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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 XV
A STRAIGHT QUESTION

Jenny Marlowe had certainly achieved all the mischief she had desired. She had fanned the jealous suspicion of Benson that there was something between herself and the owner of the house on the Hill, and had given Hearn a lot to think about.

But Jenny herself was to learn the penalties of making mischief. She set off straight for Tom Gray's office, where notwithstanding the interval that had elapsed since the tussle with Hearn, Jenny found him standing dishevelled and miserable.

Through the office window he had seen her meeting with the two men, and wondered what had passed between them.

"What were you talking to Hearn about?" he began after a cold greeting.

The astonished girl made a movement towards him to straighten his tie and restore him to something like good order, but he caught her hands, and said brusquely, "Never mind that. Tell me the truth. Has there been anything between you and Harry Hearn?"

For a moment she knew panic! It was one thing to try and make Hearn feel uncomfortable in front of Benson. It was quite another thing for Tom to work himself up like this over the silly hints which, coquette that she was, she had dropped now and then as to Hearn's admiration for her.

Suddenly the explanation of his disorderly appearance was clear to her.

"Tom, you've been fighting!" she cried aghast.

"What if I have? Boss or no boss, he's not going to play fast and loose."

"Oh, Tom, you fool," she exclaimed with great vigour. "I've told you I only met him by accident. Do you want to lose everything?"

Then, seeing by his sombre expression that this was not the line to take, she tried other persuasion.

"Oh, Tom, dear," she said, laying a pink hand on each shoulder, which she could just do by standing a tip-toe. She knew he loved this attitude. She laid her fair head against his heart, and could hear how it beat—quickly.

"Poor Tom! Suddenly, her own heart filled with an emotion she had never experienced before. Something hard in her seemed to soften. If pity be akin to love Jenny Marlowe was as near to loving Tom as ever she could be to loving anyone.

"You must trust me, Tom dear. There's never been anyone—but you, really there hasn't. I know I've been a beast to you sometimes, but I'll not hurt you again. Kiss me, Tom, and let's forget Harry Hearn and everyone else."

As usual, she had her way with him. But this time, Jenny herself was caught in the meshes of the love she had always played with. As his arms encircled her, and his lips spoke of his love with that fluency which comes to the most awkward lover when imbued with the Eternal Magic, Jenny forgot her plots and plans. It may not have been in her

nature to love deeply, but the sight of Tom's stricken face that morning, the realization that he had fought for her honour, touched some chord that vibrated and loosed a feeling of thanksgiving for "a good man's love." It was genuine, and, for the time being at any rate, uplifting.

It was Tom who broke the silence.

"I'll go up to see Hearn this afternoon, sweetheart," he said fondly. "You're right. I've been a fool. I'll tell him so."

It takes a strong man to admit a mistake, and Tom's readiness to apologize was not actuated by fear of losing his job, but rather by a desire to right a wrong.

Harry Hearn recognized it for this when Tom was announced, just as he was thinking it time to get dressed to go to the Manor House.

"Well, Tom?" he said, as soon as the latter was admitted. His manner, if not as genial as usual, was at least not hostile.

"Tom came straight to the point. 'I've come up to apologize for what happened this morning,' he said. His tone and bearing were as manly as ever and he looked the other straight in the eye without wavering. 'I made a fool of myself. And I'm sorry.'"

Without hesitation, Hearn's hand shot out and grasped Tom's.

"Good for you, Tom," he said, with spontaneous heartiness. "Forget it and have a drink." Having poured out sherry for each of them, "I'll give you a toast," he said. "Here's to Jenny, and luck to you both."

Tom mumbled his thanks and drank. His reconciliation with Jenny had taken all suspicion from him, and at last his mind had cleared of the dreadful fog of doubt and fear that had clogged it these last few weeks.

"Have you fixed the date yet, Tom?" Harry asked him.

"Why, as to that, we figure on getting engaged at Christmas, and marrying round about Easter. No good going in for long engagements with a war on."

"You're right there, Tom. And I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you into partnership as a wedding present! How about it?"

CHAPTER XVI
HEARN TRIES AGAIN

Harry arrived at the Manor House, feeling very pleased with life. To him it was a good world, and the welcome he received from Mrs. Benson did nothing to lessen his sense of well being.

Mrs. Benson was alone when he arrived, but they had hardly exchanged greetings when Stuart entered the room.

He greeted Harry as perfunctorily as his duty as host permitted. "He's a bit rattled over the affair this morning," Harry guessed correctly. But he was feeling too sure of himself and yes, of Sarah, to attach much importance to Benson's coolness. Of one thing he was certain. Stuart Benson was too correct, too English to have passed on to Sarah any suspicions he may have entertained, or might still be entertaining.

Mrs. Benson broke in on these reflections.

"Sarah is looking simply wonderful to-night. I looked in to her room just before coming down. And—ah here she is!"

Both men turned, as Mrs. Benson made the announcement with the air of a stage manager introducing the star. Sarah had made a shopping expedition to London soon after the fire, as

most of her personal wardrobe had been sadly damaged or destroyed, and she was glad that the evening frock which she had ordered in an extravagant mood had arrived in time for this informal dinner party.

For if ever the pride of the Giffords needed reinforcing, it was to-night when she had to hide from Harry Hearn the fresh hurt it had suffered. She knew that he knew she had been near to succumbing yesterday to the unaccountable fascination he exercised over her. She told herself she was thankful that Gladys Marlowe's revelations had been made before it was too late.

Good evening, Mr. Hearn," she greeted him, with cool assurance.

Harry was momentarily taken aback. This, after the intimate note of yesterday! Then he recollected himself. "English party manners," he told himself, with an inward grin. But he answered her with a perfectly correct "Good evening, Miss Gifford."

His dark eyes flashed over her with a glowing admiration he did not attempt to conceal. They seemed almost to caress the slender loveliness of her person vying with the velvet itself in their soft and clinging embrace.

Stuart Benson watched the meeting with a hostile look difficult to control and conceal, as he handed round the sherry.

Mrs. Benson did not share his displeasure. She was well pleased with the way things were going. As for her dear Stuart—well, he would get over his troubles. She told herself that when he joined up, as he was now planning to do, he would soon have plenty to occupy him and take his mind off this initiation for Sarah Gifford.

But the meal showed no sign of such a change—indeed, it was not the happy occasion which Mrs. Benson had hoped for, and which she strove to make it.

Conversation was formal. Even Hearn's early buoyancy seemed to be entirely lost. Mrs. Benson, although conscious of the strain, was not unduly depressed by it. But there was a sense of relief all round when dinner was over.

The interval after the women had retired was a brief one. Hearn declined port, and Stuart Benson would not linger over his glass. Meanwhile Mrs. Benson had been putting her wits to work.

"I was going to suggest a hand of bridge," she said, quite untruthfully, as Stuart and Hearn entered the smaller drawing-room. "But I've got that migraine. I should be absolutely no good to anyone, and playing three-handed isn't much fun. So if you'll excuse me, I'll hope to come back later when it has passed."

THE THRUSTER REBUFFED

There were murmured regrets as Stuart opened the door for his mother, giving her an unmistakably sceptical look as she passed him. Coffee followed, and as the gilt clock chimed nine, Benson remarked, "I suppose we'd better hear the news—it is rather a duty these days." But even as he tuned in, Sharpe appeared to announce that Mr. Glover, the vicar had called.

"By appointment, sir. Mistress says would you mind seeing him. I've shown the vicar into the study."

Mrs. Benson had certainly timed her appointments to a nicety, and if her son suspected this, there was nothing he could do about it. So, making his excuses to Sarah Gifford and Harry Hearn, he followed Sharpe out of the room.

The situation brought relief and feverish joy to Hearn, and he was never a man to miss chances. As soon as the door had closed on his rival his whole manner changed.

"I feared I should never get a moment alone with you, Sarah," he exclaimed passionately. "You're bored. Something is spoiling your evening and mine. It's appalling!"

Sarah Gifford braced herself. It was a situation she had foreseen, though she hoped it would be averted in some way.

"You sound very melodramatic, Mr. Hearn," he said coldly, and the man who had hoped to recapture the glorious promise of their last meeting, really winced.

"Sarah, you —" he was about to plead to her, but she cut him short.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hearn," she went on in that curiously hard tone which her wounded pride had given a keen edge. "I am sorry if anything I said yesterday gave you a wrong impression. I am apt to be a little impulsive at times. I am afraid."

"But—but—Sarah!"

The misery depicted on his face would have melted a harder heart than Sarah Gifford's. But she steeled herself against the doubts which came creeping into the surging waters of her anger. Once again she saw Gladys Marlowe, standing meekly by the open door, about to make her departure. In imagination, she saw herself coupled with the creature's cousin—sharing the man who towered above her, yet not daring to approach nearer.

"God knows what is wrong, Sarah," he whispered passionately. "I swear to you that I want nothing but your happiness. If you would marry me, there is nothing under the sun I wouldn't do to—"

"Marry you!" Each word, though quietly, very quietly uttered, had a separate emphasis; but scorn, derision, contempt were blended into the whole. "So that's it. Now I understand your generous behaviour when the Hall caught fire! Now I know why you wanted a mortgage, without security? I was to be the security. Is that it, Mr. Hearn? Having failed to buy the Hall, you thought had found a good way to 'acquire' it, with a County wife into the bargain! Quite a good business deal, Mr. Hearn. I am really sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot be a party to it."

(To be Continued)

St. Mary's Journal—Argus: It is with a word as with an arrow — once let it loose and it does not return.

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

Noted in The Advance of Nov. 16th, 1933, was the following: "Frank Peters, one of the finest ice makers in the North Land, will be in charge of the curling rink this season. It is expected this year that there will be ice earlier than usual — good ice on record time for an early start in the popular game of curling. The cold weather has stirred up all curlers to their old-time enthusiasm for the game and all are looking forward eagerly for the biggest and best season yet."

Poppy Day in the Porcupine Camp was a notable success, ten years ago, thanks to the generous assistance given the Canadian Legion in the work of selling the poppies. Representatives of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Ladies of the Moose, Order of Eastern Star Daughters of the Empire, Girl Guides, High School girls and several of the loyal associations such as the Ukrainians, Polish, Italian, and other groups gave their time to the tagging with very satisfactory results. Despite intense cold and snow the young ladies carried on the tagging in splendid way and made a record for a poppy day event here. The total receipts from the sale of the poppies was \$654.51. Of this about \$120.00 was taken in at South Porcupine and the Dome and about \$100.00 at Schumacher, the balance being from Timmings.

Alf. W. Snow, well-known and popular Cornishman of the camp, and widely known for his ability as a singer, met with a bad accident on Monday morning, November 13th, 1933. He was at work at the Conlarum Mine on his job as repair man when in some way his hand was caught in the gears of one of the machines. He was quick enough to turn off the machine with his right hand almost as soon as the left hand, touched the cogs. The arm, however, in the fraction of time concerned was drawn in to the elbow. He was hurried to the hospital where it was found necessary to amputate the injured arm at the elbow.

The following appeared in The Advance ten years ago:—Roy H. Thomson, of North Bay, was in town this week and completed arrangements for the opening at Timmings of the new radio station. It will be known as CKGB. The new radio station will have quarters upstairs in the Max Ryan building on Spruce street, opposite the park. The upstairs is being fitted up in good shape for the new purposes. In addition to a waiting room, reception room, broadcast room and other accommodations for the radio equipment, there will be bedrooms for the staff to be employed. The engineers to install the equipment are here now, and the equipment is expected to reach here this week. The Timmings station will be completed before the installation of the Kirkland Lake station."

Noted in The Advance of Nov. 16th, 1933, was the following: "The Young People's Society of the Timmings United Church journeyed to Schumacher last week where they were the guests of the Y. P. S. there. The programme, which was supplied by the visitors included a vocal solo by Miss Tina Lang, a piano solo by Miss Ramsay, a reading by Mr. Anglin and a cornet solo by Miss Isobel Lang. The group discussed the topic "Is War Justified?" A snappy game period was followed by a tasty lunch and the meeting closed with community singing."

The Remembrance Day parade and service in Timmings ten years ago was the largest and most impressive yet held in town. There was the largest turnout to that time of veterans, 154 being in the line of march. All other organizations were represented in large numbers. There was fully a thousand in the line of march, with large crowds watching the parade and attending the service at the cenotaph. The service at the cenotaph was conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Woodall, of Porquus Junction, with other clergy of the camp attending. In his address Mayor Geo. S. Drew referred to the specially inspiring touch given by the loyal national societies in the parade, the loyal Ukrainians, Poles, Italian and Croations and other societies, with their emblems and uniforms and their honour to the British flag suggested Canadian unity and loyalty.

The strike ten years ago of practically all bush workers in the employ of the Spruce Falls Power & Paper Co. came to an abrupt end on Tuesday night Nov. 14th, 1933 with the signing of settlement terms between the company representatives and the strike committee. Such an early termination was quite unexpected in town, and when word of the settlement quickly spread there were many expressions of relief. There had been nine hundred on strike on November 1st, 1933, against alleged low wages, scale stealing and bad camp conditions.

Among the locals and personals appearing in The Advance ten years ago were the following: "Major Mac Lang was a visitor to town and district this week, being warmly welcomed by his hosts of old friends here." "Miss Edith Hill, who was operated on last week at St. Mary's hospital for appendicitis, was sufficiently recovered this week to be able to return to her home where she is making the best of progress to recovery." "Norman Lang, now of Toronto, called on old friends here this week." "Mrs. A. Passmore of North Bay is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Hansen, 63 Tamarack street, Timmings."

"The many friends of little Allan Gagnon, of 212 Birch street north, will be sorry to hear that he is in St. Mary's

hospital to be operated upon." "Gene Colombo is in North Bay for a month or so acting as manager of the Empire hotel during the absence on holiday in the south of P. M. Bardessono." "Rev. Murray Tait, of Schumacher, convener of the Maintenance and Missionary Committee of the Presbytery of Cochrane, will conduct the morning service at Timmings United Church this Sunday."

Percentages in Payroll Savings and Group Payroll

Hallnor Mines Leads With 154 per cent. of Quota.

Last week the Fifth Victory Loan Headquarters at Timmings for the Cochrane Unit issued the following return on the Payroll Savings Group and the Group Payroll division of the recent loan. It will be noted that practically all in these groups exceeded the quotas set them for the Victory Loan campaign just closed. The Hallnor Mines led the mines with 154 per cent. of its quota reached. The Township of Tisdale led in "Other Than Mines". In the Group Payroll, the Union Brewery was first with 196 per cent; Albert's Bakery, second, with 190 per cent; and New Ontario Machine Shops, third, with 150 per cent. The Consumers' Co-operative Society, Limited, was a close fourth with 144 per cent.

Under the Payroll Savings Plan, the quotas were made by taking a percentage of the wages and salaries paid, the quota thus in each case being based on the amount of earnings and thus equitable and fair in each and every case. There was one slight handicap however, in the case of the Town of Timmings, some temporary employees being included among the regular staffs, thus making the objective harder for those on the regular payroll at the time of the campaign. The Town of Timmings missed its objective by a few points, but had only regular employees being included in computing the quota, the Town would have passed its objective.

The following are the percentages of quotas obtained by the different establishments in the groups named:—
PAYROLL SAVINGS GROUP

Mines
Aunor Gold Mines Ltd. — 103.4
Broulan Porcupine Mines Ltd. — 102.3
Buffalo Ankerite Gold Mines Ltd. — 104.8
Conlarum Mines Ltd. — 102.3
Delrite Mines Ltd. — 91.0
Dome Mines Ltd. — 110.0
Hallnor Mines Ltd. — 154.0
Hollinger Con. Gold Mines Ltd. — 100.0
Kam Kotia Porcupine Mines Ltd. — 121.0
McIntyre Porcupine Mines Ltd. — 100.8
Pamour Porcupine Mines Ltd. — 111.0
Paymaster Cons. Mines Ltd. — 109.5
Preston East Dome Mines Ltd. — 100.8
Other Than Mines
Sam Bucovetsky Ltd. — 105.0
Feldman Timber Co. Ltd. — 107.0
McChesney Lumber Co. Ltd. — 110.0
Town of Timmings — 97.0
Township of Tisdale — 115.00
Abitibi Power & Paper Ltd. — 100.0
(Smooth Rock Falls)
Abitibi Power & Paper Ltd. — 100.0
(Troquois Falls)
Group Payroll
Alberts Bakery — 190.0
Arrow Land & Logging Co. Ltd. — 100.0
Consumers Co-op Society Ltd. — 144.0
Fern Cottage — 114.0
John W. Fogg Ltd. — 100.0
Friedman's Dept. Stores Ltd. — 105.0
Gamble-Robinson-Timmings, Ltd. — 77.0
Korman Dairy — 101.0
S. S. Kresge Co. Ltd. — 126.0
Leo's Transfer — 100.0
Marshall-Ecclestone Ltd. — 100.0
McDowell Motors Ltd. — 100.0
National Grocers Co. Ltd. — 82.0
New Ont. Machine Shop — 150.0
Northern Broadcasting Ltd. — 125.0
Radio Station C.K.G.B. — 103.0
Smith & Elston — 100.0
Star Transfer — 120.0
Timmings Daily Press — 105.0
Timmings Dairy — 104.0
Timmings High School — 106.0
Timmings New Method Ldry. — 122.0
Union Brewery Ltd. — 196.0
Workers Co-op of New Ont. — 106.0

Former Cobalt Councillor Passes Away at Arntfield

Patrick Henry Whelan, a former Cobalt Councillor and one time town foreman of the Silver Town, where he resided for twenty years, passed away at Arntfield, Que. on Thursday, November 4th, after a lengthy illness.

Mr. Whelan was born and educated in South March. He was the son of the late Andrew Whelan and Bridget O'Malley. Most of his life was spent in Northern Ontario.

Requiem High mass was held at St. Isidore Church, South March, on Saturday morning, Nov. 6th. Captain, the Rev. P. C. Harris met the cortege at the door and also chanted the mass.

Interment was in the parish cemetery, with Capt. Harris officiating at the graveside service. Numerous floral and spiritual offerings wert received.

Surviving are: his widow, the former Erberna Burns; a daughter, Mrs. L. P. Gaudreault; a brother, Edward Whelan, Kars, Ont.; two sisters, Mrs. W. J. Newton, New Liskeard, and Mrs. Gordon Tallon, of Ottawa, and a granddaughter.

Exchange: All work and no play is another way to make plenty of jack.

Simple Meal May be Banquet When Properly Prepared

Care and Thought Help to Add to Charm of Meals.

(By Agnes Adams)

The dinner given below employs very simple items of diet. A little care in their preparation, however, will raise this plain inexpensive fare to a high standard of palatability.

If the frankfurters you buy for dinner have heavy skins, they should be simmered nearly to the bursting point requiring about 15 minutes. If they are the skinless type, it will require far less time. If they have outside skins, these should then be removed, and the frankfurters put into a shallow baking pan, and covered with mustard or a sharp sauce of some kind. They then steam for a few minutes, just before being served.

Creamed carrots have the greatest amount of flavor, if they are scrubbed, sliced and simmered for 10 minutes in a small amount of water. If any water remains, it should be added to the white sauce, which has been made separately, as a dressing.

Wash snap beans, break them once, steam for 10 minutes or less with a clove or garlic, a teaspoon of sugar and half a teaspoon of salt.

Onion Pie
6 medium sized onions
2 tablespoons margarine
1 1/2 cups whole milk
1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dusting of pepper
9-inch pie crust
Slice onions and saute without browning in margarine. Add 1 cup milk and well-beaten egg, stirring well. Mix

flour with 1/4 cup cold milk add salt and pepper and stir into onion mixture. Simmer 3 minutes and pour into freshly baked pie crust. Set in oven or under grill to brown on top.

Menu to serve four—
Breakfast
Stewed prunes with lemon
Hot cooked cereal with wheat germ
Bread
Butter
Milk
Coffee
Lunch

Onion pie
Sliced tomato and cottage cheese sandwich
Milk
Dinner

Steamed frankfurters
Creamed carrots
Buttered string beans
Bread
Butter
Baked apples
Coffee
Milk

Appointed Master of Titles for Temiskaming

P. J. Knox, New Liskeard barrister and an old resident of the district, has been appointed Local Master of Titles at Haileybury and will assume his duties in the registry office there in the near future. The position has been vacant since the resignation last summer of R. Y. Campbell, who had succeeded the late Lorne H. Ferguson in the office. Official notice of his appointment came to Mr. Knox last week. Mr. Knox in recent years has been practising at Kirkland Lake.

Try a Want Ad. in The Advance

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