuse her and he was glad.

"Do I not?" he responded matching her laugh with his own.

"I told you a perfect little lady was at the wheel. Your friend of to-night was the perfect little lady."

"How extraordinary!" "I believe her name's Fanshawe. Wanda Fanshawe. A queer Christian name, isn't it? I've an idea from the little I've heard that she's got some Eastern European blood—on her mother's side." Rowena went on. "Anyhow, she appeared recently down Quarry Hill way, staying with some county folk. Fast driver—fast every way."

Craven meantime heard this explanation with some relief. At least he realized sharply, Rowena had disclosed no knowledge of any past acquaintanceship between Wanda Fanshawe and himself. That was something.

There certainly did remain the revelation that Wanda had somehow been swung by an ironic fate into that Sussex social orbit which he must now share with the Drews, so long anyhow as he remained with them. That could scarcely prove less than awkward.

For, knowing the impulsive Wanda so well as he actually did, Craven knew only too well that she would never accept his denial of the identity she had attached to him. She knew quite positively, and rightly, that he had been Geoffrey Deeming, and had vanished from London six years ago, leaving no trace behind. No. Wanda Fanshawe would unquestionably follow up that encounter in the hotel corridor. And when she did—

Here, of course, was the proper moment to forestall what steps Wanda Fanshawe might take. This was the time for him to tell Rowena Drew the stark truth, throwing himself on her understanding. It seemed so easy. A few frank, honest words. And anyhow the story they would tell was nothing so monstrous that he should fear its revelation. She was sympathetic, he felt sure.

Yet, even as he swung round to take this first step towards that understanding he quailed. I was the old story, when it came to things like this. He could so easily put himself against a score of Nazis, even if himself unarmed and with his back to the wall. He wouldn't feel the least flicker of fear over such desperate odds, backed by the confidence born of physical fitness.

But he actually cringed and panicked inwardly now he faced a crisis demanding moral courage. A thousand excuses, ways of by-passing open confession, presented themselves to his agitated mind. There loomed largely of course one reason why he could argue that he should not seize this moment to speak. He should rightly have spoken at the very beginning, he told himself. It was too late now. He was committed to Rowena's uncle, and that amid such a fanfare of publicity that—for him now to tell the truth against himself—would be to gash a let-down for Rowena's uncle even to be considered for a moment.

DEVIL AND DEEP SEA

This indeed was so strong and reasonable a line of argument that he completely swept aside his spate of conscientious scruples. And he who hesitates is lost.

"She seemed curiously positive over having known you quite well—by another name," he heard Rowena saying, and unwittingly offering him the opportunity to give his conscientious scruples full play.

He did not take the chance. Nor, on the other hand, could he bring himself to lie to her. He steered adroitly between devil and deep sea.

"If my explanation of her mistake didn't convince the woman," he said laconically, "I'm afraid I can't do anything about it."

"She didn't appear to be convinced," Rowena mused, studying his profile as he strode by her side.

"That's her funeral."

"You must evidently have a very remarkable double anyhow!" Rowena suggested, and added: "This man—this man who took you—might prove embarrassing if he suddenly turned up. And—he might prove not too nice to

Dedication Service at Weekly Meeting of the Home League

Baby Son of AC and Mrs. E. Jeffries Baptised.

The Home League met Thursday afternoon at the Salvation Army hall, and the greater part of the afternoon was spent in dedication service, with Captain Douglas Church conducting the service.

Val Christopher Jeffries, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Jeffries, was baptised at the service, and had as his godmother, Mrs. W. Paterson. Mrs. Berrigan presented Mrs. Jeffries with a cradle hall certificate.

During the afternoon, two quilts were worked on. Mrs. Dean read a paper on "First Aid in Wartime". Lunch completed the afternoon, and was served by Mrs. D. Church, after which the meeting closed with prayer.

Rt. Rev. Kingston Bishop of Algoma Confirms Candidates

Thirty-Two Candidates from Timmins, Schumacher and South Porcupine Confirmed at St. Matthew's Anglican Church.

The Rt. Rev. G. F. Kingston, D. D., Lord Bishop of Algoma, administered the rites of confirmation, to twenty-four candidates of Timmins and Schumacher, Thursday evening, at St. Matthew's Anglican church, and eight from St. Paul's Church, South Porcupine. Assisting the Bishop of Algoma, were Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing and Ven. Archdeacon Woodall.

As the day was John the Baptist day, Rev. Kingston based his sermon on reference to the life of John the Baptist.

The church was full for the occasion, of parents, brothers, sisters, other relatives and friends to see the thirty-two candidates confirmed in the Church of England.

Rev. Kingston left Friday for Iroquois Falls where he will administer confirmation, and on Sunday will be in Kirkland Lake for the same purpose.

Station Building Moved 200 Miles to New Location

Transferred from Porcupine Branch to Near North Bay.

Last week people along the T. & N. O. saw a rather unusual sight — a station building on a flat car being moved intact from one location on the railway line to another over two hundred miles away. The station building thus moved was formerly the station structure at Fielding — five miles from Porcupine Junction on the Porcupine Branch of the T. & N. O. In recent years there has been no special need for this station building at Fielding, which is only a mile and a half from McIntosh Springs and only two miles from Kilburn on its east. Recently, the station building at Widdfield — between fourteen and fifteen miles from North Bay on the T. & N. O. was destroyed by fire. Widdfield needed a new station building and Fielding did not need its old station building. So there it was. The solution appeared easy. The T. & N. O. simply loaded the Fielding station on a flat car and hauled it down the 239 miles to Widdfield where it was set up for active use. Thus, in the course of a day or so, Fielding didn't have a station, but Widdfield did.

HE KNOWS

A sharp nose indicates curiosity — and a flat nose too much curiosity. — New Humorist.

know. I believe—I'm only going on what I've been told by people, you understand—she and her father belong to a rather queer set."

"They had reached the front-porch of the town house in that discreet square, and Craven had neither opportunity nor inclination to comment further as they mounted the steps. The front door was opened the instant he rang the bell, because a man-servant, had only just closed the door behind a visitor whose car was standing at the kerb below."

He was one of the officials at Sir Bantock's ministry, with one of those urgent messages which were so frequent as to lose their sense of urgency. He stood for some little time talking to Rowena in the hall forming a convenient excuse for Craven to regard himself as dismissed.

He made his way upstairs to his room, glad to escape, even though in the privacy of that room, a conflict with his conscience was not to be escaped so easily. For his conscience told him that the escape was only temporary, that he had only put off to an inevitable to-morrow what should rightly and more properly have been done today.

It would return with Wanda Fanshawe, who would most certainly pursue her chance contact with her. For she would have recognized Rowena, as her search for him would be narrowed. His only hope lay in making sure that their next meeting took place more privately.

He had little doubt that, after he had talked to her in his persuasive way which more than once had gained him his way with her, Wanda would do what he asked.

(To be Continued)

Hints on How to Prepare an Attractive Company Dinner From Left-overs

Busy Woman Serves Appetizing Meal Made from This and That and Gets Cheer Therefor from Hungry Army Captain. An Illustration of What May be Done.



(By Edith M. Barber)

It is one of those axioms but it's true! The busiest people are always the ones who find time for extra demands. This was illustrated the other day when I was having luncheon with Mrs. Lester Washburn of Greatneck, Long Island, N. Y., and conversation turned, as it is likely to do when I am present, to food. Mrs. Washburn is president of the Greatneck Women's Club and a member of the school board.

Recently, she presided at an annual meeting of the club and got home late in the afternoon in time she thought to have a short rest before she got dinner from Sunday's leftovers.

As she drove up the hill toward home, she saw her husband with an old friend, captain of one of the huge transports which continually piles the ocean. She forgot all about her rest and began to think about how she could stretch those leftovers to give the officer the good dinner that he deserved.

"Don't bother about me, I'll just take pot-luck," he said when he greeted her. He did, but it was very good pot-luck!

Fortunately, there was a good deal of heavy meat left from Sunday's capon. Around this, she evolved a dish which brought cheers. A package of spaghetti was boiled. The last can of tomato paste on the pantry shelf was mixed with the capon gravy, a few herbs were added, and the spaghetti was tossed in this sauce. The chunks of capon were reheated to go on top of the spaghetti, and the dish was sprinkled with Parmesan cheese. There was a huge mixed green salad, and what more could any one want?

The other night, I made cold pot

roast do for a dinner for unexpected company. I was lucky enough to have some mushrooms, tomato paste and sour cream on hand. I evolved a sauce and reheated the sliced cold meat in this. Served with a noodle border, it stretched to meet the demand. Of course, there was a generous amount of sauce!

Casserole of Meat and Vegetables
2 tablespoons bacon fat or drippings
1 sliced onion or 1 clove garlic peeled
½ cup cooked diced carrots or other leftover vegetable.
¼ cup diced celery
1½ cups cooked diced meat
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup gravy
1 cup sliced tomatoes
2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Melt bacon fat or drippings in frying pan, and onion or garlic, and saute about 5 minutes. Remove clove or garlic if used. Add remaining ingredients, mix well and pour in greased 1½-quart casserole. Season to taste with salt and pepper if necessary. Bake in moderately hot oven (425 degree. F.) about 15 minutes, until mixture bubbles. Yield: 6 servings.

NOTE: Cloves, bay leaf, and other herbs may be cooked with the tomatoes 5 to 10 minutes, in which case they should be strained before adding to meat mixture.

Spaghetti With Mushroom Sauce
¼ pound salt pork
1 clove garlic, peeled.
¼ cup minced onions
½ pound (2 cups) sliced mushrooms
¼ cup minced parsley
1 4-ounce can tomato paste
1 cup mushroom stock
Salt
Pepper

Cut salt pork into small cubes. Sauté pork and garlic over medium heat 5 minutes, until pork is light brown. Remove garlic. Add onions, mushrooms and parsley, and cook 3 minutes. Add tomato paste and mushroom stock (made by cooking stems and tough portions of mushrooms in water). Add salt and pepper to taste. Add sugar. Cook 5 minutes. Cook spaghetti as directed on package, drain, rinse, and arrange on hot platter. Pour sauce around spaghetti. Yield: 6 servings.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

HORSE SENSE

The horse of a mounted Cleveland patrolman won't take "Whoa" for an answer. Highly educated, the animal stops only at the order of "Cease," and he won't "Giddap" until the officer commands "Proceed." — Fingerprint Magazine.

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CHILD'S VERSION

A little child returned from the pre-Easter services to tell eagerly of the new song they had sung. "Christ has Rhythm." — Marcella Winn, in Chicago Tribune.