

MOTOR CLUB ORGANIZED FOR TOWN OF KAPUSKASING

Kapuskasing has started a live motor club and hopes to secure at least a hundred members. The new club is a branch of the Ontario Motor League and is starting out with the finest of promise for success and usefulness. Mr. L. E. Taplin is president; Mr. W. Brubacher, vice-president; and Mr. C. Saville, secretary-treasurer. Messrs. John Grenier, Jensen, N. Villeneuve, H. Serncondt and Mayor Noble, directors.

NO FRIEND OR RELATIVE AT LONELY MAN'S FUNERAL

No novel ever written contains the humour, pathos, tragedy, cause for laughter and reason for years that may be found in almost any issue of any newspaper. In one paragraph in a recent issue of The Sudbury Star there is compressed the tragic story of a lonely immigrant, the last sentence being heart-touching in its suggestion of utter lack of friends and the sheer failure of unfortunate man "without a friend or relative to mourn his passing." The item from The Sudbury Star says:— "Deaths brought release to Stanley Washuk, 59-year-old inmate of the Burwash Industrial Farm, who had sought shelter at the institution after a brief and unhappy experience in trying to fit into Canadian life. Coming from his native Hungary a little over a year ago Washuk wandered from job to job in Canada for a number of months without finding an occupation at which he could support himself. His health taken by the rigor of the climate to which he was unaccustomed, he was forced to seek shelter in Burwash last winter as a voluntary vagrant. He had been under treatment ever since going to the Farm and passed away this week. The funeral was held in Sudbury yesterday, without a friend or relative to mourn his passing.

Huntington Gleaner:—An amazing report comes from Houston, Texas, which concerns Mrs. Mary Rogers. This lady is now 28 years old, but already she has a daughter who is married, and who in turn has a baby of her own.

EMPIRE YEAR



CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO

Aug. 23 to Sept. 7

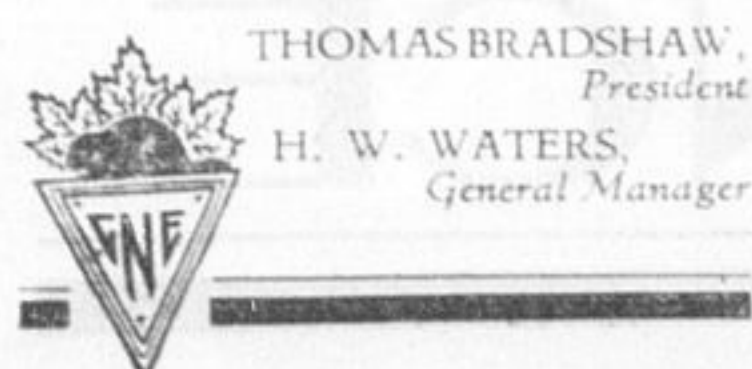
51st anniversary of the world's largest annual exposition. The show window of nations celebrating EMPIRE YEAR with an elaborate 14-day continuous program. Exhibits from every clime.

Inspiring music daily by the Goldman and other famous bands. 4 concerts by the renowned 2,000-voice Exhibition Chorus (Aug. 24th and 29th, Sept. 3rd and 7th); Thavii's Band and operatic ensemble—gigantic program of land and water sports headed by the world's premier sport spectacle, the

FOURTH WRIGLEY MARATHON SWIM

into two events—Friday, Aug. 23 (women) and Wednesday, Aug. 28 (open), for \$50,000 cash prizes and world-championship laurels, U.S. vs. Canada in yachting, outboard motor boat racing and naval athletics. Colossal military and naval presentation "Britannia's Muster", every evening by hundreds of performers on the world's largest stage, supreme display of horsemanship by the N.Y. State Troopers (by permission U.S. War Dep.); \$125,000 Agricultural Prize List; Trotting and Pacing Races and \$5,000 Futurities—First viewing of 1930 motor car models in the new \$1,000,000 Automotive Building. National Aircraft Show, Carnival of the Clouds, and feature after feature during the entire two weeks. Arrange your vacation to be in Toronto the last week of August and the first week of September.

Perfect highways. Reduced carship, railroad and airway rates. Ample accommodation. Make reservations now for Exhibition Chorus Concerts and Grand Stand performances



SIoux LOOKOUT HAS MANY ULTRA-MODERN TOUCHES

Mayor of Northern Town Tells Toronto of the Advantages of His Municipality. Sea Fleas, Radio, Planes, Cars, Etc.

Those who live in a new and growing town—if they are the right kind of people, and it is the right kind of town—have a pride in what has been accomplished and a firm faith in the future. People in Timmins and the other centres of the North who have contributed to the development of this part of the North will have a sympathy with and an appreciation for the feelings of the mayor of Sioux Lookout who visited Toronto recently and who tried to tell the people there some of the remarkable things about his town. The mayor of Sioux Lookout very evidently did not want the city folks to think that the citizens of Sioux Lookout were to be pitied because they were stuck away in the bush without the advantages of modern civilization. As he pointed out, Sioux Lookout was in remarkable position in this regard, having outstanding touches of the most up-to-date lines of modern civilization. Although only a town of 2,000 population, it had the greatest number of airplanes of any town its size on the continent. Radios, cars, planes and other of the ultra-modern signs of progress. The mayor of Sioux Lookout proved that instead of being pitied for their lack of advantages the people of his town were really to be envied for the many remarkable benefits they had and the better things they looked forward to with faith and confidence. Pioneers in other sections of the North will be able to understand exactly the attitude of the mayor of Sioux Lookout, having been through the same stage themselves.

In the report of an interview with the mayor of Sioux Lookout. The Toronto Mail and Empire points out that "Sea Fleas, Radio, Planes, Cars, give this Frontier Town Modern Airs." The Mail and Empire says that Sioux Lookout, with 2,000 population, boasts greatest number of airplanes on basis of population. Continuing, The Mail and Empire says:—

Modernity is measured in many manners. It's a far cry from electric lights to sea fleas; from bathrooms to airplanes, yet each is a token of the twentieth century.

That's why Sioux Lookout considers itself in the van of advancement. In fact sea fleas and airplanes are about two jumps ahead of electric lights and bathrooms. There are lots of Ontario towns possessing the latter but not the former.

Yesterday the mayor of Sioux Lookout was in Toronto. He is George E. Farlinger, timber man and mill owner. He stands about six feet tall, would weigh about 225 pounds, is tanned by wind and sun and likes lots of room. That's why he took a suite at the Royal York; one room was too cramped.

"We may be away up in the bush, but we are going ahead," said the mayor of the frontier town. "There isn't a great deal of activity as you would see it, but we expect to be expanding before long."

Mayor Farlinger sits on his chair, not against it. He doesn't lounge; he sits straight up. His air of alertness impresses. He has keen blue eyes and rests strong, capable-looking hands on his knees as he talks.

No other part of the world possesses any lure for him. Northern Ontario is, in his opinion, the greatest land of all lands. He went into it a stranger and he has been learning it ever since. "I went into the country in 1908," he said. "I had contracts to build several sections of the transcontinental, the part from New Brunswick to Winnipeg by the government."

"It wasn't Sioux Lookout then. It was just a certain point in the bush where the railway was going to pass some day. There wasn't even a tree cut down on a trail through the bush. But I sort of felt that it was going to be the spot where a pretty good town would grow up some day. I was right."

Sioux Lookout stands at the junction of the Canadian National transcontinental line and the branch line from Port Arthur and Fort William.

"We don't envy the cities," he said. "We have all the comforts we need right now, and more are coming. We hope that hydro will be in before long and we are trying to get water and sewage now. When the hydro arrives we'll get the last two because pumping will be cheap."

"Everybody has a motor boat. Everybody has a radio. I was 125 miles from Sioux Lookout when I heard by radio that Walter Cain my old friend the deputy minister of lands, was ill and in hospital in Sioux Lookout. I went straight to his bed and talked to him, and I came home with him yesterday."

Sioux Lookout boasts the greatest number of airplanes for its population. The N.A.M.E. alone has a hangar that hold eight planes, and the town is a base for airplane supplies and equipment.

Speaking of automobiles, The Mail recalled a story emanating from Sioux Lookout some months ago about cars honking through the town all night and keeping residents awake.

"That's because they can't get out of town," laughed the mayor. "The

MEDICAL PROFESSION HAS FINE RECORD OF SERVICE

Why Doctors Have Special Standing in the Community and the Special Service They Give to Win It

The following article is contributed to The Advance by Dr. Gooden Bates, General Secretary of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council. Dr. Bates has been a visitor to Timmins on more than one occasion and has many friends here who will be particularly interested in this statement of what the medical profession signifies in general way:—

Who is a doctor? How is it that the governments and people of every civilized nation in the world single out one group of men—and nowadays, of women too—and say to them: "You are doctors, and in your hands we place our social and individual health. You, and you alone may use the hallowed title, 'Doctor of Medicine,' and by virtue of that title, heal the sick and preserve the well."

Perhaps the best answer to that question is this: imagine, if you can, the condition that would exist if the medical profession were not so recognized. Suppose that any man who had the laudable ambition to heal his fellow-men of their ills could without any supervision call himself 'Doctor' and begin cutting people up and dosing them with potions of his own concoction. What an epidemic of horrible deaths there would be! How quickly the public's present profound respect for the title 'Doctor,' would be changed to the deepest distrust!

What then, is the medical profession, and how does it maintain the high standard that this great public confidence demands? Let us consider what the Province of Ontario expects of a man who would practise medicine. Its requirements are typical of those of the rest of Canada.

To become a medical student, one must first pass his honor matriculation. That takes five years. After that, he must spend another six years at a recognized medical school.

It is hard to adequately suggest, in a sketchy article of this nature, the vast scope of a modern medical curriculum. The neophyte must learn physics, chemistry, biology, physiology, pharmacology, anatomy, histology (involving an understanding of the microscopic structure of the body.)

From these basic studies, all of which, where they touch the human being, deal merely with the normal, the student then proceeds to pathology, the study of sickness, in its different aspects, pathological chemistry, bacteriology and immunology, medicine and surgery in all their branches, preventive medicine hygiene.

It is still harder for the reader to appreciate the vast historical background, the great wealth and richness of all of those terms; of the tremendous accumulation of knowledge that a would-be doctor must painstakingly acquire.

And when he has spent six long years acquiring it, it is then customary for him to spend one or more often two years as an interne in a hospital. So that a youth of nineteen who finishes his honor matric and starts to 'go through for a doctor' knows that he will be about 28 before he starts earning anything. And even then, it will take him another five years before he begins to earn more than enough for the ordinary necessities of life.

Which means that a doctor doesn't begin to earn anything to speak of, as a rule, till he is thirty-three!

In the meantime, he has spent from six to eight years learning his profession, he has had to master all the old, as well as all the new branches of medicine, he has passed a number of stiff examinations—made extra stiff in order to keep an already crowded profession from becoming over-crowded. (And from this extraordinary severity of examination, the general public is obviously the greatest gainer, since, only the more intelligent, reliable students succeed in passing.)

He has spent an absolute minimum of \$1,000 a year for six years, including \$150 for tuition, \$100 for books and equipment, which leaves very little for room, board, clothing and incidentals, to say nothing of amusements.

But in passing through those years of test and trial and hard work, he has become legitimate heir to all the tested medical knowledge that mankind has ever acquired and saved. The wisdom of long-dead leeches has been poured into him, and he has become greater than any of them—greater by virtue of his greater knowledge, a scientist, able to work by degrees from the known to the unknown.

And for the privileges that society accords the physician it expects, and is almost invariably accorded, a ten-fold return. There is no other division of mankind, with the possible exception of clergymen, that gives away, gratis, more of its time, energy and knowledge than do the doctors.

A doctor does an enormous amount of work for which he is not paid. Common humanity demands that he answer any serious call made upon him, at any hour of the day or night, even if he knows the patient cannot pay. In a way this is unjust. No one expects the keeper of a grocery store to give away his goods, even though there may be people starving for lack of them. Yet a doctor is expected to do just that—and in most cases he does.

In making this concession to the furthest we can drive out of town is about 2 miles. There aren't any roads. Cars are brought in by railroad. Yet we have a lot of them. I haven't one myself and have never had one."

PANDORA GOLD LIMITED REPORTS GOOD NEW FIND

The New Liskeard Speaker last week says:— "The Secretary of the Pandora Gold Limited says that word has been received from the mine of a new find, reports stating the contact vein has been located north of the porphyry rock being heavily mineralized, with free gold. The secretary states that Mr. C. B. Stevenson, one of the directors, under whose direction the present work is being done, left Monday to examine the new find."

race generally, the doctor becomes the greatest giver of charity in the community. 'Noblesse oblige' is to him no idle, elegant phrase and it is indisputable that the profession bears, collectively, a great burden of healing the indigent, which belongs rightly to the state, just as the feeding of the starving is becoming recognized as a state responsibility.

And so, within the limitations of this short article, I have endeavoured to establish the following facts: that every doctor belongs to a profession whose object above all other things is to heal the sick and to prevent sickness; a profession that is constantly improving itself, a profession that has produced men like Koch, Jenner, and Pasteur, whose discoveries have saved the lives of hundreds of thousands, and will save unborn hundreds of millions, a profession whose pride is in efficiency, and whose record is one of service that has been to a larger degree unselfish than that of any other mundane calling.

OLD-TIMER OF HAILEYBURY COLLAPSES AND PASSES ON

The death was reported last week of another of the old-timers of the Haileybury district, in the person of William Murdock who for over twenty years had resided in the area. The late Wm. Murdock had been ill and consulted a doctor. He was sitting with a friend on the verandah of the house where he roomed, when he suddenly collapsed. A doctor was hastily summoned but before the arrival of the medical man, Mr. Murdock had passed on. The deceased had lived in the north for about 20 years. He was a bricklayer by trade and had worked on the construction of a number of buildings here. He also had been employed at the Mining Corporation of Canada in Cobalt. Interested in mining, Mr. Murdock had done some prospecting in the district. He was over 70 years of age. The body was sent to Smith's Falls on the evening train on Monday last week, the funeral being held on Wednesday last. A. W. Harrington, town clerk of Cobalt, a son-in-law of the late Mr. Murdock, accompanied the remains to the east.

The Toronto Mail and Empire last week says:—Mr. Walter C. Cain, deputy minister of lands, who has returned from his trip to northwestern Ontario, speaks highly of its timber resources, but states that greater care is necessary in fire protection. The warning is timely, for forest fires are reported to be raging at intervals from Sioux Lookout to Kenora and rangers say that there is more danger now from fires than at any time in history of the district.

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