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

Craven waited a moment for the Superintendent to speak, but willing having, compared suspiciously the written page, which Drew had handed to him, with the book which had been flung unceremoniously into his lap by Craven, offered no comment; so Craven broke an awkward silence in a statement less halting than was usual for him.

"As we are here by invitation and not on any charge,—to use your own words, Mr. Willing—and I am in company which I do not intend and did not intend to seek again, let me say this—I was never in any sense involved criminally in the Golden Gap business. Your police records and the solicitors who acted for me will confirm that. The police wanted evidence from me to help the prosecution, and though I had no reason to spare Fanshawe, who had taken advantage of my ignorance of business, I loathed the thought of helping to send to prison people with whom I'd been on terms of friendship of a sort. Also, I've always had a weakness for digging unpleasantness. That, I can see, was wrong. I ought to have followed the advice of the lawyers. But I paid for that by exiling myself in France, and particularly by the rotten time I had after the country was invaded."

"One question I want to ask here," interrupted Willing. "I don't know that it has any bearing on this matter, and you needn't answer it if you'd rather not."

"I've nothing to conceal now," retorted Craven.

"Well, when you found there was a war on, didn't you feel a duty to come home and do your bit?"

The question stung Craven; and he showed that it hurt.

"If you'd ever done anything mildly wrong—indiscreet, shall we say—and you'd been brooding on it for years, you'd know, Mr. Superintendent, that the affair grows in your mind until it becomes an obsession. I believe people sometimes commit suicide through brooding on something quite trivial until they lose their balance. Well, I know what that means. I brooded on that folly of mine until it pretty well upset any sense of proportion. To come home after war was declared was much more risky, as I saw things then, than it would have been earlier—passport out of date and police and secret service people watching ports on both sides of the Channel. I went to the French and tried to enlist in their army. They badgered me about and I couldn't get anywhere with it. You know now what a rotten state the whole French administration was in. And they, too, were suspicious of me, or so I thought. But I hope you'll acquit me of funking, because after all, I did take some risks to get home."

"You pinched the papers of a pal," sneered Fanshawe.

"One at a time," snapped Willing.

"I took the papers from the jacket of a member of a small party of us who had had a scrap with the Gestapo. He had had to bolt, leaving the jacket behind; and we were told that he'd been killed; as well he might have been, considering that we had quite a lot of shots fired at us by the Germans who were trying to round us up."

"Well, this is no time for backchat," said Willing sourly, feeling it was time that he took the centre of the stage. "I want to say a word to all you people. You came here to make a statement. Only—er—Craven has said anything. Anyone else want to speak?"

He looked round at each of the four from "The Downs," but there was no response. The woman seemed inclined to say something, but eventually shook her head.

"I thought not. That leaves us pretty much where we were, except that Craven has accounted for his movements and for this bit of paper. But, mind you, this business isn't finished. I've got further inquiries to make, and if I meet any of you again, it won't be for a pleasant talk in a gentleman's library; it'll be down in the charge room at Seabourne Police Station. All right Inspector, you can drive them back. Yes, drive them. After all, they've been our guests. I don't know whether Sir Bantock wants Craven to remain."

"I do, Superintendent; and if the point interests anyone else here, let me say that I am perfectly satisfied with the way he has acted and the explanation he has given."

"Thank you, sir," said the man called Craven.

It was the last word spoken at that strange conference, but as "The Downs" party filed out of the library, accompanied by the escort, Wanda Fanshawe turned towards Craven who was standing near the door, and extended a gloved hand to him. He took it, and looked into the saddest eyes he had ever seen.

And Rowena noted the incident with some curiosity, but no resentment.

CHAPTER XXVII A Woman's Faith—b SHRDL A WOMAN'S FAITH

There were no guests to lunch, Bantock Drew was a hospitable man, and it irked him to feel that rationing set a strict limit to his love of entertaining friends. But on this Sunday, he was not wholly sorry for a quiet meal with his niece, and the highly original secretary whom the waves of the Channel had almost washed into his household.

There were many explanations that Craven wished to give, small but significant episodes which might leave a lingering suspicion in the minds of some people. But Drew and his niece had a strong confidence in him, and they cut short his statements whenever he embarked on them. But when Drew had settled himself in his favourite chair in the small drawing room, Craven said:

"There's one thing I want you to allow me to say, because it is of the utmost importance to me, and it's not without its bearing on your affairs, Sir Bantock. I had intended, after giving those people enough rope to hang themselves, if they wished, to leave you having set the trap for those men, which I felt bound to do, out of loyalty to you, when I knew why they were, I intended to join one of the Forces."

Sir Bantock chuckled and Craven was hurt.

"Why not, sir? I'm tolerably fit now, and I can't think of anything better I could do, not even working for you."

"You must realize, John—I shall go on calling you John, even though you are going to be Geoffrey Deeming as soon as I can fix things up with the Home Office—you must realize that in this war you can't do as you like. This time the State says where you can render best service, and if my department says it wants you, my department—unless you're a person with recent military training—is where you will be con-

sidered to be doing your best work for the country."

"But suppose I don't agree." "There are always people who don't agree with the Government, but in times like these they have to let the Government know best. And anyhow, though you may be a pretty strong man physically, you're not of the ideal military age; and you're sight is defective. But if I say you are to stay with me, you will find, in the end that my word is likely to prevail. You are really valuable to me."

"But you could get back Sayers." "I don't want him. He will be going to his Middle East job now. Willing assured me that though the young fool had had some contacts with those people—they fished him out and had given him dinner on some pretext or other—there was nothing in the association. So his standstill order will be revoked. But, anyhow, I don't want him, or I wouldn't have agreed to his application to be transferred to the Middle East section. So you see how things work here nowadays."

"Sir Bantock, with great respect, I refuse to take your word as final." "Please yourself, my boy; but you are likely to find, in the end, that it is final—after you've put yourself to a lot of trouble."

For once, the seemingly tireless man appeared to be sleepy. He yawned and raised himself from the big armchair. "You talk it over with Rowena. An independent mind is always helpful to anyone in danger of doing something rash. And I'll have forty winks; don't often get a chance of an afternoon nap nowadays."

With that, he left them.

At first they talked about the practical problem of what he should do. Her note was different, and very refreshing after the admonitions of Willing and Drew. She did not attempt to oppose him, still less to harry him. She made him feel responsible for his own destiny, just as he had felt when running the gauntlet in France. The talk ran on smoothly, with perfect candour, and because it was intimate, he soon found himself seated on the settee beside her, communing with her mind as freely as he would with his own thought.

"Presently, she said, "Of course, John if you could get into one of the Forces, I should be very proud of you."

"Proud of me? Why, Rowena, should you be proud of me, or wish to be proud of me? Of course you've a right to be proud of almost anything out of the sea or preserving me from, say, pneumonia or worse; and proud of helping me to get back my self-respect. I'm a monument to your good nature, your care. Is that what you mean?"

"Not quite. It's something different from that. That's all past. I'm thinking of your future. I want you to be the man you really are."

"Then does that matter to you? Does it really matter?" He spoke with an earnestness she had never noticed in his words before, and there was in his eyes an expression proclaiming that everything in life for him depended upon her answer.

She gave him no answer in words, but her eyes, too, were eloquent, and he read their message. His arm which had been resting on the back of the settee slipped naturally to her shoulders, he drew her towards him, and said softly, "Then it is true."

What was said after that might have been heard by Rowena's pet Aberdeen, which twitched its ears occasionally as he slept in his basket.

Maddocks, coming in silently, some time later to arrange the black-out curtains saw a sight and caught a phrase that set even his unromantic mind working on an unusual line of thought. But what he said was:

"I'm sorry to intrude, but Sir Bantock has given me very strict orders to see that the windows are fastened before black-out. There have been strange people hereabouts lately. Very strange people."

"Yes, Maddocks," replied Rowena with a smile. "I know something about one of them, and he's very possessive."

"Indeed, Madam. 'Possessive' is the word for such people. I'm sure."

And it seemed to fit what Maddocks had seen and heard when he entered.

(The End)

Work Meeting Held by the St. Matthew's Guild

A St. Matthew's Guild work meeting was held Friday evening at the home of Mrs. J. H. Wakeford. Mrs. P. Reid, who was appointed president at the last business meeting to succeed Mrs. W. Christopher who has left to reside at Bourlanaque, Que., presided at the meeting. During the evening plans for a tea to be held in the Church Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 22nd, were discussed. Members worked on knitting and on quilt blocks for two quilts to be displayed and sold at the tea. A delightful lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. Jeffries and Miss Clara Wakeford. Among those present were: Mrs. P. Reid, Mrs. T. Glaister, Mrs. W. Kevan, Mrs. C. Preston, Mrs. F. Read, Mrs. F. Melville, Mrs. H. Gridley, Mrs. R. C. Taggart, Mrs. J. Maxwell, Mrs. B. Richards, Mrs. H. Pope, Mrs. J. Knell, Mrs. J. Simpson, Mrs. P. Jeffries, Miss Clara Wakeford, Miss Molly Gridley and the hostess, Mrs. J. H. Wakeford.

The next work meeting will be held at the home of Miss M. Paynter, on Sept. 17.

Chicago Daily News: The War Department announced the other day that there are now more than a thousand general officers on its Army list. The most we had in World War I was 552, and then we had an army of 3,665,000. The exact number of generals now is not given, because it is feared our enemies might deduce therefrom the size of our Army.

Importance of Nutrition Stressed by Municipal and Federal Authorities

Daily Requirement in Protein Values Outlined in Booklet Issued by New York Health Department. Recipes for Brown Stew with Dumpling and Baked Bean Roast.



(By Edith M. Barber)

The concentrated effort which is being made by the Federal government, the state and the city to make our citizens nutrition conscious should bear fruit. Perhaps the silver linings to the cloud of rationing will bring about a better conception of the nutritive values of food.

In an effort to offer helpful material by word of mouth and through demonstration the New York City Food and Nutrition Program has established a consumer information center at 45 Lafayette Street. Housekeepers who do not have the newspaper reading habit or who have therefore been able to escape the bombardment of nutrition facts which food editors offer may be reached more personally in this way. Aid in expanding ration points and in getting the most for money as well as directions for home canning will be offered.

The nutrition division of our health department is publishing a leaflet called "Check on Nutrition" which is sent to public health workers. A recent issue stresses the contributions of various foods as far as protein is concerned and furnishes menus and recipes which feature foods other than meat. The daily requirement in protein values is given in a practical form.

Daily Requirement in Protein Values

- 1 serving meat, about 1-3
- 2 eggs, about 1-5
- 1 pint milk, about 1-4
- 2½ oz. cheese, about 1-3
- ¼ tablespoons peanut butter, about 1-3

Brown Stew with Dumplings

- Seasoned flour
- 1 pound stew meat
- 2 tablespoons meat drippings
- 2 cups water
- 2 cups diced potatoes
- 2 cups diced carrots
- 8 small onions
- Salt and Pepper
- ½ cups flour
- ½ cup corn meal
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup milk
- Cube meat, and dredge in seasoned flour. Brown in meat drippings. Add

water, cover and simmer for 1 hour. Add vegetables and more water if necessary. Cover and simmer for 1 hour or until vegetables are tender. Season. Sift together flour, corn meal, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Add milk and mix to smooth dough. Drop by spoonfuls on stew mixtures. Cover. Boil slowly 12 to 15 minutes. Yield 6 servings.

Baked Bean Roast

- 4 cups cooked dried beans or peas.
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper.
- ¼ cup minced onion.
- 4 tablespoons fat
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup stewed or canned tomato
- Salt and Pepper.

Mix ingredients in order given. Add salt and pepper to taste, place in greased bread pan and bake about 40 minutes in moderate oven (375 F.) until well browned. Yield: 6 liberal servings.

Note: Strips of bacon or bacon squares may be placed on top of loaf. (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



(By James W. Barton, M.D.)

That Body of Yours

phrenics), 40 hysterics and 30 with anxiety states.

Investigation showed that the previous personality in only a few patients was normal. Most of those with a pre-normal personality showed symptoms only after enemy action. Naturally medical examiners would not discover any mental disability in these at time of enlistment.

Mental defectives and odd behavior recruits more often broke down as the result of enlistment and army discipline.

The above definitely backs up what other investigators have told us. Most recruits who break down mentally after entering the army were not really normal before enlistment. Family physicians in a desire to be patriotic or because they think the Army life and discipline will help one of their "odd" patients, should remember that army life and danger makes the vast majority of these cases a liability, not an asset in their country's struggle for life. The normal youth even though nervous or emotional will be strengthened by army discipline and danger.

More and more attention is being given these days to the care of the feet. Send today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet entitled "Your Feet and Their Ailments" which deals with such conditions as flat feet, hammer toe, corns, calluses, etc. Just send Ten Cents and a three cent stamp to cover cost of handling and mailing. The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., mentioning the name of this newspaper.

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New Drying Plant Installed at Smoky Falls Clay Property

There has not been the interest the matter deserves in the plans to develop the fire clay and other clay deposits near Smoky Falls, north of Kapuskasing. The company undertaking this development have had to face all sorts of difficulties, and have received little assistance from governments or others. The Missinabi Clays and Mining Ltd., however, have kept at the work and appear to be making progress to success. In the last issue of The Northern Miner the following reference is made to the activities at present. It is only fair to add that The Northern Miner has shown a keen and sympathetic interest in this new mining venture and must be classed as among those who have given every possible encouragement to this development. It is an odd fact, however, that the very people who are always crying out that this country should have other enterprises than gold mines have been indifferent, indeed to

this attempt to develop the clay deposits at Smoky Falls.

The Northern Miner's reference is as follows: "Missinabi Clays and Mining Limited has installed a direct heat rotary drier at its property on the Metagama River, 7 1-2 miles north of Smoky Falls, near Kapuskasing, Northern Ontario, to replace the equipment which was destroyed by fire early this year. The new unit, which is regarded as being more suitable for the company's purposes than the old one, has an estimated capacity of 15 tons per hour. Power equipment is now being delivered and should be hooked up within a few days.

"The big storage bins have been erected, one at the property to hold 1,200 tons and the other at Smoky Falls with 800 tons capacity, to provide a backlog of dried clay for continuous shipments. "The company is giving consideration to the installation of equipment at a northern centre for the manufacture of fire brick, fire brick shapes, sewer pipe and tile. A washing plant to separate the silica sand and china clay may also be provided. "In the pit at the property the floor is now down to the level of the fire clay, of which a depth of 22 feet is available for operations. With the new drier ready for operations officials expect to be able to resume regular shipments."

Hilliard Township Pig Born With Only Two Feet

There are lots of two-legged animals that seem to be born all pig or hog, but it remained for Hilliard township last week to produce a pig that had only two feet. This two-footed animal has no front feet. At first the baby pig had trouble getting around on account of the fact that the stumps to which the front feet should have been attached were inclined to be tender and bled. Now, however, after some nine weeks, the stumps are calloused and hardened and the two-footed pig is able to get around about as well as a normal pig of its age. The animal is progressing and developing in fine style and promises to be a satisfactory source of pork.

GOOD NEWS FOR TEA DRINKERS

So many people in Canada drink tea that there will be a genuine feeling of satisfaction that more of it will be available for home rations after September 2nd. The Ration Board has decided this can be done because the safety of the sea route from Ceylon has so vastly improved. The millions of "SALADA" lovers have just cause for rejoicing.

TEMISKAMING AND NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY

Traffic Department

Re: Passenger Train Services September 5th and 6th, 1943

As per public time table folder effective June 27th, 1943, you will note the following:

- No. 49—Monday, Sept. 6th—WILL NOT OPERATE
 - No. 54—Monday, Sept. 6th—WILL NOT OPERATE
 - No. 156—Sunday, Sept. 5th, will not operate but will operate on same schedule on Monday, Sept. 6th.
 - No. 155—Sunday, Sept. 5th—Will operate as usual to Swastika. There will be no connections from Noranda-Rouyn for train operating as No. 156 on Monday, Sept. 6th.
 - No. 53—Monday, Sept. 6th—WILL NOT OPERATE
 - No. 50—Monday, Sept. 6th—WILL NOT OPERATE
- No change in other Passenger Services on date referred to.

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