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FORTUNE'S APPRENTICE

By LEONARD LESLIE Author of 'Amended Proposal," Etc.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES STURTON, an enlightened landowner, previously in shipping, in which he made money which he now devotes to developing the Manor regard the fort of keepsake you have much as ever," he exclaimed. "Dash estates. He takes a great interest in

JOHN MORRIS, son of the local garage proprietor, whose wife was a daughter of a chauffeur once in Sir Charles' employ. John is a clever boy at school and after he wins a scholarship Sir Charles takes care of his education with a view to his becoming agent of the estates. Sturton's own son

EDWARD STURTON has no particular interest in country life, preferring to study to become a doctor. The two boys are firm friends and remain so during their period at Oxford. Also friendly with John is

PATRICIA STURTON, though with her there is a hint of patronage. Newcomers to the district are

ADMIRAL SANDLEY, whose views are rather feudal, his son

CONRAD, inclined to look down on Morris while cultivating Edward Sturton, His sister DIANA SANDLEY, dark and a lover of open-air activities, is the opposite in

type to PHILLIPA, youngest of the Sandley family. She interests Edward, but John

insists that he is not concerned in moving in such society.

CHAPTER XI

LAST LEAVE

been dreading. John's leave had flown by an idealistic scenic artist. on wings that had taken her to the; "I wish it had been raining," Diana I find." She did not realize the imregrets.

"Don't come to the station with me," expected."

he urged. "But, my dear, I can't forfeit a whole my babble."

quarter of an hour." "No. Please let me have the memory crinkly effect at the waist

"Smocking, you ignoramus." "Is that what it is called? I didn't Doing this." know. It looks nice. You should be hatless, so that the breeze can ruffle your hair . . ."

"Sentimentalist!" That was regarded in their pre-war friendship as an expression of scorn. But now a slight waver in her voice betrayed a deep, inner emotion.

thing up," he said, in defence. "There in my mind, perhaps for ever and rural ones with prize winning flower his piece." beds in the background,

"But suppose it rains?" "It will not."

Nor did it. John left in ideal weather, the forerunner of a long spell of dry



heat that was to make the year memorable. Those white, wispy clouds in There came the day which Diana had an azure sky might have been painted

heights. There had been halcyon hours, said, "Then I should have had to wear in the companionship unmarred by any a macintosh. Wouldn't that be more in interference. By unspoken consent Mrs. keeping with recollections of the Eng-Sandley had agreed that this embark- lish climate? I am selfish. This is what ness." ation leave should be one free from you wanted, though it seems to mock us. How dare nature be so glad?"

to receive, in a motherly embrace, a Now they must say "good-bye." For Please don't make it harder than girl who had almost forgotten how in- to weep together while she was home how long they dare not contemplate. | need be. That is not the spirit I had

"Sorry, my dear, Take no notice of

"The trouble is," he continued, as to carry away of you walking in the "the trouble is that I find I am even Europe was in flames. The scorching to play. And among the many tragedies lane down to Ingle Brook. Wear your more sentimental than either of un daintiest frock. The one with that supposed. Do you know how I occupied Norway, consumed Holland and Bel- saddening one was yet to darken that myself last evening? Of course you gium, and crackled fiercely in fair don't-not after I left you. I'll tell you. France-devouring men, women and

opened palm.

"What is it, John?"

"A broken penny." "Ch!" she was touched by a gesture, heart; that did not quail.

the meaning of which she did not miss. "For a keepsake, Diana," he ex-"I get tired of having to bottle every- plained. "The silly sort of thing they side. Now he was somewhere inside used to do in a more romantic age. I the dreadful furnace. is a special picture I would like to keep thought our generation had given it up, a but that was a mistake. Mother still day. A picture in a proper setting. Rail- has her half of one given by my father was reported missing. Diana and way platforms are so dreary. Even when they were courting. He has lost Phillipa Sandley shared the heartrend-

> "How like a man," she murmured. "But I shall take better care of mother. In that dismal period she

"A courtship token," Diana said, spiration. drawing in her breath sharply. "Courtship . . ."

"What's wrong with the word? It has a nice English sound," she re- The two women, so fundamentally marked, holding out her hand. "And I different in upbringing and mentality, don't think it at all silly."

what a job I had breaking the thing." during the period of travail "You managed to make it very even. When we join them together . . " Vicarage, Joan Barton wept unre-Then, very quietly, "John, don't dawdle strainedly, sharing her grief with none, any more! Hurry for your train before Perhaps her father had guessed the

I cry. They kissed, almost perfunctorily, Farmer Marsh came jingling round the bend and spotted them. With the Very few in that district innate decency so often found in simple people he pretended not to though not badly, in a gallant venture notice, though he blew his nose violently when he got out of sight.

"It doesn't matter," Diana observed. the great evacuation. He had volun-"It doesn't matter if everybody sees us. I should have kissed you at the station had you let me come, no matter how many people were about. There aren't very many in these parts who do not know that we are in love. That is one of the things you cannot keep quiet in the country. And most of them wish us well in our-our courtship."

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Mrs. Sandley nodded. "As soon as you return she shall go to him." "Wouldn't it be best if we went to-"No. I think not."

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John complained, "We wander round

ancient and modern. Didn't they

"He has gone?" questioned her

"It is awfully hard, I may never see

"Of course you will, child. The war

may be over by Christmas. Think of

"So do his people. A very worthy pair,

children, towns, villages, and forests.

PERILOUS DAYS

ton, but he held his peace.

with the little craft that crossed and

recrossed the narrow seas to assist in

teered to act as skipper of a Thames

pleasure boat that did mighty service

in snatching precious lives from the

the countryside. The descendants of

standing at work which made possible

such improbabilities as Mrs. Sandley

and Mrs. Morris serving on the same

limited resources of the villages. Adults,

too, were brought from the eastern

countries as the German hordes ad-

vanced relentlessly towards the island

fortress, now guarded by little more

than her ancient moat and the stout

Presently came odd and unexpected

scraps of news. Edward had managed

to escape from France on board a fish-

"Perhaps John, too," Diana prayed. Her prayers were answered. John was alive. But badly wounded, added

"Thank you for letting us know,"

"Of course I had to," Mrs. Morris

answered. "As soon as possible. I only

stopped to put on my hat and jacket.

Look, my apron is still underneath. I

am going to see him to-morrow. They

Presently it was Diana's turn. By

this time she pas prepared. She found

John in a West County hospital with a

shattered arm the surgeons were al-

"There are many far worse off than

I" he replied to her first words of

sympathy. "But this is going to make

a big difference to all my plans. Every-

thing on which I built looks like col-

ay it is allowed. Can Diana'

committees.

ing boat.

hearts of her people.

the communication.

Mrs. Sandley said

ready eyeing askance.

"Why should it?"

lapsing."

"Years ago they did."

"Keep cheeful, dear."

may not be arranged?"

mother, softly.

"Yes."

nim again."

"Mother!"

"So do I," she said simply.

"I only wish it were more advanced," if they leave my arm on."

"Don't be morbid. The loss of an arm is a big misfortune but not a She hushed him. The promises made catastrophe." "It is the right arm, Diana." bound them together as tightly as though there was an open engagement.

"Then learn to use your left arm. That would inevitably follow, though | There were lots of men wounded in the only when she had parental consent, last war who hardly noticed they were or after she was free to do as she an arm the less when they got used to it. They do wonderful things to help "Yes," 'she admitted. "Something make up for it."

Sir Charles concurred. "Tell him else old-fashioned. I am a mixture of I from me that I shall rely on him as given me as we regard a wedding it, Morris is as good as three men whole and I expect him to be worth two with a physical disability. He has enough brains to make up the deficiency." Diana thanked him fervently, and

As though their parting had been there was that in her expression that agreed upon that way they turned and made him look the other way. walked away from each other, neither "Tears," he said gruffly "I always looking backwards. Diana held herself

thought modern girls had lost that erect and passed dry-eyed into her "Then I'm afraid I'm not very modern," she admitted. "Not in some

> matters." "Dry your eyes, my dear." "Do you know what upsets me?"

"I think so."

"John was so low in spirits when I saw him," she recounted. "He had gone through so much. No wonder he was that. And then-well, who know what brooding-though there is much to be thankful for. Thank God he is alive." "After what I felt when my son was "Naturally, it depends on your father missing I can understand your feelings John improves on closer acquaintance. only too well, my dear."

Her tears flowed again. She could provement was in her own outlook. not control them. "How is Edward?" "Fit and well, according to his letters. though they are in a small way of busi-Really in fine fettle, he says. We expect him home when things get a little Suddenly she opened her arms wide straighter."

She sighed. "Phillipa and I were able finitely comforting maternal caresses on leave Edward had not got back to England when she was recalled." "Let's hope they will all be home

So many things happened during the again before too long," Sir Charles said. That day lay in the distant future, next few weeks-things that affected though not having heard her remarks, the whole course of history. Half Destiny still had a full hand of cards tongues of fire licked Denmark and in a world full of tragic happenings a little group of people.

There was no wedding for Phillipabright, vivacious Phillipa of the golden months do not harmonize with your two small objects he held out on his that seemed on the verge of total ex- opened palm.

Then the tragedy of a civilization hair and dancing eyes. She was killed current skin tone or with your new that seemed on the verge of total ex- in the month that was to have brought clothes. Next to a rare perfume there Miss Daphne Gay Then the tragedy of a civilization hair and dancing eyes. She was killed current skin tone or with your new tinction—and the miracle of Dunkirk her wedding with Edward Sturton. The is nothing that will give a woman's as an assurance that the future was bomb was one of the first released in spirit so quick a pick-up ensemble of the opening phases of the Battle of rouge, lipstick powder and nail polish. not all dark. There were some stout Britain, and she was on duty at the So much in so short a time. Only a time, as she would have wished.

little while ago John had walked at her No letter had come from him for over a fortnight. And Edward Sturton busying herself in the kitchen attached be particular in their purchases. ing anxiety that was somehow eased to the Parish Room when a telegraph | It is impossible to set down fixed by the new found sympathy of their proved a very present help and in-

> I've been to The Grange and they sent hair and the fairest of skins-they can me 'ere."

Typical of her changed attitude was "I'll take it to her." the early call she made at the garage.

"There's bad news in it," the boy said. "I ain't supposed to know, but seeing I knows you, I don't mind letting derived, on their part, a mutual inspir-He smiled, saying, "You don't know ation that stood them in good stead you in. Tis Miss Phillipa. In an air them all. raid, she was. We all liked her, didn't Lonely, in her bedroom at the

The boy drew a sleeve over his grubby face, making a greyish streak from the bridge of his nose, across his secret of her feelings for Edward Stur- cheek. "Yes, we all liked her," Mrs. Morris

agreed softly. "Give me the telegram. Where was the home untouched? "I have to wait and see if there's any nswer, ma'am." The Admiral had been wounded,

"There won't be." She walked slowly back into the main hall, into the happy gathering of helpfully arguing friends. It seemed that all the women of the district had congregated in that room. They seemed to be watching her as she advanced bomb-torn beaches of Europe's western the sigh of her grim face and the ominous orange envelope bringing all Such days as these had not been talk to an end.

Telegrams, to so many of the villages, known in England since the Napoleonic presaged ill news at any time. menace which was a folk memory in "For me?" asked Mrs. Sandley, as

Mrs. Morris halted at her side. men who had once flocked with pike "Come into the kitchen, will you?" and scythe to bar the path of an in-"Phillipa!" A pent-up gasp escaped vader were now flocking to join the from the stricken mother. She swayed Local Defence Volunteers. There was a slightly as every trace of colour drained spirit of neighbourliness and underfrom her face.

Mrs. Morris gently placed a chair for " . . . regret to inform . . . as result

of enemy action . . . behaviour during More evacuated children came to the raid was an inspiration to . . . swell the number already taxing the Only occasional phrases were audible THE THE PARTY OF T

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by PATRICIA LINDSAY

NEW MAKE-UP SHADES BOW TO FLOWER **FASHIONS**



The romantic beauty of Lilac Time has been captured in a new make-up shade

If you have a favorite flower you their dark hair but could not bleach might ask at your cosmetic counter for their skin. Consequently they must the make-up inspired by it-for there rely upon make-up for brunettes beis an array of new make-up named cause blonde make-up would make after flowers: red lilac, pink lilac, apple their faces look painted and unlovely. blossom, red rose, clover, Victorian rose, Do not buy a new shade of make-up fuschia, and others.

be selected. The shades which flattered and that is what you should wear. you during the winter and early spring

The old way to testing which shade Shower Thursday is most flattering for you holds good: By a grim coincidence it fell to the sample the shade in daytime wear, Mrs. R. Hardy Hostess at lot of Mrs. Morris to break the news and for night in artifical light. The to Mrs. Sandley. That afternoon there salesgirl usually will touch the lipstick was a committee meeting of the newly to your wrist and you can then walk organized Neighbours' League, at which to a door or window and judge the both women were present. Mrs. Morris' colour. With the high tax and limited

boy thrust his head round the corner rules selecting make-up for your spe-"For Mrs. Sandley," he announced, have seen girls with the blackest of bride-elect with some lovely gifts.

> as she read it in a hoarse whisper, intending to share the message with In pity and understanding the women kept quiet, knowing that ord-

inary expressions of sympathy would decorated pink and white basket, and sound hollow in so public a setting "If you will excuse me, ladies, I will thanked her friends. go home," Mrs. Sandley said, carefully folding the telegram. She turned to Mrs. Morris. "Would you mind coming ed by Mrs. Nicholson and Mrs. Wilkin-

Together they went from the room,

with me, my dear?"

simply because it is new. One of the Make-up for summer wear should older shades may be more flattering

(Released by The Bell Syndicate)

Miscellaneous Shower

Miss Daphne Gay, bride of September 9th, was guest of honuor on Thurshad volunteered to brew tea and was manufacture of cosmetics women should day evening at a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. R. Hardy, 6 Transmission Line, when a number of her friends gathered to extend their best cific type of beauty and colouring. I wishes and to present the popular

The guests enjoyed a pleasant wear make-up mixed for blondes. And social evening which included games I have seen girls who had bleached and a mock wedding, in which Mrs. Jean Smith was the clergyman, Miss Helen Smith and Miss Alice Portelance, the bride and groom, and Miss Jean Smith, the piper. The lovely array of gifts; were pre-

> the guest of honour very appropriately An especially dainty and delicious lunch was served by the hostess assist-

Among those present were: Mrs. J. the work hardened hand of the garage Smith, Mrs. S. Shaw, Mrs. J. Ormstom, keeper's wife gently placed for support Mrs. W. Wilkinson, Mrs. M. Richards, under the elbow of the Admiral's lady. Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Crispin, Mrs. W. (To be Continued.) Bright, Mrs. W. Sheridan, Mrs. T. Gra-

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"I shall be a poor sort of crock, even Contract Contract

TIMMINS

ham Mrs. W. Nicholson, Miss N Cullen. Miss J. Smith, Miss H. Smith, Miss Alice Portelance, Mrs. T. Gay (mother of the bride-to-be) Miss Daphne Gay, the guest of honour, and the hostess,

Mrs. R. Hardy. Unable to attend but sending gifts were: Mrs. Borland Sr., Mrs. McGarry,

and Miss Mamie Borland,

Great excitement reigned in the village. They'd had their first bomb durling the night. Fortunately it had fallen in a field, the only damage being a large crater.

The place was swarming with relic-

hunters, searching for bits of bomb

as souvenirs Practically everybody was there-and the rest were on their All save one. A dear old lady sat outside her cottage and called cheery

greetings to her neighbours hastening

"Aren't you coming to get a sou-

venir, Mr. Jones?" asked one. "No," was the placid reply. "It's a bit far for me pore feet. "I'll just wait

till a bomb drops nearer."—North Bay

Nugget.

JUST A NAGGER

Two woman neighbours were in a shelter while an enemy plane was droning overhead.

Said one of them: "Good gracious my husband is still in bed. I forgot to wake him." "Don't worry," said the other, "let

"Sleep!" said the first woman. "You don't know my husband; if a bomb drops on him he,ll nag me about it for months "-North Bay Nugget.

him sleep, if he can."





cartons ... it's downright wasteful to leave a lot of them at your summer cottage, when they might otherwise be put to good use all winter long. For bottles and cartons are used over and over again. So please return your summer's collection of empties, in their original cartons, now - to your nearest Brewer's Retail Store, and help us maintain steady supplies for you this winter.

