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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, 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

**GALDUR 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.)

### Chapter XV. A FREE-LANCE FIGHTER

There is a grimness about a peace-lover driven to fighting. A man slow to anger makes a powerful opponent when he is roused. Now that trouble had invaded Hugh Everard's retreat he was filled with righteous indignation. His last objection to fighting disappeared as he clubbed a stocky opponent with the butt end of his automatic. This was adventure full-blooded and primitive. Hugh found it thrilling. Ellendorf and Martin fought with equal ferocity. Pressure relaxed, but more men were running to head them off. Through the gap beaten in the opposing ranks the queer allies went with unhesitating ease. Whining bullets missed them by inches. "We run yes?" Ellendorf said, as they reached the level approaches to the house. "Lead on!" Deprived of the thrill of combat, Hugh knew what it was to be afraid. All the ingredients of a nightmare were contained in those minutes of panic fight. Martin tripped. No, he was up again, swearing dreadfully. Ellendorf emptied his automatic, snatched Hugh's and winged one of the pursuers. The chase became grotesque like a rugby match, with the forwards making for touch, and the home backs unmindful how they tackled, providing a score was prevented. Hugh was in agony from cramp in his side. Every panting breath brought searing pain. "I'm done—I'm done—I'm done," he reiterated. Helping hands were under elbows. "Leave me," he gasped. All he wanted was to be allowed to lie down with knees doubled up. Death and oblivion would be welcome relief from the cramp which tied his internal organs into knots. Half supported, half impelled, he found himself shoved through the opened door. Mason and Jessop slammed it shut, drew the bolts and piled furniture against the stout panels. "Feeling better?" Muriel asked, applying all her attention to Hugh.

"Horrifying is it not? But I am more considerate than the officers who obey the admiral. They sink at sight, whereas I am a sentimentalist. It is a pleasure to be held up by Baldur von Ellendorf! I read many books about your English buccaneers and model myself on them."

"And how have you managed to get away with it?"

"Everything is simplified by war conditions. Your authorities do not tell what U-boats they sink; our Government has to trust us. Between them we are able to do as we like. Our Government very kindly established a cache of petrol oil, and food in readiness."

"Where?"

"Ah, I do not reveal all my secrets. Herr Mason."

"Why disclose so much?"

"Adversity makes strange companions, as your proverb says. I offer an armistice."

"That's cool!"

"It is good for us all. Your captivity is an end!"

"Thanks for nothing!"

"But, Herr Mason, it is something. Do not forget that I could have wiped you out any time during the past weeks."

"Saved a lot of trouble," Ambrose Martin grunted.

"I held you so!" Ellendorf continued, pressing forefinger against thumb.

"That doesn't apply now."

"What alternative have you? Two of my pistols are in your possession. If we fight it out inside this building much damage will be done. I do not value my own skin."

"Suppose we overcome you?"

"Suppose you do. Afterwards my mutinous crew make short work of the survivors. They are not gentlemen."

"Like their gallant commander," Muriel said bitterly.

"Bitte sehr!" He took it as a compliment. "Their appetite is whetted on rich loot. They quarrel over it and try to kill their captain. I, who led them to fat treasure chests. Swine! In the old days the ringleaders would hang at the yard-arm."

"Hugh drily pointed out that the old days were past and piracy, as a profession, was out-moded until Ellendorf had accomplished the incredible by reviving it in the middle of the 20th century."

"**THEY ARE SAVAGES**"

From other details supplied they learned that two or three officers and men who had objected to the piratical adventure had been dumped overboard. "It was my crew," he made excuses. "They are savages. I warn you against being murdered."

Personally Hugh did not absolve him from being implicated in the killing. Ellendorf had a smooth tongue, but always his eyes gave him away as cruel, shifty and as unreliable as he had condemned his erstwhile followers to be. Experience prompted acquiescence in the bargain, though there were mental reservations.

Ambrose Martin remained aloof. Since he had revealed his spitefulness after the second abortive attempt to escape from Ovarn and Ellendorf had curbed his venomous mouth the renegade had had virtually no connexion with his fellow countrymen.

However, he had his merits. The mutineers were not disposed to leave the garrison unmolested. Several attacks were made, all of them being beaten off. The most severe developed in the afternoon of the third day of siege. Heavy fire had been opened as preparation for a concentrated rush, during which casualties were sustained by the enemy. Martin received a glancing blow on the cranium which knocked him unconscious. He came to with Muriel bathing the wounds.

"It's kind of you," he murmured, almost graciously.

"Lie still," she commanded. "The excitement has subsided."

"I was afraid they had us licked."

"Not likely, Mr. Martin. So long as we hang together they'll not defeat us."

"Don't use that word," he implored, shudderingly.

"Which?"

"Hanged. That's what I'm threatened with. Taken out on a cold grey morning and strung up by the neck. You ought to hate me—a good woman like you."

His gratitude disappeared as he recovered, but there was no denying that he acquitted himself well whenever there was fighting to be done, and he was among the first to volunteer to carry water—one of the biggest problems.

"A machine-gun would have wiped you out," Mason once remarked. "Lucky your chaps haven't one."

Ellendorf smiled. "There are two on the submarine, my friend. I bring away small parts. Very light, yet important. Were my men ingenious they could be very dangerous. In their place I should sail round the island and shell the house."

"H'm! I hope your scum haven't the same idea in mind?"

"They are too cowardly. Navigation is difficult. I am missed. Hans Braun is the only man with intelligence."

"What stops him taking charge?"

"This." The lieutenant tapped his automatic. "I specially shoot Braun."

There was a glimpse of his calculating mind in the ability to make a dead set at the key-man in the very midst of battle. Using them as temporary allies was merely another instance of his opportunism. The truly remarkable thing was that he was the one person who held the party together.

Ambrose Martin was a nonentity. Hugh, the Masons and Jessop formed a major bloc, but Ellendorf welded them into a single unit, to be swayed as he willed. His masterful personality had dominated the submarine crew with similarly easy confidence. Rogues in the highest grade require qualities that would make them successful in

other walks of life. Ellendorf chose crime.

**ELLENDORF'S CAREER**

They were regaled with fragments of his history, related with all the aplomb a conventional person would apply to a story of honest endeavour.

Born during the first world war, his parents had suffered in the financial collapse. Nevertheless they saw to his education and looked forward to his rehabilitating the family.

"I ran away to sea," he said. "The life appealed to me. Money-making is tiresome. I did not seek it as a pirate. Give me danger!"

Much of his service had been aboard British vessels where he acquired a knowledge of English in addition to a veneer of sportsmanship. Gun-running, hi-jacking, an interventionist in minor wars or revolutions, he was recognized as a stormy petrel wherever sailors of fortune gathered.

Nazi rioting found Ellendorf back in Germany. "Brown shirts, pfui!" he sneered. "Freebooting is square-dealing against those unprincipled scoundrels. I was soon sick of the perfidious crooks."

Hugh concluded he would never have a clearer exposition of a pot calling the kettle black than Ellendorf condemning his associates.

Political prejudices did not prevent opportunist from pulling strings to obtain a naval commission.

"I'd something up my sleeve," he admitted. "Getting together a suitable crew was difficult, and war was brewing by the time I had finished preparations. In a way it helped, except the seas got thick with warships. Still, we weren't doing too badly until the mutiny."

Hugh fumbled in his breast pocket and silently produced the diamond pendant taken from the cave on the lion rock.

Ellendorf roared with laughter. "You again!" he exclaimed. "Always you are in my way, but I bear no malice. A thousand plies I didn't have co-operation from you instead of from Mallow, known to you as Martin."

"We're aware of his identity."

"I am not surprised at anything you know."

Hugh brought to light the code message. "He set this adrift in a bottle and I got hold of it later."

"May I see it?"

He transcribed the letter expeditiously. "Ach, so! All our plans went astray because I did not get it. Mr. Mallow did not deal with you as promised, h'n!"

"Lack of opportunity, not desire," Hugh remarked.

"Such is fate, my friend."

Ambrose Mallow became objectionably surly. Hugh suspected him of doing as he had threatened in the code message. "Am making plans to deal with him" had a vicious ring.

All his misgivings were increased when he roused from a fumbled sleep to see the man standing over his bed, holding something which had a steely glitter.

"What are you doing?" Hugh snapped, springing to his feet.

"Nothing!"

"With my razor?"

"Mine is a safety and I used my last blade. Thought you wouldn't mind my borrowing yours."

"Do you usually shave in the middle of the night?"

"Why not? I can do it in the dark."

"Sit down, Ambrose," Hugh said softly. "What you need is a barber. Steady!"

He lathered Martin with washing soap and cold water scraped his chin roughly, and felt that it was a small revenge for attempted murder, though the victim's groans suggested that a mediaeval torture chamber had little more painful to offer.

(To be continued.)

**Stole Police Car to Make Escape from the Police**

Two men in the New Horne Grill at Rouyn refused to leave the cafe when requested by the management and so the police were sent for. One of the men by this time had got out in front of the Grill and he waited till the police entered the eating place and then he used the police car to make his escape. He abandoned the car about 14 miles up the Macamic road when it took the ditch. In police court last week at Rouyn he was sentenced to one year in jail for the theft of the car. The other laddycub was tough, too, and resisted arrest. He was given fifteen days in jail for his conduct, or lack of conduct, in the cafe, and one month in jail for resisting arrest.

**Loaned Car to Stranger Auto was Almost Wrecked**

Last week The Northern News of Kirkland Lake had a story of a man who loaned his car to a gentleman he hardly knew, and the next thing the Kirkland man knew he hardly knew his own car. The story is told like this by the Kirkland Lake newspaper:—"One Kirkland motorist, A. Neilson, 31 Wood Street, will never loan his car again, especially to someone he does not know. Neilson met Leo Cardinal, on a visit to Kirkland Lake, and loaned him his car on the morning of April 28. The next thing he learned of his car and the man he loaned it too was when police visited him to check up on an accident that occurred near Vilo's store, Chaput Hughes. Neilson learned his car struck a sawing machine, owned by Bill Cochrane, and further that it has sustained around \$300 in damages. The sawing machine did not suffer too badly in the encounter. Now police are looking for Cardinal who departed for points unknown."

# Beauty and You

by PATRICIA LINDSAY



For the oily skin on the left a soap granular-cream wash, to cleanse deep in the pores. Buttermilk soap serves the normal-skin beauty on the right. Deletrez Photo.

### Does Your Skin Require a Specific Cream?

(By Patricia Lindsay)

Complexions are usually divided into five types: dry, oily, blemished, normal and sensitive. Which type is yours? Creams are made to treat specific skin types. If you are a meticulous beauty, you will shop for the cream which will do your complexion the most good, and you will use it regularly.

**FOR THE MATURE SKIN** there is a special formula, which is also kind to the sensitive skin. It has properties which soften and smooth and guard against premature ageing. Women with very dry skin, young or old, might find this to be the cream they were looking for.

**FOR THE OILY SKIN** that which is disturbed with minor blemishes—there is a cream which contains colloidal sulphur. It is white, greasless, and of light texture. It is used after the skin has been thoroughly washed with soap and water, and well rinsed, and left on overnight. It also serves as a powder base on the skin which is partially oily.

**FOR DRY SKIN** there is a famed, rich cream which may be used over night and also as a powder base during the colder months. It has exquisite oils for softening and slight bleaching and is particularly good to use after sun-bathing or after getting a holiday tanning!

**THE BLEMISHED SKIN** requires a special granulated skin wash and a medicated drying lotion. One wash which has met with much favor has granules of soap mixed in cream—so it will not be too harsh on the skin which is blemished. A thimble full is moistened in the palms of your hands with warm water and then massaged onto the skin as you would a cream. Then thoroughly rinsed off before the acne lotion is applied.

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Toronto Telegram: It's hard to clean-up a black market

### Seven Births Recorded in Timmins Last Week-end

Born—On April 29, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Black, Hemlock st., at St. Mary's Hospital—a daughter (Annette Gertrude Marie).

Born—On April 22nd, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wicks, Murdoch avenue, at St. Mary's hospital—a son (James Albert Edward).

Born—On April 15th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Kelley, Main avenue, at St. Mary's hospital—a son (Robert Allan).

Born—On April 17th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Plouffe, Balsam south, at St. Mary's hospital—a son (Joseph Domien Gaston).

Born—On April 21st, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Poisson, Cedar street north—a son (Joseph Gerard Albert).

Born—On April 12th, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Daigneault, Columbus avenue at St. Mary's hospital—a daughter (Nancy Jane).

Born—On April 2nd, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Denis, North road, at St. Mary's hospital—a daughter (Marie Laurena Lucille).

### GOOD NEWS

The machine-gunner had just come out of action somewhere in Italy and, back at his base, asked eagerly for his mail. One postcard only was handed to him, and came from the local post office in the his home town. It read: "Dear Sir: This is to notify you that your gun license has expired."

Sudbury Star.

### Men, 30, 40, 50!

Want Normal Pep, Vim, Vigor?

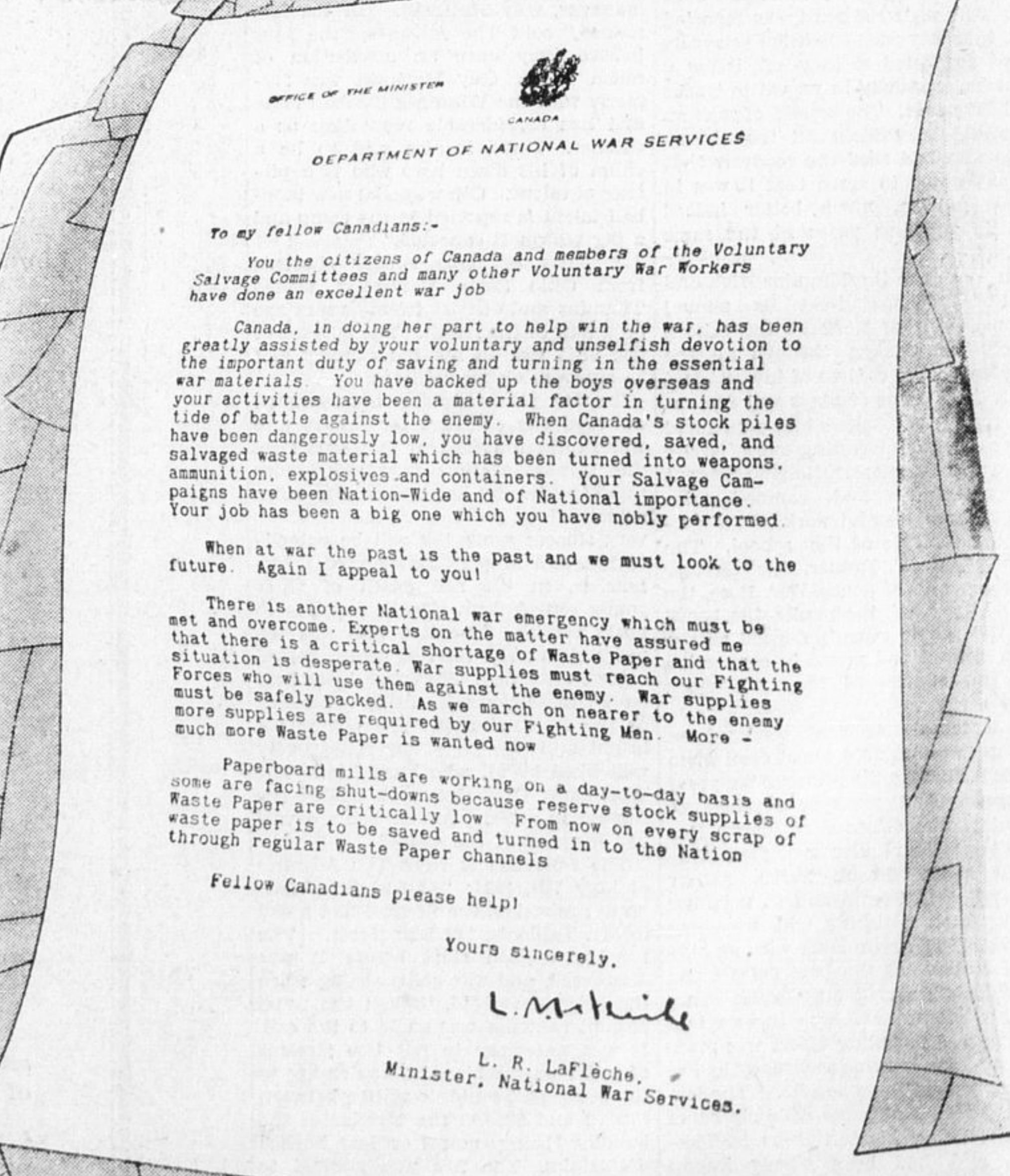
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# THANK YOU CANADA ... but there's still a WAR JOB to do!



# CANADA NEEDS 20,000 TONS OF WASTE PAPER EVERY MONTH

**WHAT IS WANTED:** You can remedy this critical paper shortage by saving every scrap of waste paper, namely: wrapping paper—store bags—cardboard—cartons—corrugated board—old magazines and books—envelopes and letters—newspapers. These represent the raw material for making vitally needed paper containers.

**HOW TO DO IT:** Tie securely in separate bundles. (The little time you take will save thousands of man hours.) Then dispose of through your local voluntary Salvage Committee or other War Voluntary Organization, or sell it through any known trade channels, or peddle or others. The important thing is to get your waste paper moving to the mills.

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**A DIRE THREAT**

Jockey (who has just won the Kentucky Derby): "I just kept whispering in my horse's ear a little poem I made up—'Roses are red, violets are blue, horses what lose are made into glue.'"

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