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 CONTAINS NO ALUM
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 Most Canadian Housewives use
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
 to assure SUCCESSFUL BAKING
 Made in Canada No Alum
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COBALT STOREKEEPER COMMITTED FOR TRIAL

According to despatches from Toronto last week, Elias Dabous, dry goods merchant of Cobalt and Rouyn, was committed for trial at the Haileybury assizes on the allegation that he issued false statements to his creditors as to his financial condition and his ability to pay and upon which he received further credit. The committal was made in the bankruptcy court of Osgoode Hall by Mr. Justice Fisher. Bail was fixed at \$5,000.00.

FLOWERS FROM THE NORTH FOR DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

In its column last week of clippings from 'The Nugget' files of 1913, The North Bay Nugget publishes the following:—"Four dozen choice chrysanthemums from the T. & N. O. greenhouse at Englehart will decorate the Governor-General's home in Ottawa during the next few weeks as Chairman Englehart and the T. & N. O. Commission are sending the flowers to the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia to-morrow afternoon."

High-Grade Samples From Week's Run of the Press

Dallas News:—A scientist says the earth is rotating at faster than regular speed. Well, Christmas does seem to come quicker than it used to.
 Barrie Examiner:—East Simcoe Women's Institutes favour placing a flag in every school and having it saluted every morning. An excellent idea. It is well that our flag and what it stands for should be kept daily before the rising generation.
 Sunnyside (Washington) Times (in summing up the recent United States presidential election):—Four more years of wood alcohol.
 Sudbury Star:—Charles Laurine, a New York golfer, drove a tee shot into the nearby woods and after an extended search found the ball alongside a skunk it had killed. It is presumed he had no further trouble in locating the ball after that.
 Meaford Mirror:—"Typographical errors appear with aggravating frequency in all newspapers but we hope one in the Collingwood Bulletin last week doesn't sever the years of friendship that have existed between the editor of that paper and the editor of the Renfrew Mercury. The Bulletin quotes the Mercury and then states: "Our Eastern fiend misses the point." It is a good thing these linotype machines can't always be taken seriously."

Herbs That Heal When Lungs and Bronchial Tubes Seem all on Fire

Fifty years ago, a quiet-going soul, James Gallagher, came to Peterborough County. His was a marvelous skill in compounding herbal medicine. One of his many prescriptions—for folk subject to Bronchitis or similar ills and nasty coughs and colds—was his Indian Lung Remedy, full of the health-giving power drawn from Mother Nature, herself. Wonderfully healing to inflamed tissues. A builder of good, red blood. Make the acquaintance of this tried, reliable remedy. Keep well this Winter. Together with the other fine Gallagher Herbal Household Remedies, now obtainable from

F. M. Burke Limited
 11 Pine Street North
 171 Wilson Ave. 9 Third Ave.
 Timmins, Ont.
 and at
 Connaught Station, Ont.

AVIATORS DISCOVER ODD INDIAN TRIBE IN NORTH

Tribe of Pagan Saulteaux Indians Fled When Plane Swooped from the Clouds

An unusual story is told by the despatches in the daily papers last week as to a pagan tribe of Indians in the far north of Ontario. The despatches tell the story as follows:—

The diminishing tribe of Pagan Indians, Saulteaux Indians, recently encountered in northern Ontario by Gifford Swartman, a pilot in the provincial Air Forestry Service and a companion Air Engineer Reilly, numbers only about 90 and retains the original beliefs and rites of the tribe. The air pilot swooped down upon the camp unexpectedly and so startled the Indians that they fled in terror from the "sky devil," as they termed the craft. It was the first aeroplane they had ever seen. Probably Swartman was about as greatly surprised at finding the Indians' camp as the red men were at seeing him descend from the sky, but eventually the airman made friends with the chief, Pikangkum, and was given an insight into one of the pagan rites that was almost as startling as his descent among the Indians had been to the tribe.

The Saulteaux, whom Pilot Swartman at first mistook for Sioux Indians, are encamped at Pikangkum Lake, about 200 flying miles north of the Canadian National Railways and 100 miles north of Gold Pine, in the Red Lake district. The lake evidently is named after the chief of the Saulteaux.

The "medicine man" of the tribe, about 100 years of age, led the band in its hasty retreat at sight of the flying machine, which was engaged in fighting fires in the forests for the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests but in about half an hour Swartman and his companion, Reilly lit their pipes and gave the Indians sufficient confidence to approach the white men with tokens of friendship. Chief Pikangkum signified a desire to view the flying machine at close quarters and Swartman took him to it and persuaded him to enter the cockpit. Chief Pikangkum trembled with fear and having a foreboding that something bad was going to happen while the air pilot was trying to show him how the machine worked he unexpectedly dived from the aeroplane into the lake and swam to shore as far from the evil thing as possible.

The Indians' surprise at the air craft possibly was no greater than the surprise of the two flyers later on when the chief invited them to attend a blood ritual that was to mark the initiation of six young men of the tribe that night. The airmen at first accepted the invitation, but when they learned what the "heap big pow-pow" really meant they respectfully declined. As described by Swartman the candidates for initiation line up under the chant of the tribe, and the beat of the tom-toms. The medicine man knife in one hand, and a white dog hanging by the tail in his other, pauses before a candidate. There is a lot of gibberish exchanged between them. Then "slach" goes the knife. The dog's head drops from its body. In an instant, the candidate has picked up the head, has it pressed to his mouth, and is drawing on the blood like a ferret feasting on a freshly killed cotton tail. The tribe chants. The tom-toms wail more and more. Another candidate is served. And so on, far into the night.

The Saulteaux are hardy men, rather slight, and average height is about five feet. None of them can speak English, nor can they understand Cree. Come of them are able to write in syllabic characters, but that is all. Numbers are written in Arabic numerals. They are not Christians, but adhere to a form of totem worship. The totem for most of them is the loon. Their worship or, perhaps, amusement is conducted in a pavilion of slender spruce poles called the Utamin.

The chief is recognized at this isolated spot as Factor for the Hudson's Bay Company, although his store consists of merely a lean-to shack, possessing the sole pane of glass in the Indian settlement, and equipped—as the fliers saw it at that time—with a few articles of trade, such as brass buttons and some moth-eaten shotgun ammunition. Most of the "braves" carry rifles or shotguns, weapons they have secured, Swartman figures, by trading over the not-so-distant Manitoba boundary. The only "civilized" eating utensils spotted by the fliers about the place were a dozen or more brand-new tin drinking cups, but where they came from, and why, they were at a complete loss to understand.

ABSENT-MINDED

Father Kangaroo: "Where's the baby?"
 Mother Kangaroo (feeling in pockets): "I guess I must have left it in my other clothes."
 —Webfoot.

She (rating in a tirade): "And don't you dare come to my room tonight at 55 University Hall on the third floor to the left of the stairway between 9.30 and 10!"
 W. and L. Mink.

Production of gold in Canada in 1927 amounted to 1,852,785 fine ounces valued at \$38,300,464 compared with 1,754,288 fine ounces valued at \$36,263,110 in 1926. The 1928 production established a new record. The province of Ontario was the largest producer with 1,627,050 ounces.

PROMOTER OF 5000 CLUB GIVEN TERM IN PRISON

Speeder R. Murray Pleaded Guilty to Three Different Charges at Cobalt.

References were made in The Advance last week to the arrest at Sudbury of Speeder R. Murray who was taken to Cobalt to stand trial on charges of breaches of the Ontario insurance act and also on charges of theft. It was noted last week that the Timmins Life Underwriters' Association had checked up on some of the operations of this man and forwarded particulars to Toronto. Although he did not come in to Timmins he did operate in other parts of this North where members of the Life Underwriters heard of his plans and proposals on their face and as they meant the defrauding of the public as well as injury to the life insurance business generally if allowed to proceed without check, they were duly reported.

When Murray came before Magistrate Atkinson at Cobalt he pleaded guilty to three different charges and was sent to jail. Murray was given three months, as an alternative to a \$200 fine, for a breach of the Insurance Act, and he got not less than a year, and not more than two years, less a day on two charges of theft of funds which he admitted converting to his own use. The two latter are to run concurrently.

Murray was charged with having conducted an insurance business in Ontario without the required provincial license, and also with having taken money from Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Battah and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Roman, all of Cobalt. The four people mentioned had been enrolled in the 5000 Club of Winnipeg, so they supposed, and they had turned over to Murray the nine dollars he had asked as the initiation fee. Subsequently, Murray had taken the money for his own use, according to the information given to Magistrate Atkinson in court.

According to the provincial police, Murray had operated in various parts of Ontario, ranging from Toronto to Winchester, Coniston and up north. Starting out as the accredited agent, they say, of the 5000 Club he entered Ontario via the extreme west and all went well until he struck Kapuskasing. At that paper town, it is stated,

DR. J. EDIS BERREAVED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER

The Northern News, of Kirkland Lake, last week says:—"Dr. and Mrs. John Edis, of Swastika, have been called to Toronto, by the death of Mrs. T. L. Skuce, sister of Dr. Edis, who passed away at her home, in that city. Deceased lady was the wife of Lou Skuce well known cartoonist of the Mail and Empire. Mrs. Skuce was an Anglican and greatly interested in charity work. She was a prominent member of St. Michael's and All Angels' church. She was also active in the Oakwood Club. The deceased was born and educated in Petrolia, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edis and was married 1913. For the past 18 years she has been a resident of this city. Her husband, Lou, a fifteen-year-old daughter, Pauline, her parents, now living in Toronto and a brother, Dr. John Edis, of Swastika, survive."

his tactics failed to meet with the approval of his employers as he had issued large posters giving certain alleged information and they had not issued cards for prospective members. Murray is said to have collected money from different people who believed they were joining the organization only to discover their error on enquiry. He left a long trail behind him, it is stated.

As noted in The Advance last week and the week before the scheme so plausibly presented by Murray has been found absolutely unsound in practice. The scheme is not practical from an insurance standpoint, but as often happens in such cases the slick stranger apparently had no intention of even giving the scheme a chance. He simply put the money in his pocket. There are two morals in the incident. The one is that slick strangers are liable to find that their smart schemes are liable to slip astray and land them in jail. The second moral is that there are enough legitimate insurance men in the North to meet all the needs of the public. The men in the business here have the advantage of being known and responsible. Of course, they do not offer something for nothing, but when has the public ever received something for nothing.

"Stick 'em up and stick 'em up high!"
 "Oh, dear, you sound just like the manager of our department before a mark-down sale."

EVEN AS YOU AND I

'Twas the night before "payday,"
 And all through my jeans,
 I was searching in vain,
 To find a few beans.
 I looked and I looked,
 'Till I was content,
 That I hadn't a copper,
 No, not a red cent.
 Forward, turn forward,
 Oh time in thy flight,
 Make it tomorrow,
 Just for tonight.

—Exchange.

In 1927 Canada's dairy herd consisted of 3,894,311 milking cows, and the gross agricultural revenue from dairy products amounted to \$245,494,000. Dairy products take second place in the list of Canada's agricultural revenue producers.

Dreadful Eczema

The awful itch, the unceasing, burning torment of this skin scourge, unbearable. To obtain relief you've probably tried everything under the sun—except D. D. D. Prescription, the pore-penetrating, healing, antiseptic lotion for all skin diseases. The moment you bathe your sick skin with this powerful liquid, itching and burning cease. Careful, persistent use of D. D. D. from then on conquers the disease. Your druggist has D. D. D., \$1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.

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