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The Surprising Sanctuary

By LESLIE CARGILL

Author of "Death Goes by Bus," "Murder in the Procession," Etc., Etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

- HUGH EVERARD: Son and heir of a multiple store proprietor. He prefers, however, the simple life... MURIEL MASON: With whom she falls in love... H. PEWSEY MASON: Interested in natural history... AMBROSE MALLOW, alias Martin: Previous warden of the sanctuary... BALDUR VON ELLENDORF: Commander of a German submarine... GEORGE JESSOP: Unobtrusive and faithful friend of the Masons.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Hugh Everard had a childish ambition to become a lighthouse-keeper, but compromised by accepting a position as a bird sanctuary warden on a lonely island. He quickly discovers that the place is by no means the haven of peace he had supposed.

CHAPTER V NEW INTRUDERS

There was a nightmare atmosphere in having to sit still, anticipating Ambrose Martin to reveal himself as an avowed enemy, yet unable to precipitate the crisis. It was obviously ridiculous to contemplate making an initial move to open hostilities.

They started simultaneously when the air was rent by the penetrating wail of an electric hooter, as unanticipated a diversion as either could have imagined.

Hugh Everard was relieved to find that his hand had been exposed—empty. "A boat," he exclaimed.

"What on earth!" Martin interjected, starting to his feet. Hugh Everard was relieved to find that his hand had been exposed—empty.

The late sun was low on the western rim, its mellow rays turning to the semblance of burnished silver the clean white paintwork of a trim cabin-cruiser nosing into the cove.

"Ahoy there!" a voice shouted. "Any objection to my coming in?" "None! Look out for shallows."

The cruiser drew gingerly inshore. A rope was thrown out and Hugh tied it to the mooring ring. Presently the man on deck was joined by a slim girl in ship-shape yachting costume.

"Muriel, will you please be quiet!" She took up a defiant stance, and replied crisply. "Trouble with you Pop, is velvet gloves minus iron fist. And I still insist a beard would suit him. A scraggy and scruffy one."

"I'll manage this my way!" "Go ahead and make a mess of it." Mason turned to Hugh. "No, sir," he said, assuming a pleasant smile.

"I can throw you off the island." "Try it! Muriel broke in. "Oh, try it and take the consequences. You—you acolyte."

"Anchorite, my dear," Mr. Mason corrected. "I can think of more appropriate words," she reported. "Shall I call George?"

"Are there more of you?" Hugh asked. "You'll find out," she said darkly. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Nothing! It's late and I'm tired." The sparring match was resumed next time they met. The previously unseen George had reinforced the Mason side, and George Jessop was so large, grim and capable that it was evident the party held the advantage.

In addition Muriel was a host in herself. "A trifle wayward," apologized her father. "Comes of spending nearly every minute with me since her dear mother died. You must make allowances for her rudeness, Mr. Everard."

who tramples my cabbage patch. Leave me alone, that's all!" Mr. Mason shook his head disapprovingly. Although not getting a cordial welcome he insisted on remaining.

The decided to set up their tents on the seaward side of the island, putting as great a distance as possible between them and the gloomy young man.

"Might as well live in the middle of London," he complained. "First one thing and then another. Why couldn't they sail the darned boat round to the other side and unload, instead of tramping up and down like—like—"

"Lost souls," Ambrose Martin suggested. "Like peripatetic penguins," Hugh amended. "I think it would have been better had they stayed this side."

"You do, do you? And whose island is this supposed to be, may I ask? Not the Mason's?" "Not yours?"

Mr. Martin scratched his chin. "You're the boss," he conceded. "I know I've got on your G string, butting in as I did. But I can't face the row back."

"Well, I've a message for the warden," Hugh Everard stepped forward. "That's me," he exclaimed. "Hmph! Expected an older man. Why did you hang back when I asked for Mr. Mallow?"

"Because it isn't my name. I'm Everard. This is Mr. Martin. Seems to be some mistake, as I am certainly in charge. It's rather foolish that I never asked who was here before, but I dare say it was the Mallow you mentioned."

"In that case you'd best read the letter yourself." "I can't very well open another person's correspondence, sir."

"Stuff and nonsense! This is to the warden of the bird sanctuary. Evidently there's been a change since I had the introduction. We've been voyaging for weeks."

Tearing open the envelope, Hugh read the official permit for Mr. H. Pewsey Mason to explore the island at his pleasure. As a hermitage Ovorn was letting him down badly.

He remarked. "Doesn't that make a big difference?" "Not a bit, young man. Your employers have given me carte blanche. Don't imagine we shall scare the birds or be troublesome in any way."

"Nevertheless, Mr. Mason, I am dubious about allowing you to remain." "There'll be a pretty fuss if you cut up rusty."

Everard found an unexpected supporter in Ambrose Martin, but the joint protestations were brushed aside. "What's the rumpus about, Pop?"

"Nothing serious my dear," Mr. Mason reported. "The girl in yachting costume stepped gracefully into the scene. 'I take it we aren't very welcome,' she said.

"Treat 'em like you did old sourpuss up in the Shetlands." "That will do Muriel! These gentlemen have a right to examine our credentials."

"Right, did you say? Pewsey Mason's name should be a passport. Which of you is the Poch Bah?" "I am," Hugh acknowledged sourly.

"What no beard? You must grow a long scraggy grey one to match your manners." "Muriel, will you please be quiet!"

"Go ahead and make a mess of it." Mason turned to Hugh. "No, sir," he said, assuming a pleasant smile, "my authority is unquestionable and you have no alternative other than tolerating our presence."

"I can throw you off the island." "Try it! Muriel broke in. "Oh, try it and take the consequences. You—you acolyte."

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TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance files

Ten years ago, Dr. Frantisek Pavlasek, Czechoslovak Consul-General for Canada, whose headquarters were at Montreal, was in Timmins on a visit to his fellow country men of whom there were about four hundred in the town of Timmins.

The meeting on Monday, March 26th, 1934, of the Timmins Branch of the Canadian Legion was very largely attended. There was a special appeal put forth and the result was very gratifying.

On Thursday evening, March 22nd, 1934, the Porcupine Branch of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy gave a supper in honour of J. J. Denny, M.Sc., of the McIntyre Mine, on receipt of the International Nickel Company Platinum Medal awarded by the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy.

CHAPTER VI A SUBMARINE APPEARS

As a companion Hugh preferred the comparatively taciturn Martin to the lively Mason crowd, especially since it included a girl who taunted and threatened physical violence.

"Darned tomboy!" he grunted aloud. "Muriel Mason, I guess," Martin remarked. "Eh! Was I talking to myself? Yes, you're right. Some of these modern girls are the limit."

"Huh! You'd have changed your mind if she'd biffed you on the chin. And for two pins she would have done."

They were looking towards the invisible Irish coast when Mr. Mason uttered a startled exclamation. "If we were in a different latitude I'd say that was a whale," he observed, pointing to a dark moving patch.

"Dear me, I can see it now. Why bless my soul, it is a submarine. Making this way, too. Do you have many naval craft in your harbours, Mr. Everard?"

"Not to my knowledge. The water can't be deep enough." It was, however, ample to float the grey-green painted vessel which swept into the cove with an assurance that made it plain she was no stranger to the anchorage.

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Mason repeated. "I really do not understand it. Why don't they come on deck?" "Notice anything else peculiar?" Muriel questioned.

"I do, indeed, my dear. That submarine bears no markings. Must be British to be sure, but..." "George Jessop, who had been near the beach went forward curiously shading his eyes with his hand." "As though expecting a reception, men suddenly appeared in sight, one of them waving furiously."

"For not having a scraggy beard?" "For making a bigger fuss of Mr. Martin than my father."

"Does that go for George as well?" She regarded him quizzically. "If you weren't a hermit I'd suspect the intrusion of a serpent into this garden of Eden."

"Good heavens!" "All right, I'm not trying to open a flirtation. I wouldn't do it if you were the only man on the island."

"For my part I wouldn't be impressed if you were the only girl." "Ah, but I am," she laughed, turning away and leaving him to puzzle over the implication.

Going back to the eastward side he discovered Martin in the act of pitching a bottle into the sea. "In the hope it will reach my friends and tell them the fix I'm in," he explained.

There was nothing untoward in this, and Hugh dismissed it as an example of picturesque optimism until he discovered the following day, a broken bottle washed ashore.

Instead of turning it over to the probable writer he placed the paper in his wallet, a tacit admission that he was again querying the motives of his first and stickiest visitor. "Silly idea," he mused. "If the bligh-

Tribute to the Late Mrs. Wm. Bannerman of St. Mary's Ontario

Sons Were Real Pioneers of the Porcupine Camp.

Recently The Advance made reference to the death of Mrs. Wm. Bannerman, of St. Mary's Ontario, mother of Messrs. Geo. and William Bannerman of Porcupine.

The death of Mrs. William Bannerman, the former Mary McDonald, of St. Mary's occurred yesterday evening in her 94th year in Beth Haven where she had been for about 14 months.

Her parents were among the earliest pioneers of the district of Belton where she had lived on the homestead until she came to live in town about 30 years ago.

It would be difficult to think of the late Mrs. Bannerman without recalling the handsome braid mats that she so skillfully wove.

On Monday evening, March 26th, 1934, the Timmins Board of Trade and the Timmins Kiwanis Club staged a joint meeting and banquet that proved an outstanding and pleasing success in every way.

Among the local and personal items appearing in The Advance ten years ago were the following:—"Mrs. P. H. Carson was called away to North Bay last week owing to the illness of her mother in that city."

"Born in Timmins, Ont., on Tuesday, March 27th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Starling, 30 Borden avenue—a son."

"The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited, is being held this afternoon at Montreal."

"The Seven Last Words of Christ," by Dubois, for chorus, soprano, baritone and solo, with orchestra will be given by the choir at the Church of the Nativity at 7:30 p.m. Good Friday."

"Mrs. G. Chaput and her brother, S. Mainville, of Timmins, left to-day on the noon train to spend the Easter holidays with their sister, Mrs. E. Vaillancourt, of Capreol, Ont., and will also visit Sudbury and North Bay."

"Mrs. Henry Dean Worthy, Mistress of Timmins L.O.B.A. is a delegate attending the session of the Grand Lodge held at Chatham, Ontario, this year."

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builder of bridges, the Queen St. bridge over the Thames being a sample of his fine work.

Surviving her are her sons, Alex who lives on the old homestead, George and William of South Porcupine; a daughter, Mrs. Charles Symons (Sarah) of Ontario St., St. Mary's; 14 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren. Of her grandchildren the following are known locally: Mrs. W. Camplin of Toronto; Mrs. Dan Cappa of St. Mary's; Mrs. W. McDonald of Gads Hill and Walter and Jim Bannerman of Belton, now overseas.

The body is resting at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Symons, where a private service will be held on Saturday followed by a public service in North Nissouri United Church at 2:30. Interment will be in North Nissouri Cemetery.

Lovely Bridal Shower Held at S. Porcupine

South Porcupine, March 29. Special to The Advance. A very lovely bridal shower (miscellaneous) in honour of Miss Jean Jordison (who is to be married to Mr. Ted Tyndall on Saturday, April 8th), was held on Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Mervyn Hutchinson.

Lovely gifts daintily wrapped, were piled into a hamper decorated in bridal white and silver, and presented to the guest of honour during the evening.

A social time with games, etc., followed and a delightful lunch was served by the hostess afterward.

Guests present included: Mrs. Jane Copeland, Miss Betty Couch, Miss Jean Andrews, Mrs. N. Rock, Miss Mabel Pace, Miss Dorothy Cornett, Miss Mary Phelps, Miss Helen Hanberry, Mr. W. G. Oxy, Mrs. Laurie (Timmins), Miss Frances Hogan, Mrs. Reg. Clarke and the guest of honour Miss Jean Jordison.

Sending a gift but unable to be present was Mrs. Shirley Coffey. Miss Jordison was guest of honour last week at the home of Mrs. Newsham Rock, and was presented with a number of lovely gifts.

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Dean Kester, K.C. Barrister-at-Law 13 THIRD AVE. TIMMINS. Sense and Nonsense: The white-collar class have something for which to be thankful. They haven't lost their collar. Sense and Nonsense: It's usually the henpecked husband who tries to appear that he is some rooster.

GREGORY T. EVANS, B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC Suite 3, Marshall-Ecclestone Bldg., Timmins, Ont. Phones: Offices 2725 Res. 1429

TEMISKAMING and NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY Traffic Department NOTICE Change in Train Service Effective Saturday, April 1, 1944, train service between Cochrane, Moosonee and intermediate points will be: NORTHBOUND—TRAIN 221 Leave Cochrane, 9.45 a.m. Wednesday and Saturday. Arrive Moosonee, 6.15 p.m., same date. SOUTHBOUND—Train 222 Leave Moosonee, 6.00 a.m., Monday and Friday Arrive Cochrane, 3.00 p.m., same date. Buffet Coach will be operated on Trains 221 and 222 providing Buffet lunch service between Cochrane and Moosonee. C. O. Baker Traffic Manager R. P. C. McLeod, G. F. & P. A.

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