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South From Mayfair

by PEARL BELLAIRS

Principal Characters General Sir Weston Marris, a highly-placed officer of the General Staff visiting New Zealand on duty. Lorna Marris, his pretty, luxury-loving daughter. Miss Hilda Marris, sister of the General, accompanying him to New Zealand and giving Lorna such supervision as a high-spirited girl will tolerate. Captain Allen Richards, the General's Aide-de-Camp, who is engaged to Lorna. T. H. Hawksford, chauffeur to the General's party. A New Zealander, handsome in a rugged arresting fashion.

CHAPTER I DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

"Hold that pose, Miss Marris! Thank you," the tall girl, with the red hair and mouth like geranium petals, standing beside the tall military looking man, and the severe middle aged lady, paused an instant for the photographers. The shutters clicked, and those in the group knew how the picture would be presented in the press: "General Sir Weston Marris, with his daughter, Miss Lorna Marris, arrive at Auckland, having travelled from London to Sydney by air. General Marris is visiting New Zealand on a mission connected with Imperial Defence." Gulls wheeled in a cloudless sky over the world which air travel had made so small; the city of Auckland gleamed white in the summer sunshine. On the deck of the inter-colonial liner, as she docked after the crossing from Australia, the three visitors were surrounded by the group of officials who had come to meet Sir Weston Marris. The photographer picked up his camera and bore it away. To the waiting journalists General Marris was civil but uncommunicative: "No, I have no statement to make beyond that. I'd rather you said as little as possible. You can say a mission connected with the Imperial Defence." "His A. D. C.?" "Yes, that was correct. Captain Allen Richards—Captain Richards had broken the trip in Australia, but would arrive in New Zealand by the next boat. General Marris retreated into the car beside his daughter and sister. The chauffeur shut the door and got to the driving seat. The eyes of one of the reporters turned to the chauffeur's face, and registered surprise. The car drove off. The reporter turned to join his fellow with the remark: "That's a queer thing! Did you see who they'd given Marris as a chauffeur?" Half an hour later, Lorna Marris, resting on the bed in a room in Auckland's best hotel, rolled over to respond to the ringing of the phone by her side. "Hello! The press? Oh, very well! I'll speak to them." "Quite correct," said Lorna. "Yes—Captain Allen Richards. No, he's still in Australia on official business. A photograph I think I may have one. I suppose I can find one for you." She put down the receiver as Miss Marris came in from the next room. "Be careful, Lorna, not to say anything about where we'll be going, and so on—" "Oh, it was only my engagement to

Allen," Lorna assured her. "They want a photograph, that was all." "We must be discreet, for Weston's sake," Miss Marris said. "I'm not forgetting," Lorna held up a telegram. "And here's a cable from Allen in Sydney. Just a loving little message to say how much he misses me." Her tone was so flippant that her aunt looked at her with a certain grim disapproval. Lorna admired the lacquered nails of her lovely hands coolly, and smiled. "At this moment," she announced, "Allen is probably having lunch with that charming young grass widow who so obviously set her cap for him on the plane." "When I was young, not so long ago, only at the beginning of the last war," said Miss Marris grimly, "young people were supposed to get engaged because they cared for one another!" "Of course, we care for one another. But all that business of jealousy is out of date. Aunt! Allan and I understand one another perfectly!" "I don't call that love," said Miss Marris, bluntly. "Love!" laughed Lorna. "Love isn't everything. I ought to know, I've been engaged before. Hubert Crossley was always talking about 'love.' I had to break it off because I found I couldn't move an inch without upsetting his precious affection." "That poor man was very much attracted to you, Lorna; though it's true I always thought him too old for you." "Well, Allan isn't too old, and you know he's frightfully attractive. He suits me perfectly. Is there any reason," Lorna went on, "why an arrangement between a man and a woman shouldn't be a reasonable one?" "Miss Marris made no reply. She looked vaguely sceptical; she only knew that when she thought that she herself had missed something by not getting married, what she felt she had missed was not a 'reasonable' arrangement." "I'm tired, Aunt, of trying to convince you of your own amiability." "One day," said Miss Marris, "you'll be tired of trying to convince yourself!" "I beg your pardon?" said Lorna. "Miss Marris ignored her and changed the subject: "I'm going to the bank to cash a draft before lunch. Will you come? I'll ring the desk and tell them to order that car for us. The chauffeur told me it was to be entirely at our disposal. That chauffeur, by the way"—added Miss Marris, as she took up the phone. "One hears that New Zealanders are handsome—I couldn't help staring at him, he was such a fine looking man! So bronzed and straight! Did you notice him, Lorna?" "There was an appreciable pause before Lorna, her face buried in the pillow, replied: "Yes, I did." "The Overseas Way While Miss Marris went into the bank to arrange the matter of her draft from London, Lorna sat looking out of the window of the car at the sunlit white concrete of the main street. It seemed strange to come so far from home, and find a place so like England; a sunnier, brighter England. She glanced speculatively at the back of the chauffeur, Hawksford, sitting in the driving seat before her. Her father's mission included a tour of inspection of the coastal defences of the country, and the chauffeur would be

constantly needed. She had noticed that he was handsome in a rugged, arresting fashion; but what had caught her attention still more when they came off the ship was the way in which, instead of keeping his eyes fixed blankly ahead in rigid respect for a General, a Cabinet Minister, and several high officials of the New Zealand forces, Hawksford stood at ease with a slight smile; and had, in fact, gazed with open interest at herself!

The daughter of a line of five baronets, Lorna, if not particularly desiring it, was used to receiving the formal respect of retainers and such people in the old-fashioned British way. She was bound to be surprised by meeting a look of candid consideration—even faintly amused—from a chauffeur. Now as she sat in the car thinking about it, Hawksford turned in his seat, and glanced at her; his eyes were bright blue in his arresting face— "Do you mind if I smoke?" Lorna stared, utterly taken aback, and managed to shake her head. "Curiouser and curiouser!" she thought.

There was the sound of a match striking. Smoke puffed into the air. To her further astonishment he turned and spoke to her: "I expect you'll find it strange at first, the sun going round in the South," he remarked. His tone was a casual kind of drawl and his eyes expressed frank admiration as they examined her face. Lorna, at a loss to match his behaviour with any she had ever encountered from those formal men who sat in their sober uniform at the wheel of father's car in England—acknowledged the remark with the barest inclination of her head, and looked out of the window.

It was quickly done, on the spur of a moment's confusion; but it was as quickly grasped in all its crushing import. He stared—was it amusement that flashed into those keen bright eyes, set in their sun wrinkles below the bushy brows? The next instant he swung himself out of the car to open the door for Miss Marris, and the tension was broken. Lorna regretted her impulsive reaction almost immediately. Probably there had been no intentional offence in his familiarity. She forgot the incident until luncheon; when it was recalled to her by one Captain Mills of the New Zealand staff, who was to be attached to her father until Richards arrived from Australia.

He was talking to General Marris about New Zealand and how different it really was from England, though it might look much the same. "Not nearly the same distinction between officers and men. Out here people speak as one human being to another. It took me aback at first, the difference in the manner of shop assistants, and servants, and people like that. They despise class pretensions!" "Really?" said General Marris. "That's interesting! Of course, one saw the difference in those overseas troops during the war." "I think it's splendid!" said Miss Marris in her forthright way. "So do I!" agreed Lorna; and suddenly remembered Hawksford. She coloured a little as she recalled how she had reacted to his friendliness!

CHAPTER II Offensive Politeness

But the damage, Lorna found, had been done. "Yes, madam! Certainly, madam!" Hawksford stood rigidly to attention, eyes front, whenever Lorna stepped in or out of the car. On the drive down through the North Island to New Plymouth next morning, Lorna was sorry at first that she had reduced the native pride of such a fine specimen of democratic manhood. It took her only another glance or two at him as he held the door open, or answered questions, to get the sudden suspicion that he was laughing at her—Lorna Marris!

To begin with, it was obvious from his whole air, his arrogant features, his nonchalant brown hands on the steering wheel as he drove, that he thought himself as good as any man on earth. And it became more and more obvious that his exaggerated deference was reserved exclusively for herself.

By the time they had been on the road for two hours, Miss Marris, who combined a habit of chain smoking with some staunchly old-fashioned ideas, was already borrowing Hawksford's cigarettes. Hawksford was discussing the Maoris with General Marris and Captain Mills: "It isn't because the Maoris are less vital than the whites that they've failed to hold their own," he said. "It's just that their civilization bred them for a different aim. The British ideal is industry, commerce, more goods, more money. The Maoris' ideal was personal growth, every man's aim was to develop himself as a fighter and a leader. The Maori chief sat in the mud in his rags, but he was a great chief just the same. He never thought about material possessions; they belonged to the whole tribe. When the British came they stopped all the fighting, and told the Maori that the respected man is the man who has collected as many possessions as possible. So the bottom dropped out of the Maori world."

"You're probably right!" Captain Mills admitted. "We call the Maoris reckless because they keep hens in their motor cars; when the truth is they're a bit above us in seeing that 'A man's a man for a' that!'" "At the same time," said Hawksford, taking his eyes off the road for the moment to look at Captain Mills with a grin. "You've got to remember that the Maori idea of being a man includes being a bit of a cannibal!" Lorna had listened to the conversa-

tion with interest. Hawksford's manner with the others was perfectly natural. But when they stopped for petrol, and she asked him if they would be in Rotura by lunch time, he replied in a tone of exaggerated respect: "I fancy so, madam!" and stood to attention when she got out of the car. Lorna actually surprised a gleam of amusement in Captain Mills' eye. She was furious...

A little grim, a little rugged, Hawksford matched the new world about them, so different from anything Lorna had known in Europe. The untamed pumice lands streaked here and there with the smoke of fumaroles among the scrub, the plumed snowy summit of a volcano seemingly aloft in the blue of the distant sky. The vast sky, the windy spaces. As they drove south, it was impossible for Lorna not to be interested by Hawksford, even while she was angry with his insolence. And he kept it up: "Yes, madam! No, madam! Certainly, madam!" It might have been because there was so little to do in the seaport of New Plymouth beyond going to the pictures or walking in the fine Botanic Gardens, that Lorna lost her dignity sufficiently while they stayed there to take Hawksford on at his own game. "Kindly go and buy me a newspaper, Hawksford! Be so good as to fetch my parcels from the shop, Hawksford!" Imitating his tone of frozen formality, she gave him little jobs and errands to do for her. She knew he hadn't bargained for it in exercising his humour on her; and it gave her a malicious triumph to see him going to fetch a parcel she had deliberately left behind.

But it soon ceased to be fun. After all, he was really a chauffeur; it was too easy to score off him in that way. They had been in New Plymouth three days, and she was driving down the coast to Wanganui with her father and aunt in the afternoon; she had just gained a victory over Hawksford by deliberately dropping her gloves for him to pick up. They stopped at a railway crossing waiting for a train to pass, and as she sat in the back seat she could see Hawksford's face in the mirror over the windshield. He lifted his eyes suddenly so that they gazed into hers into the glass...

Such a wrathful, unguarded gaze it was, the gaze of a man protesting his manhood, the soul of his pride against all vanities and false superiorities. His eyes widened as they encountered hers in the glass and a new light leaped into them, dangerous, desirous... Another instant and the train had roared away. Hawksford had let in the clutch and the car roared forward. Lorna was looking out of the window with a queer feeling as though her whole existence had been turned upside down. "Customs and conventions, and everything else!" she thought. "We are all men and women!"

It was an idle, irresponsible young woman, not quite sure of what she wanted, who sauntered into the moonlit hotel yard late that evening when Hawksford was putting the car away. He said for Lorna that her attitude towards Hawksford was not deliberately callous. It was the cynicism of her age and upbringing which distorted her real admiration for his splendid looks, and the fire he had lighted in her blood...

"Hawksford, I believe I dropped a handkerchief in the car. Could you see if it's there?" Hawksford was in uniform after driving back from Wanganui, but his head was bare. Lorna was in evening dress, wrapped in an evening cloak, and exhaling the sweet fragrance of expensive womanhood.

In silence he opened the door and looked in the back of the car, then turned to stand with his usual rigidity. "I'm sorry, madam, it isn't there." "You never put your heels together and stand up like that for my father, do you, Hawksford—and he's a General. I wonder why you do it for me?" She knew he was taken aback, he relaxed slightly, and bent his head, but even in the dim light she caught the gleam of laughter in his eye.

"My impression was that one was supposed to show respect for the ladies of the party, madam." "You overdo it, Hawksford. One might almost think you were—laughing at them!" He smiled openly, and said cautiously: "I'm sorry, I'm sure! But I don't know how you want to be treated. I began badly, if you remember." She put that aside. "I'd be glad if you'd treat me as you'd treat Captain Mills, or any other man!" "Oh!" He looked at her consideringly under his thick brows; then shook his head. "I don't think I could regard you as a man." He lifted his head, the look was very direct. "I don't happen to feel that way about you!"

Lorna returned his gaze and the moment was tense. They stared at one another, in the quiet moonlight... He looked up at the night sky, then measured her again like a man taking aim at an uncertain target: "What would you say if I asked you to come for a drive with me?"

CHAPTER III The Surprising Adventure

As they drove out of the town and on to the lonely road across the plain of Taranaki, dark at the foot of ten thousand foot Egmont, Lorna's heart was beating a tense refrain. "What will happen? What will happen? What will happen?" Ever since that look between them in the car that afternoon, things had been coming to—something. "How indiscreet!" thought Lorna. "How horribly, frightfully indiscreet!"

Funeral Services for Gust. Robert Tasanko

Funeral services for Gust. Robert Tasanko of 14 Golden Avenue, South Porcupine, were conducted Tuesday, June 12th, at four o'clock in the afternoon at the Full Gospel Pentecostal Assembly Church, Golden Avenue, South Porcupine. Reverend A. I. Heimonen conducted the service in the Finnish and English language. Mr. John E. Bontinen presided at the organ during the services. Relatives and numerous friends from all over the Porcupine Camp and from Sudbury district filled the church to capacity. The late Mr. Tasanko was employed by A. E. Wick's Lumber Co., Ltd., at Fulham Creek, Adam Township, Cochran District, where he died on 2nd day of June by accidental drowning when he lost his balance and fell into the creek while working on a log baw- low the point where the drowning took place.

Gust. R. Tasanko was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ephraim Tasanko. He was born at Kauhajoki, Vaasa Province, Finland, 3rd day of April, 1890. He came to Canada during 1928, residing first in Sudbury, but during the same year settled permanently in South Porcupine, where he was employed during several years as a miner and lumberman.

To mourn his loss he leaves three sons, Armas, Sulo and Kaarlo Tasanko, and three brothers, Charles, Eric and George Tasanko—three sisters, Annie, Elsa and Sylvia, all at Kauhajoki, Finland; one brother, Veikko Tasanko and family at 14 Golden Avenue, South Porcupine, and a great number of friends all over the mining communities and lumber camps in Northern Ontario. Many floral tributes were received at the services from his friends. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Leo Lepisto, Isaac Nieto, Ivar Pihlaja, Charles Halme, Niemi Luhtanen and Ernest Oja. The interment took place at the Tisdale Cemetery.

What had taste! What would Aunt Hilda say? She didn't ask herself what her father would have said because his horror would have been too serious to contemplate. Hawksford, driving slowly, talked of the country about them; the Maoris, the early settlers, Mount Egmont, climbing parties lost in the mists in the bush above. All very impersonal; only his eyes flashed as he looked at her, as a man's do. On a quiet stretch of the road he pulled up the car.

Low stars glimmered over eternal snow cap of Mount Egmont, beyond the black sentinels of faintly sighting pines. It was a strange night, her companion strange, yet like someone she had always known.

Her heart beat wildly as he took her in his arms. She struggled then let him kiss her once, twice, then pushed him away. He sat back and lighted a cigarette. "If anyone had told me this morning," he said, "that I'd be here with you to-night my dear, I'd have said they were mad. I thought you were utterly out of reach. Yet I think I had made up my mind—" He broke off. She wasn't much interested in what he had made up his mind to, she was curious about him, so unlike anyone she had ever known before. She asked him: "What sort of life have you had?" "Oh!" he said, vaguely "Not uncomfortable, knocking around," and added with great certainty: "I've never met anyone in the least like you before!"

She thought suddenly of Richards, on his way from Australia crossing the Tasman Sea. Perhaps he was with someone else too. She felt no guilt about this small lapse; but she wished—what did she wish? Infinite discontent seized her.

Hawksford was saying: "If I tell you how beautiful you are, that will only be something that you've heard a hundred times before!" "Oh!" said Lorna, throwing off her depression with an effort. "I always like to hear it again!" "You do, do you?" "Again—and again!" she laughed. "The news is always fresh. Do you ever tire of hearing something to your advantage?"

He looked at her steadily, disconcertingly, then said abruptly: "Tell me truthfully what you think of me?" She said promptly and with complete honesty: "I think you're extremely good looking."

He looked at her with knitted brows as though only half satisfied, then smiled suddenly and threw away his cigarette. But she drew back determinedly from the look in his eyes. "I think we should go back now! We've been away long enough!" "Possibly you're right! I don't want to make things awkward for you." He added goodnight and to parting. On the way back she tried to appear unconcerned, but she was not as cool as she pretended.

When she got out of the car at the hotel garage and he faced her, a stalwart figure in his uniform, his face in the moonlight, she wondered, what he was thinking. He lifted her hand abruptly and raised it to his lips. "Goodnight—lovely lady!" "Goodnight—handsome Colonel," she laughed faintly, and turned quickly away from him.

She hurried quietly into the hotel and up to her room, and with an effort calmed the quiver into which her indiscretion had set her nerves. He had disturbed her more than she cared to admit; but by the time she fell asleep there was a smile on her lips, and she had dismissed the matter as not worth worrying about.

To-night was to-night; to-morrow, of course, she would let him see that the thing could go no further. "How horribly, frightfully indiscreet!" (To Be Continued.)

War Vehicles May Serve Civilians in Peace Time

Ottawa.—Conceived in the urgency of war, and developed in secret, a vehicle that bids fair to play a prominent part in further development of Canada's far north has emerged into public knowledge with the lifting of the censorship veil from the armored snowmobile.

Designed by members of the staff of the Army Engineering Design Branch of the Munitions and Supply Department, the vehicle, known as Snowmobile, Armored, Canadian Mark I, can go anywhere any other land vehicle can go, and then all other places none of them can ever attempt. Through snow—dry or wet—four to five feet deep, through bog and marshlands that not even Russia's famed cavalry could traverse, over country so rough that the best of trucks would be battered to pieces if they attempted a crossing, the armored snowmobile Canadian Mark I dependably makes its way to its given goal.

Five tons of steel and machinery, assembled to the blue prints of Munitions and Supply Department engineers, was literally thrown headlong into an almost bottomless bog and left to itself. Out it dragged itself and with it another new first for Canadian automotive engineering science. Further exhaustive tests in winter and summer weather have confirmed the undoubted fact that Canada now has a vehicle that will successfully accept and conquer the challenge of any kind of driving conditions.

The secret of the armored snowmobile's success lies in its powerful, eight-cylinder V-type motor providing more power than is usually found in a three-ton truck; in its hydraulic transmission, which being entirely automatic, simplifies the driver's control of the vehicle; in its 25-inch wide tracks of specially designed synthetic rubber which provide exceptionally low ground pressure, about one and a half pounds per square inch or approximately one-tenth the ground pressure of tanks; in its 16 bogie wheels, mounted with synthetic combat tires capable of operating several hundred miles without air, in case of emergency; in the specially designed sprockets and cross bars, which effectively prevent the packing of snow, ice, or mud; in the more than seven longitudinal feet of its wide track constantly in contact with the ground. Designed as a reconnaissance vehicle, the armored snowmobile provides better protection against projectiles than the well-known Universal carrier.

Early in 1942 the United Kingdom, in quest of a vehicle that would operate in heavy snow, turned naturally to Canada. J. A. Bombardier of Valcourt, Que., was turning out a light snowmobile for winter use in back-country districts of Quebec. His machine was a half-tracked vehicle steered by a pair of ski-like runners in front. Its body, of plywood, was similar to that of a station wagon.

Experiments and tests by engineers of the Army Engineering Design Branch proved, however, that more efficient service would be rendered by a full-tracked vehicle, and meanwhile Britain decided the machine should be armored and designed for reconnaissance work. On plans and specifications provided by Canadian engineers such a machine was pro-

duced, and in the late spring of 1943 it was taken up to the Gattineau Valley for test.

Here it proved itself beyond doubt, it proved its ability to force its way through fields laden with four feet of wet, slushy snow. It proved it could mount an incline as steep as 43 degrees, and could slash its way through second-growth bush of trees four to five inches in diameter. An incidental out unlocked for quality of the snowmobile emerged from these tests. Its great traction power makes the machine invaluable for towing heavy loads and for extricating bogged-down trucks and other vehicles.

Some idea of the performance qualities of the snowmobile was gleaned in a test conducted within the Arctic Circle. Here an expedition, equipped with armored snowmobiles, traversed the snow-laden wastes for a distance of 600 miles in 9 days. The machines averaged 70 miles per day and on some days made as much as 100 miles. Compare this with a dog-team average of 20 miles per day for the same distance.

Having proved itself in deep snow, the designers then investigated its performance in mud, water and swamp. Some of the boglands chosen for these tests were absolutely impassable to either man or horse, let alone any known vehicle. The snowmobile proved itself equal to this type of terrain, and despite mud three feet deep, completely enclosing the machine's wheels, it moved forward inexorably. It also proved itself capable of fording a stream four feet deep.

Having passed these tests, 400 armored snowmobiles were produced at the Farand and Delorme Division of the United Steel Corporation in Montreal, and were delivered to the fighting front. It so happened, however, that circumstances prevented their full use in battles against the Nazis, but sufficient progress was made in their development to indicate they would be of considerable value in the continuing war against Japan.

Regardless of their actual or eventual contribution to the United Nations' armed might the demands of war have given Canada a machine expected to contribute tremendously to further and more extensive development of the vast territory in the far north.

JUST LIKE MARK

During a conversation with a young lady a story says Mark Twain had occasion to mention the word "dry-dock."

"Just what is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"Ahem," replied the great humorist, "it's a thirsty physician." Globe and Mail.

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