

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT

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, and takes a position as warden of a bird sanctuary on a lonely island.
MURIEL MASON: With whom he falls in love after an unpropitious meeting. Her father is
H. PEWSEY MASON: Interested in natural history and sailing his cabin cruiser, the Elder Duck.
AMBROSE MALLOW, alias Martin: Previous warden of the sanctuary. He is in league with
BALDUR VON ELLENDORF: Commander of a German submarine, who is a suave but unscrupulous opportunist.
GEORGE JESSOP: Unobtrusive and faithful friend of the Masons. The characters 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.)

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Hugh Everard a lover of solitude, accepts a position as warden of a bird sanctuary on a lonely island. Inevitably, the place fails to live up to his expectations. First his solitude is broken by a man in a rowing-boat. He gives his name as Ambrose Martin. Later he comes Pewsey Mason, his daughter Muriel and George Jessop, in a motor cruiser. The greatest surprise is that a submarine of uncertain nationality appears on the scene. Commanding this craft is Baldur von Ellendorf, of the German Navy. Martin turns out to be in league with him. Everard and the Masons determine to get away in the cabin cruiser. Under cover of darkness they steal a march on the sentry posted to guard them. But the Elder Duck has been immobilized. They have time to switch on the wireless before the escape is discovered and learn that a state of war exists with Germany—their first intimation, owing to Everard's aversion to keeping in contact with the outside world. Martin, at the head of a board party, threatens, "Ellendorf will kill you for this!"

CHAPTER VIII

COMPANIONS IN MISFORTUNE I warned you it was courting death to leave the house," Ellendorf rapped. "We didn't know that war had begun," Mason replied. "That is no excuse. I do not act precipitately, otherwise I should have you executed instantly. Take them back to the cottage." George Jessop had long since finished singing. He greeted them glumly. Nor was the depression lightened by the news they brought. "I did my best to draw attention," he concluded. They assured him that he played his part nobly, and that they would have got away without difficulty had the engines functioned. It was Ellendorf who explained that the sparking plugs had been removed. "We do things thoroughly," he said. "Such an attempt must not be repeated." "Aren't you going to bump us off?" Muriel asked crudely. He bowed with stiff courtesy. "As stated, I have thought the matter over.

I know how difficult things were. Perhaps I was something of an escapist myself. Father and I ran away from people, though we always went back to them in the long run. But we had each other's company. You tried to settle down with a flock of birds. Angry?" "Not yet!" "Birds!" she repeated scornfully. "A six-footer who isn't too old to be playing football." "I wasn't much good at games." "You'll have a chance to play a pretty fierce sort of game when we get away from here." Hugh stopped dead in his tracks. "There may," he said, with a cautious look round, "be opportunities without travelling far."

"What are you thinking about?" "Tell you later." "Out with it." "No, really, I'm only beginning to sort matters out. There's one thing—" "Yes?" "Before getting in this jam I picked up a message Martin had set adrift in a bottle. The bottle was washed back without his knowing it. It's in code." "Have you had a shot at translating it?" "Not yet." "Try Pop. He's got a kink for that sort of thing. Breaks all records with crossword puzzles. Now I come to think about it, I'd have expected you to go in for that kind of relaxation." He eyed her doubtfully. "Sounds like a backhander," he objected. "My father is old enough to enjoy such things, but you should be more actively engaged."

"We go round and round the vicious circle," he objected. "A man has the right to lease himself. My inclinations are all for quietude." "One of these days you'll get a mighty hard kick that will spoil your taste for all that." Hugh did not resent her frankness. Others had made it clear that they considered him peculiar. The more they jibed, the more obstinately he clung to his fixation. Muriel Mason's speech was fresh and free. He had never before been roused to the extent of querying his mental state. Apart from Great-Uncle George, fellow creatures misunderstood him. This applied equally to his own parents, who were, after all, mainly responsible for the psychological state. That Muriel was endowed by nature with essential curative properties had not occurred to him. It was disconcerting to find her always in his thoughts and to know that her presence was subtly refreshing. And she was the only girl he could, if required, describe in detail. Taller than the average, perfectly proportioned, cream-and-roses complexion, deep blue eyes, fair wavy hair that owed nothing to artificial machining, generous mouth and firmly moulded chin.

When a young man of Everard's type starts taking stock of a girl in such detail, the occasion has deep biological significance. And when he holds an inquiry into her past and present, a crisis is approaching. There was George Jessop, for instance. Hugh wanted to know all about that large and faithful individual. Worming the facts out of her by a gradual process, Hugh was reassured. George was an old friend of her father's. Seemingly George's taste for travel was gratified by being allowed to become one of the crew of the Elder Duck. "We needed assistance," Muriel explained. "In such cramped quarters and ordinary hand would have been inconvenient."

"Oh! I thought perhaps he was..." "Nothing of the kind," she said, a faint flush spreading over her cheeks. "I'd no business to bring it up." "No, you hadn't. Pop likes George. So do I. He's like a St. Bernard dog. Always dependable. I can remember him roughing-out some ugly customers who tried to rob us in Reikjevik. They were sorry they began to scrap after he'd finished operating."

THE MESSAGE DECODED Hugh laughed spontaneously. "Lucky for me I didn't carry out my threat to throw you off my island," he said. "That seems ages ago!" "Weren't you intolerable!" she exclaimed, a soft smile taking the sting out of the phrase. "Well, I didn't know anything about you, and that chap Martin was enough to be going on with. I thought you might all be in the same class." "Have you changed your opinion?" "Positively reversed it." "You are coming out of your shell." "There was always the chance that the code message was intended for you, though I never could make head nor tail of what outsiders could want on Ovarn. Now we know. It's an enemy submarine base."

"I wonder if that's the truth, the whole truth." "Obviously it is." Germany planned this war in advance, and Ellendorf took up his position in readiness for the opening of the show. "Somehow I think it goes deeper. Suppose we see if your father can derive any information from the mysterious document?" Mr. Pewsey Mason thought there would be little difficulty. "It is of childish construction," he pointed out. "All it amounts to is substituting one letter of the alphabet for another. The prefixed figures denote the change of key, as it were. For instance, the figure three denotes that the letter C stands for A, D for B, and so on. We commence with these combinations—Unable—to—contact—"

"Got it first time!" "Wait a minute!" ZPV GMPAJ THEKT. Easy as falling off a log." He busied himself with paper and pencil for several minutes. The completed message emerged: Unable to contact you. Have been

dismissed from post on island. Another warden appointed. Am making plans to deal with him. Do not put in until I give the all clear signal.—Mallow. "Mallow," Hugh repeated through clenched teeth. He counted the letters in the name on his fingers, a trick of long standing. "M A R T I N. The dirty blighter. No wonder strange things happened when he came here. Anyway he deceived me, because I hadn't an earthly idea he'd been here before, though I never cared for him. Making plans to deal with me, indeed!" "I reckon you had a close call," Mr. Mason said gravely.

Hugh nodded. And I can thank you for saving me. The very evening you arrived he was behaving suspiciously. I came to the conclusion that he was hatching something evil." "What deterred him earlier?" "Being unsure when the mainland boat was due. He kept pumping me, but I put him off. Must have wanted the coast clear for his—his—" "Nefarious enterprise." "That's it, sir. Darned underhand work. We do know that he's hand in league with the Germans; now it is confirmed that it's been going on for some time. Could anything be more exasperating than to be in such a hopeless position?"

"Are we?" Muriel asked softly. "Hugh squared his shoulders. "True we aren't dead yet," he replied. "That's the spirit. As governor of the island—and I don't say it jokingly—we look to you." His self-assurance waned slightly. "Oh, I don't know about that. Mr. Mason is the senior, and he's accustomed to taking responsibility." The older man objected. Youth and vigour were more important than anything he could contribute, but he would recommend careful thought before any move was made. "Don't be precipitate," he concluded.

Hugh agreed heartily, although Muriel endeavoured to spur him to instant decision. "No, he said. "Nothing like sleeping on it." Throughout the night he kept waking wondering what line to take. For a change he fancied himself in heroic situations, leading forlorn hopes, standing as a champion to a charming woman. Muriel Mason loomed largely in his grandiose plans, yet he was unable to contemplate her as taking a back seat while anything vigorous was afoot. Daylight failed to bring any concrete proposal. They breakfasted in gloomy silence, broken only by Muriel's injunctions to "start something."

"I'm baffled," Hugh groaned, as she accompanied him outside. "I'm not used to taking the initiative." "What an admission," she said coming as close to snorting as a nice girl can. "Sooner you decide to be a man the better." "Do you expect us to overcome powerful opposition?" "Why not?" "Without arms or ammunition?" "Get hold of them. The Germans have plenty. If the worst comes to the worst I'll use my allure on the lieutenant."

"Not if I knew it!" Hugh was aghast. She wrinkled her brows. "What a masculine attitude. The first you would know of it would be when I came and dumped an armful of guns and bullets and things at your feet." "Be practical." "That's what I'm not being anything else but—shucks, I'm disappointed in all you men. George will buck up if I ask him prettily." "To blazes with George." "Anyway, he's not a scared rabbit." "Nor am I," he insisted. "And there's no occasion for you to ask me prettily." "Toughening up, Mr. Everard," she taunted.

"Er—yes!" His acceptance of the role was one of modified approval. "But we've got to resort to guile. Useless to cut up rough and go for the whole gang bald-headed. Getting away and reporting to the authorities is our chief object." "Running away, you mean. Even if we wanted to the means are not available since they sank the cabin-cruiser." "Martin—or Mallow, whichever his name is—came in a row-boat, and that hasn't been touched." "It would leave the villains a clear field." "Temporarily, until the Navy rounded them up." "You've got something there."

Hugh seized her by the arm. "Come on," he said, incisively. "Come on, Muriel, we mustn't let the grass grow under our feet." "You're not doing any longer," she remarked, following willy-nilly. The familiar use of that "Muriel" tickled her. "Not any longer, Hugh," she repeated in deliberate acceptance of an altered basis of friendly understanding. (To be Continued)

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The Junior tournament at the Porcupine Badminton Club was most successful and interesting ten years ago. It concluded during the week-end of April 7th. Mary Emma Skavlem, Marie Cooper, Clady Cooke, John Keely, George Darling and John Todhunter were the winners. Before the start of the final events for the Junior Championship two of the club's youngest members, Douglas Denny and Peter Ostromer, played an exhibition game of singles and showed the large gathering of fans who the racquet experts of tomorrow would be. At the finish of the tournament Mr. H. G. Skavlem congratulated the players and presented the winners and runners-up with club spoons.

At the regular weekly luncheon of the Kiwanis Club on Monday, April 9th, 1934, Vice-President Arch Gillies was in the chair and the programme was in charge of Kiwanian P. T. Moiseley. The programme took a rather unusual form. The members were divided into groups of five and each group was expected to be representative of some particular country. The group had to give the capital, ruler, chief industries and other particulars of the country and also indicate why they left the country to come to Canada. Some of the answers raised much amusement. The following members represented the club at the International Convention held at Toronto: Rev. Bruce Millar, P. T. Moiseley, Karl Eyre and President V. Woodbury.

Among the many events that had been sponsored by the Timmins branch of the Canadian Legion, the eighth annual banquet to commemorate the Battle of Vimy, held ten years ago, may well have been put down as outstanding. Tables had been originally arranged to seat 20, but so many turned out to enjoy the event that it was necessary to have a second sitting for sixty or seventy more. The hall was artistically decorated and large display signs gave battle names world famous. Vimy had the place of honour in the centre of the hall. The proceedings opened by President Neame drawing the attention of the large illuminated picture of King George, and "Last Post" and "Reveille" were sounded. An event of outstanding success was held at the Masonic Hall, Timmins, on

Tuesday, April 10th, 1934, the occasion being the celebration of the ninth birthday of Arbutus Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, Timmins, Ont. The host and hostess for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. White and theirs was the credit for an event which lingered long in the memory of those fortunate enough to be present. The event was preceded by an ordinary bi-monthly meeting of the Chapter. After this was disposed of, the hall was opened to the members and their friends for the evening.

Among the local and personal items appearing in The Advance ten years ago were the following: "Mrs. J. Gates, of Matheson, was a recent visitor to Timmins." "H. Jones, for three years past chief of police for the town of Timmins, left on Tuesday on a visit to his old home in England. He will be back in Canada in June." "Mr. and Mrs. W. B. VanRassel were recent visitors to Kapuskasing." "Mr. and Mrs. V. Woodbury returned last night from an extended visit to Texas." "Mrs. F. Bosada and children, Bobby and June, were visitors to friends and relatives in Timmins last week." "Chas. Austin has been appointed governor of the Temiskaming District jail at Halleybury to succeed John Malby who died recently. The new official has been a member of the staff since the jail was opened some years ago." "Timmins police force are now wearing the English bobble style of helmets and word from Kirkland Lake now is to the effect that the helmet style of headgear is also to be accepted in Teck township police force."

"The invitation dance under the auspices of Golden Beaver Lodge A.F. & A.M., on Friday evening last was greatly enjoyed by all present, the evening being a particularly pleasant one." "The many friends of Mrs. J. Higgenbotham, 114 Main avenue, will be glad to hear that she is sufficiently recovered to be home again from the hospital after her recent operation and is making the best progress to recovery." "An organizer from Iroquois Falls was recently in Kapuskasing and it is said that he succeeded in organizing the Paper Makers at Kapuskasing to the extent of about 95 per cent and the Pulp Workers about 80 per cent. This would suggest that Kapuskasing mill is on the way to becoming a fully unionized plant." "Born at St. Mary's hospital Thursday, April 5th, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Alton—a son (Robert William)." "Dr. R. P. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Englehart, visited Timmins friends last week."

List of New Books at Porcupine-Dome Public Library

The following are the new books just added to the Porcupine-Dome Public Library at South Porcupine.

- Non-Fiction Behind the Steel Wall—Fredberg I Was Hitler's Doctor—Kreuger Goodnight, Sweet Prince—Fowler Root and Flower of Prayer—Hazelton Understanding Myself—Dickerson Home Mechanic—Tuomey Water and the Word—Sherman Forgotten Alls—Van Paassen General Smiths—Crayford Under Cover—Carlson Burma Surgeon—Seagrave Triumph of Life—Gregory The Waves—Ross Once to Shout—Turnbull 750 Dishes—Holden Gay Illiterate—Parsons Far on the Ringing Plains—Roger Outline of Science—Thomson Folk Dances from the Old Homelands—Burchenal Folk Dances and Singing Games—Burchenal Bird Book—Blanchen Anchors to Windward—White Doctor and His Patients—Hertler George Washington Carver—Holt Shadowed Victory—Stringer Twenty-Five Troubled Years, Sonard Miracle in the Rain—Hecht Arrival and Departure—Koestler Ten Commandments.

- Fiction Siren in the Night—Ford Maggie, No Doubt—Weidton Shining Trail—Fuller Our Old Home Town—Dobin Anger in the Sky—Ertz Web on the Rock—Wolfe Fair Harbour—Lincoln Head Tide—Lincoln Frontier Nurse—Wright River Girl—Grey Also the Hills—Keyes Shield Lies Over—Perdix Lady Blanche Farm—Keyes Grand Design—Pilgrim So Little Time—Marquand Grand Parade—Lancaster Roughly Speaking—Pisner Gastrological Me—Fisher Katherine Christian—Walpole Tambourine, Trumpet and Drum—Smith King Tree—Boecop Those Were the Days—Hewitt In Bed We Cry—Chase Also a number of Boys' and Girls' Books.

Men, 30, 40, 50! Want Normal Pep, Vim, Vigor? Try Oxtex Tonic Tablets. Contains tonics, stimulants, iron, vitamins B1, calcium, phosphorus; aids to normal pep, vim, vigor, vitality after 30, 40, or 50. Introductory dose only 50c. If not delighted with results of first package, make return, low price. At all druggists. Start taking Oxtex Tablets today!

John W. Fogg, Limited COAL Lumber, Cement, Building Material, Coal and Coke, Mine and Mill Supplies YARD SCHUMACHER PHONE 725 HEAD OFFICE & YARD TIMMINS PHONE 117 BRANCH OFFICE KIRKLAND LAKE PHONE 393

Get NEW PEP AND ENERGY Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

PROFESSIONAL CARDS Langdon & Langdon Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. MASSEY BLOCK TIMMINS, ONT. and South Porcupine -14-26 S. A. Caldbick Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. Bank of Commerce Building Timmins, Ont. -14-26 MacBrien & Bailey BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS 2 1/2 Third Avenue JAMES R. MacBRIEN FRANK H. BAILEY, LL.B. Dean Kester, K.C. Barrister-at-Law 13 THIRD AVE. TIMMINS PRETTY TOUGH "Poor old Bill, he's working himself to death." "How's that?" "Well, 'e's that short sighted 'e can't see when the boss ain't lookin'."—Sudbury Star. F. BAUMAN Swiss Watchmaker Graduate of the Famous Horological Institute of Switzerland Phone 1365 Third Avenue Empire Block G. N. ROSS CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT 60 THIRD AVENUE Phone 640 P.O. Box 1591 Timmins, Ont. Arch. Gillies, B.A.Sc., O.L.S. Registered Architect Ontario Land Surveyor Building Plans Estimates, Etc 23 Fourth Ave. Phone 362 P. H. LAPORTE, C. C. A. 46 Fourth Ave. Timmins, Ont. Accounting Auditing Systems Installed Income Tax Returns Filed Phones 285-286 P.O. Box 147 GREGORY T. EVANS B.A. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC Suite 3, Marshall-Ecclestone Bldg., Timmins, Ont. Phones: Offices 2725 Res. 1429

DON'T WASTE WOOD Labor is scarce in the lumber camps! CONTRIBUTED BY DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY