

Published by Special Arrangement.

# Ashes of Lightning

by Vincent Cornier

Author of "The Steel Dutchman," "The Flying Hat," Etc.

### PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

**GILES MORETON:** Twenty-five, handsome but temperamental. Reputed to be a former R.A.F. pilot, invalidated out. Now works as an inspector in the Lowwood tank plant.

**CAROL GILROY:** Daughter of local solicitor, who has taken up war work as a viewer in the Lowwood plant. She is interested in Moreton, who mystifies her.

**HECTOR FLANAGAN:** Works superintendent. Hostile to Moreton.

**"RATTY" HELME:** Progress clerk, who toadies to Flanagan.

**MAJOR GENERAL SIR ALBERT HARDISTY:** General-Officer Commanding the district in which the Lowwood works are situated.

**CAPTAIN CALTHROP:** Intelligence Officer on Hardisty's staff, specially interested in security questions.

### CHAPTER XVII. WHO WAS "FLANAGAN?"

The man out of the walnut tree was Helme. He had four rifle-bullets in his chest and did not survive them for more than a few minutes.

Lance-Corporal Aitchison, the sentry who had fired the shots, had obeyed orders without hesitation. Moreton had noticed the unusual fact of these guardians of Cathedral Close being each a lance-corporal. He guessed they were Security Police—picked men who carried a certain confidential knowledge of the whole situation, therefore reliable to the last degree.

General Hardisty's long-headedness had undoubtedly saved Moreton's life. His assumption that danger threatened both Moreton and Carol Gilroy was proved correct.

Helme must have been hidden in the branches of the walnut tree for hours. He had a most elaborate mechanism arranged for his comfort; apparatus of whittled sticks, crossed trellis-work, and knotted together by stout green cord. Food and water, and a box of cigarettes were slung from one branch clamped on to another was a short-barrelled Manlicher-Schroeder high velocity big-game rifle equipped with a superb Zeiss telescopic sight, and a big silencer.

General Hardisty examining this equipment, with Captain Calthrop standing by, grunted in a grudging way.

"All German tackle! What infernal ingenuity, Calthrop!" He twisted the silencer's cover and displayed its intricate system of gas-traps and heavy oil baffles. "I've seen only one like this previously. It's a Schmeisser—reduced the crack of that rifle to a slight cough!"

"Aitchison swears he didn't hear anything, sir, except the chirrup of the first bullet. I suppose that was deliberately aimed at the wall to attract Moreton's attention."

"Oh, yes! Helme would see him in the room and wanted him at the window to get him in that telescopic sight. It's miraculous how the boy escaped. By the way, how's he getting on?"

"Very nice, sir. Miss Gilroy is attentive, and they've removed the glass and strapped him up, comfortably."

A splinter from the ruined window pane had driven into Moreton's chest wall—lodging itself in the intercostal processes between the first and second ribs on his left side. The merest subdivision of time had saved him from death. Had Helme pressed the trigger a split second earlier, just before Moreton turned on his heels to leave the window, those expanding bullets would have torn through his heart. Where they had struck the wall behind him, holes of the size and shape of three inch paint-pots had been driven.

"Well," said Hardisty, in turn, smiled drily. "I see nothing better than to leave him—ah—to Miss Gilroy's attention. An extremely satisfactory outcome of the trouble, hey?"

"As you say, General."

"Still," the General grumbled, "it's rather a pity that we weren't able to take Helme alive. We might have wrung something out of him—it's this 'Flanagan' fellow we've got to lay by the heels, Helme, surely, would have known his whereabouts."

"I've a feeling, sir," Calthrop solemnly stated, "that 'Flanagan' has laid elaborate plans. Everything points to his having established a post, somewhere in the district, which must be absolutely crammed with equipment."

"Y'know, Calthrop," Hardisty returned, after a moment's thought, "that's an alarming supposition! Of course, I see what you mean Helme's flask of acid; those glass tubes of fire-

raising liquid; all this sniping paraphernalia—yes, he must have a complete Nazi nucleus in this country!"

"And, sir, in all probability he'll also have an anti-British organization under his command, of which Helme might only have been one insignificant member."

The General pondered, silently. "Dammit, Calthrop," he growled at last, "You're a most disquieting bird! It's absolutely essential, of course that one takes the most comprehensive view. Yet, frankly, I'm worried to death about the business. I'd rather spend six months, with my fat lads in the fields, than have to mess about another day with this ungodly twilit sort of menace. It's beastly—unclean."

"The Inspector, sir," Captain Calthrop made a forthright reply "that laid all Europe low. Someone has to tackle it here. A filthy job, I admit, but so necessary!"

The General Officer Commanding looked at the quiet, pleasant-faced captain.

"Thank you, Calthrop," he said decisively, "for that! You are quite right it is a necessary duty to civilization. He looked at his watch. "Well, it's time to interview our prickly sergeant from Libya. I wonder if he'll throw any light on the matter? Pity Moreton can't be present. You got those photographs I hope?"

"Yes, sir. Enlargements if Press photographs taken at the Tractor Corporation's annual sports—five excellent portraits of 'Hector Flanagan,' machinshop superintendent."

"Wonder if the real Flanagan will recognize the false," the General grunted. "However, let's go to work!"

### CHAPTER XVIII. "I KNOW HIM WELL!"

Giles Moreton sat in a big easy chair by the log fire in the drawing-room. A pile of buff-coloured reports was to his right hand, with a notebook and pencil.

Carol sat knitting—one of those enormous stockings of thick oiled-wool, destined for a rating to wear beneath sea-boots, on a minesweeper. The sound of organ music and the thin beauty of boyish voices underlaid with the bass of men, choired from the Cathedral; anthem in evensong. Swallows congregated and shrilled incessantly in their excitement over the great migration they were shortly to make and the outraged starlings, reviling from a hundred nooks and coigns of mediaeval stone, made fluid curses for an answer.

Carol knitted. Presently Hannah would bring in tea and Giles would have to arouse himself. He looked solemn and remote. She wondered what he was pondering upon—she hoped his chest had ceased throbbing and aching. Oh, that long and ugly wound! It made her feel ill just to remember what it was like when they picked him up from the floor of the boy's room.

The clock ticked steadily on. Moreton rearranged every thought he had ever had upon this subject of sabotage. He did more, he probed back, into first causes. If only he could find the one clue which, so far, had evaded him! It was as though a mocking little voice continually cried "Go on, find it, man, and then you'll see the whole assembly click together like a Chinese puzzle!"

By slow degrees he came to a consideration of Banni's observation before he died. "Eidenhausen, soviet ich weiss!" His heart lifted. Everything, he felt sure, inhaled in that.

"Eidenhausen—so much I know." How had Banni learned of that long-ago name? Who had told him? So far as Moreton knew, the General and three other high-ranking officers, alone were aware of the dangerous adventure which necessitated the use of that German name. It was hardly likely that any of the four would have confined in the little Jewish refuge!

The possibility remained that the contacts between the traitor, who called himself Flanagan, and Ludwig Banni had been more frequent than Moreton has suspected. That "Flanagan" was constantly suing Banni's interest had been apparent to Moreton what time he worked in the inspection bays with Banni at his bar-lathe, constantly under supervision.

Perhaps "Flanagan" had told them again, the brick wall arose. How could "Flanagan" have known?

Giles Moreton thought even deeper into the past.

Immediately prior to the outbreak of war—at the outset of his career in the Service, and, acting under instructions from his superior officers in

Whitehall—Moreton adopted the identity of Karl Eidenhausen. As Eidenhausen he was drawn into the maelstrom of Germany's activities when Britain declared war. As Karl Eidenhausen he was taken into the Luftwaffe and trained as a pilot. As Eidenhausen he set off on his first operational flight to London during the Battle of Britain.

He made a most artistic pretence of having been shot down in combat, landed—did not destroy his machine—and reported to intelligence.

His credentials verified; his father, Sir Hilary Ponsonby-Moreton having vouched for him, it was deemed policy to play the game a little longer. As a prisoner, still "Karl Eidenhausen," Moreton was herded along with a hundred more. He had to keep his cards open and report to facilitate these reports he was granted certain privileges; given a freer hand than other prisoners. Ostensibly an accepted liaison officer between the camp authorities and the prisoners, Moreton was often in conference with his uncle, Hardisty, then in command in the district.

After a while having exhausted all possible means and methods of gaining information from his unsuspecting fellow prisoners, "Karl Eidenhausen" got free by an excellently stage-managed "escape."

His only fears of recognition, after this "escape" had been consummated, arose in that hour when Lady Hardisty proved such a sudden danger. That smoothed over; General Hardisty having vouched for him, both to Calthrop and Mr. Gilroy, the second essay in investigation, as Giles Moreton inspector of gears, appeared to have no further impediment.

Yet Banni had known! Then, there was nothing else for it, "Flanagan" also had known who, therefore, was "Flanagan?" Had his knowledge come to him in England—or Germany?

Moreton puzzled the more. Search his mind as he might, he could not remember ever having had dealings with any Nazi official who looked like "Flanagan" with one exception. There was that narrow-faced fellow whom he had met in Hamburg—that Quisling-injected Swede who was importing "Jo-blocks," master-gauges corrected to seven millionths of an inch, to Germany. Now what was the name of the fellow? Ah, yes! Ols Larsson!

But then, hang it all, Larsson was short-sighted and wore thick pebble lenses. Also he was lacking several front teeth; and he was sandy-haired and affected a dingy, little, tobacco-stained moustache.

"Flanagan's" sight was superb. His eyes had a wide and glassy stare utterly different from the piggyish peepings of Larsson. Moreton had seen the superintendent set a vernier-gauge, which necessitated a Coddington lens usually to read, by two twists of his fingers with the gauge held almost at arms length. No, "Flanagan's" eyes must have been perfect.

Of course hair could be dyed, teeth fitted, and a moustache shaved off still.

The telephone bell rang. With some difficulty, Carol helping him, Moreton managed to manipulate the receiver.

Calthrop was calling. "I say Giles, our Irish-Australian sergeant is a perfect jewel! A broth of a boy! He's told us lashings about our evasive 'Hector Flanagan,' and, what's more to the point, being a bit of an artist, he's been at work on one of these Press enlargements I showed him—the only known photograph of 'Flanagan.'"

"With a bit of lead pencil, Sergeant Flanagan's given us a new face to find a fellow with piggyish eyes, a smug moustache, and wanting a few teeth in—"

"In short" Moreton calmly stated across the wires, for after Calthrop's amazing piece of work with that clothing, he felt he simply had to keep his end up, "a Swedish Quisling, called Ols Larsson—I know him well! Bye, Roger I'll bet now; I'll be seeing you, soon!"

He closed down on the spluttering Calthrop.

"Ta," he exulted to Carol "tea, my dear—tea! Let's just have a quiet cup before thunderbolts and blizzards in the guise of the General and poor old Calthrop descend on my devoted head!"

"Tea you shall have, Giles..." (To Be Continued.)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

### Six Scholarships by the Navy League of Canada

Toronto, Jan. 31st Dominion Headquarters of the Navy League of Canada today announced that six scholarships to the Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads, B. C., covering tuition, board uniform, and recreational fees for a complete two-year course and valued at \$890.00 each will be awarded again this year to Navy League sea cadets who pass the required examinations. These scholarships will be allotted on the following basis: one for British Columbia, one for the three prairie provinces, two for Ontario, one for Quebec and one for the combined maritime provinces. If no candidate in a given zone qualifies, that scholarship will be given to the next highest standing cadet candidate, regardless of the zone in which he lives.

Candidates should send their applications to Secretary of the Naval Board, Department of Naval Services Ottawa and at the same time advise the Navy League of Canada, 520 Bay Street, Toronto, that such application has been forwarded. Special forms are

## Value of Training in Good Citizenship by the Girl Guides

Funds Sought Now to Train Leaders

Work of the Girl Guides' Association in Ontario is receiving ever increasing attention from the people of the Province, whose financial aid is being sought at this time. Patrons of the movement have opened a fund to assist the expansion of Guiding in Ontario. The object is \$200,000 which will be used to provide Trainers for the many more Leaders needed to bring Guiding within the reach of all girls in the province. The value of Girl Guide training is to-day widely recognized.

A few concrete examples will illustrate to the uninitiated how the girl who has the benefit of Guide training which is available from seven years to young womanhood, acquires that sense of responsibility and desire to serve, which are the very core of good citizenship.

Somewhere in England a bomb had fallen and blasted a nearby school. A teacher who happened to be absent returned to her classroom to find the children lying flat on the floor according to routine orders, but one seven-year old little miss, a Brownie or younger Girl Guide, was cheerily chatting to keep up the spirits of her companions. When the child arrived home her first remark to her anxious mother was: "I tried to comfort the little ones Mummy."

Another tiny Brownie, in Cornwall, Ontario, on her way to a meeting of her Pack, applied her Guide training in Courtesy and Helpfulness when she left her companions to assist an old lady with a cane to cross the road.

From the western front comes the story of two heroic Girl Guides, Simone and Elizabeth Brugge, in the enemy occupied town of Roulers near Passchendaele. They succeeded in learning and relaying to a Polish Tank Corps, sufficient information to enable it to liberate the town almost without bloodshed.

Another war story is of an English Wren, Petty Officer B. T. Hogg who was too busy to bale out of a plane when it got into difficulties. She was testing radio apparatus, and was later, with the pilot, commended by The King for her coolness and skill. Before her war service, Petty Officer Hogg had been active as a Girl Guide and Ranger, or older Guide.

These are types of womanhood such as the world needs; girls trained in Loyalty, Bravery Service, Resourcefulness and all those qualities which make for readiness in any emergency, and willingness to serve under all circumstances. This is the kind of training which Guiding gives to over 24,000 girls in Ontario. There are thousands more throughout the Province alone who could be Guides, were more trained Leaders or Guides available. In the northern section particularly, where sturdy settlers from other lands are eager to become good Canadians there is a vast field for Guiding. Children are asking to become Guides. Lack of sufficient funds stands in the way of present expansion though world conditions cry out for child training such as Guiding is ready and willing to give.

Work is Voluntary

The Girl Guides' Organization, largest youth movement of its kind in the world, finances its work through voluntary subscriptions. Its Executive Officers and Guiders are all voluntary workers. The extent of service given can only be in proportion to the support the movement receives. If more Ontario girls are to have the benefit of Guiding, Ontario people must help finance the work.

The \$200,000 to be raised will be used to provide more expert Guide Trainers to teach young women needed as Guiders. Without them, now Guide and Ranger companies and Brownie Packs cannot be found. Maintenance and travelling expenses of one Trainer is approximately \$3,000 annually and Ontario should have many full time Trainers. Now Guiders must be given the knowledge they need to pass on to the children and must know how to do this the "Guiding" way.

There is no compulsion in Guiding, which is probably why it is so popular with its members. Children want to play the "Game" of Guiding, and in doing so under the direction of a trained Leader along carefully prescribed channels, they grow healthily in mind and body, developing both character and physique.

What Does A Guide Learn?

The Guide recruit makes the three-fold promise of Duty to God and the King, and to help other people at all times, also obedience to the ten simple Guide Laws of conduct covering Honesty, Loyalty, Usefulness, Friendship to all people and animals, Courtesy, Obedience, Cheerfulness, Thrift and Purity, and by Guide training herself, develops these virtues in herself.

In its system of Badge awards which is co-operative rather than competitive, Guiding teaches and encourages its members to excel in many useful activities, stressing particularly the housewifely arts. To earn promotion, certain health and service badges are essential Cooking, needlework, care of children, health rules, simple sick nursing—these are a few of the "musts" which help to fit the Girl

not required, but all applications must be filed prior to March 31st. Detailed information may be obtained from local Sea Cadet Corps Chairmen, Sea Cadet Corps Commanding Officers or at any branch of the Navy League of Canada.

## Enormous Debt Owed by the Movies to Chemistry

No other form of entertainment owes so heavy a debt to the chemist as the movies, according to C-I-L Oval.

Celluloid itself, the basis of the industry, is a chemical achievement. This must be transparent to give clear images after great magnification, resilient and tough to stand the strain. It must be so treated that the danger from fire is reduced to a minimum.

The hand of the chemist is indeed traceable from the make-up of the actors to the lamps in the projector and the screen upon which the silvery images take shape. Rare metals are needed for the apparatus which records and the machine which reproduces the voices of the stars and the music of great orchestras.

The lenses of cameras and the projectors require optical glass of purest quality. Color photography demands pigments of the truest and most vivid color. C-stumes of the cast, and the draperies of every set must be dyed. Large quantities of paint, quick-drying stuccos and plasters are used in the creation of museums, realistic cities and palaces and humble cottages.

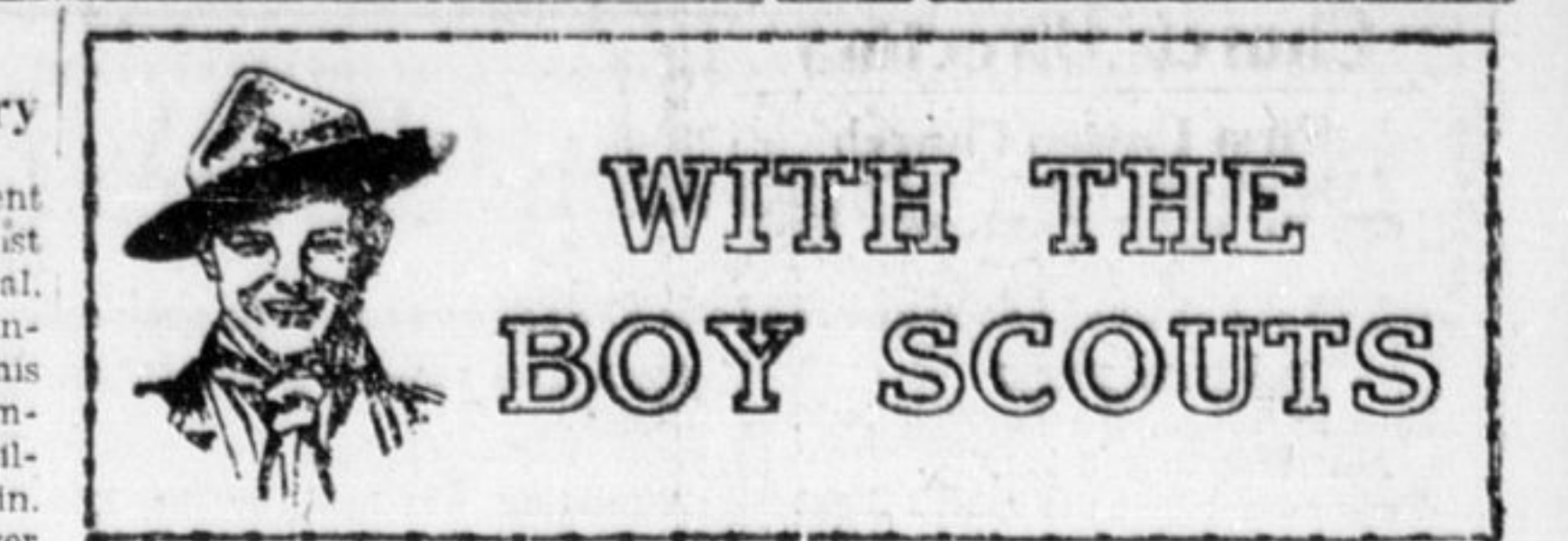
Even in the theatre in which you see the film, chemistry contributes to your comfort and enjoyment in the decoration, in air-conditioning, in disinfection.

When next you sit in your favorite motion picture house, think for a moment of the patient work in laboratory and factory that has enabled you to see the wonders of the world or the finest product of the movie studio so clearly, yet at so modest a price.

## Eighty-four More Soldiers Overseas Say Thanks for Fags

Since the last list was published in The Advance, eighty-four more servicemen overseas have acknowledged the receipt of cigarettes from the Timmins Legion Community Fag Fund. Cards and letters from the following local men on service overseas. All should read the letter published elsewhere in this issue from Pte. Geo. S. Wallingford, sports editor of The Advance previous to his enlistment. He makes it clear that the work of the Timmins Legion Community Fag Fund Committee is a very important factor in keeping up morale overseas. The following are the writers of cards and letters of acknowledgement of cigarettes received:

Sgt. H. Pool, Pte. J. G. Robichaud Spr. C. Brown, Cpl. G. R. Smith Sgmn. L. F. Lawry, Capt. H. F. Appleyard, Cpl. A. A. Borush, Pte. M. J. O'Grady, Spr. E. M. Miller Pte. L. A. Mackenzie, Gnr. E. W. Keefe L-Cpl. A. V. Rimes, Pte. H. S. Macdonald, Pte. L. P. Lehoucq, Cpl. D. A. Hardy, Pte. O. A. McCann, Pte. T. A. Qline, Cpl. S. E. Guindon, Spr. O. Groulx, Cpl. H. Moss, Spr. L. A. Brown, Cfn. R. Doran, Capt. K. H. Turnbull Spr. A. Watkins, Cpl. G. Tippett, Spr. T. Searle, Sgt. F. Saunders Spr. D. A. Lalonde, L-Cpl. W. S. Bratby, Pte. W. Singleton, P-Lt. N. Goodfellow, LAC. O. H. Clusseau Pte. L. J. Chartier, Cpl. E. L. Whitmarsh, Spr. G. R. Cudmore, Pte. C. Belanger, Sgt. P. McPhail, Pte. C. P. Eckart, Pte. J. H. Skelhorn Spr. H. Lone Lieut. E. P. Thompson, Bdr. W. C. Pryor, Lieut. J. J. Asseltine, Cpl. A. C. Bannerman, Cpl. G. S. Wallingford Gnr. K. Lainsbury, Spr. A. Butterfield, Gnr. D. G. Elliott, Spr. F. Roberts, Spr. A. P. Kutchaw, Spr. A. Narduzzi, Gnr. K. Fitzpatrick LAC. I. C. McDonald, Lieut. B. Armstrong, Spr. W. Lippett, Cpl. L. E. Randall, Dvr. C. Cameron Pte. C. Cronk, Spr. Hugh Gaw, Gnr. J. T. Lafranier, Spr. S. H. Cowden, Spr. O. Rivet, Pte. L. I.



## WITH THE BOY SCOUTS

Hello Scouts and Friends:

Time rolls around once more, so with my mind hard at work here comes the column.

SCOUTERS attention! The D.S.M., Scouter Basclano, would like all the Scouters to obtain all the names of boys who desire to enter the musical portion of the hobby show, to be sent to him this week on a form from each troop, showing instrument to be played, etc.

All troops will be out in full force this Saturday to collect waste fats in town. Turn out with every boy and really get enough fat to give Hitler a real Valentine. The bigger the fats the bigger the boom. The Canadian Legion Troop was away ahead of everybody this month and had their collection last Saturday. A report is some-

Bissonnette, Pte. G. D. Adam Spr. J. A. Dodds, Pte. F. B. Beaudin, Spr. Andy. McWhinnie, AC. R. M. Moore, Pte. R. E. Gagne Pte. Le Leduc, Sgmn. C. Matson, L-Cpl. A. J. Major, Cpl. T. W. Clarke, Pte. A. A. Villeneuve, Cpl. A. Martin, Gnr. I. C. Maher, GSM. J. E. Hamm, L-Cpl. W. O. Rintala L-Cpl. W. Ward, Sgmn. E. O. Thorpe, Cpl. J. P. Little, Pte. W. Korpan, Pte. H. G. Bombardier.

where in the column about it all. A patrol leaders course was started on Saturday evening of the past week, and a good representation of boys were out to it and we sincerely hope that all the boys get the real benefit from the course and swallow up all that goes on.

Humour  
What he said.  
Hitler went driving one day and his car ran over a dog. He told his chauffeur to go to a nearby farm house and tell somebody that the dog was dead. The chauffeur came back laden down with gifts and Hitler asked the reason. The chauffeur replied: "I said 'Hell Hitler, the dog, is dead.'"

Another One  
The submarine had crash dived suddenly to avoid depth charges. As all stood still expecting the lights to go out any minute the cook rushed in. "Hey," he yelled, "You've got to do something about those depth bombs. My bread is falling."

Canadian Legion Troop  
In the absence of Scouter Wheeler, Mr. Melville, one of the sponsoring committee men, took charge of the opening of the meeting.

Most of the evening was spent in reviewing the work done in the past. A few games were played under the leadership of Jack Humphries, Patrol leader of the Rattle Snake Patrol.

A patrol leaders' meeting for this troop is called for Friday night at the home of Scouter Wheeler. Final arrangements will be made for the programme on Feb. 21st when the Girl Guides from the Anglican church will take part in the meeting as part of the celebration of Boy Scout week. The idea behind this joint meeting will be to show just how close the two organizations work together, as a brother and sister movement. This will be one of the first joint meetings of Scouts and Guides held together in this town.

The Cubs and Scouts spent a very busy Saturday afternoon of the past week gathering up fats in the neighbourhood of the following streets: Eighth Ave. to Ross Ave., and from Lakeshore to Tamarack st. We wish to thank the people who contributed to this collection and tell them that 145 lbs of fat were gathered in this district in approximately one and a half hours' time. We are sorry to say that this part of the town had been missed in previous collections, and a lot of people had no fats. However, this district will be canvassed once a month from now on.

A few Hints for Patrol Hikes  
Now that the leaves are all of the trees is the ideal time to start that alphabet twig collection.

If you take bread on a hike, cut it before leaving home but leave one corner not cut right through. This will keep the bread fresh and easy to handle.

Yours for Scouting  
Scouter Wheeler

Now, for the first time in Canada financial assistance will be given the undergraduate for whom such help until now, has not been available.

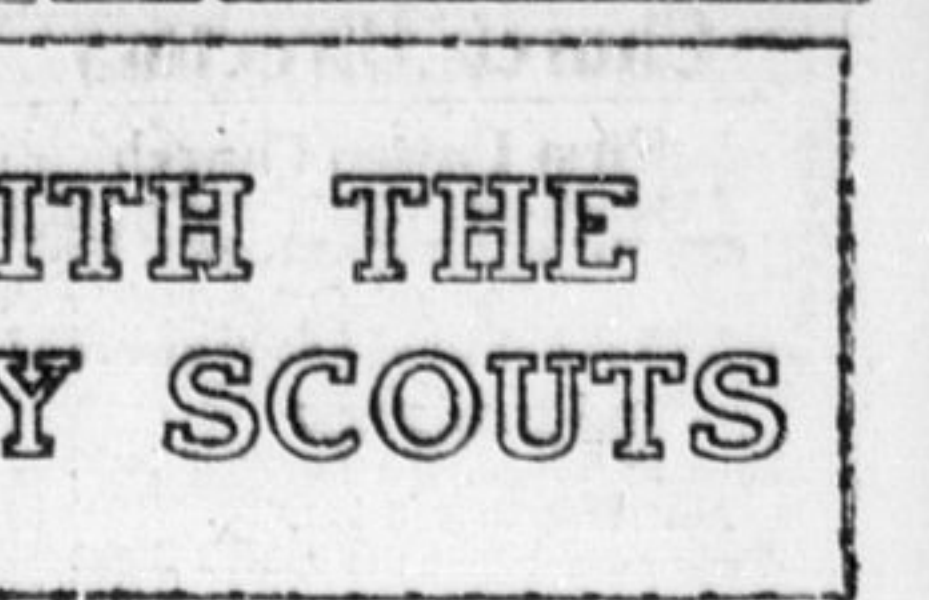
In announcing the project, Miss Emory paid a tribute to Mrs. Arthur W. Ellis, President of the Ontario Division of Red Cross. "We as a profession appreciate greatly the contribution Mrs. Ellis has made."

Bursaries will be awarded to candidates wishing to take degree work in nursing or public health nursing—both. All universities which are maintaining well established departments of nursing under nursing leadership and which have the nature of a modern independent school of nursing will be considered in making the awards.

The Ontario Division will appoint a committee to choose the applicant for the awards; the directors of nursing of the universities concerned co-operating.

ASKING RECOUNT  
Explaining to his civilian friends his role in the artillery, a dusky soldier said:

"Ah opens de big gun, put in a big shell, close de gun, pulls de trigger, steps back and says: 'Mistah Hitlah, recount yo' army!'"—Army and Navy.



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## Helps Check Colds Quickly

You can often check a cold quickly if you follow these instructions. Just as soon as you feel the cold coming on and experience headache, pains in the back or limbs, soreness through the body, take a Paradol tablet, a good big drink of hot lemonade or ginger tea and go to bed.



The Paradol affords almost immediate relief from the pains and aches and helps you to get off to sleep. The dose may be repeated, if necessary, according to the directions. If there is soreness of the throat, gargle with two Paradol tablets dissolved in water. Just try Paradol the next time you have a cold and we believe that you will be well pleased. Paradol does not disappoint.