Ontario Speeds New Rail Line To Arctic Port

Route, to be Opened by '31, Will Make Available Vast Lignite Deposits in North and Aid Forest Development

T.N.O.R. EXTENTION

By 1931 Ontario will be linked by rail with an Arctic port. Completion of the province-owned railway to Moose Factory has just been announced by the government and in little more than a year steel will run all the way north from Toronto to James Bay.

The Timiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway is now as far as Oilcan Portage. It is to be extended immediately to Blacksmith rapids, where the government is planning the first state-owned mining project in Canada. The lignite deposits at the rapids are only thirty miles from the present end of the railroad and are joined by a winter road.

Vast Supply Blocked Out

There are millions of tons of lignite already blocked out by the diamond drills of government exporers, sufficient low-grade coal to make the province independent of supplies from the United States. The government is pushing the railway north to speed the work of testing the lignite fields. At Blacksmith rapids are deposits of black coal and potential white coal found together.

From the lignite beds less than seventy miles of road will have to be built to reach the salt water. The line will penetrate a great tract of territory in which deposits of china clay and gypsum are known to exist and where a large portion is covered by the pre-cambrian shield, the source of Canada's mineral wealth.

Opens New Industries

The extended railway will facilitate the advance of prospectors and miners into the north and in time will make for the utilization of pulpwood forests and water power there. The railway is expected to justify its extension by the exploitation of the territory through which it will pass.

There is little thought at present of development of Moose Factory, Ontario's only salt-water port. Many millions must be spent in harbor improvements before Ontario commerce can go to Europe via the northern route. The government is confident, however, that a new fishing industry will spring up in James Bay and Hudson Bay when the road is completed.

France to Build Net of Gun Pits Along Frontier

Defense Line of Subterranean Forts Will Stretch From Belgian to Swiss Border

Metz, France.—A continuous barrage of fire from the Swiss to the Belgian frontier, protecting Alsace-Lorraine against surprise invasion, is the way the new French fortifications were described by Deputy Desire Ferry, member of the Parliamentary Army Commission, in a speech here.

Machine guns in concealed pits every 150 yards are said to be the backbone of France's new line of defense.

"It is no longer a question of sinking billions of francs in obsolete fortifications which cannot resist more than a few hours the fire of modern guns," Deputy Ferry said.

Adapted to Modern Warfare

Owing to what is believed to be the legitimate anxiety of eastern France at the moment when the troops of occupation in the Rhineland were retiring behind the frontier of 1915 the army committee of the Chamber of Deputies had asked M. Ferry to make an investigation.

"The line of defense will protect Metz, Thionville and Strasburg and the metal ore districts and permit defensive mobilization to proceed unhampered," Ferry told the commission.

"The new fortifications are perfectly adapted to modern warfare and will bear not the slightest resemblance to the pro-1914 forts. Everything to protect the defensive troops from shell fire and gas is being employed, and recent experiments have given the most convincing results.

Build Subterranean Trenches

"I have acquired the certainty that in five years, when the line is completed, our frontier will be defended by a barrage of fire capable of breaking up all attacks."

Although the deepest secrecy is maintained, it is learned from reliable military quarters that subterranean trenches, fortified with armored cement and camouflaged against airplane scouting, form the basic principle of the work. Parliament has appropriated for it $200,000,000, distributed over a period of five years.

That critic of Mussolini who gets a sentence of thirty years may console himself with the thought that it won't be a crime that long.

Turkey is to make Sunday a day of rest. Now it's up to New York to select a day.—New York Evening Post.

Flying Blind

By DONALD KEYHOE

The specter of flying blind, bugaboo of even the most skilled pilots, is gradually giving way before the application of invention and research. Recent tests have shown that one of the gravest dangers in blind flying is the pilot's disbelief in his instruments, and a strong tendency to trust his own senses, which are always misleading.

The tests consisted of placing skilled pilots, blindfolded, in a rotating chair. The chair was slowly turned to the right and stopped. The pilot stated that he was turning to the left. Whenever the rotation was stopped, or the speed retarded, the pilot announced that he was turning in the opposite direction. If the pilot were turned continuously and steadily, he would eventually think that he was sitting still. Finally, if the turn were made very rapid before stopping, there was an added feeling of falling.

A hooded chair was later made with instruments to show the actual movement. The pilots refused to believe the instruments till the hood was lifted and the true movement disclosed.

This most natural tendency to rely on sensations instead of instruments has probably been responsible for the failure of many transoceanic flights. One of these was the fatal attempt of Captain William Edwin to rescue other ocean flyers in trouble on the Pacific. At night, 600 miles out, his radio reported running into heavy fog. Then, "We are in a spin." Next came a reassuring report only to be followed by the last one heard. "We are in another spin. S.O.S. . . ."

Flyers ashore easily reconstructed the scene. Tossed in the bumpy air, the plane started to turn to one side. The pilot checked it suddenly, and at once his treacherous senses told him he was turning in the opposite direction, so he pushed hard on the rudder, and in the wrong direction. The ship skidded, stalled and spun. On getting out of the spin he had the same sensation of those tested in the chair—of turning in the other direction and falling. Believing himself in another spin, he nosed down to regain control—and dived straight into the sea.

Later, a pilot tested under identical conditions went through precisely that maneuver.

Out of these experiments one important fact has come to light. Once a pilot has been shown that he must trust instruments and not his own senses, he can learn to fly blind—indefinitely. Lieutenant Doolittle recently took off in a plane with a hooded cockpit, flew a 15 mile course, returned to the field, and made a perfect three-point landing—without seeing a thing but his instrument board.

The final step will probably be taken soon when the automatic pilot is adopted. Such devices have been successfully tested. The automatic pilot keeps the plane level without attention from the human pilot. This completely frees the pilot from the strain of constantly reading two or three shifting instruments.—The Saturday Evening Post.

Britain's Wheat Supply

Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft in the Empire Review (London): (Though harvesting the finest wheat crop for many years in 1920, the British farmer found himself deprived of all profit by the dumping of bounty-fed wheat from Germany.) The British farmer does not need a high artificial price; what he needs is a stable price which gives him an economic return. The hard wheat such as comes from the Dominions will always be required in Britain but wheat which comes from Germany and other European countries, or from the Argentine, directly displaces British grown wheat, and, if our contention is right that we can grow what we require in the British Empire, it is clear that a reasonable duty on foreign cereals need not raise the price of bread to the British consumer, but would make it possible to continue to produce wheat in Britain.

The Government's Blunder

London Daily Express (Ind.): Mr. MacDonald has blundered badly in letting the "bigger and better dole" bill see the light of day. He never should have countenanced it. Its very existence is a negation of everything which the Socialists promised the nation. They were to create work—and, instead, they are going to give alms to boys.

"I see that a man fell down stairs last week and cured himself of rheumatism by breaking both of his legs."

"The fellow with a sore throat would be taking an awful chance."

"Aviation from the Ground Up" is the title of a new book. It sounds reasonable.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

According to a doctor, singing warms the blood. We have heard some that has made ours positively boil.—The Humorist (London).

Our Sister Province May Well Be Proud of Their Government Buildings

VIEW OF PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS AT QUEBEC

The photograph here shows an aerial view of the parliament buildings at Quebec City.

Sensational Case Opens In Germany

Outcome of Attempted Shipment of Ammunition to China

Kiel, Germany.—Whether the German Reichswehr and Navy permitted or had knowledge of an attempted shipment of 8,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition worth over $100,000 from Germany to the army of the late Manchurian War Lord, Gen. Chang Tso-Lin in January, 1928, is likely to be determined at a sensational trial which opened here last week.

The trial is the result of a sweeping investigation which lasted nearly two years. The case has attracted international attention. Representatives of the press and public were excluded from the court "to safeguard interests of state" on the motion of the prosecutor.

The accused, who are alleged to have engineered the giant international smuggle which was halted just as the ammunition was about to be loaded on a Norwegian steamer here, are a former German army officer, a naval officer and five Berlin merchants.

The entire shipment was seized by customs officers after they had examined cases which had been declared as containing articles of brass. The shipments came here in 16 freight cars. Investigation showed that the entire cargo had been purchased by an Italian agent. It was also learned that the cargo was to be shipped to Oslo, Norway, and thence to China.

The ammunition came from a scrapping plant maintained by one of the accused merchants at Sueplitz, near Torgau.

"Women don't marry geniuses," says a psychologist. No, it takes a genius to escape.

A prehistoric skeleton has been found with its legs almost round its neck. Evidently even in the old days there were new dance steps.—The Passing Show (London).

The Peasant Population of France

Andre Siegfried in the Atlantic Monthly (Boston): Even after a century of intense industrial life, the social structure of France is essentially built up of peasants, artisans, and bourgeois. In spite of the drift to the cities, which seems to be part of the normal development of our Western civilization, the mainstay of French life is still the peasant. The census of 1921 estimates at 54 per cent. the rural population of France, as against 49 per cent. in the United States and only 20 per cent. in England. In contrast with the English farmer and the grain grower and stock raiser of the United States, the Frenchman may be considered as the very type of the peasant; a small landowner and solitary worker, who lives by cultivating his own plot of land. Out of 8,591,000 farmers in France, 5,000,000 are their own masters. This is a fact of supreme importance in our study of the French point of view, for the peasant heritage is always close at hand even in the heart of the cities; and although they may be far from the land the French continue to feel and react like peasants.

The Sneak Guest

Y.Y. in the New Statesman (London): Several correspondents have been writing to the Times during the past few days on the subject of the "sneak guest." This is apparently, a newly invented term describing a person who visits any house as an acquaintance and afterwards sells any interesting private conversation he has heard as gossip to a newspaper. It is clear that if this is done on any considerable scale it is a very grave threat to social life. If there is a spy at every dinner table, there will soon be an end of conversation, and the strong, silent Englishman will become stonger and more silent than ever.

Luckily a woman doesn't have to wait as many months for a long dress to be delivered as she has to wait for a head of bobbed hair to grow out.

Beating of Human Heart is Exposed

Chest Incision Reveals Many Wrongs in Diagnosing Ailments

Ann Arbor, Mich.—Four University of Michigan surgeons recently announced results of their observation of the beating of a human heart, viewed through an opening in the chest of a patient.

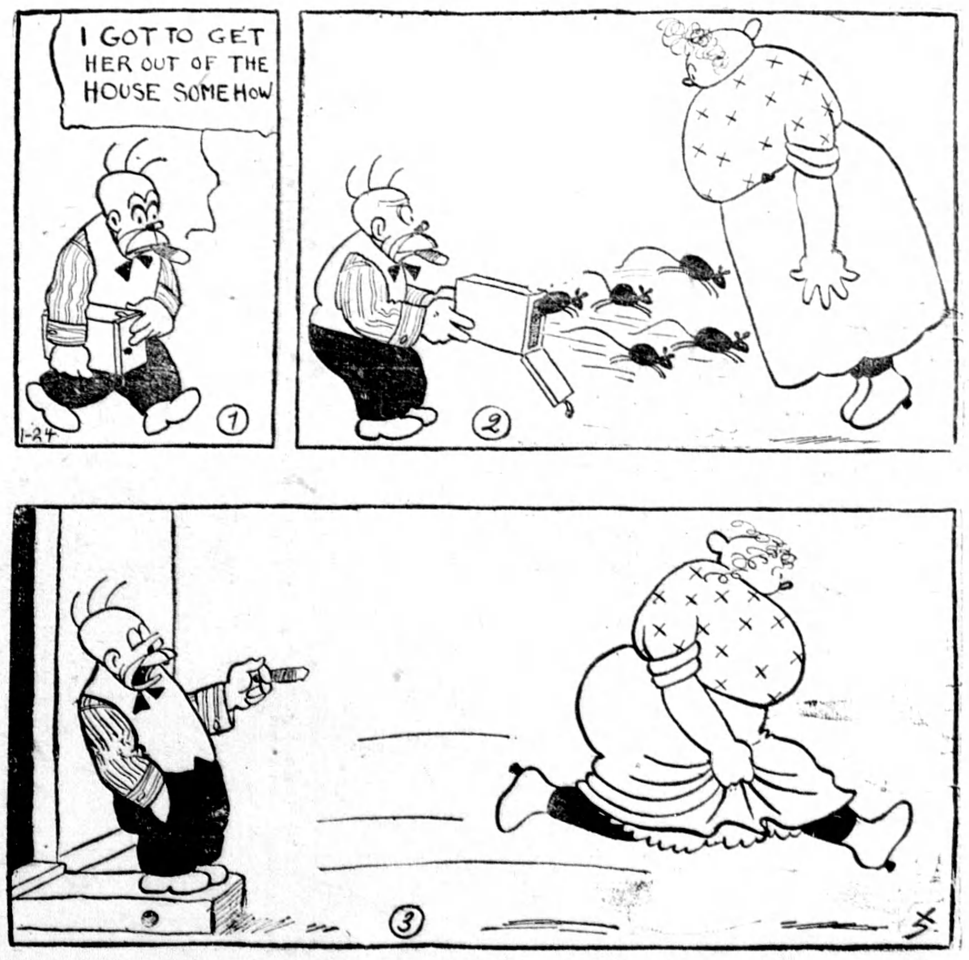
Through the incision made by a wound which necessitated removal of a section of the chest wall, the four physicians recorded the electric currents generated by the heart's operation. They discovered important inoccuracies in the current method of diagnosing heart ailments, they said.

Certain fluctuations in the intensity of current which had hitherto been believed due to disease on the right side of the heart were found to be caused by diseases of the opposite side.

Games in a Better World

Bernard Darwin in the Spectator (London): I suppose we should all in a better world be much, much better than we are now, though I trust we should never get to the pitch of wishing "the best man to win," except on the understanding that the "best man" was ourselves. We should never throw our clubs about, of course, nor say that it was our partner's fault, nor call gods and men to witness our ill luck. I am inclined faintly to hope that we should not talk about games quite so much as we do now, or that, at any rate, we should talk about them more impersonally. I am sure that, when we wrote about them, we should not call a ball a "sphere," nor a club an "implement"; neither should we call people whom we do not know by their Christian names nor describe them as "the young guardsman" or "the forty-five year-old-stockbroker," and we should never say of a lady player that she looked dainty and "petite" in a blue "bandeau."

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson



Patrolman Rises To Be Vice-Consul

Edmund J. Dorsz Assigned to United States Legation at Ottawa

Ottawa.—The rise of Edmund J. Dorsz from the post of a foot-weary patrolman on the Detroit police force to that of United States vice-counsul at Ottawa, is recounted in a special dispatch from Detroit recently.

Dorsz, 23-years-old, assumed his new position on December 27. The story of how he left high school before completion of his term and then by perseverance versed himself as a linguist in the ambition of one day entering the foreign service of his country, was recounted by his mother, Mrs. Rose G. Dorsz at her Detroit home on Epworth Boulevard.

Young Dorsz first worked as a toolmaker, then as a clerk in a brokerage house, always filling his spare time with study. After two unsuccessful attempts to pass examinations to enter the foreign service, he signed on as a patrolman last August and remained on the force until October 15 when he once again journeyed to Washington to take another consular test. Success in the examination, followed by a brilliant few months of work in headquarters of the foreign service resulted in his assignment to Ottawa.

Find Fishing Banks Are Not Disturbed

Government Reports Do Not Bear Out Shift in Ocean Bed

Ottawa.—Officials of the Marine Department here are not unduly alarmed over reports filtering through the newspapers from trans-Atlantic ship masters to the effect that the recent earthquake has disturbed the bed of the ocean off the American coast. The previous report that the fishing banks had disappeared has been entirely disproven by Nova Scotian schooner captains who have reported to Ottawa that no such displacement has taken place. At the same time the masters of the various cable ships, whose duty was to repair the fractured communication lines south of Newfoundland, have similarly reported no change.

However, the Government Hydrographic Service intends next spring to send the C.G.S. Acadia over the banks with its echo-sounding apparatus, in order to determine whether the depths within the national jurisdiction of this country have altered or not.

Sunday-School Teacher—"Tommy, who made the trees, the fields and the mountains?"

Tommy—"I don't know, mam. We only moved here two mouths ago."

Are War Books True?

Truth (London): War is an emotion at least as old as Euripides, who trampled on the Homeric glorification of it. But Euripides, being a Greek, avoided over-statement, a pitfall into which the Remarques and the Graves fall headlong. All war is foul, and the men who wage it, according to them, are reduced to the level of beasts. Courage, self-sacrifice, endurance, self-control, and honor, these have no part in it. From first to last it is swinishness unredeemed. And if we recoil from the picture, we are derided as sentimentalists who will not face facts when they are presented to us with fidelity at last! But the point is: Are we getting the facts? If we are, then we are at a loss to understand how flesh and blood endured the abomination that never lifted, and why the fighting men did not return to peace, not as human beings, but as raving lunatics and ravening wolves.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Thomas

Nation and Athenaeum (London): (Mr. Hoover has been holding conferences at the White House with the object of ensuring that every available form of constructional work shall be pressed forward as rapidly as possible.) It is too soon, of course, to say what degree of success will attend Mr. Hoover's efforts. But at any rate, these efforts are taken very seriously, not only in America, put in the comments which appear in the British Press. We all find it quite easy to believe that Mr. Hoover's appeals and exhortations American economic situation; and yet, in our own case we have almost abandoned the hope that Mr. Thomas, who has an essentially similar task, and is not confined to appeals and exhortations, will make any difference worth considering.

There hasn't been a bombing in Chicago for several days now, and we can't help but wonder whether the fruit-fly has finally attacked the pineapple crop.