

Huntingdon Gleaner:—Now there's such a thing in love as too much love. To spend evening after evening, sitting on your husband's lap, kissing him, might be too much. At any rate, Superior Judge Hugh J. Crawford, so ruled when he gave Dorothy Canfield a divorce from Kenneth Canfield at Los Angeles. "He used to kiss me all the time," she said. "Every evening, I'd have to sit on his lap and kiss him, hour after hour. He wouldn't let friends come to see us because he could not spare the time from kissing."

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION?

Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cause cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect. Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy. A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move gently, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys a real tonic effect. All druggists 25c and 75c red pkgs.

Ohio Men See Wild Men and Wonders in North Country

Tourists Tell About Conductors With Two Guns on Their Belts. Find That Fifty Men Have Lost Their Lives in Oil Can Rapids. Sees Policeman Standing Six Foot, Seven Inches in No. 14 Boots. Other Wonders of the North as Viewed by Romantic Visitors.

Many people have expressed the wish that they might see themselves as others see them. The more thoughtful people, however, wish that others would see them as they see themselves. Some such thought as the latter often comes to North Land people when they read some of the romantic articles about this North. There was, for instance, an article published recently in The Ohio State Journal, about this North Country that will rouse varied feelings among Northerners. Some will be astonished, other will be amazed, others will be annoyed and some will have a good laugh. The laugh, perhaps, is the best way. In any event, few will feel that it is altogether a profitable and pleasing success in this instance of "seeing ourselves as others see us."

During the month of September three newspapermen came North and went on to Moose Factory, which is not much of a journey these days, though it is not long ago that it was a trip that could not be successfully gone through by any three newspapermen from

Columbus, Ohio. The result of the trip was a remarkable dish of wonders for the believing people of Columbus, Ohio. The newspapermen from Columbus, Ohio, saw T. & N. O. conductors armed to the braces. They saw where fifty men had given their lives to the treacherous waters of one set of rapids, though they did not specify how many years the death list covered. The three newspapermen were surprised that they landed safely at Moose Factory. They were still more surprised that they ever got back to civilization, which is located now at Columbus, Ohio. They were especially relieved to get home before the winter set in, though the North Land was growing strawberries this October. However, here is the whole story as told by the gentlemen of Columbus, Ohio. Following is the story of the Ohio newspapermen as told by Robt. S. Harper, telegraph editor of The Ohio State Journal, in an article which he wrote for that paper recently:—

Primeval Land

Setting out primarily to fish and hunt, they almost forgot these pastimes and became sightseers in a land that still exists as it has been written in fiction. At Moose Factory, they reached what might be called the region of the sub-Arctic, a land where 50 and 60 below zero holds sway in a winter that lasts eight months, a land where the Indians still live only by the game they kill.

A glance at the map shows Moose Factory straight North from Columbus, resting on the lower tip of that great expanse of Arctic Ocean first seen by Hendrik Hudson. The last town north is Cochrane, the map shows, and at first glance that place appears to be not so far from the bay. The actual distance, as the party learned on reaching Cochrane, is a little more than 200 miles, or approximately the distance between Columbus, O., and Detroit.

Between Cochrane and Moose Factory there lies a wilderness of thousands of square miles of swamp land, with a few forests on the higher ground, rivers whose roar can be heard for miles as they plunge through the gorges to the north, and the only means of travel is a railway that timidly ventures 96 miles north twice a week during the warm months.

This railroad is the Temiskaming and

Northern Ontario, on which all eyes in the Dominion now are centred while its builders try to force it farther north with the ultimate hope of some day, if they are lucky, of reaching James Bay at Moose Factory. They have a dream of extending it up the coast to Churchill, where the wheat belt line now links itself to a wheat carrying steamer line through the Hudson Straits to Liverpool.

The Columbus men reached Cochrane by automobile, taking the only road from North Bay, which calls itself the Gateway to the North. This road splits the world-famous Temagami forest preserve and reaches Cochrane with 300 miles of gravel and clay. At Cochrane the road ends. Upon arrival at Cochrane, the party met their guide, Alex Hunter of Moose Factory, the best known riverman in the James Bay region, added to their camping equipment and laid in food supplies for two weeks. They took the Friday morning train known as the "Polar Bear," from Cochrane and were guests of James Biers, a six-foot conductor who wears two business-like pistols beneath his blue coat.

Coral Rapids is the present terminus of the line, 96 miles above Cochrane. The train arrived there at 9:30 that night, after spending 12 hours en route, an average of eight miles an hour. The twelve hours included thirty minutes for lunch at Island Falls, an abandoned Hudson Bay post, where a man and his wife sell sandwiches and tea to the train crew and passengers. Everybody piles off at Island Falls to eat and stretch. When he has made certain that everyone is on the train again, the conductor gives the signal and the locomotive moves on. Conductor Biers is an obliging person; he wouldn't think of leaving a lagging passenger at the lunch counter.

Coral Rapids is a settlement of half a dozen log huts in a swamp clearing. Years ago a forest fire left it barren and then the bush again burst through. The principal huts are those of Charlie Massey, who runs a lunch counter during the summer months. Charlie boasts that his "lunch counter" is the farthest north of any in Canada and that he will always be found at the end of the steel, moving with it as it creeps slowly through the bush. There is a log cabin store which bears the title of "The Bank of Nova Scotia." The banker carries the money in his pockets. Then there is the Hudson's Bay Co. post and the frame building that serves as a depot, waiting room and freight shed.

From Coral Rapids to the Moose River, where the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is attempting to span a turbulent channel with a bridge, the Ohioans travelled on a ton and a half motor truck that had been converted into a rail-going vehicle by the use of flanged wheels. The dis-

distance is about 48 miles. The truck makes one round trip a day. It is used on this last stretch of track to the river because the rails are yet unsafe for a train. The gravel trains that venture out upon it for a few miles north of Coral Rapids "do so at their risk." Some day the railway will be running clean up to Moose River, but it will be after the track has been laid on a solid bed. As it is at present, it is two steel rails spiked to ties laid across swamp lands.

It is easy enough to travel from Coral Rapids to the river on the truck—if one is lucky enough to get a ride on the truck. More often than not, it is loaded to the guards with supplies for the workmen, or the workmen themselves, prospectors and surveyors. The Ohioans took to canoes that Alex Hunter's father was holding there for them. With the "old man" as an addition to the party they started the nearly 50-mile paddle to their goal—Moose Factory. One canoe—an 18-footer capable of carrying 1,200 pounds or more, was equipped with an outboard motor and everything appeared rosy in the minds of the travellers for a nice, comfortable journey. But the first rapids were only a mile or so below the bridge site and from there on until they were within a few miles of Moose Factory it was a battle against swift water and rocks, the canoeists using poles to keep their craft right side up while the guides picked their way through the channel.

Canoe Wrecked

The trip, however, was without particular incident except that the junction of the Abitibi River with the Moose where jagged rocks ripped the bottom of one of the canoes and it had to be beached for repairs. The Abitibi, rushing down across the northern watershed, through rapids known as the worst in the Hudson Bay country disgorges a yellow stream into the Moose and discolors that rocky river for miles. Tales of scores of men drowned in the rapids of these two northern rivers are heard by the traveller as soon as he arrives in that country. They say 50 men have lost their lives in the "Oil Can" rapids, seven of them having been drowned last year.

Moose Factory is perched on the coast in much the same manner it has been for the last 150 years, since its founding by that governor and company of adventurers of England who traded into Hudson's Bay. The Hudson's Bay Company in more recent times, however, has faced competition for trading with the Indians and Eskimos through the French organization known as Revillon Freres, whose posts dot the Hudson's Bay region. At Moose, on the "French side" of the river the Revillon Freres post stands to itself opposite the island on which Moose Factory itself stands. Moose Factory was placed on the island because in the days it was founded the Indians presented a hostile menace to the white man. Both the Hudson's Bay and the Revillon Freres posts are operated by men who welcomed the Ohioans and showed them through their stores.

Sergeant Covell of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, also welcomed the party to Moose Factory. He has the distinction of being the tallest man in the Royal Mounted service, standing six feet, seven inches in his socks. He admitted his boots are made to order because he wears size 14. Sergeant Covell is an amateur magician and has so mystified the Indians in the Hudson's Bay country that they shake their heads and solemnly declare he is "full of the devil." There are 31 Indian children in the mission school at Moose Factory, ranging in ages of the lower grades. The mission, operated by the Anglican Church, is in charge of Rev. Mr. Blackburn, formerly of Chicago. He greeted the Ohioans as "folk from home." He smiled broadly when he said he understood the gang killings in Chicago were going at full blast. Other members of the Blackburn household were called in to meet the guests.

Radio Popular

"Tell us about the 'prison fire,'" they asked, almost in unison, their identification of Columbus having dated from the Easter Monday horror at the Ohio penitentiary. They said they had heard "lots about it" over the radio, their sole link with the outside world. Their favourite stations they said, are WLW and WAU; they especially enjoy the organ concerts from the latter. Reception of the kind the radio salesman talks about is a reality in Moose Factory; it is only a matter of attaching some dry batteries and stringing up an aerial. With the nearest electric wire at the dam site on the Abitibi River, 150 miles south they never worry about interference except on the coldest nights of winter when the northern lights flash across the skies most vividly. These lights, brilliant at all times of the year, rarely bother in summer, they said.

There is a grizzled old sailing vessel in dry dock at Moose Factory. It is the Fort Churchill, a two-masted sailing vessel with an auxiliary engine owned by the Hudson Bay Co. With a block and tackle arrangement they have hauled the boat up on the bank for repairs, the ice having crushed the rudder during the break-up last spring. Some time ago, the Fort Churchill was sailed over from England and tied up at Fort George, on the east coast of Hudson's Bay, and the crew went ashore. During the night, there was a heavy storm and at dawn the Fort Churchill had disappeared. Months passed and finally the sturdy little craft was found beached on the Belcher Islands, in the centre of Hudson's Bay, still as good as ever except that both her masts were gone. The Eskimos, not knowing to what use to put this prize from the sea, had chopped down the masts and made them into dog sleds.

In the summer the only means of travel around Moose Factory is by canoe; there are no roads, not even

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footpaths. The bush defies civilization, just as it had done since the white man first ventured there. In the summer months, the wilds swarm with mosquitoes and black flies, a nightmare for the traveller. In winter, when the thermometer hovers around 50 and 60 below for month after month, the dog sled and huskies are used; the frozen over creeks and rivers forming the roadways. Alex Hunter owns the finest dog team in the Moose country. Two of his huskies are from Fort George. The leader is from the Belcher Islands. Alex has carried the Hudson's Bay Co. mail in the winter from Cochrane, making the 400-mile round trip once a month. He follows the railroad from Coral Rapids to Cochrane, then takes to the Abitibi channel.

Cold Weather

Because of a sudden blast of early winter the trip up the river from Moose Factory required three days; cold rains and stiff winds made travelling most difficult. Low water offered other hazards and the work of forcing the canoes upstream in the rapids was a back-breaking task. Fifteen miles per day is good speed up the river in that kind of weather. On their way out the party was accompanied by George Eisen, once famous as the guide for the ill-fated Wallace Hubbard Labrador expedition of 1903-4. He had with him his Indian wife. Also in the party was a young Englishman by the name of E. Hand, going out of the north for the first time in seven years. He had been stationed at Whale River, where both he and Eisen were in the employ of Revillon Freres. Hand was bound for England and home, and was he happy!

On arrival at the bridge site the next problem was to thumb a ride out of the bush. There were several others waiting there for the same purpose, all eager to get away to the south country before the rapidly approaching winter set in. When the truck came during the next day, hopes for a ride to Coral Rapids seemed to be gone when it was learned it carried the superintendent and members of the T. & N. O. Railway Commission on a tour of inspection. They had left their special car at Coral Rapids. Introductions to the official party were arranged for the Ohioans and an invitation to share the truck with them on the trip back to Coral Rapids was extended. Soon they were clipping back over the rails, accompanied even by the young husky dog which one of the party had purchased from an Indian at Moose Factory.

The dog, by the way, was later shipped from Cochrane in a crate and arrived safely in Columbus to take a place with three Alaskan huskies already owned by the purchaser. The young husky was christened "Abitibi Shash-Mush," which translated from Cree Indian means "Abitibi Chases Flies."

On the train southbound from Coral Rapids next morning were the three Ohioans, free traders out-bound for a "bust" in the city, and a number of prospectors. As the day wore on and the train slouched along, there was a growing tenseness in the car and careful consultation of watches. It seems that the train is scheduled to arrive at Cochrane at 2:30 p.m., but the train never but once made it on time. That was the occasion of a special train carrying an official delegation of Canadian officials. The train usually arrives in Cochrane anywhere from 4:30 to midnight. A delegation called on the conductor and asked him to tell the engineer "to speed her up just a little." The conductor knows that 5 p.m. is the zero hour of arrival, that being the hour the government liquor store closes.

Thirsty prospectors fished their watches. At a quarter of five the train was still three miles out of Cochrane, but the engineer was picking up a little speed, probably hitting off about 12 miles an hour.

The "Polar Bear" swung around the edge of the town and finally grunted into the station, its tongue, figuratively speaking, hanging out a foot. There was a grand rush. In the meantime, however, some of the more enterprising passengers had swung off the train on the other side of Cochrane and had footed it down the dusty road to the back door, cutting off a block or so and beating the train in by a hundred yard. (P.S.—The passengers who deserted the train got "there" on time.)

Toronto Mail and Empire:—In addition to Mussolini, Italy is a victim of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

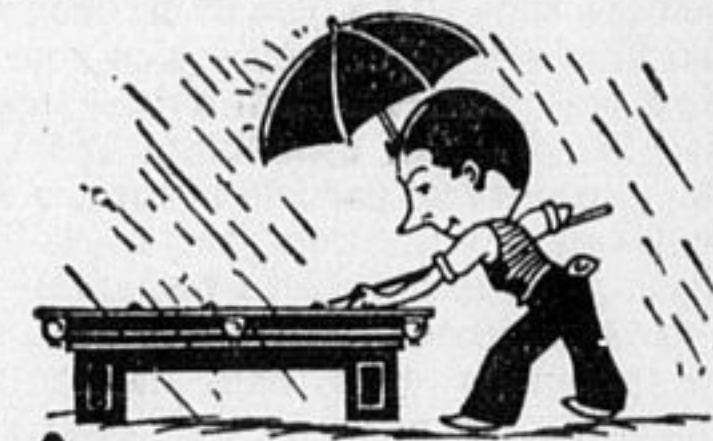
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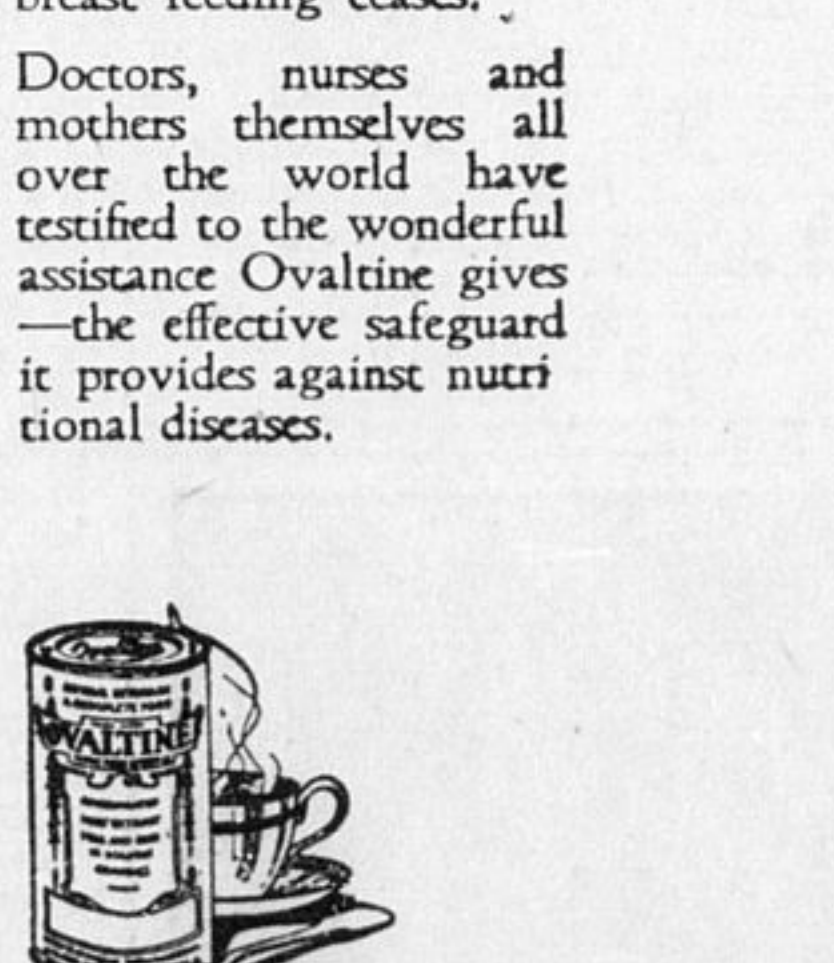
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