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The THRUSTER

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

HARRY HEARN, native of Cullwain village, returns there to settle down after 15 years sojourn in the United States. There was a scandal connected with his departure.

SARAH GIFFORD, orphan, owner of Cullwain Hall, ancient pride of Cullwain. She had inherited the beauty and the pride of a long line, but little else.

STUART BENSON, a young man of the county, well-connected, in love with Sarah.

JENNY MARLOWE, who schemes to marry Harry Hearn for his money.

TOM GRAY, in love with Jenny.

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

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Harry Hearn returned from America after 15 years offers to buy Cullwain Hall from Sarah Gifford, its proud but impoverished owner. She refuses because of the scandal attaching to his name. Later he assumes control of the local tanning company, Thos. Gray and Son, and builds a luxurious summer residence, overlooking Cullwain Hall, which Sarah has now turned into a private hotel. Tom Gray is in love with Jenny Marlowe, but she schemes to marry Hearn for his money. Stuart Benson, in love with Sarah, senses the hostility of Hearn. All three get caught in a terrific storm, and take shelter in The Old Barracks. That night Cullwain Hall is struck by lightning and catches fire.

(Now read on).

CHAPTER VII

SARAH'S ORDEAL BY FIRE

It seemed that night as though all the furies of lightning and fire were resolved to complete the destruction of Cullwain Hall. As with many ancient buildings, the fine old portions were all too inflammable; noble woodwork and carvings proved easy prey to fire. Sarah Gifford said that it was not only the beloved family mansion that was doomed; her gallant venture by which she had transformed the Hall into a successful private hotel was imperilled.

Yet she showed an iron nerve. With the coolness that comes to all strong characters when faced with a major crisis, she took complete command of the situation, setting the staff to various tasks.

"We must form a chain, and fetch water from the lake until the firemen arrive," she said.

Mrs. Webster, who was one obviously on the verge of panic, waited tearfully that the brigade had to come from Pondsands.

"All the more reason for us to hurry," snapped Sarah, who had no patience with the woman's symptoms of hysteria. She was worried about Marriot, who had gone to the telephone by the hall doorway as soon as the outbreak was discovered, but she was careful not to show her concern.

Eagerly old and young obeyed this woman who told them what to do. That was what they wanted: to be told what to do.

Hastily they formed themselves into a line, as she suggested in the direction of the lake which lay, brightly shining, at the foot of the sloping lawn. Rightly Sarah had judged that by spurring each and all to action she would stem any signs of panic.

Partly to hide her own thoughts and fears, partly to keep up their moral, she called out to the others:

"Help is sure to come even before the fire brigade arrives, because the flames will be spread for miles and the folks from Cullwain are sure to come along."

She did not add, "And surely the master of the House on the Hill will not fail to respond to such a signal!" But she felt that he would, and that he was the man for such an emergency.

But where was Marriot? Even as her anxious thought returned, she saw to her intense relief, the elderly butler stagger through a french window which was beginning to be caught

by the flames within. She ran to meet him. He was almost spent. She clasped his outstretched hands in her own.

"It'll be all right, Miss Sarah," he gasped. "They're on the way."

Faithful old Marriot, she reflected. How often he had been heard to say he would go through fire and water for the Giffords. To-night was the first time that he had been put to the actual test, and he had not been found wanting.

"God bless you, Marriot!" she said from her heart. "I shall never forget what you have done," and turned at once to resume command of the chain of buckets. Meanwhile, the storm had abated. That culminating crash had been succeeded by lesser flashes and crashes. The rain also had stopped, and the sudden stillness of the tragic night was broken only by the sinister noise made by the destroying flames.

As she had expected, several men from the village arrived on the scene, well-nigh breathless, but eager to lend assistance to the human chain which was making such a valiant effort to stay the progress of the lurid flames. Some even attempted to salvage furniture from the side wings, which were so far untouched by the fire.

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

Of Stuart Benson and Hearn there was, however, no sign. Sarah refused to admit to herself how keen was her disappointment that neither had appeared. The Bensons occupied a small manor house several miles on the other side of The Headland, which doubtless hid the fire from their view. But the House on the Hill, overlooking the Hall, as it did, must have been the first to see what had happened.

Suddenly a voice spoke, close to her ear:

"Begging your pardon, Miss, but if you and any of the other ladies would care to come up to The House, I am sure the master would only be too happy to put you up. He is not expected back till late, so I've taken the liberty of making the suggestion, as I know he would wish me to."

Sarah turned and found herself looking into a pair of nice grey eyes, which wore a very worried expression at the moment.

"I'm Sam Green, ma'am," the man volunteered, seeing that Sarah was trying to "place" him. "Mr. Hearn's butler."

"I see," said Sarah. "It's very good of you," she went on, speaking with undisguised relief, though little did the man guess that she was relieved because now she knew why Harry Hearn had not appeared on the scene of the tragedy.

In spite of the really splendid team work of villagers, guests and staff, the flames had by this time, got such a hold on the main part of the building that there seemed no hope of anything but the shell remaining.

"Here's the fire brigade!" someone shouted. And with a great clanging of bells the first of the fire engines drew up to the great entrance, and with commendable speed the men went into action.

Feeling she could stand no more, and conscious also that she should have regard for the comfort of her "guests"—guests no more after this night's work—Sarah turned to Sam Green.

"It's very good of you," she repeated, this time a little listlessly. "I will get Mrs. Webster and the others together, and perhaps you will kindly take us up to The House."

WHY HEARN WAS MISSING

It was perhaps well for her own peace of mind at the moment that Sarah Gifford did not know the reason which had taken Harry Hearn from home; why he had not been first among the neighbours' helpers to reach Cullwain Hall when the fire shot its signals into the sky.

When at the old Barracks she had left Stuart Benson and Harry Hearn to go home alone, it had been with the suggestion that Stuart should accept the invitation of Hearn to have a cocktail with him at his House on the Hill; and a suggestion from Sarah was invariably

taken by Stuart as a command.

So the two men had gone off together. But host and guest felt uneasy in their relationship as they sat in the comfortable sun-lounge of the House on the Hill. Something had happened in that half hour of storm, and particularly during the time spent in the Barracks overlooking the wild sea. Talk had become difficult between them. As soon as he decently could, Benson made polite excuses and set off for the Manor House where he lived with his widowed mother.

Nor was there any companionable reference to a future meeting.

Instead, it was:

"Well, I must be getting along," from Stuart, and a nonchalant:

"Mind you don't get wet—this is only a lull I guess," from Harry.

As he watched his departing guest, handsome Harry Hearn looked what men call "ugly," and women "dangerous."

His black brows met forbiddingly over the strong, gypsy nose. The pupils of his dark eyes, which more often than not danced with laughter, now seemed to glitter with a curious light, which boded no good to anyone.

Then, pulling himself together with an obvious effort, he shrugged his massive shoulders and said, almost audibly: "Well, if that's her tale . . ."

JENNY TRIES AGAIN

That thought which had been pursuing him, now thrust itself forward and would not be denied.

To-night, he had promised to take Jenny Marlowe to dance at Pondsands. Since that Saturday several months ago, when she had taken him so literally at his word that he could not wriggle out of his half-joking invitation, Harry Hearn had been careful to give Jenny Marlowe as wide a berth as possible.

As the most eligible bachelor in the neighbourhood, he need never lack female companionship. But that was the catch in it. He had to be on his guard all the time against the "gold-digging dames," as he called them privately.

There were times when he longed desperately to have a fling, but in a place like Cullwain life was so circumscribed that a man in his position had to walk very carefully indeed. So that he was often constrained to go down to "The Two Cocks" and spend an evening in the bar parlour there to avoid the boredom of his own company.

Occasionally, therefore, he and Jenny saw each other, she on one side of the bar and he on the other. And Jenny Marlowe, having set her head on a thing, was not the woman to be balked by discouragement.

She had enjoyed the dance at Pondsands exuberantly. And so, for that matter, had Harry. She knew he had. So she simply bided her time.

She caught him, as she had known she would, in a moment of dejection. It was on the evening preceding his meeting with Sarah and Stuart on the cliffs.

After serving him with his drink, and indulging in the usual sparring cross-talk, animated on her side, but rather dispirited on his, she chafed him:

"Well, Mr. Hearn, the best advice I can give you is what you gave me one day. Remember?"

"What was that, Jenny?" he asked smilingly. It was impossible not to smile at Jenny when she looked at you with that roguish twinkle in those sweet violet eyes.

"Why, to go on the bust! Being Master of the House on the Hill without a mistress must be a little dull at times, I should say," she went on daringly.

"You're right there, Jenny, my dear," confessed Harry. "Where's Tom to-night?" he added, for when it wasn't Jenny's night "off" Tom Gray was generally to be found in the bar parlour round about this time—not spending much, for he was a careful man and aiming to get engaged to Jenny before long, but "keeping an eye on things," as Mr. Porberry would tell the other regulars. And anyway, he had no where else to go, and it was pleasant to be even so near to Jenny as the dividing bar permitted.

"Oh, he's over to Pondsands," Jenny said indifferently. "Something to do with business—your business," she added pointedly. "I asked him to put it off till to-morrow night, when we could both go, thinking I might persuade him to take me to dance. But of course he wouldn't."

Jenny pouted adorably. The invitation was overt, and Harry Hearn told himself to be careful. But he wasn't.

"Then you must come with me again, honey," he said with a touch of his old recklessness. He told himself he was getting dull. A man could enjoy himself with a girl like Jenny. She'd got her head screwed on the right way. "But mind," he had enough caution left to add: "Don't get me in bad with Tom over it. What will you tell him?"

"Oh, you can leave that to me," Jenny assured him.

So here they were, on their way back that night, he with his head full of Sarah Gifford and Stuart Benson, and she determined to make the most of the occasion.

He had been distraught at the dance hall—Jenny had called it "glum"—although she had done her best to hold his attention. In her cornflower-blue dress with a wreath of artificial cornflowers in her fair hair, she had been a partner to hold any man. It was fortunate for her that fate had willed that meeting on the cliffs in the afternoon. It had stirred his blood, and although he had sensed Benson's hostility and had told himself that he was out of the running, he knew he meant to make a fight for it.

The lowering skies should have warned them. But both were too engrossed in their thoughts to notice anything of the outside world.

Till—lightning, thunder, rain, all seemed about them as though by magic. Harry cursed. Jenny shivered. The car stopped.

"What's the matter with the darned thing?" Harry demanded. Before he

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

In October, 1933, the assault and robbery of a Chinese restaurant keeper at South Porcupine was solved. Three men had entered the back door of the restaurant, struck the China man with a stone, and took over \$90.00 from the pocket of the disabled man. Blood stains on the door post seemed to be the only clues to the robbery, and the police had a difficult time to secure any proof. They followed up clues of other offences, and had three men under arrest who had much evidence against them, especially in regard to the South Porcupine robbery and assault. Finally two of the men admitted taking part in the robbery of the Chinaman, making written confessions, to this effect and implicating the third man.

In The Advance of October 12, 1933, the following appeared: "It is considerable time since the electric lights and power were off for more than a few minutes in this town. Perhaps it is for this reason that the failure of the lights last night caused so much annoyance and discomfort. When dark, indeed, who could find the candles they used last time. The lights and power went off through the greater part of the town a minutes or two before nine o'clock. The main business section of the town was particularly affected. Of two separate occasions before eleven o'clock the lights went out again. The cause of the three breaks in the service was given as being due to difficulties in the transmission equipment."

It was noted in The Advance of October 12th, 1933, that the annual convention of the North Temiskaming and Cochrane Teachers' Institutes was held at Timmins the preceding week, with over 400 teachers present from all over the wide district concerned. The programme for the two-day convention was an interesting and important one.

On Thursday morning and afternoon the programme was in charge of the officers of the North Temiskaming Teachers' Institute. In the evening there was a most interesting programme at the High School auditorium. After the programme, the visiting teachers were the guests of the Timmins teachers at a dance in the High School. The dance was so largely attended that the accommodation was crowded yet all present had a very happy time. On Friday the programme was in charge of the officers of the Cochrane District Teachers' Institute. Addresses of welcome were given the teachers by Mayor Drew and W. W. Tanner, principal of the Timmins High and Vocational School. During the visit of the teachers to the town they were taken around the town and district to see points of interest, and also, many of them visited the mines.

Noted in The Advance ten years ago was the following: "Charges that the Canadian gasoline industry is a combine in restraint of trade will be probed under the Combines Investigation Act, it was announced this week at Ottawa under the authority of Hon. Wesley A. Gordon, Minister of Labour. About twenty-five representative members of the Toronto Kiwanis Clubs with an added number of two from nearby clubs visited Timmins Kiwanis Club on Friday evening, October 8th, 1933, arriving here in special pullman cars on the evening train. After the welcome at the station the visitors were taken to the Empire Hotel where they were entertained by the Timmins Kiwanis at a banquet in their honour. Several of the visitors found they had

could answer his own question, a flash of lightning brought a shriek from Jenny—and the roof off the car.

"Quick," the old Barracks," cried Harry, as the rain fell in torrents through the open roof. Half-dragging, half-carrying the frightened girl, he made for the grim building where, only that afternoon, he had stood with Sarah Gifford, watching a storm which, compared with this, was a tea-cup affair.

(To be Continued)

old friends among the local Kiwanis members and soon everybody was having a happy time among friends. The programme for the evening was partly by the local club and partly by the visitors but every feature of it was greatly enjoyed by all.

It was noted in The Advance of Oct. 12th, 1933, that Mr. W. W. Tanner, principal of the Timmins High and Vocational School, had received word that Miss Margaret Harkness, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Harkness, Tamarack St., who had the same year won the Robert Simpson scholarship through her remarkable proficiency in her scholastic work, had also received an additional prize of \$50.00 because she had taken the highest standing of any pupil in any of the schools along the T. & N. O. Railway or at Sudbury.

Timmins High and Vocational School rugby team played Kirkland Lake on Thanksgiving Day, Monday, Oct. 9th, 1933, and the boys of the Kirkland High School won with the score of 13 to 0. The score at half-time was 1 to 0. The Timmins lads lost through fumbles at their own line. The ground was heavy and this was a drawback to the Timmins lads. On the same day the Kirkland high school girls basketball team defeated the Timmins H.S. girls, 29 to 19.

Among the locals and persons appearing in The Advance ten years ago were the following: "Mr. A. Harkness and Miss O. Harkness, of Vineland, Ont., are visitors at the home of their brother, Mr. A. R. Harkness, for a few days." "Born—At St. Mary's Hospital, Timmins, on Friday, October 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Dafee, 45 Hemlock street, a son."

"Mr. and Mrs. Claude Desaulnier were called away this morning to Colborne, Ont., where Mrs. Desaulnier's father, Godfrey Larche, is very ill, and there is fear that he may not recover." "E. Marks, one of the heads of the firm of F. O'Hearn & Co., stock brokers, of Toronto, was in Timmins this week visiting the O'Hearn office here, and also visiting some of the mines in the district."

"His hosts of friends in town and district will regret very much to know that Don McInnis is ill at St. Mary's Hospital here. He was operated on last week for appendicitis and all wish him a speedy and complete recovery." "Kirkland Lake is the first of the towns of the Golden Group to have a team duly registered in the N.O.H.A. for the coming season. The Kirkland Lake entry is under the name of the Wright-Hargreaves Mines and will represent Kirkland Lake in senior hockey for the coming season." "Ches. ter C. Gray, of Toronto, was a visitor to the camp last week." "Miss E. Sinclair spent Thanksgiving Day in Toronto with her mother and other relatives."

Co-operation Asked in Regard to Seed Grain

Due to the partial failure of 1943 oats and barley crops in the Province, the Ontario Department of Agriculture this week is taking steps in an effort to assure an adequate seed supply for 1944. The Department is requesting the cooperation of growers in planning now for their 1944 seed needs and reporting individual requirements to county agricultural representatives by November 15th.

Hon. Thomas L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture, in commenting on this measure states: "What the Department of Agriculture would like farmers to do is secure wherever possible good seed of suitable varieties for their 1944 sowing needs. All oats and barley suitable for seed from the 1943 crop and any held over from 1942 should be cleaned and offered for sale as seed. Farmers should offer their surplus seed first to neighbours and advise their Agricultural Representatives of any not sold by November 15th. Do not feed grain of seed quality. If necessary, replace it

with Western feed grain. Farmers are advised to buy seed grains early and if unable to obtain suitable seed, advise their Agricultural Representative not later than November 15th. This will enable us to estimate the requirements for each district so that there will be ample seed grain for everyone."

It is further suggested that Directors and Members of County Crop Improvement Associations can become actively interested in the movement and supply of seed grain, thereby contributing valuable assistance in a situation which demands serious and immediate action on the part of farmers all over the Province.

All Brosig Will Say, is That He Took to the Bush

(From North Bay Nugget)

"I took to the bush, and anything that happened after that I don't have to say."

In those words only did Eckhart J. Brosig, German airman, describe how he spent the time after he had escaped from the internment camp at Monteith more than two months ago.

Contacted by The Canadian Press for the North Bay Daily Nugget today, Ottawa police, who effected Brosig's capture at the Union Station there on Sunday morning, were able to give only that description of Brosig's experiences after he broke free from the Monteith camp. Brosig told them he had taken to the bush, but would add nothing further.

There has been considerable speculation in North Bay as to how Brosig spent his time during his period of freedom, and his statement to the Ottawa authorities gives support to the opinion held by most people—that Brosig was in hiding in the bush country near Monteith. It is evident that he did not spend much of the time travelling, because with degree of good fortune he could have covered the distance between Monteith and Ottawa in a day or two.

Brosig's activities have been of interest to North Bay residents ever since he spent several hours in this city after making his first escape from the Monteith camp in June of last year. On that occasion he was recaptured in New York State.

Three Births Recorded in Timmins Last Week-end

Born—On September 22, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Omer Leblanc, Elm St. N., a daughter (Marie Simone Paulette).

Born—On September 22, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. James Arnold Hamilton, Spruce St. N., at St. Mary's Hospital, a daughter (Rosemary Ruth).

Born—On September 20, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Philibert Gosselin, Elm St. N., at St. Mary's Hospital, a daughter (Claudette Marie Jeanne).

Ottawa Journal:—Some of the occupied countries of Europe, we are told, have had their food rations improved slightly. But we may be sure it is not from kindness—it will be to get more work out of these unfortunate victims of German aggression.



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Farmers engaged in essential work during the off season will be allowed to return home when needed. Also, those on postponement under Mobilization Regulations will continue on postponement while in approved essential work during the slack on the farm. Please answer this vital call NOW.

For full information please apply to one of the following:

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The nearest PROVINCIAL AGRICULTURAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
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