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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

**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.).

### CHAPTER XVIII. A U-BOAT IN TOW

To a layman, the inside of a submarine is as bewildering as the interior of a human being, and almost as much overcrowded with vital organs. The adventures of Mr. Pewsey Mason, Captain Walsh, Jessop and the two boatmen, after Hugh and Muriel had parted company, were concerned, to a large extent, in dodging about among ballast tanks, electric accumulators, torpedo tubes and other impedimenta.

There had been an intention to put the machinery out of gear, but when it came to arranging this patriotic sabotage they did not know how to begin. If one section was destroyed the craft might fill with water, or blow up, or do something else equally inconvenient.

When the grim game of hide and seek with Ellendorf's crew was in progress, the opportunity for inflicting damage had passed.

Those isolated shots had been heard in the aft magazine where fired by Mr. Mason. Having more respect for the interior fittings the Germans avoided resort to firearms.

Inevitably, the struggle lacked orderliness. It was conducted without any nice regard to rules. Whenever a head was available for hitting, somebody jabbed at it with anything heavy. McFergus and Ogilvie were at their best in this kind of a scrap. The skipper, in particular, went berserk. His great fists moved in and out like pistons, and as he smote, he sang snatches of Calvinistic hymns.

"Dinna curse—hinna curse," he implored the mate. "Tek that, ye lummock!"

"Get on wi' the job and leave my morals be," Ogilvie retorted.

A hostile fist sent the speaker staggering. Catching hold of the first solid object, which happened to be a mains switch, he saved a nasty fall, but plunged the engine room into darkness.

"Put her on mon."

"I canna find it again."

"That you, Skipper?"

"Aye, cap'n, and my landlubber of a mate."

"Cling on to my coat. Mason and

George are with us. Altogether now! To the companion ladder."

A milling mob of enemies surrounded them. Still in unbroken formation they crowded into an alleyway a mistake impossible to rectify. Here were no delicate obstacles to disuade the Germans. Lights went up all over the vessel and Ellendorf in person stood in the opening.

"So," he snarled. "I expected to meet four people, but not as you are. The good captain is out of the guard-room, I notice. And these other came in the motor-boat which so great a puzzle was. Where is the Fraulein and Everard?"

"Where you'll never find them," Mr. Mason exclaimed.

"Put your hands up! Up, I say!"

Walsh groaned audibly as the door of the prison opened again. Out came the two Germans, aggressive as ever, now that they had adequate support.

"If you reveal the whereabouts of our young friends it shall be made pleasant for you," Ellendorf promised.

"Can we trust that?" Walsh coolly rejoined.

"On my honour as a German."

Mr. Mason opened his mouth, but the captain motioned him to be quiet. "Very well" he lied valiantly. They are on land."

"The Scottish mainland?"

"No, on this island. I regret they haven't got beyond."

"We shall see they do not."

"First catch your hare, lieutenant."

"You mock, yes," Ellendorf controlled himself with an effort. "I shall make you sorry."

"Is this the promised pleasantness?"

"I do not break my word, captain. You are excused irons."

Which was something as Walsh pointed out after the Germans left. "Being chained up is the last straw, I can tell you. As it is, we might . . ."

"Might what?"

"Come to think of it, it doesn't do to talk here. Huns are up to every kind of trick."

"Like what—recording devices?"

"Wouldn't surprise me."

Dim daylight filtered in through a high grating. The insufficient illumination was augmented by Walsh's petrol lighter. "Might knock guard on head when food brought," he scribbled on the back of an old envelope.

They nodded, though not very hopefully.

Outside a terrific commotion was going on. "If Muriel and . . ." Mason began. Walsh clapped a hand over his mouth to prevent any tactless remark.

Nothing, however, could stay the agonized cry of Ogilvie when he recognized the starting up of his beloved motor. "To the de'il wi' them. They'll burn out every valve revving her that fast."

"Did ye no' call 'em rattletraps the noo?"

"I dare say the government will make

amends if your craft is damaged," Walsh intervened. "Providing we live through this. There's somebody at the door already." He lowered his voice. "Don't touch him yet."

**A CHANCE AT LAST**

The warning saved Hugh Everard and Muriel Mason from rough handling. Their arrival was not accidental. Soon after the motor boat had left the submarine's side the two had stolen out of hiding.

"Seemed as if we'd been deserted," Hugh related. "Then we overheard German spoken up above."

"So we went into a huddle," Muriel took over. "And here we are."

"Good girl!"

"I say," she said, alarmed, "why the whispering?"

"We imagined microphones or something."

"If they're installed, there's certainly nobody to listen. We've been through this boat and we know."

"Didn't you mention hearing Germans on deck?"

"A mouldy brace."

"Well, what about them?"

She laughed. "We've brought them along. Fritz and Hans march!"

The couple whom they had surprised on boarding the submarine had been caught again. "Gave them a tremen-fright when we bobbed up. They'd been given to understand we'd cleared off, and the island is being combed. Up went their greasy hands for the asking."

"Practice makes perfect," Mason quoted. "Bring them inside."

Relative freedom was very precious to the party. But having the run of the submarine was of little avail unless they could make good their escape. Ellendorf had attended to the ship's armaments, so another naval engagement was ruled out.

"Wouldn't have been any more effective," Captain Walsh said. "We've got to put on our thinking caps. By the way, dummy sentries had better be mounted. The absence of the genuine ones may be noticed."

It was a sensible provision for while Hugh and George Jessop were pacing the narrow deck, the dinghy put off with a relief couple. Deceived by the oil-skin-clad figures silhouetted against the skyline, they came aboard unsuspectingly, surrendering at the point of an unloaded pistol.

"That's torn it!" exclaimed Muriel. "If the dinghy doesn't return with Fritz and Hans our number is definitely up."

"Two men came out and two are going back," said Walsh, the merchant skipper.

"Won't work!!! None of us can pass muster with the gang."

"I'm aware of that, Mr. Everard. What they can accomplish is to approach the shore, immobilize the motor-boat and leave us isolated. Mr. Ogilvie will be best for the job. He'll know how to render the engines beyond repair."

"Will ye ha'e me destroy the apple of my eye?"

"Yes, and if you can scuttle her into the bargain, all the better."

McFergus so far lapsed as to utter a profanity.

"No room for sentiment, skipper."

"Ah ken that fine captain. 'Tis a wicked sin. Could we no' sink the dinghy and bring my bonnie boat awa' wi' us?"

"Time's short. I don't know! It's not such a mad idea at that. Use your discretion. If there's any opposition, or any trouble arises, stick to the dinghy and sacrifice the boat."

The skipper prayed, with fervour as Ogilvie tugged at the oars. "Ah, ne'er thought to see the day ah'd be abbot tae do sae fool a deed."

"Dinna fash yersel' skipper, we'll keep the 'Purple Heather' afloat. Often ah've called her names, mut she's as dear tae me as tae you."

"Ah'll ne'er forget this, Mr. Ogilvie. Ye Germans isna' greatly concerned wi' oor movements. Mebbe 'twill come oot right."

Close inshore the dinghy changed course to bring her alongside the motor-boat. Screened by this they climbed over the gunwale. It was Ogilvie's turn to pray as he started the oft-cursed engines, which made amends for all prior short-comings by waking to instant life.

"Cast off!"

"Off it is"

"We're awa', Mr. Ogilvie."

"Aye, if the old rattletrap doesna' seize a bearing. Doon wi' your head, skipper!"

A bullet zinged past the old man's ear. "Ah canna' steer on my belly," he complained. "There's a big crowd gatherin' tae wave us good-bye. Oeh, you brute Snicked the skin of my nose. Are you all right, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Fine, and thankful tae be on the 'Purple Heather,' for we'd ha'e been hellish slow in the dinghy."

"Moderate your language, man. Oh, hell!"

"Oh, skipper"

"Dinna mek a mock of me, Mr. Ogilvie."

"Ah'm surprised and shocked."

"And Ah'm a sorry man the noo. Not for letting my feelings get the upper hand. We forgot to sink the dinghy. They ha'e it. What will the captain say?"

Captain Walsh expressed himself strongly. The carelessness was liable to be serious. Although only capable of holding six men the fact that they would be armed with rifles was an important consideration.

"We're down to a few clips for our automatics," he concluded.

"Plenty of small stuff," Muriel observed. "Boxes full in the aft magazine."

"Bring it up. And shut off that beatly motor, somebody. What in thunder am I dreaming of? Keep it running."

"Ah concluded we'd need tae get awa' in her."

Walsh was not satisfied with saving their skins. They would tow the submarine with them.

"Shan't we be over-reaching ourselves," Mr. Mason objected.

"We'll make a good attempt. Come on help me jettison the anchor. Rig a line, skipper. We've a valuable prize. Besides, if we leave her, Ellendorf won't be stranded."

"Are ye chartering my vessel, captain?"

Walsh's jaw dropped ludicrously.

"Because," McFergus went on, "the 'Purple Heather' is no' insured against special risks."

"Haven't you any patriotism, man?"

"Aye loads of it. If ye no' proposing to charter, Ah'll mek it clear, as skipper, that the prize money will be apportioned accordingly."

Captain Walsh threw back his head and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. "Of all the practical villains you stand supreme."

"Ah, ask nae more than my rights."

"By heavens you shall have them."

Ellendorf's men were blazing away at extreme range, showing no disposition to come to close quarters. Their fire had no appreciable effect, though it slowed down preparations.

Concluding that the British party were helpless, the crowded dinghy came closer. Mason and Hugh drove them off with pistol shots that were falling yards wide and short.

The others were toiling like slaves until the cumbersome capture was wallowing in the wake of the "Purple Heather" as they made for the open sea. It was a severe strain on the motor boat, especially as Walsh was unable to manipulate the steering gear.

"Not a split second to spare and she's behaving like an old cow," he said. "Curse these hydraulic rudders. I don't want to do anything to make her more unwieldy or I'd experiment. Wheres' the enemy?"

"We've won, Mr. Everard. Good work, what?"

(To be Concluded)

## Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

Commissioner Chas Sowton, Territorial Commander of the Salvation Army from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, was a visitor to Timmins twenty years ago. A welcome had been planned for him on his arrival here on the Saturday evening but as the train was five hours late the proceedings were adjourned. On the Sunday there were largely attended meetings at the Army hall. Lieut. Adby, Candidate Secretary, and Capt. Cornthwaite assisted at these meetings. Lieut. Adby, a gifted singer and accordion player, added much to the meetings. On Sunday afternoon the Commissioner gave an inspiring lecture on "Social Regeneration". During Commissioner Sowton's stay in town he was the guest of Mr and Mrs. E. L. Longmore.

When the plans for a new townsite were submitted to the town council for approval twenty years ago, the mayor, Dr. McInnis, said:—"It would be a good thing if each of the new townsites adjoining the town would donate a few lots to the town for park purposes. It would help everybody." At the same meeting of council there was a request for a by-law licensing and regulating electrical contractors. The matter was referred to the town solicitor. Councilor Drew brought up the question of providing uniforms for the paid firemen. The volunteer firemen agreed to help out in replacing the paid firemen during the vacations of the latter, thus saving the town practically the price of the uniforms. This was felt by the council to show a notable spirit of friendliness and co-operation between the paid firemen and the volun-

teers and a motion was passed by the council for the purchase of the uniforms on the terms suggested by the volunteers.

As a souvenir of the previous hockey season and a reminder of the good sport put up, J. D. McLean, the manager of the Town hockey team, and each playing member of the team twenty years ago was presented with a handsome gold eversharp pencil with name engraved on the side.

Even bad weather could not kill golf enthusiasm twenty years ago, the official opening of the Timmins Golf Club taking place on May 24th. The match was between President and Vice-President, the President's team winning.

Damage to extent of about \$2,000.00 was done at a fire twenty years ago at Gray's Drug Store, River Road. The fire was understood to have originated from a clerk in the store striking a match and the head of the match flying in among the stock of fireworks.

The result was a spectacular fire or series of fires. The speedy response of the fire brigade helped a lot. It was a nasty fire to handle but the Timmins fire chief and his men then, as now, knew their fires, and by the aid of the chemical tank got the fire partly under control. The water had to be turned on when the chemical tanks were exhausted. The loss was covered by insurance.

The Timmins Golden Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire twenty years ago presented the public and separate school in town with handsomely-framed paintings of historic interest. The pictures included a particularly attractive one of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Ypres Cathedral, Arras, an Airship Raid, Canadian Forestry Battalion in France. The death of Montcalm, and other subjects. There were 36 pictures in all. The formal presentation to the separate schools was made on May 22nd, 1924. Rev. Fr. Theriault accepting the gifts on behalf of the schools and expressing the appreciation felt to the I. O. D. E. A programme of much interest was given by pupils of the separate school. On May 23rd the presentation was made to the public schools, 570 pupils gathering at the Central public school for the occasion. A programme of outstanding interest was given by the pupils. An address on the Union Jack by Rev. J. D. Parks was a notable feature of the occasion. The presentation of the pictures was made by Mrs. J. A. McInnis, regret of the I. O. D. E., on behalf of the Order, while M. B. Scott, chairman of the public school board, accepted on behalf of the schools. For he musical numbers of the day, Miss Sims was the capable director, while Miss McIntosh and others of the teaching staff also gave valuable assistance.

At a fire drill at the Central public school twenty years ago, the school was emptied in the remarkably short time of 52 seconds.

Twenty years ago The Advance gave the help of publicity to the plan to organize an orchestra society in Timmins. Among those interested in the project were:—A. J. Prosser, E. Whaley, Burton Holland and H. F. Schroeder.

The Advance twenty years ago gave space to a useful description by Dan O'Connor of a first-class canoe route to Cleaver and McNeill townships by way of Connaught and Nighthawk.

Fully 400 people gathered at the Porcupine garage twenty years ago to see the motion picture films supplied by the Ford Motor Co. The pictures showed the progress of the Ford car from its state as iron ore to the finished product as a "Tinlizzie". The Ford tractor was pictured in similar way.

Twenty years ago The Advance commenced the publication of the interesting and well-written correspondence from South Porcupine, the column being conducted by Mrs. Frank Hamil-

## General Regret at Death of Mrs. T. White, Noranda

Recently two Timmins men were bereaved by the sudden death of Mrs. T. M. White, of Noranda. In the May 17th, issue of The Rouyn-Noranda Press the following reference is made to the death of Mrs. White:—

"The sudden death of Mrs. T. M. White, of 77 Chadbourne avenue, Noranda, on Sunday last, came as a shock to her relatives, friends and the staff of Youville Hospital. Apparently sufficiently recovered from pneumonia, Mrs. White was expected to return home from the hospital on the following day, but succumbed to a heart attack. A native of Bay of Islands, Curling, Newfoundland, Mrs. White came to Rouyn and Noranda seven years ago. Mr. White has for several years been employed by Hill-Clark-Francis Ltd. as superintendent on construction work. He has been on such work at the Aldermac property, Sherbrooke, for the past four months, and was summoned home from there Monday by the death of his wife. Besides her husband, Mrs. White leaves to mourn her a daughter Pearl, married to Leading Stoker H. Dresser, R. C. N. V. R., who is now on his way home, and a son, Cpl. T. J. White, R. C. A. F., stationed at Toronto. Cpl. White was able to get home for his mother's funeral. From her late residence on Chadbourne avenue, Mrs. White's remains were taken to Our Lady of Retention church for a high mass of requiem yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father J. M. Pelchat officiating. Burial took place after the mass in the Noranda cemetery.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance twenty years ago were the following:—"Myles Walker, shop foreman at the Hollinger for several months, leaves to-morrow for the South. Last night his fellow employees in the department made him a presentation to express their appreciation for his many good qualities and their high regard and good wishes."

"Dr. J. H. Knox, D. V. S., of Toronto, has opened practice in Timmins as a veterinary surgeon."

"Born—in Timmins, Ont., on Sunday, May 25th, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Shaheen—a daughter, Mrs. Griswold and Miss Grace Carr, of Barrie are the guests here of their sister, Mrs. W. R. Sullivan and Mrs. A. S. Porter."

"Born—in Timmins, Ont., on Tuesday, May 27th, to Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Taylor—a son."

"Born—in Timmins, Ont., on Wednesday, May 28th, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Moislley—a son."

Acting as pall-bearers were Messrs. Ray Doyle, Rene Plourde, Chief LeBlanc, R. Jason, Tony Kostelz, and Robert Watt. One of thirteen children, the deceased is survived by five brothers, two of whom reside in Timmins. These, William and Walter Edmonds came to Noranda for the funeral, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Edmonds. There are also two brothers in New Jersey, and sisters and other relatives in Newfoundland. Mrs. A. Olive, of Kirkland Lake, and Miss Olga Valley, of Swastika, friends of the deceased, also attended the funeral. Mr. White and his daughter and son are very grateful to those who sent the many floral offerings. Mr. White expects to return to Sherbrooke on Saturday. Cpl. White to his station at Toronto on Monday, and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edmonds and Walter Edmonds to their homes in Timmins on Sunday.

Exchange: The average girl thinks the best way to make a name is to change hers.

## Death of Infant Son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacLeod

The death occurred on May 22nd, at St. Mary's hospital, of Colin MacLeod, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James MacLeod, 159 Balsam St. N. The child was two months old at the time of death. The funeral services were held at the Church of the Nativity on May 23rd, at 3 p. m. and interment was made in Timmins cemetery. Funeral arrangements were under S. T. Walker.

Ottawa Journal: "Dad's old suit," says a journal headline, "can blossom into smart outfit for miltidy." Could, perhaps, except that Dad is wearing it.

Our Family Regulator is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY PILLS LIVER PILLS

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Sense and Nonsense: A scientist says wars are caused by weather. But you never hear of a battle being called off on account of wet grounds.

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