

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, invalided 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 XXI FRESH ORDERS FOR MORETON

It took a little time to get Gilroy to agree to remaining indoors. Moreton found a vulnerable spot, however. Rollo, the old setter which had belonged to Carol's mother, needed careful attention if it were not to be lost. Gilroy promised to ring up the vet., and in the meantime, do what he could for the semi-conscious beast.

By this time two of Security Police, both off duty, had put on their boots and offered to help in the search. Aitchison, who had shot Helme, was one of the two. He brought his rifle—and Calthrop, considering the cold pale eyes of the killer, hesitated to give him permission.

Then he remembered "Flanagan" would be desperate. If he were behind Carol's disappearance, the traitor would not accept nor prof er quarter; he would be like a cunning wild beast ready to deal death at an instant's opportunity. Aitchison, the marksman might solve a lot of problems. Calthrop gave permission.

Then the sentry's challenge was heard. An R.A.P. light tender had arrived at the Close. A young officer stepped out.

"Good evening," he greeted them. "My name's Fanshawe. Which of you is Moreton—Giles Ponsonby-Moreton to be correct?"

Moreton stepped over and produced his papers. Croup-Captain Fanshawe methodically scanned them. Then he smiled.

"Good enough! Well, I've got to take you a ta-ta." He passed Moreton a sealed envelope. "That's the gen."

Moreton, already distressed by the flight of impotent moments, felt a distinct throbbing of agony as he scanned those orders he had received from headquarters. He hoped, prayed, that his face did not betray him but Calthrop had seen something.

He drew Moreton aside. "What's the matter old chap? Any-

thing you allowed to tell a pal?"

"Roger—thank you." Moreton closed his eyes for a moment. "Yes, I can tell you. I'm detailed to that Kew Gardens job. All set. I'm to proceed in this tender; there's a plane waiting." Calthrop heard him draw a sobbing breath. "Oh Lord—when Carol might be at—at the mercy of that unutterably foul swine! I—I recollect Hamburg, the man's a semi-maniac—"

"Giles, I shall remember—what you haven't said. Carry on. I'll search for Miss Gilroy. You know I'll do my best. Can't say more. But as I tell you, Aitchison shall carry a round in the breach."

Moreton silently nodded. "Right! Good hunting, Roger. Scour those ruins, I've an idea they'll yield a clue. Without swimming the river, Flanagan cooped in the precincts. Explain to poor old Gilroy, won't you?" He turned to the wondering Fanshawe. "I'm ready," he added curly.

As the tender backed out of the gateway of the Close Moreton saw the search party getting to work. By torchlight they were following the blood spots left by the wounded dog. Moreton's spirits rose. That was a satisfactory move! He had not considered that aspect of the case—of course, Rollo's lacerated ear had bled profusely. The trail ought to lead back to the precise scene of the attack.

Disjointed phrases spanned themselves into his flying thoughts. "Lift high O heart," the Chinese sage had said, "the bellies of the night digest not sun." No, surely the horror he feared could never come to pass.

"By the way," Fanshawe spoke brightly "I had a personal message to deliver as well, General Hardisty is at the 'drome. He wants to see you." He chuckled. "Er—if you have time."

Moreton grinned bleakly at that. Then, again, his thoughts ran riot. So this was what the olden conflict of love against duty felt like.

What the devil was wrong with his mind? Why all these alien thoughts? Then, as the music of sadness dirged down to his soul, he realised how vast was his love for this girl. Carol! Why, it almost seemed as though he had never heard the word before. Carol!

Fanshawe, wondering at the tension he had surprised in the men when he met them in Cathedral Close could not contain his curiosity any longer.

"Would it be out of order to ask, Moreton—since brass-bound generals wait on your time—what, exactly, is your job?"

Moreton looked straight ahead into the spinning road. "Licensed rat-catcher and scavenger," he snarled.

**CHAPTER XXII
NIGHT FLIGHT TO LONDON**
Moreton had time to ponder over lots of things during his flight to London. Among them he analysed his fateful attitude toward the unfortunate Fanshawe, who piloted him.

He had identified the airman, obliquely, with the disaster of those moments in the Close when he had to leave the sinister problem of Carol's disappearance in Calthrop's keeping. Not only was it unfair to Fanshawe—the whole incident startled Moreton by its aspect of hysteria. Never had his poised and clearly-functioning mind felt such disorder. He was ashamed.

Hence, out of the very effort of trying to meet Fanshawe on more normal terms, calmness was regained. Before the plane touches down, Fanshawe and he were perfectly friendly—and he had got back his mental grip on the situation.

It was a steadfast and balanced man who stepped out on to the flare-path; a useful and avid officer. In place of the nerves and wretched Moreton who left Hellersfield wretched despite Hardisty's assurance that, in primary quest for a dangerous Na-

zi spy and saboteur, some fifty men would be sent to augment the search. Nursing his aching left arm and shoulder—the vibration of the hurtling fighter seemed to have transmitted itself to the folds of the long wound between his ribs—Moreton had no further opportunity for introspection, as he was driven to Kew. He travelled in a radio-truck, constantly in communication with seven similar vehicles all converging by different routes on the house called Gables-holme.

A laconic Security Officer said things in his right ear:—"Odd place, Gablesholme. Let off, in part. So-called refugees. Lax. Very lax, local supervision. Maids like chorus girls. Lots of callers. Two knocks cleaning up."

"So am I." Moreton wearily sighed. "Oh?" The laconic one chuckled. "That's the entire. Glad we're pause, one knock, pause, one knock "Browned off—ah?"

"Belgians, mainly. Mostly genuine. I should say . . . monied roulette, I fancy. Illegal. Not desperate, though. "Apart from maids, any other women in the place?"

"One—a hell-cat! Beautiful. Like black panther. Famanda, she's called. Spanish type; jewelled, soignée; it!"

And, without stopping to argue the grounds, Moreton knew he had found the woman . . . "Flanagan's."

The little expedition had been beautifully timed. The eight trucks met to a minute. Travelling in file now, they reached the big stone mansion and disgorged their Security Police as one . . . The laconic personage knocked those knocks.

A prinked and satiny-shining maid had no more time allowed her than it took her to look arch, squirm once, and fiddle with the blackout curtains which shrouded away the brilliant hall. Twenty armed men were in the house. Roulette was there, so was chemin d'fer. From salon to salon the khaki police trod swiftly. Half a dozen indeterminate nationality were lined up for later attention—when in walked Famanda, and a man of gold.

Black panther was right. She was! And her foil was this man who made Moreton gasp . . . a magnificent animal with sheery pale eyes and a round pool so clustered with shining golden curls that it seemed he wore a metal helmet. Then he saw Moreton—and it was his turn to gasp. His hand moved to a pocket.

"Touch it," snarled Moreton, "touch it—and you're in hell fully six weeks before your official conge." He had a Service automatic in his hand a weapon thoughtfully given to him by the General. "Doctor von Siefert, I believe?"

"Know him?"

"Yes," Moreton told the Ionic one "quite well. One of Germany's greatest chemists—specialises in incendiary substances; liquid-fire expert . . . the Russians would give a State for the devil's carcass."

"Traitor!" The chemists foamed and spat and almost howled. In his fury he did not realize he spoke in German. "Dog—traitor to us all! Karl Eidenhausen," he was pointing to Moreton but addressing the Security Police, "a traitor to our Fuehrer and the Reich!"

"Well, for crying out loud," said Moreton's new friend, "don't that beat all! Did you ever know a bloke put his neck in a noose so sweetly—eh?"

"Eidenhausen, you ought to be told, was an alias of mine."

Famanda's reaction to Siefert's outburst was, at first, one of sheer horror. She too, realized the man of sheer had doomed himself. Then, wretchedly she wilted. Only to catch Moreton's eye.

All expression went out of her perfect face. Lazily, swaying slightly, she moved toward him, ignoring the menacing automatic. A yard or so away from him she passed a hand over her hair.

The Security Officer bent swiftly. He snubbed, scientifically, at a point between the archilles tendon and the ankle-bone of her left leg. She fell—and a little triangular steel dagger shot away across the floor. The laconic one had certainly saved Moreton's life.

"Learn't that in Shanghai. Neat bloodless, effective. Can't get up. Hop like a headless cockerel for an hour. Nasty lady, very!"

He was right. Famanda, her face convulsed with humiliation and rage had to stay where she was, benumbed until two of the police helped her into a chair. And her remarks were not all comprehensible.

Then Doctor von Siefert was shackled; fuming and cursing. "Well, party greetings over—proceed to business—eh?"

And the great house was searched. Here were the headquarters of the saboteurs, just as Moreton had suspected. Beneath floors behind walls, under stone flaggings of the cellars, in a hundred different places, arms and documents, money, clothing, and a variety of disguises were found.

But, most important of all—packed neatly on pads of glass-wool, securely held in stout wooden cases over a thousand of those tubes which poor Bnnl had said contained "ashes or lightning" were found. They were stacked in a big refrigerator in the basement.

Moreton was not present to see them recovered. He had fulfilled his duty to the letter, in being present at Gablesholme to officiate in the round-up. He had crowned the rou-

TEN YEARS AGO IN TIMMINS

From data in the Porcupine Advance Files

The Hepburn axe ten years ago swept away every head of every Justice of the Peace in the province, including the town clerks, who previously had held the position of J. P. virtue of their office. There was quite a howl here from men of every party when it was found that H. E. Montgomery, town clerk had not fared any better than the others. He had been doing a lot of free work for the town and for a lot of other people, and was always kind and generous in this respect. As an example, it may be noted that it was necessary for applicants to make an affidavit for the Old Age Pension. Usually the old people had to pay for this affidavit, but Mr. Montgomery took literally hundreds of these affidavits, and never asked anything for any of them. The Advance ten years ago noted that people were pleased because Mr. Montgomery had been re-elected as a J. P.

George Dupuis, 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Dupuis, of 25 Way avenue, Timmins died ten years ago after an illness of more than a year's duration.

The Advance ten years ago noted the conviction of Bruce Richard Hauptmann for the kidnapping and murder of the Lindburg baby. He was sentenced to be hanged on March 18th, 1925, but his lawyers gave notice of appeal.

Sergt. R. M. Salley was formally appointed deputy chief of police here ten years ago at a regular council meeting. At the same meeting Capt. W. Stanley was appointed deputy fire chief. The dog pound was moved to the township of Tisdale and Mr. Bailey was placed in charge, in place of Mr. Goulet.

Ten years ago fire that apparently started in one of the hen houses at the property owned by Mrs. Gervais at Golden City spread to the granary and other buildings and caused a loss of around \$1,000, a number of pedigreed calves as well as chickens being destroyed.

Ten years ago The Advance gave much space to an odd sort of "high-grade" case. As the case developed it was shown that it was not a high-grade case at all. A gentleman from Ohio came North apparently with the idea of buying some high-grade. Eventually he was supplied with what appeared to be high-grade gold. He paid \$1900 for the lot, only to discover that it was another metal very carefully given a coating of gold. He tried the acid test on it himself before he paid over his money. It seemed all right. At Toronto he had a jeweller give it the test. At first the jeweller thought it was all right, but decided to give it a second test. On the second test the acid got through the coating of gold. At the trial here it was shown that it took a second test that the so-called high-grade was practically worthless. The two men accused of selling this "high-grade" were acquitted. The high-grade looked as if it had \$3,300 worth of gold, but in reality there was only something less than \$4 of gold in the whole outfit.

About this time of year 1935, Joseph Detremont, a prospector, 55 years of age was out prospecting with a partner, and the latter becoming ill, Mr. Detremont started to walk to Timmins to get medicine for his friend. He was on his way back and almost within sight of his goal when he himself was overcome. It was thought that the 24-mile walk had proved too much for him. In any event he was found lying in the snow by the side of the trail. He was taken to a lumber camp in the district, but passed away without regaining consciousness. Death was found to be due to heart trouble.

Timmins High and Vocational School ten years ago presented a "Theatre Night" that was of special interest. Three different dramatic offerings were presented by the pupils of the school, and the general opinion was that each of the three of them were given with unusual talent and effectiveness. The scenery and stage settings also came in for general approval, these being designed and made at the school. At the time The Advance said that the "Theatre Night" was a decided credit to the pupils and teachers alike.

For the second year in succession, the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy had three minors from Timmins at the annual convention of the association to provide entertainment. The three artists in question were: Ernest Lorenzo, a tenor of outstanding talent and wonderful voice; Michel Espalator, who won wide notice, and who was known as the Spanish tenor; and Victor Dorego, who could make an accordion fairly talk and sing. The convention in 1935 was in Winnipeg, and the local artists were taken there to provide the music for the occasion. The C.I.M.N. was well pleased with the notable music provided by these minors.

line act by his definite identification of von Siefert. Long before the Security Police had finished their search, he had landed in a north-country aerodrome after another two hundred miles flight.

He was not tired. He felt he would never be tired again until Carol was found.

(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.

More Men Overseas Send Thanks for Cigarettes Sent

Timmins Legion Community Fund Acknowledges More Cards and Letters

Just as the Legion Community Fund keeps sending cigarettes overseas regularly from men on service overseas.

In the past few days the following letters and cards of thanks for the Legion Community Fund from the following men on service overseas: Gnr. L. A. Morel, Lieut. E. L. Hill, Cfn. A. R. King, Spr. D. Kinsey, Sgt. P. Blackman Spr. Besh R. Van. Op. Den., Tpr. F. Shannon, Pte. G. McWhirter, Pte. C. Marchildon, Spr. E. Massicote, L.-Cpl. C. P. Giles Cpl. J. P. O'Gorman Gnr. R. Namtu, Sgt. J. Moir, Tpr. D. Maekay, Bdr. G. Keeney, Sgt. J. E. Montgomery Lac. H. Ryan, Spr. T. Anderson, Major R. B. Stock Rfmn. G. O. James, Gnr. J. J. Carriere, Pte. E. Stevens, Pte. R. Webb Lieut. H. B. Douglas, Tpr. L. Salomone, Gnr. A. Matheson, Pte. J. Venn, Pte. A. V. Balliole, Pte. J. W. Martin, L.-Cpl. J. A. Melville, Spr. R. K. Cannell, Pte. E. M. Guindon, Spr. R. A. Ferguson, S.-Sgt. A. Meecham Gnr. I. C. Maher, Pte. R. A. Shearer, Cpl. B. W. Donaldson, Sgmn J. L. Beaulne, Tpr. A. Mageau, Sgt. K. Korri Sgmn. E. O. Thorpe, Sgt. A. G. Hawes, Spr. D. Harris, Pte. A. Carr, Rfmn. T. B. Richards, Pte. C. E. Hartling Spr. N. Landers, Pte. R. J. Archer, Pte. R. D. Small, Rfm. S. G. Larrett, Pte. A. E. Theriault, Pte. G. A. McLean, Pte. A. D. Jackson Pte. F. A. Booker, Cfn. L. A. Marriott, Cpl. T. J. Brain, Cfn. A. M. Gerovitz, Pte. S. Bilinski, Pte. R. J. Mackenzie Pte. G. D. Adams, L.-Cpl. B. L. Perry, S.-Sgt. J. H. Spitz, Lac. D. G. Spence, Cpl. S. E. Guindon, W.-O. J. O. Fink, Spr. Andy McWhinzie Pte. J. Dierner, Spr. R. S. Clarke, Spr. J. A. Napier, F.-Lt. N. J. Good-fellow.

The first meeting of the first Lions Club to be established in this part of the North was held in Schumacher on Feb. 13th, 1935, in the Recreation hotel. Dr. R. Weston was the first president, and the secretary-treasurer was W. K. Wylie.

Among the local and personal items in The Advance ten years ago were the following:—"Miss Jean Scott left this week for a vacation at Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. While in Toronto she will attend the Victorian College "At Home." Mrs. A. R. Harkness was called to the South this week owing to the death of her brother, Thos. A. Lanman, of Port Colborne, Ont. "H. J. O'Neill is at present a patient in St. Mary's hospital. He underwent an operation for appendicitis on Tuesday and is reported as well on the way to recovery now." "Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Mitchell left on Tuesday for a trip to Florida. They will be away about six weeks." "D. Toimie leaves shortly for the Lake Rose area in Northwestern Quebec, where he will look after one of the Dorfman properties." "Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Longmore returned on Tuesday from a trip to Jamaica." "P. T. Molesley was taken to St. Mary's hospital yesterday, suffering from an attack of appendicitis. He was operated on, and from latest reports is making excellent progress to recovery." "E. P. R. Gallagher (affectionately known as "Pat") of North Bay, and who was well known here in the early days was a welcome visitor to Timmins this week." "Mrs. M. B. Scott, Mrs. N. J. Leaman, Mrs. W. R. Rimm and Mrs. P. H. Carson were guests in Toronto over the week-end."

Mail Service for Food and Other Articles to France

Some readers of The Advance may be interested in a memo last week from the District Director of Postal Services, North Bay. This memo tells that now food, toilet articles and drugs are among the articles that may be transmitted to France from Canada by mail in packages prepaid at letter rate of postage.

The memo says:—"Authority has been given by the Secretary of State of Canada, for the transmission of food, toilet articles and drugs by mail to France in packages prepaid at letter rate of postage.

Until further notice the following conditions will govern the acceptance of such packages for transmission by post:—"The total weight of a package must not exceed 4 pounds 6 ounces. The total value of the contents of a package must not exceed \$25.00. The sending of packages is limited

to private citizens and must not be undertaken by relief organizations and others.

No one person may send more than two packages per week, each of which must be to different addresses.

The naming of addresses other than the known ultimate addresses for the purpose of evading the limitations of the service is prohibited.

The packages are restricted to gifts and must not include commercial shipments.

For the time being the contents are to be limited to food, toilet articles and drugs and are subject to any French regulations restricting the importation of certain commodities.

The rate of postage is 4 cents for the first ounce and 2 cents for each subsequent ounce or fraction thereof.

It should be noted that the above regulations do not in any way affect the acceptance of written communications and related papers of a bulky nature in letters packages up to 4 pounds 6 ounces in weight, authority for which was given in Post Office Weekly Bulletin of the 16th December, 1944.

Permit for Gray's Shows Refused by the Township

South Porcupine, Feb. 14th. Special to The Advance.

At a regular council meeting held on Monday Norman Graber, returned serviceman, was re-appointed to former position on the Tisdale Police Force.

Gray's Shows, who applied for permission to perform in South Porcupine this coming season, were refused admission.

Membership in the Association of Assessment Officers of Ontario was approved by council.

A report was read of the local Board of Health for 1944.

MUTUAL

Determined on a little straight talk, the mistress entered the kitchen.

"Mary," she said, "I didn't like the look of the soldier who came here to see you last night."

"No, mum," replied the girl. "An' he wasn't what you'd call taken up with you either."—North Bay Nugget.



KEEP STOVES
BRIGHT with ZEBRA LIQUID or PASTE STOVE POLISH

Mr. & Mrs. Property Owner

If your home or place of business, Stock, Furniture or Store Fixtures were destroyed by fire, how would you fare for Fire Insurance protection? Let us quote you rates and particulars. You may be surprised at the low cost. We sell all forms of insurance; also Real Estate, National Housing Act Loans and Mortgages.

SULLIVAN & NEWTON

Security (Est. 1912) Service
21 Pine St., N. Phone 104. Timmins, Ontario

for **BETTER SLEEP... BETTER DIGESTION... BETTER HEALTH!**



Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Langdon & Langdon
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
MASSEY BLOCK
TIMMINS, ONT.
and South Porcupine
-14-2d

S. A. Caldbeck
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
Bank of Commerce Building
Timmins, Ont.
-14-2b

MacBrien & Bailey
BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS
2 1/2 Third Avenue
JAMES R. MACBRIEN
FRANK H. BAILEY, L.L.B.

GREGORY T. EVANS B.A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Suite 3, Marshall-Ecclesstone Bldg.,
Timmins, Ont.
Phones: Offices 2725 Res. 1429

F. BAUMAN
Swiss Watchmaker
Graduate of the Famous Horological
Institute of Switzerland
Phone 1365
Third Avenue Empire Block

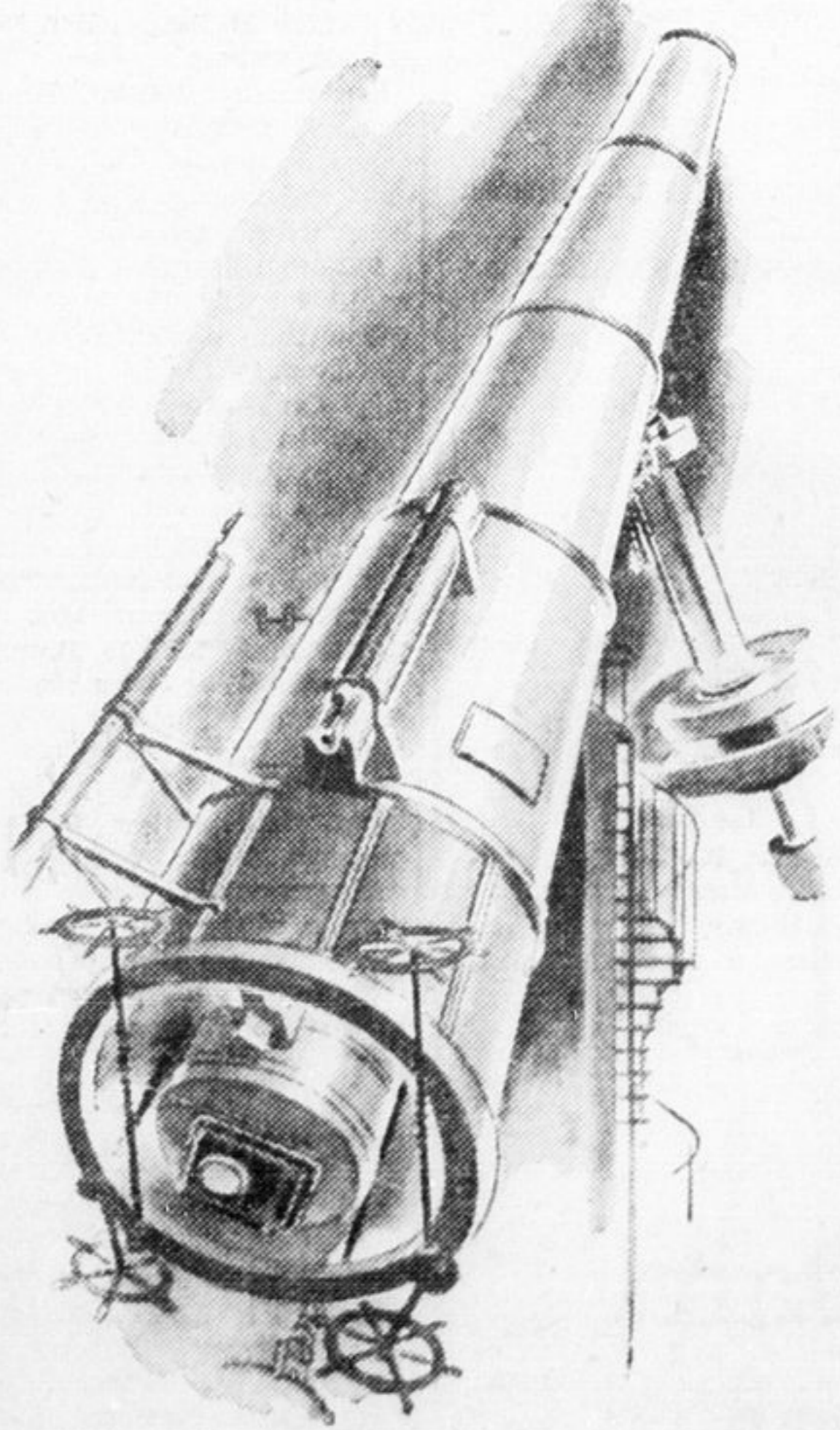
G. N. ROSS
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT
60 THIRD AVENUE
Phone 640
P.O. Box 1591 Timmins, Ont.

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. G. A.
46 Fourth Ave. Timmins, Ont.
Accounting Systems Installed Auditing
Income Tax Returns Filed
Phones 285-286 P.O. Box 147

D. R. Franklin
ARCHITECT
Phone 946
Drawing Room
28 Goldfields Block
21 Pine St. North - Timmins

A Dollar Can't See Through a Telescope



When it comes to a long distance venture like saving for the future, dollars alone can't see very far ahead.

Left alone, dollars are lazy by nature. They just lie around in people's pockets until they are spent.

But the moment a dollar is paid on a life insurance policy, it starts to work.

The hundreds of millions of policyholders' dollars invested in Canada today are performing a three-fold service:—

1. They are setting up financial protection for the policyholders' old age or the future security of their families.
2. They are backing Canadian fighting men wherever our forces are in action.
3. Their investment now for future use acts, meantime, as a brake on consumer spending and so helps to fight inflation which would menace our fighting men and civilians alike.

Actually life insurance dollars are among the busiest dollars in the world.

Such dollars are never idle. They are always circulating for the benefit of all.

It is good citizenship to own **LIFE INSURANCE**

A Message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada