J. E. McCONNELL

who has been nominated for a directorship of The Bank of Canada.

Mr. McConnell is President of McConnell & Ferguson Limited, leading Canadian national advertising agency; Vice-President of Gypsum, Lime & Alabastine (Canada) Limited; Director, Brantford Roofing Company Limited; Northern Life Assurance Company; Canada Trust Company; Fireproof Warehouses Limited; Shipping Containers Limited.

Mr. McConnell is a well-known Canadian business man whose organization has offices in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, London, Ontario, and in London, England. His name has been closely identified with the development of many leading Canadian concerns for over a period of thirty years. He was born at Walkerton, Ontario, July 6, 1878, and is of the fourth generation in a family of pioneer Canadians. The advertising agency business, in which he is actively engaged, has given Mr. McConnell a very broad insight into all phases of trade and commerce affecting Canada and the Empire, and has, in addition, kept him in daily contact with the needs and desires of Canadians in all walks of life. It is anticipated that he will receive considerable support from the shareholders of The Bank of Canada in the election of Directors of that institution which is to take place in Ottawa in January.

Uses of A Train

Bob Rennison told a story to the Y'smens Club the other evening which very happily illustrates the chances and unusual features which the sport of angling involves, one of its most interesting features. And Bob vouches for the truth of the story, which is a guarantee of its accuracy.

He told of an experience he had at a pool in Root River a short distance this side of Hayden. He had been fishing for a long time without even getting a bite and was geting discouraged, when the A.C.R. train which then came in Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from the north in the evening, thundered along the track. "And," said Bob, "before it got out of hearing I had caught seven fish!"

Coming home he told a friend what had happened and the friend was all excited about it. He was so keyed up indeed that he did not even wait for Wednesday, but went out on Tuesday. But there was no train and no fish were caught.

The following day Bob and a companion started out to the same spot, setting out early in the evening. They fished around for a time without any results. "There are no fish here," said the companion. "Oh yes, there are; all we need is a train," said Bob. "Well, we ought to get some soon then, for there comes the train," replied the other. "And," reports Mr. Rennison, "in ten minutes we had caught five."

Several times during the season he tried the plan out and always with success, said Bob, "but then the A.C.R. changed its schedule." The explanation, as given by Mr. Rennison is simple. At that spot, as at many others, the trout feed just at that time in the evening and pay no attention to the lure of the angler. The immediate area, however, is a bit on the muskeg side and when the train goes by it is readily shaken, with the result that the fish are diverted from their feeding and take the hook.

So a train is useful to a fisherman as well as for killing wolves.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

"America doesn't know anything about crop control yet."—R. G. Tugwell.

Enjoy a really fine hand-made cigarette by rolling your own with GOLDEN VIRGINIA

ALSO MADE UP IN PIPE TOBACCO

Have You Heard?

Editor—Did you ever [illegible] anything before?

Authoress—Oh, yes, I wrote a confession story once.

Editor—Did the editor send it back?

Authoress—No, he came all the way from New York to St. Louis to meet me.

With a fan dancer its different — she would spell it FAN M-A-L-E.

Pretty wife (on stand in divorce court)—It was the old, old story, a horse and a jackass can never agree.

Husband (roaring, as he shook off the restraining hand of his attorney) —See here, don't you call me a horse!

Correct this sentence: "I got begging letters from ten people today," said the rich fellow, "and sent them all checks."

The final test of veracity, is the effort to tell how little you slept last night.

CHEER UP!

World is full of grieveing—skies get low and black—It's hard sometimes believing you're on the winning track. But all the thunder's rumble, the gloom that haunts the day will fade away and crumble —for hope is on the way!

Masculine Champ—And how are you making out in your race for equality of sexes?

Militant Feminist—Oh, nowadays it is neck and neck.

When television comes a crooner will at least have to be fairly good looking.

Deacon—Brother Jones, can't yo' all donate something to de fund for fencing in the cullud cemetery?

Brother Jones—I dunno as I can. I don't see no use in a fence around the cemetery. You see, dem what's in there can't get out, and dem what's out don't wanta get in.

A college education doesn't do much for the majority of men except relieve them of the inferiority complex that seems to plague those who don't go to college.

Pearl—You really ought to come to Florida with me this winter. I had a wonderful time there last January. I won a beauty competition.

Beatrice—No, I think I'd rather go where there's more of a crowd.

If there is anything a woman dislikes, it's the sight of another woman making a fool of a man.

If you don't want to pay doctor bills it is a good thing to wear overshoes in wet, sloppy weather. Too many people depend upon their feet to absorb the moisture, and that's where the doctor comes in.

Eager Playright—I wish I could think up a big, strong situation that would fill the audience with tears.

Theater Manager — I'm looking for one that will fill the tiers with audience.

Money may not bring happiness, but it makes those lucky enough to have it mighty comfortable.

Man—Have your ancestors ever been traced?

Friend—Yes, but they were so smart they couldn't catch them.

College Students Have Great Scheme

Rate the Girl Friend's Home-Making Ability by Series Of Questions

Cambridge, Mass.—Fair co-eds at Simmons, Wellesley, Radcliffe and other girl's colleges redoubled their studies in an effort to save money for their boy friends at Massachusetts Institute of technology.

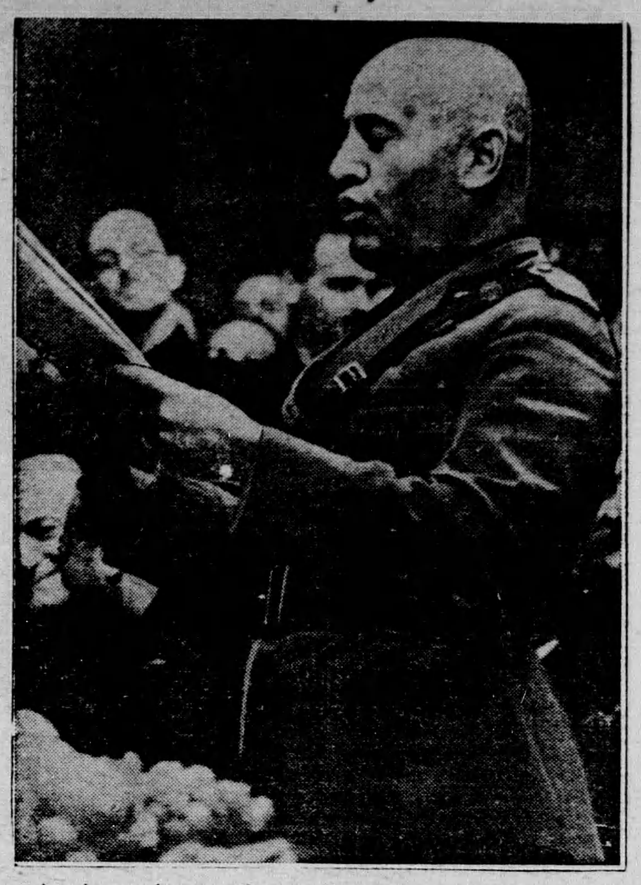
The extra diligence resulted from an edict by sponsors of a party, to be held at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, that each feminine guest would be required to answer "yes" or "no" to a list of 10 problems of household management. Should the girl err in her answers her escort must pay a fine of 10 cents per error in addition to the regular party fee.

And what is more, the party sponsors say, it will be easy to rate the various girl's schools on "home-making" after competition of the questionnaire statistics is completed.

Be Careful When You Judge!

Pray don't find fault with the man
who limps,
Or stumbles along the road.
Unless you have worn the shoes he
wears
Or struggled beneath his load.

Farmers Hailed By Il Duce



A gala occasion was the annual distribution of prizes to Italian farmers growing most wheat during year. Premier Mussolini (above) extolls triumphant toilers in Roman theatre.

Machinery a Course

No Single Problem of Modern World More Keenly Debated Than The Growing Use of Machinery in Industry. Each New Machine Displaces Human Labour, and Brings Nearer the Robot World," says Critic.

"At three p.m. today an explosion occurred in the X pit. A hundred robot miners at work there were destroyed. The machine-miders were working well beyond the zone of the explosion and the fire which immediately followed and were able to escape injury."

You wil one day—much sooner than you imagine, perhaps—be reading such reports as this in your newspaper writes Patrick Thompson and London answers. The collier wil then have been relieved from work which, in a really scientific age, no human being should be called upon to perform.

TESTED AT THE COAL FACE

He will have moved up, become a semi-skilled engineer supervising a robot slove, or a battery if slaves, whi wil do his heavy work for him faster and more efficiently than he and half a dozen mates could do it; just as the man at the levers of a steam-shovel controls an obedient slave of herculean strength who digs, carries and dumps more earth and debris than he and a hundred other men could manage in the same space of time.

Some people would dismiss this as a Wellsian dream. But in fact a robot miner, which cuts the coal at the face and loads it, is testing now in the Wigan coalfield—has been testing for nearly a year. Experts think it wil revolutionize the coal-mining industry. Six men with the robot miner at their command can carry out the work formerly done by a hundred colliers.

CAN THEY BEAT MEN?

Robots, invented and built by ingenious engineers, usually on the basis of some scientist's discovery, are now busy all round us. For the most part we remain unaware of them because they are not fashioned in human shape.

Let someone build a talking, walking, mechanical man, a conventional robot and he will achieve much publicity and crowds will achieve much at exhibitions and the like. This is continually happening.

But actually these mechanical men are often the least important type of robot. There is nothing they can do better than a flesh-and-blood man, except, perhaps, attract attention at a show.

The robots of to-day and to-morrow, the real robots, are improvements on the human being—not on all-round human being, that incredibly marvellous creation, but on one of his limbs, one of his organs a muscle a brain lobe. They relieve men of special kinds of work and release them for higher tasks.

The other day, in a building in a Canadian city, a robber moved stealthily down a corridor towards a safe.

Suddenly uproar! Gongs clanged bells rang. He was astounded. He had the place taped and charted. There was no burglar alarm except the obvious one which he had disconnected on entering. He fled, and was captured at the outer door.

A robot had been on guard, in the form of a slender, invisible ray connecting two points between the corridor walls. While the ray remained intact the electrical apparatus it linked was undisturbed. But if anything passed and broke contact, a switch was thrown, and off went the alarm system.

The myterious guardian, on investigation proved to be a very simple robot; its basis the selenium cell, the electrical activity of which is affected by light.

Human beings have limitations. Their sense of feel, of balance, of direction, of sight cannot always be trusted. They tire; they need sleep.

So robots are gradually replacing them in the performance of certain functions. They count people going through turnstiles by tallying their shadows as they pass; separate, count, and bag masses of coins and piles of banknotes; gauge dimensions in machine hops at lightning speed, and infallibly to the thousandth of an inch.

Our traffic-light signals are robots. Aeroplanes are now steered by robots, while the human pilot takes a rest. As early as 1927 a robot pilot steered a steamship, the Pulpit Point, from 'Frisco to Auckland, N.Z., a run of twenty-one days.

ROBOT ON THE 'PHONE

For the last six years the level of water is one of America's biggest reservoirs has been regularly reported by a robot which answers a 'phone call, gives the required information necessary—but in tone signals), and rings off, returning to its sleepless job of watching the water level.

Robots are even invading the home. One of them, on the market now, switches itself on, boils the water, makes your morning tea, and then wakes you up with the buzz of its alarm at the appointer hour.

From this to the robot which will put the joint in the oven, cook it, and announce when it is done, is only a step, and that step will be taken as soon as there i a real demand for the development.

Given time and money, engineers to-day can build a robot to perform almost any human function, including those of the human brain.

BEYOND OUR BRAIN POWER

Mathematicians and technicians have now at their command so-called "thinking machines" which perform calculations beyond the power of any human brain. They will work out mathematical problems in an hour or two which a team of mathematicians would require months to solve.

The mist imposing, although not the most intricate, of these brain robots is the tide-predicting machine in the office of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, in Washington. It is eleven feet long and six feet high and two feet wide; and into that space is packed the equivalent of a thousand high-powered mathematical brains speeded up a hundredfold.

Put it to work, and in seven hours it will lay before you the time of day of each high and low tide during the next twelve months at each of the eighty-four chief ports of the world, including all such variants as spring tides and neap tides, with the exact rise or fall to be expected.

Now, the tide rises and falls 1,400 times in a year. There are thirty-seven different factors—depending upon the relative positions of the sun, moon and earth, the shape and size of the harbour, etcetera—making up a tide. These have to be calculated simultaneously, and the time element enters into every calculation.

The people who deplore robots because they displace human labour see no farther than the men who wrecked machines because they feared for their livelihood.

WE ALL MOVE UP

The coming of new robots disturbs existing jobs, but only for a period. In due course the greater efficiency achieved, the lowering of costs, the shift-up jrocsses set in motion, combine to make more and better-paid jibs.

There is no labour-saving device which has permanently displaced labour; there is none which has not increased the number of jobs available.

Robots actuated by an electric current now send and receive telegraph messages. Yet the number of operators employed is higher to-day than before the robot appeared. Why? Because the robot has allowed the business to expand on a basis of cheaper and quicker processes.

Where is the expert mechanic who was replaced by the faster, more accurate, and cheaper machine? He has evolved into the master craftsman who makes tools and other things for the machine.

Where is the master craftsman, so laboriously and highly trained, the labour aristocrat of the old world. He and his progeny have been transformed into the engineers and scientific research workers, the highly trained technicians of the machine and robot age.

TOWARDS THE MACHINE MILLENNIUM

Where is the plodding workman who used to fetch and carry for the craftsmen and skilled workers of the pre-robot epoch, earning thereby barely enough to keep body and soul together? He tends the robots, and so earns a far higher wage than was possible in the days of costly hand labour.

Thanks to the robots, mankind is now setting foot upon the broad and shining way which leads to a five-hour day for labour with higher living standards. The technical barriers to this particular millennium—only one further stage in the upward march of mankind towards the stars —have already been removed by scientists and engineers

The gigantic toil of building and sustaining this new and longed-for world is beyond the power of human hands and backs and brains. It will willing slaves who already do a large be made and maintained by the same part of the world's work, and who have blazed the trail for the new era of expansion which waits round the corner of to-morrow—the robots.

Hitch-Hikers

Two Girls From Vienna Made Their Way From Austria to England

Two girls from Vienna have just got back from London, having "hitch-hiked" their way half across Europe and back. They are the richer for the experience by the expressions they gathered in the various countries by asking for lifts from likely looking motorists.

The two girls are Josefine Reif-Serber and Maly Brot-Froschauer. Josefine is only 20, is the daughter of an official and studies medicine and psychology. Maly, who is 29, is a dressmaker, the daughter of a small shopkeeper. They were in London last September, their journey having been from Vienna to London and back. They travelled with 30s between them—and never had to spend a penny, save once:

"It is only when one travels with little money that one really begins to know the world," declared Maly Brot-Froschaeur. "Above all we learn to know the national characteristics of the various motorists of whom we begged lifts.

"Bu it was the Englishmen that we loved the best," said Maly with a smile. "To them it was always a gentlemanly act to invite two hiking girls into their cars when we asked for a lift.

"In France we did not have to beg for a lift once, but the Frenchmen took us, not out of a sense of duty, but because, for them, it was a pleasant experience.

"The Swiss took us along because they were too lazy to say 'No' to us.

"The Italians looked surprised for a moment when we asked for a lift, but then they were so polite that they would make long detours out of their way for us. One Italian even invited us to travel with him to Rome, but just then we were becoming homesick for Vienna and we had to refuse the invitation.

"Some of our experiences were not so happy. One of the most bitter, which had a 'happy-ending' was during our 'march' through Belgium. An old gentleman took us as far as Brussels and when we left his car we forgot our ruckhacks, which contained our little money and our passports.

"In our despair we went to the police, who arranged our night quarters for us. In the morning our despair turned to joy when the Police Chief of a district in Brussels informed us that our 'luggage' was safe. The motorist had handed it over to the police.

"Another experience, also with a 'happy ending' was our lot in England. We stopped a motor car driven by what I think was an officer in the Navy. He invited us to go to his mother's house for a day. We were splendidly treated and we had never met such a nice old lady on any of our travels. We had a dinner that could not be bettered anywhere, even in Vienna.

"But how astonished were we when the old lady, still very friendly, presented us with a bill for five shillings. That was our only cash payment.

"When we got back to Vienna, however, we found a letter from England, with a money order enclosed, waiting for us. The old lady wrote that she had just seen in a newspaper that we were not two rich, splendid tourists, but just two poor little girls from Vienna. She expressed her apologies for having asked money from us and and enclosed twice the amount that we paid. That was the best welcome that we had on our return to Vienna."

The hiking girls are undaunted by their experiences. "Next year we shall be off again," declared Maly. "Europe has become too small for us, so we shall turn our steps in the direction of—India."

Stork Derby Lead Grows

Mrs. Kenny Gives Birth to Eleventh Child Since 1926 —To Claim Fortune.

Toronto—A baby girl who might be worth half a million dollars to her in October, 1936, has been born to Mrs. Mathew Kenny, leading contender in the Charles Vance Millar "maternity sweepstakes."

11 REGISTERED

The latest addition to the Kenny family gives Mrs. Kenny 11 children registered at the vital statistics department since the millionaire sportsman-lawyer died in 1926, leaving the bulk of his wealth to the Toronto mother who gave birth to the greatest number of children in the ten years after his death.

With Mrs. Grace Bagnato, Dundas street west, anticipating her ninth child since 1926, Mrs. Kenny's "blessed event" which took place at St. Michael's Hospital, places the Peter street French-Canadian mother two in the lead for the Millar gold, now in the hands of trustees.

Word from the hospital reports mother and child were "doing well."

But Mrs. Kenny was disappointed. She counted on twins. She was certain twins were coming. She had had two or three—how many was it, anyway—sets of twins before, and she said she "knew whether it was twins or only one."

The Millar "stork marathon" now has Mrs. Kenny, Mrs. Bagnato and Mrs. Steffano Darrigo in the leading positions. Mrs. Darrigo has had seven children registered at the vital statistics department, and has hopes of registering another three children born prematurely.

Newspapermen have been "camping on the doorsteps" of these contenders for the past several weeks. They have made big promises to the mothers for photographic and story rights in the event of their winning the half million dollars.

Mrs. Kenny declares that she isn't so keen about winning the Millar half million as she is to beat Mrs. Bagnato, who, she claims, once told her on Bay street that she "didn't have a chance."

Mrs. Bagnato remains confident that she is in the leading position for the big prize money through this blessed event seemingly puts Mrs. Kenny two up on her.

The Lesson Of Life

Pleasures I anticipate so often turn
out badly
That I have learned to watch for joy
a trifle sadly.

"We are very hopeful and optimistic about business conditions." — Edsel Ford.

"Life is harsher for men than for women, who seem to have developed a tougher fibre."—Gertrude Atherton.

"Nobody can forecast the outcome of the stormy era of history on which we are now probably entering."—Jan C. Smuts.

Classified Advertising

PATENTS

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BABY CHICKS

NEUHAUSER'S Good Luck Baby Chicks. Each grade blood-tested. Live delivery guaranteed. Catalogue gladly mailed on request. Chatham, Ontario.

OLD COINS

WANTED—United States Lincoln Head Cents. All dates, up to $5.00 each paid. Price list 25c. Raymond F. Demars, 113 North Forsythe, Sarnia, Ontario.

REMEDIES

CHECK colds and headaches. Apply stick to forehead; or to upper lip so soothing vapours may be inhaled. Not harmful. Mailed upon receipt of 25c. Write K. Hildebrand, Box 89, Harrow, Ontario.

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