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The THRUSTER

By PEARL BELLAIRS

Author of "Christabel," "Velvet and Steel," etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

HARRY HEARN, native of Cullwyn 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 Cullwyn Hall, ancient pride of Cullwyn. 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.

Chapter XII

JENNY USES HER WITS

From her visit to Polsands, her dancing with Hearn, and the hour spent with him sheltering from the storm, Jenny Marlowe got singularly little satisfaction.

Feeling baffled, disappointed with the adventure and annoyed with Hearn for his abrupt parting from her, Jenny had an uneasy feeling that she had still to face Tom Gray; and if Tom had lost his heart to her he was not a man to accept any story that was accompanied by a few tears.

She had told him that she was going to Polsands to see some cousins who lived there. Jenny had thought this quite a clever alibi, for he knew she had cousins in Polsands. No doubt it would have passed, had nothing else happened to stir doubts. But there had been the fire at Cullwyn Hall. Every-one was talking about it. Yet when on their meeting Tom mentioned it, he was surprised that Jenny should fly into a temper. The fact was that his natural questions as to what she had seen of it put her in a tight corner. The last bus from Polsands to Cullwyn reached the village at ten o'clock, and so she could not reveal to him that it had been midnight before she had returned, and had thus missed the fire.

"There's no need to snap at me like that, Jenny," said Tom at last when she angrily said he bored her with his talk about the fire. "I only said then that it was bad luck you didn't see anything of it, or hear all the commotion it made."

But he thought it prudent to change the conversation. "And did you have a good time at Polsands?"

He could not have guessed that this topic was no more welcome to Jenny than the fire, but she was not going to arouse Tom's suspicions or speculations by making any unusual comment on that evening. "Oh, we had a grand time," she glibly answered.

It was the first occasion on which Tom had known her to display any enthusiasm for her relatives at Polsands. True, she had got one of them—Gladys—a place at Cullwyn Hall, but he had a shrewd idea that her motive had been to put Sarah Gifford under an obligation at a time when it was very difficult to get staff.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I'm sorry I'm no good at dancing." Tom spoke in his usual pleasant tones. His temper was not easily ruffled. But his next question, although put at the hazard and with no active suspicion, was startling enough:

"Did you see anyone you know there?" Jenny paused for a moment before answering. "Well, as a matter of fact, I did."



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CONSUMER'S (ATION COUPON CALENDAR

NOVEMBER

COUPON VALUES

SUGAR - 1 pound
TEA - 2 ounces
COFFEE - 1/2 pound
BUTTER - 1/2 pound

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURSDAY	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4 Tea-Coffee Coupons 20, 21 Meat Coupons 24	5	6
7	8	9	10	11 Sugar Coupons 19, 20 Preserves Coupons D6, D7 Butter Coupons 36, 37 Meat Coupons 25	12	13
14	15	16	17	18 Meat Coupons 26	19	20
21	22	23	24	25 Tea-Coffee Coupons 22, 23 Butter Coupons 38, 39 Meat Coupons 27	26	27
28	29	30	Butter Coupons 34, 35, 36, 37 Expire Meat Coupons 22, 23, 24, 25 Expire			

PRESERVES COUPON VALUES

6 fluid ounces Jam, Jelly, Marmalade, Apple Butter, Maple Butter or Honey Butter; or 1/2 pound Maple Sugar; or 10 fluid ounces Canned Fruit; or 12 fluid ounces (1 lb. net) Extracted Honey or Maple Syrup; or 1 standard section or 1 pound (net) of cut Comb Honey; or 14 fluid ounces Corn Syrup, Cane Syrup or Blended Table Syrup; or 20 fluid ounces (1 pint) Molasses; or 1/2 pound Sugar.

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

It was noticed in The Advance of November 2nd, 1933, that Mr. O. Wisna, was accidentally shot when his gun discharged the bullet striking him in the breast. Wisna and three other men were out on a hunting trip and Wisna was seeking to pull a boat to shore when the rifle discharged three times. The first shot went through his shoulder and the second struck in the lower part of the breast and the third was harmless. His companions tried to give him first aid but there was little they could do. Their car refused to start and there was much delay in reaching the hospital, the roughness of the roads and the pain caused by it made progress slow. The bullet had missed the lung and other vital parts and Wisna was weak from lack of blood and shock to the system. At St. Mary's Hospital he was making rapid progress to recovery.

When Thos. Cosgrove, alias Geo Wilson, alias James Barlow, pleaded guilty to the robbery of L. Halperin's jewelry store, on Sept. 7th, 1933, came before Magistrate Atkinson, he was given two years in Portsmouth penitentiary. In reading his past record the magistrate had found that short terms seemed to have been ineffective to make him cease his unlawful ways and so he felt that a sentence in the penitentiary was called for. The magistrate noted that this would be a chance for building up health, learning a trade and building up his powers of resistance for an honest livelihood and an honourable place in the world.

Word during the week of November 2nd, 1933, was to the effect that the Canadian Radio Commission had ap-

The letter was soon written, and Sarah handed it to the rather nervous young woman who waited in embarrassed silence on a chair at her side.

"There, Gladys, that should do, I think," she said with her dimpled smile, which lit up the warm amber of her eyes. "And I hope so much that you'll be very happy. Indeed, I know you will, if you work as splendidly as you did for me."

It was Sarah's gracious manner rather than what she said which brought the embarrassed flush to Gladys Marlowe's face.

"Thank you very much indeed," she said, a little gulpingly. "And—and I hope you won't take it as a liberty, if I say how sorry I—we all are..."

"Yes, yes, I'm sure you are, Gladys. Believe me, I am most grateful for your sympathy and the help you all gave that night."

Gladys took heart a little and became more at her ease.

"I'm sure we all wish we could have done more, Miss Sarah," she said with obvious sincerity. "Wasn't it dreadful," she went on with tactless enjoyment. Once her sympathy had been expressed and accepted, she simply could not resist re-living the scene with the chief actress. "I was telling my cousin Jenny all about it. Fancy, she didn't know anything about it till the next day. She was..."

"Ah, I haven't seen Jenny lately," Sarah interposed, anxious to change the subject. "Or her young man, Mr. Gray."

"Well, I don't know about Mr. Gray, Ma'am," said Gladys, whose emotion had mastered her discretion and loosened a tongue rather too ready to gossip. "She did tell me she's to have the ring come Christmas, but you can't believe all Jenny says, Ma'am. And personally I think Tom Gray wouldn't be so anxious if he knew all I knew..."

Sarah interrupted the girl with a gentle reproof: "Gladys we must let them manage their own affairs."

"Oh, yes, of course, Miss Sarah, and I didn't mean any harm I'm sure."

"Gladys I wouldn't say such things in future, if I were you. You might get yourself into trouble you know!" Sarah rose, indicating that the interview was over. But Gladys wished to put herself right with her former mistress. Sarah had meant no harm. So many women "mean no harm."

"Well," she said, as she obediently turned to go. "I said as much to Jenny herself. At least I told her that I was sure a gentleman like Mr. Hearn could only be playing with a girl like her when she swanked about him taking her to the dance at Polsands—said that was why she was home too late to see the fire!"

(To be Continued)

Salvation Army Pays Tribute to Mrs. Cornthwaite

Officer Who Served So Nobly in Timmins Honoured in Death.

The wide circles of friends and acquaintances in Timmins and district will be interested in the following reference to the funeral of the late Mrs. Major John H. Cornthwaite, briefly referred to in The Advance some weeks ago. Major and Mrs. Cornthwaite were stationed at Timmins on two occasions, being here a total of seven years. During that time they won the esteem and affection of all by their noble character and their wonderful spirit of helpfulness and their cheerful kindness. The War Cry, the official organ of the Salvation Army in Canada, in its issue last week had the following:

"A Victor in the Fight"

"As intimated in last week's issue of The War Cry, Mrs. Major John Cornthwaite (R) has been promoted to Glory from Toronto where, with the Major, she had been living in Retirement."

"Shortly after World War I, Mrs. Cornthwaite, with her husband, entered the Training College and was appointed in 1921 to Cobalt. There followed a succession of Corps, including Parry Sound, New Liskeard, Bracebridge, Sault Ste. Marie, London 111, Windsor 111, twice at Timmins where, in all, seven years were spent, and Aurora."

"In all the labors entailed, Mrs. Cornthwaite's quiet loyalty, unwavering faithfulness to duty and adherence to high standards endeared her to those whom she served in the spirit of her Master."

"In May of this year, ill-health necessitated retirement. Much physical pain suffered in the last months served but to increase this valiant warrior's faith, and those who waited upon her heard no word of complaint."

"The funeral service was conducted by the Chief Secretary, Colonel G.W. Peacock, in the Toronto Temple, on October 12. Lieut. Colonel R. Spooner, Division Commander, opened the service, and prayer was offered by Brigadier E. Owen (R). From the eternal Word of God Mrs. Colonel Peacock read of that great throng of the Redeemed in the Land where there is no more pain and Major and Mrs. A. Bryant sang."

"Paying tribute to Mrs. Cornthwaite, the Chief Secretary spoke of the demonstration of The Army spirit in her life as being the expression of her readiness to serve, passion for the souls of the people and practical interest in the needy. "Mrs. Cornthwaite ennobled her day by a fine contribution to its betterment," said the Colonel, who also recalled that most of the promoted war-

rior's service was given in Ontario's rugged northland which called for courage and hardihood.

"Their first Divisional Commander, Colonel D. McAmmond (R), in his tribute said, "Mrs. Cornthwaite set high standards of holy living wherever she went." The Benediction was pronounced by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Spooner.

"With ceremony becoming to a soldier of Christ, the body of the promoted Officer was laid to rest in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, interment being conducted by Lieut. Colonel Spooner."

GETTING EDUCATED

"Have you got so that you can distinguish classical music?" asked Mrs. Newrich.

"I think so," replied her husband. "When a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you, it's classical."—Exchange.

Detroit Free Press: In a broadcast from Berlin, Dr. Paul Goebbels tells the German people that the winter food supply is adequate and anybody who doesn't think so will be executed. "If" he said, "there is among us so cowardly a subject, who places personal comfort above the honor of our people, then we are resolved to cut his head off." With such calm assurances of plenty there will probably be no complaints!

Globe and Mail: After losing more than 100 planes in one engagement, the Japanese will realize that they are getting a taste of what Uncle Sam can do when thoroughly roused.

Men, 30, 40, 50!

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TAKE YOUR TIME, OLD BOY

At last he had screwed up his courage to kiss her, and they both liked it. So he did it again—and again.

After about an hour of it he whispered fondly:
"Every time I kiss you I feel a better man, darling."
"Oh well," she said coyly, "you don't have to reach perfection in one night."—Exchange.