

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT

# 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 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. (Copyright: Publishing Arrangement with N.F.L.)

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### CHANNEL-CRASHER Story

##### ROWENA SPEAKS UP

Superintendent Willing was obviously somewhat disturbed by the plea put forward by Sir Bantock Drew's niece. That was how he thought of the young woman who, leaning towards him earnestly, with one hand resting in the back of the settee which he occupied, was daring to doubt his estimate of the man Deeming, alias Craven. She was "Sir Bantock Drew's niece," the adopted daughter, more or less, of a rich man who was giving his service to the Government.

In his younger days he would have been conscious of the fact that she was pretty; handsome, he would have said to-day. But that was what he, as a policeman, expected the daughter of a "Big house" to be. Well-dressed, too. (Or well-groomed, he would say to-day). But that, again, was what he expected of a woman of her position. She was wearing a well-cut country suit of sober tweed, such as a woman might wear to go to church in war time; and of course, he expected a woman of her position to go to church on a Sunday morning, whatever he might do himself, which was rarely that.

That simple, dark, felt hat, which showed up her fair hair to such advantage. That, for him, was just the hat for a woman of Rowena's position. He did not affect to be an expert on millinery, but often, in the course of his duties, he had thought that the sort of women with whom he had most to do, women who haunted the background of shady men of finance, gave themselves away by their hats. Women's faces were always a bit of a puzzle to him; but these women who sailed near to crime, or crossed the line, always helped a policeman by their taste in hats. They were always something conspicuous; something your memory could bite on. But not so this young woman. She was Bantock Drew's niece.

But the astonishing thing was that she was venturing to defend a man under suspicion; and hang it all, the niece of a man like Drew ought to be on the side of law and order, every time.

"You see, Mr. Willing," she was saying, "it isn't just a question of what you may have got written down in your note book—scraps of surmise, and odd points of behaviour. You're surely to consider the man's type, his character. John's brave and open, and as my uncle can tell you, utterly loyal and devoted to us. He has none of the glib talk and cunning of the crooked type of individual. If anything, he's inclined to be slow and awkward in conversation. A man like that isn't a criminal."

"Miss Drew, if you had known as many criminals as I have, you wouldn't be so sure."

"But you're not a woman, Mr. Willing. That makes a big difference. A woman knows by instinct whether a man is trustworthy. You have to find out by all sort of roundabout means, and sometimes when you are very sure, judges and juries don't agree with you."

"I've known juries go wrong Miss Drew," said Willing tartly, "remembering, no doubt, some of his professional disappointments. But I'm just a simple policeman. I am guided only by evidence. Sentiment, and, if I may say so without offence, sex appeal, don't enter into my calculations. You may like this young man —"

"Yes, I do like him, and very much," proclaimed Rowena, straightening herself, and pulling on a glove, quite unnecessarily. "But I don't see that there is anything to do with what I was saying."

"Now, Rowena, my dear, don't interfere with the processes of the law," said her uncle who, up to now had been enjoying the dialogue far too much to interfere. "Do sit down. I'm sure the Superintendent doesn't mind your staying, though I warn you, you may be late for church."

Rowena disregarded the hint and took a chair opposite the visitor. As she did so, the butler entered to announce a telephone call for the Superintendent.

As he left the room he looked a trifle anxiously at Drew and his niece. He would like to have put them in separate rooms. A woman like that was not a good influence on Drew in this matter. And, indeed, Rowena was not, so far as the official point of view was concerned.

"Uncle," she began, "you mustn't let that man impose his prejudiced ideas upon you. He doesn't mean to be unjust, but he's a policeman, and he can't help making a beautiful theory first, and then looking around for facts that will fit it. You know John. You know he is loyal and conscientious and brave—in fact, you must have been very much impressed by his character right at the beginning or you wouldn't have believed his story without having at least some confirmation of it. You can't have it both ways, Uncle—I mean, you can't believe that he's both straight and crooked at the same time."

"It seems that you are even more impressed by Craven than I am, replied Sir Bantock archly. "But I will admit to being satisfied by his general openness of character. In business, I've always preferred the American way of backing my own judgment about a man rather than being influenced by references and testimonials. I did that with Craven, and if I'm wrong, it is for the first time. But, then, my dear, can't I go wrong even once?"

"Uncle! That's the very first time I've known you to admit even the possibility of being mistaken," and she laughed merrily.

"But mind you," Drew hastened to explain, "I haven't yet decided that I am wrong." He lowered his voice as he spoke the last few words, for Superintendent Willing was returning to the room looking much more pleased than when he left it.

"Well, Sir Bantock," he began, "I have good news—good in the sense that it looks like being decisive."

"You don't mind my niece hearing it, do you? She's very discreet."

"Not at all," Willing answered, and tried to make the answers sound convincing. Rowena was conscious of the doubt in the policeman's mind, but she gave no sign of leaving.

"I should tell you first," Willing said, returning to his seat, "that before coming here I had arranged for some of our Special Branch people to call at 'The Downs' this morning, and that telephone call was to report progress. They found there the four we had in mind—and one other. I would embarrass you by asking you to guess who the fifth was. I'll tell you. He was your so-called Craven."

Drew made no comment, but looked

hard at Rowena over the top of his spectacles.

"And now we have the lot under our hands."

"Have you enough evidence to warrant arrests?" asked Drew sceptically.

"I've not authorized any arrests. These people have merely been asked politely if they will make statements to us about a matter in which they may be able to help us."

"Merely an invitation," said Sir Bantock, with a grim smile.

"An invitation which they know better than to refuse."

"Why should a person 'know better' if his conscience is quite clear?" interposed Rowena, icily.

"Of course. Everyone is presumed to be innocent until he's proved otherwise," said Willing rather pompously. "But the point is, Sir Bantock, that I've taken the liberty of telling my men to bring the party here. If you would care to be present at the interview, it might save you a lot of time later on, and perhaps some correspondence. It's a shade irregular, maybe, but the only man likely to make any trouble over that is your chap—Craven. We know the others too well."

"If you don't mind my niece being present, Superintendent, I'm quite agreeable. But otherwise I shall have to spend so much time explaining matters to her that I should gain nothing by permitting the interview to take place here."

"There again," remarked the policeman "your fellow is the only one likely to make a fuss about the irregularity."

"I think I can answer that he won't," said Rowena very quietly.

Already they could hear the sound of wheels on the drive and looking up, Rowena saw two dark-blue, police cars driving slowly up to the entrance. Presently, Maddocks was removing hastily Willing's coffee tray, and Drew was holding the door of the library for a group of eight people, seven men and a woman—a blonde, heavily furred, resentful-looking woman, wearing just the type of hat Willing had expected; or so he told himself.

### CHAPTER XXVI AN END TO EVASION

The group which settled itself in the library included the man who had been calling himself John Craven. He did not look in the least disconcerted. Three other men, on the contrary, were obviously full of suppressed fury, as was the girl, whose eyes were malignant in the glances they flung towards Rowena and Sir Bantock.

One of the plain-clothes men, an inspector, made a statement to the Superintendent, reporting what had happened at "The Downs," with a special reference to the presence of Craven.

"He came to let the police in after telling them some cock and bull story about us," shouted Fanshawe, livid as he half turned towards Craven. "But you're not getting away with it, any more than you're getting away with this John Craven swindle of yours. There's four of us here who can prove that your real name is Geoffrey Deeming, and that you're still wanted by the police for being concerned six years ago in the Golden Cap Trust case."

"So—that was it?" The Superintendent swung round towards the man who had called himself John Craven, and the latter nodded.

"I don't think you and I did personally meet when you were after me six years ago, Superintendent," he said. "I skipped over to France too quickly for that to happen, and—well, it didn't become really acquainted. It was a stupid impulse of mine, running away like that. Just as it was a stupid impulse of mine to have stolen somebody else's name when I returned to this country recently. However—"

"Perhaps you'll suggest also that it was a stupid impulse which has brought you into the company of these people, quite apart from passing on to them certain confidential information learned by you in the course of your duties as Sir Bantock's secretary?" suggested the Superintendent drily, having meanwhile been listening to some whispered information from his inspector.

"I'm afraid you're quite mistaken."

"Am I?" The Superintendent laughed harshly, and moved forward with a piece of paper he had received from his inspector.

He laid the paper on the writing-table before Sir Bantock. It was a page from a loose-leaf note-book, with certain matter pencilled on it, as the Superintendent pointed out.

"Are you denying that this is your handwriting?" Willing asked sharply.

"On the contrary, I admit it."

"And you'll admit as well that you handed that paper with what's written on it to Miss Fanshawe in whose possession it was found before she came here?"

"That is perfectly correct."

"Then—" The Superintendent turned to Sir Bantock, who meantime had been studying what was written on the paper, and who now looked up.

"I can assure you, Superintendent, that there is nothing on this piece of paper which has the slightest connection with secret, confidential information. On the contrary, it looks to me like a piece of bluff—a hotch-potch of the names of well-known contractors and several rows of figures wrongly added. It is a scrambled mass of words and figures that look impressive, but are obvious nonsense to anyone like myself who knows the business to which they are supposed to relate."

"Might I add, sir," broke in Craven "that if I had intended any treachery, I would scarcely have written by hand on a page from my own pocket-book, and here he threw a small loose-leaf book at the discomfited Willing.

(To be concluded.)

Globe and Mail: United States soldiers are carrying baseball with them to many strange lands. Henceforth the world series games may have added significance.

# Beauty and You

by PATRICIA LINDSAY



Exercise "Destroyer Race." Sitting on the floor with knees bent, and bracing herself with her hands on the floor, FAYE EMERSON swings her knees from side to side, trying to touch the floor. She is seen in "AIR FORCE"

## How Rapidly Can One Safely Slim? Read This Candid Discussion

**TUESDAY'S BEAUTY PROBLEM:** A girl who is about twenty pounds overweight and is in her late twenties, wishes to know how she can reduce at least fifteen pounds in two weeks. With the bathing season at hand, she wishes to be slimmer and will not buy a bathing suit until she has reduced.

**SOLUTION:** I suspect this girl in her late twenties has a job and uses considerable energy doing it, and possibly more energy on volunteer work. Under no circumstances should she reduce quickly.

No matter what the age there is only one safe and sane way of reducing and that is GRADUALLY, through watching one's diet and exercising daily without fail. The only exception to this rule is when a woman is under the supervision of a doctor who insists upon rapid reduction of weight for the treatment of an ailment. When this is prescribed the patient is usually instructed to give up all work for the period of treatment.

Reduction of weight through strenuous dieting without exercising, is a rash decision. It devitalizes one and invites illness. One should eat balanced menus, in limited portions, and exercise for a period of every day to reduce. It is quite possible that an overweight can drop four pounds the first week without feeling devitalized—in fact she might feel the better for doing so! But if she lost four pounds every week for five weeks and was still active during the day, she would certainly be flirting with poor health.

**Proper Weight Loss**  
Two pounds the first week, three pounds each week following is the safest rate of reducing if one is fifteen pounds or more overweight. If one is less than fifteen pounds over weight then I would suggest that only two pounds a week be dropped for seven weeks.

One must exercise to keep the muscles elastic and firm, and to keep the circulation of the body brisk. You all

have seen women with deep wrinkles and flabby flesh rolls who have reduced too rapidly, or too much, or reduced without taking exercise or professional massage.

When one considers how many months it took for the extra pounds to accumulate it makes sense to take time to get rid of them.

I should advise this girl to begin her reducing at once, drop two pounds the first week, three each week after. In three or four weeks she could purchase a too-snug bathing suit and use it for inspiration to continue her reducing program! She might find that she need not lose as many as twenty pounds to have a nicely proportioned figure—and in three weeks from date she would be eight pounds the slimmer and look and feel the better!

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## Cochrane Boys Showed Much Too Much Realism

That the enterprise and imagination of some boys needs very decided curb is shown by the following item from last week's Cochrane Northland Post, while it is equally evident that Magistrate E. R. Tucker will take the necessary steps to apply this curb:—

"An attempt at the too great realism in play took two boys aged 11 and 12 into juvenile court and a third aged 16 into police court on Monday. Playing bandits or some similar game involving violent characters, the boys had trussed up two small boys, tying their hands with wire, and then shot at them with catapults. The victims or their parents felt that imagination was being carried too far, and charges of assault resulted. The two younger boys were let off on probation, and the older one was given six months, with sentence suspended on the understanding that no further molestation occur."

Try The Advance Want Advertisements

# TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The weekly luncheon of the Timmins Kiwanis Club on Monday Aug. 21, 1933, at the Empire hotel, was one of the most interesting and inspiring held to date. There was a large attendance and a number of guests and all greatly appreciated the meeting. Among the guests for the day were:— Capt. A. E. Baker, managing director of the Canadian Institute for the Blind, Toronto; D. P. Lawley, field secretary of the same noble association; Rev. Murray Tait, of Schumacher United Church, and many others. Captain Baker was given a rousing welcome as he rose to speak and he spoke of the plans of the organization of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, which was started in 1917, and the basic ideas held by the founders.

The Week of Wonders was in progress at the skating rink under the auspices of Timmins branch of the Canadian Legion, the week of August 21, 1933, and had many very notable features. In this connection mention was made of the splendid display booths of local concerns, all being attractive and the many lines displayed were proving a big attraction to the patrons. Another special display was that from the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, which showed the handicraft of these blind people, such as sbrooms, baskets, rugs, etc. As a very special novelty in the line of prizes the Legion secured a number of love birds and canaries.

The Cochrane Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster A. Crossdale, visited Timmins on Sunday, August 20th 1933, and the spirit of friendliness and neighbourly good feeling thus shown was fully appreciated by the town of Timmins, as well as the music furnished by the Cochrane Band. The Band was about 23 strong and was accompanied by Mayor Mitchell the president of the Band. They were welcomed by Mayor Drew who extended the hospitality of the town, and thanked them for the visit and the neighbourly spirit thus shown.

An accident at the corner of Fifth avenue and Hemlock street on Thursday morning, August 17, 1933, resulted in injuries to Ernest Lacy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas Lacy, 35 Toke St. The boy was riding his bicycle along the street when the motor vehicle struck him, knocking him from his bicycle and causing him several cuts and bruises as well as two broken ribs. The driver of the motor vehicle at once saw to taking the injured young man to the hospital where his injuries were attended to. The boy made good progress to recovery from the accident.

In August 1933, Sudbury had everyone stopped for bear stories. A bear in Sudbury walked down the main street, with half the population vaulting fences and the other half following at a very respectable distance. The bear upset garbage pails, cuffed a gentleman on the side of the head, assaulted a couple of policemen, chased one or two lame spectators and eventually landed on the front page of The Sudbury Star. The bear was supposed to be a tame one but nothing in Sudbury supposed to be tame can be depended upon.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago were the following: "Born — To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Irish (nee Willa Robar) on Sunday, August 20th, at home — a baby girl." "Miss Mary Giroux, of Timmins, who has been visiting friends in Noranda, was the young lady to win the prize walking contest at a dance in the Crozier Hall, Noranda." "Mr. and Mrs. R. Starling and children and Miss V. Boucher, left on Tuesday of this week on a visit to Mr. Stirling's sister at Sudbury." "Mr. John Conroy, of Kirkland Lake, spent the week-end with his sister, Mrs. M. Maher, First Ave." "Mrs. Robert Sinclair is leaving Sunday to reside in Toronto." "Miss Juliette 'Thibault' is spending a vacation at the home of her parents in Cobalt." "Jack Peters, of Toronto, a former popular resident, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. E. H. King."

## North Bay Airman Brings Damaged Plane Safely Home

### With Navigator Dead, Pilot Unconscious from Wounds Bombardier Flies Plane.

An editorial article last week in The North Bay Nugget summarizes the courage and resource of a young North Bay airman, who had practically no experience in flying, and whose part was that of bombardier, but who took charge of the damaged plane and brought it safely home over 500 miles, though the navigator was dead and the pilot badly injured. The Nugget says:—

"Many times since the outbreak of war has North Bay had special occasion to be thrilled by news of acts of gallantry and brilliance, but it is doubtful if the residents of this city ever experienced a greater feeling of pride and joy than they did yesterday when the word came through telling about Pte. Sgt. Allan W. J. Larden's marvellous "pinch-hitting" flight from a point over the Alps to North Africa. The details of the epic trip and landing make it one of the finest displays of courage and efficiency yet to be recorded during this war.

"Pte. Sgt. Larden is a bombardier, not a pilot. He had never flown a plane more than a few minutes before and he had never even come near to being given an opportunity to attempt a landing. But yesterday there unfolded a story of how Larden not only flew a plane for five hours to be climaxed by a perfect landing, but he did so under the most hazardous conditions imaginable.

"Larden was bombardier in a huge R.A.F. Lancaster bomber which was attacked and riddled by an enemy night fighter over the Alps. The pilot was wounded so badly that he was rendered unconscious. The navigator was killed. Larden lifted the pilot from his seat and took over the controls. For five hours he guided the shattered plane in truly amazing fashion. After diving from 15,000 feet to 3,000 to shake off the fighter plane which was still attacking it, Larden took a course which

eventually led low over the waters of the Mediterranean to a town on the coast of North Africa. And then he brought the plane down for a perfect belly-landing, not an ordinary plane, but a plane with its racks still loaded with bombs, a plane with three damaged engines and 36 bullet holes.

"No author of thrillers could put together a story more hair-raising, with a hero more daring and more proficient.

"Allan Larden always has been a modest, unassuming chap who held himself somewhat in the background, but those who knew him well were always aware of his quiet strength and stability and will not be surprised that he showed such coolness, courage and skill when an emergency presented itself. Unlike an illustrious brother of his, Allan Larden was never prominent in athletics, but no sport hero ever came through so nobly in a pinch-hitter's role as did this bombardier-turned-pilot in guiding his bullet-torn plane on a five hour journey to safety.

"North Bay is right proud of him."

## Regular Meeting of Home League on Thursday

The regular meeting of the Home League took place in the Salvation Army Hall, Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Captain Church opening the meeting with a hymn and a prayer. The Bible Reading was given by Mrs. W. Mahaffy. The members worked on their quilts and their knitting for the Red Shield. Lunch was served by Mrs. Paterson and Mrs. Gill. A postponement of their picnic scheduled for last week was necessary due to the weather but will be held this week, again, weather permitting. The meeting was closed with prayer by Mrs. Church.

## Three Births Registered During the Last Week-end

Born — On August 7, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Gauthier, First Ave. at St. Mary's Hospital — a son (Edward Michael).

Born — on August 11, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. William Boychuk, 75 Maple St. — a daughter (Diana Agnes).

Born — on July 22, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Popescu, 13 Maple St. N. — a daughter (Judith Carol).

# Amendments to the Unemployment Insurance Act

### Notice to Interested Employers and Employees

AT ITS 1943 Session, the Parliament of Canada amended the Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940. The effect of these amendments is to require that additional workers be covered under unemployment insurance.

On and after September 1st, 1943, employers must make contributions in respect of the following employees:

- ★ (1) ALL PERSONS engaged in employment hitherto insurable, regardless of the amount of earnings, who may be paid on an hourly rate, on a daily rate, on a weekly rate, or a piece rate (including a mileage rate).
- ★ (2) ALL EMPLOYEES paid on a monthly or annual salary basis, whose salary, including any cost of living bonus which may be received, does not exceed \$2,400 a year.

All employees, as above described, must pay their contributions as required by law.

The combined contribution for each employee earning \$26 or more a week will be in Class 7—63c a week.

To Employers: Obtain unemployment insurance books from the nearest local office of the Unemployment Insurance Commission as soon as possible, for employees above described who will become insurable on September 1st, 1943.

To Employees: It is in your interest to see that your employer makes contributions on your behalf from September 1st, 1943, if you become insurable through this Amendment.

## UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE COMMISSION

HUMPHREY MITCHELL, Minister of Labour  
L. J. TROTTER, Chairman  
R. J. TALLOU, Commissioner  
ALLAN M. MITCHELL, Commissioner

W-10

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**Langdon & Langdon**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.  
MASSEY BLOCK  
TIMMINS, ONT.  
and South Porcupine  
-14-26

**F. BAUMAN**  
Swiss Watchmaker  
Graduate of the Famous Horological Institute of Switzerland  
Phone 1365  
Third Avenue Empire Block

**S. A. Caldbick**  
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.  
Bank of Commerce Building  
Timmins, Ont.  
-14-26

**G. N. ROSS**  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT  
60 THIRD AVENUE  
Phone 640  
P.O. Box 1591 Timmins, Ont.

**MacBrien & Bailey**  
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS  
2½ Third Avenue  
JAMES R. MACBRIEN  
FRANK H. BAILEY, LL.B.

**Arch. Gillies, B.A.Sc., O.L.S.**  
Registered Architect  
Ontario Land Surveyor  
Building Plans Estimates, Etc.  
23 Fourth Ave. Phone 362

**Dean Kester, K.C.**  
Barrister-at-Law  
13 THIRD AVE. TIMMINS

**P. H. LAPORTE, C. C. A.**  
10 Balsam St. North, Timmins, Ont.  
Accounting Systems Installed  
Income Tax Returns Filed  
Phones 270-228-286 P.O. Box 147

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**  
The Vitamin B1 Tonic  
Contains Vitamin B1 and Essential Food Minerals

Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anaemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.

60 pills, 60 cts.  
Economy size, 180 pills, \$1.50.

**John W. Fogg, Limited**  
**COAL**  
Lumber, Cement, Building Material,  
Coal and Coke, Mine and Mill Supplies

YARD: SCHUMACHER PHONE 725  
HEAD OFFICE & YARD: TIMMINS PHONE 117  
RANCH OFFICE: KIRKLAND LAKE PHONE 393