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WOOD—THE PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION ON EARTH

At the present time a little article is going "the rounds of the press" and is worthy of reproduction herewith. It touches on the importance of wood to the comfort and progress of mankind. The little article is headed, "Wood—the Pioneer of Civilization," and reads as follows:—

"From the beginning I was Man's friend. I covered him; gave his refuge. In my arms, food grew. My feet and trunk gave him medicine. Later I made his bows and arrows and gave him mastery of all other animals. I gave him twigs and leaves to weave baskets. My bark he made into boats and houses. Civilization was beginning. I was the Civilizer—the Pioneer of Culture—I constituted the Ark that was the saviour of Man and every other creature. I was in the van of the children of Israel.

"Years later I sailed the seas. Great temples were finished by me. Soft-toned musical instruments were made possible by me. Carved models and patterns made from my body made machinery possible. Today I go forth in printed form, carrying news to all the world. I am foremost in everything; all other things depend on me.

"I am Wood—the Pioneer of Construction."

PUBLIC TRUSTEE DIES AT TORONTO LAST WEEK

Frances Henry Keefer, K.C., M.A., L.L.D., public trustee for Ontario, and well-known through the North Land, died at his home in Toronto last week.

The late Mr. Keefer held many public offices, the last being that of public trustee for the province. He invariably discharged the duties of his offices with credit to himself and benefit to the public.

Born in Strathroy, Ont., in 1860, he attended the Strathroy Grammar School and then Upper Canada College, Toronto, University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall, from which he graduated in 1883. He was called to the bar the same year and created a King's Counsel in 1897. Mr. Keefer opened his practice of law in Port Arthur in the year of his graduation under the name of Keefer and Keefer.

From 1918 to 1921 he held the office of Secretary of External Affairs and previous to this he acted as voluntary counsel for the Food Board. In connection with the International Boundaries Commission, he represented the Government at various times.

In 1917, Mr. Keefer, a staunch Conservative, was elected to the Ontario Legislature for the united district of Port Arthur and Kenora, and for the constituency of Port Arthur in 1923. In July the same year he was appointed Legislative Secretary for North-western Ontario.

He is survived by his widow, nee Margaret Keefer, two sons, Hugh, a barrister of Port Arthur, Harold, of Thorold, and one daughter, Mrs. Wodehouse, of Ottawa.

GENTLEMEN, LET US GIVE A TOAST TO THE KING!

He is One of the Hardest Workers in all England. George, the King Earns His Bread.

In view of the illness of the King which has directed so much interest and attention to His Majesty by his loyal subjects at home and abroad, the following article, reproduced from Bart's Broadsheet, London, England, of November 12th, 1926, should receive more than passing notice. It is headed:—

Gentlemen—the King

I.

He is one of the hardest workers in England. He is always on parade, and there is nothing so difficult as being on parade. There is nothing so difficult as to wear a deportment of ease and unconcern when you feel that every eye is upon you, noting you and everything that is about you.

George, the King, is human as other men are human, and he must have his moments when he would like to be by himself, when he would like to be alone when he would like to be away from the concentrated gaze of crowds.

But this is not for him. His life is one eternal parade; a series of comings and goings; always must he be on the alert; always must he smile; he must listen to the same things thousands upon thousands of times, and show no sign of weariness. He must be smiling, alert, interested, responsible, and sympathetic through the whole of the days. It is a difficult task.

II.

George, the King, earns his bread. He is one upon whose shoulders there rests the heaviest of burdens. For in him is vested the meaning and the significance of a vast Empire, and therefore must he be one who is alone. He must be in touch with his people, and still not of them. He must be at once a human being and a being sacrosanct and apart, for he symbolizes the sovereignty and the ideal of the people.

I hold no brief for a King. I hold only a brief for the facing of facts. And the fact is that at the present time in the world the freest countries are not those whose heads are the pushful men who are called Presidents. A varied experience has shown me that a Republic is not necessarily a Democracy.

The genesis of the idea of a King was this:

When the social state was in a rough and turbulent condition, men saw that it was better for some powerful man to dominate so as to give stability to the State. The King was absolutely a necessity if the State was to survive as a State. Factions could not go on warring for ever. There had to be a power capable of welding them together.

This power was the King.

When this man died another powerful man came to the fore. But there were those who disputed his right to reign, and there was terrible and dreadful fighting, till at last men conceived the idea of kingship going in a line from father to son. And this is the only logical way to do if we are to have Kings.

Presidents are merely reverting back in another form to the crude beginning idea of men wrangling and disputing and fighting as to who should be King. Human nature is practically as it was a thousand years ago. We must face the facts as they are, and pay no attention to the revolutionary thinkers who are, so to speak, unable to think a day ahead. The social state must have a head if it is to possess stability. And Presidents and such like are merely recurring upsetting nuisances.

We must have a head to the State, and that a King is the best possible head that we can have must be plain to any person of intelligence.

There is meaning in the pomp and magnificence and splendour that sur-



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ASSAY OFFICE FOR N.A.M.E. TO BE AT SIOUX LOOKOUT.

As announced at Toronto a few days ago the Northern Aerial Minerals Exploration Company is about to establish an assay office with staff quarters in Sioux Lookout. This was confirmed Wednesday of last week by a telegram from Mr. D. F. Moberly the owner of the property. At present the N.A.M.E. is also busy looking for satisfactory aviation site on Pelican Lake, on the shores of which Sioux Lookout stands.

Norfolk Virginian-Pilot:—"These days," says a lecturer on cosmetics, "beauty is not always skin deep." No, and not always knee high.

rounds the crowning of the King. There is the meaning in the symbols denoting sanctity and the symbols denoting earthly power. For a King is a priest even as he is a King. He is the spiritual father as well as the protector of his people. He is in himself the symbol of the counsellor and the warrior. True he is but a man, but he signifies more than a man. He stands for the ideal of people. He stands for the rights and the sovereignty and the safety and the aspirations of the people. When you address the King as Sir, you are addressing him, not altogether as a man, but as one who is the Overlord. As one who means all. You are addressing the whole power and the might and the dignity of the people, in which you yourself are included. People may say: "Oh, he is but a man. He is but as I am." But this is not so. When you do him reverence you are reverencing the whole of this vast Empire. You are reverencing the being in the personality of whom it converges. It matters not whether this being be one whom you, individually, would recognize as being great and powerful. He would still be a being apart. He would still have the same significance. He would still have the same meaning. He is the symbol of your Empire. To him the outcast who sleeps on the Embankment is as much his subject as the Duke in his palace. He is the father of all. He is the meaning of all.

IV.

A King feels this. It is borne in on him in a thousand ways. It is borne in on him in the details of his life. Wherever he goes he carries with him the State, and the meaning of the State.

Above all, it is borne in on him by his loneliness.

And who is to say that the personality of a man does not change in the midst of such an environment? Who is to say that there comes not to him a strange impersonality? Undoubtedly he must feel the same toward all his subjects. He must regard them with a democratic eye. Those that work with their hands, those that work with their minds, those who follow the sea, those whose profession is the profession of arms, those who are high in rank, the toilers down in the darkness, those who live in slums, those who live in grand houses, those who own the lands and the things thereon, and those who own nothing are to him, the King, all the same. Class, and the gradations thereof, can mean to the King nothing.

A man becomes even as his environment.

And so it is with the King.

PROSPECTOR ON SKATES MADE RECORD IN SPEED

Art. Springer First Man Out Since Freeze-up Used Skates From Gold Pines.

A correspondent writing from Sioux Lookout says that Art. Springer, old-time prospector, shot into Sioux Lookout on Tuesday of last week, wearing a pair of ladies' skates. He was the first man out of Shonia Lake since the freeze-up. Springer skated the last 80 miles and established a new speed record. He did the 80 miles in ten hours, making two stops.

Springer had been on the way ever since November 13. He arrived at Gold Pines on December 1, and it was there that he succeeded in buying a pair of ladies' skates. How ladies' skates got into that part of the wilderness, he did not explain. But he was tired of the long delays and seized the skates as an opportunity to speed up.

After leaving Shonia he travelled northwest on a string of lakes to Cat Lake Post, where he joined up with John MacCauley, manager of the Hudson's Bay Post, who was going to Gold Pines by dog team. They headed south along Cat River, Carillon Lake and Swan's Lake to Clearwater, and then owing to bad ice, were held up for a week.

Ken Carmichael, his partner, is still on the long trail out. The two of them did not meet anyone except MacCauley on their three weeks' trek.

After the trip Springer insists that the only way to travel in the north is by airplane. He believes it cheaper than going in by dog team.

At Cat Lake Post flour is only \$20 per hundred pounds; sugar 40 cents a pound; tea \$1.25; lard, 60 cents; beans and rice, 34 cents; desiccated potatoes, \$5 for four pounds; bacon, \$1 per pound; long clear, 50 cents, and butter \$1.25 a pound. These prices Springer terms "reasonable."

Shonia, the newest of the Red Lake gold areas, is in the northwest corner of the Red Lake mining division. It is only 30 miles from the Pickle Crow find, and prospectors have the opportunity of a life-time to stake in both camps, Springer says. The rush into the district has begun from Savant Lake Station and a number of Haileybury and Cobalt men get off the train every day. There is a famine of dog teams in the district.

"Shonia, is understood to mean money or wealth in the Indian tongue, and those prospecting there say they can readily believe it.

London (Eng.) Punch:—According to an official of the College of Arms fewer persons now bother to trace their ancestry. This is probably due to the increasing difficulty of hushing it up afterwards.

North Bay Nugget:—Once on a time there was a man who read eagerly about the speculation on the mining market, went to the bank, drew out all his money, put it back in, stuck to his job and got along just splendidly.

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