

Local Beer Parlours to Observe Regulations

Must Close Promptly at 11 p.m. May Have Pretzels or Potato Chips on Tables, but No Other Food. Rules for Hotels. Circular Just Issued.

There is a serious lack of uniformity in the operation of beverage rooms in the province of Ontario, a memorandum from the Liquor Control Board to the hotel proprietors of the province states. This circular was received by Timmins beverage room proprietors last week. According to the circular, the board intends to check up on the methods of operation in the near future and cancel the licenses of those who do not operate their beverage rooms "not only according to the letter of the law but in accordance with the spirit of the law."

"Beverage rooms must be free of guests by 11 p.m.," says the director of hotels and personnel, Arnold N. Smith. "In order to comply with this, many proprietors have found it necessary to stop selling between 10:30 and 10:45 p.m. at the latest." The practice of selling until 11 p.m. must be stopped at once or the offender's license will be cancelled, the board warns.

May Give Pretzels

No food may be served in beverage rooms but the board "will not object" if small dishes of pretzels or potato chips are placed on the tables, provided no charge is made for them.

But the selling of potato chips or pretzels in package at the clear counters of the hotels below the usual retail price is prohibited. Nor can they be given away in any other place in the hotel except the beverage room.

Patrons cannot listen to records or hear music of any kind or have entertainment given for their benefit in beverage rooms for the board says:—"Music, dancing and other forms of entertainment are not permissible in beverage rooms."

In Ontario, a hotel is not a hotel in the eyes of the liquor control board unless it maintains a dining-room service where "food stuffs are available for guests" and said dining rooms may be operated with a "table d'hot" meal and an "a la carte" service. Beer and wine may be served with such meals but neither beer nor wine may be served without a meal in the dining room.

Meal Must Cost 25 Cents

To eat a meal in a dining room of a hotel costs at least 25 cents per person, otherwise it is not a meal so far as the Liquor Control Act of Ontario is concerned. The 25 cents may not include any beer or wine, nor may the hotel proprietor charge a lower price for beer or wine than he usually does.

This last regulation has been placed in the act in order to discourage the use of dining rooms as substitutes for beverage rooms after 11 in the evening. It is permissible to sell beer and wine with meals until midnight in dining rooms but the dining room must be

open continuously and serve meals throughout the entire day. Otherwise, a hotel proprietor may not close his dining room, then re-open it at 11 o'clock in order to sell beer and wine after the beverage room closes.

Must Provide First Aid

Though it is a law in Ontario that standard hotels provide a first aid kit "for treating minor injuries," Mr. Smith points out in his circular that this is not generally observed and intimates that in the future the regulation must be complied with.

The final paragraphs of the long letter are devoted to fire prevention and provision of proper fire extinguishers and escapes in all hotels. "The loss of life in hotel fires in the past has been appalling," it reads. "A hotel owner must prove, in the event of fire that he or his staff have not been negligent either in the prevention of the fire or in the protection of the lives of their guests. It is recommended that the staffs of hotels in Ontario be thoroughly schooled in the prevention of fire, proper methods of fire-fighting and in locking after the safety of guests."

Last Year Back to Normal Says Chrysler President

The year 1934 was "back to normal" for Chrysler Motors in Canada, according to Jno. D. Mansfield, president of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada Limited.

This statement is extremely significant in view of Mr. Mansfield's well known attitude to economic conditions. Mr. Mansfield has consistently maintained in public and in private that the sure way to bring business on to new heights is for every man to "stick to his own knitting" and to "do better work than he has ever done before"—"to build better merchandise, sell it at rock-bottom prices, to distribute it more economically and to service it more efficiently than ever before." Mr. Mansfield attributes to this point of view in Chrysler Motors organization the steady increase in Chrysler Motors standing in the motor car market, and its swift return to normal volume of business.

"During 1934 we shipped more cars to Canadian dealers than in any year in the history of the corporation with the single exception of 1929," stated Mr. Mansfield. "Our combined shipments of Chrysler, Dodge, Plymouth and DeSoto cars and Dodge trucks were substantially more than we shipped in 1933 and I believe that 1934 was nearer to a 'normal' year than the boom year of 1929. Our 1934 shipments were 73 per cent greater than 1933."

Gold and Empire Trade the Bases of Recovery

(Toronto Mail and Empire)
Canada is clearly on the uphill road back to prosperity. The year-end stock-taking makes this plain beyond peradventure. A great deal of lost ground has yet to be made up before the country wholly emerges from the world depression, but the Dominion leads most other nations in the march back to normal times. Two main factors have contributed to the increased business activity which is now observable on all sides. The first is the increased production of gold, and the second is found in the Empire preference agreements signed at Ottawa in 1932. It was under the leadership of Hon. Charles McCreagh and successive Conservative Governments that Ontario got its present impetus in the production of the yellow metal, which has gone so far to maintain the national credit and the stability of Canadian currency. The Ottawa Imperial Conference of nearly three years ago, summoned by the present Premier, achieved the trade arrangements which gave Canada the greatest sheltered market in the world for many of its products. We have seen as yet only the beginnings of our gold production and of our intra-Empire trade.

Kirkland Catches Canny Clever, Capable, Curler

The following is from Tuesday's issue of The Northern News of Kirkland Lake—Kirkland Lake has gained a curling and golf enthusiast in the latest member of the local bar, Percy J. Knox, who comes to Teck Township from New Liskeard to take over the law practice of the late Edwin W. Kearney, an old friend and associate. Mr. Knox has one distinction as a golfer—he is the only player on record as having achieved a hole-in-one on the Halleybury golf course, a record which stands since 1925. For a number of years a barrister at New Liskeard, he is an old-timer in the north. As a student he spent three summers and one winter prospecting. He was at Larder Lake in 1907, and took part in the Cowganda and Hollinger rushes, staking in the Porcupine country in 1908. After graduation at Toronto in arts and law Mr. Knox first entered the legal offices of Brigadier-General S. C. Mewburn at Hamilton in 1913, a little later moving to New Liskeard, where he took office vacated by the law firm of Hartman and Smiley. A Conservative in politics, Mr. Knox is a member of the United Church. For the present Mrs. Knox and their two sons John and Hugh, attending high and public school will continue to live in New Liskeard. W. R. Ramsay, nephew of Mr. Justice Taylor of Saskatchewan, is taking over Mr. Knox's New Liskeard practice.

Mail and Empire:—Since we learned that the people of St. Pierre, Miquelon, have forgotten how to fish we put more faith in stories of liquor traffic evils.

Saving Men Walking Miles to Seek Work

Timmins Employment Bureau Working on Plan to Bring Men and Work Closer Together.

In an address the other night H. C. Hudson, general superintendent of the Ontario office of the Employment Service of Canada, touched on a matter that is of special interest in Timmins and district. In this connection Mr. Hudson said:—"Speaking of trudging from factory to factory, this would not be necessary if all employers would avail themselves of the facilities provided for them in the Employment Service of Canada. If you, Mr. Employer, would make an invariable habit of calling the Employment Service when you need help, the man in search of work would be saved many weary miles of walking, because he would know that the Employment office would be aware of all available opportunities in the town or city. As an example of this, those of you who have been in Northern Ontario will know that the producing mines are not centralized on the main street of any town or village. In one town, for example, the men who want to apply at every mine in the immediate vicinity has to walk 18 miles, and walking 18 miles with the temperature reading twenty below zero is no picnic. Responding to the appeal of the Employment Office superintendent, however, the mines of the particular town of which I am speaking, agreed to telephone to the Employment Office when they required help. The result is that by merely going downtown to the office, the applicant for work knows exactly what jobs are open and knows that it is a useless waste of effort to spend the day tramping from mine to mine."

It seems likely that Mr. Hudson referred to the Timmins Employment Office and the mines in the Porcupine area. In any event, what he said applies to them. D. P. Murphy, superintendent of the Timmins board of the Employment Service of Canada, has been giving very special attention to the matter touched upon by Mr. Hudson. In order to serve both the mines and the men, Mr. Murphy centred on working out a plan that would mean that the mines could be placed in touch immediately with men when they needed them, and at the same time the men would not be forced to tramp every day to the outlying mines of the Porcupine, the Naybop, Paymaster, Buffalo-Ankerite, Marbuau etc., all several miles from Timmins. Trudging day after day to these mines certainly takes a lot out of men. Yet, the men felt that they could not do otherwise unless they were ready to miss the chance of a job. Mr. Murphy considered that he would be missing one of his duties if he did not get a plan that would save the men this useless trudging. He got in touch with the mines, explained the whole matter to them, and suggested that a list of all men applying for work at these mines be kept at both the mines and the Employment Office, with all particulars, then when there was a job open, the Employment Office could be phoned and would at once get in touch with the man or men and the mine would be accommodated with the minimum of hardship for the men and the maximum of service for the mine. Mr. Murphy tells The Advance that the plan is working very well—perhaps, not a hundred per cent perfect, but still with noteworthy smoothness and success, and that he is in hopes of getting it a hundred per cent effective in the future. In the meantime the mines using the plan are getting excellent service and the men are saved long walks in sub-zero weather, walks so notoriously hard on the boots, the feet, the ears and the nose. It is just a practical application of what The Advance has been preaching since the establishment of the Government Employment office here—that any employer having a place vacant call the Employment Office, and that every man looking for work applies at the Employment Office.

Latest Popular Stunt Called "Bennett Parties"

The Montreal Star is responsible for calling attention to what it terms "Bennett Parties"—parties made up to hear and discuss the recent addresses of the premier of Canada. An editorial in The Montreal Star last week has the following under the heading of "Bennett Parties":—"Bennett parties" are the vogue just now. They provide a simple, exhilarating and instructive form of entertainment as could be desired. All you have to do is to ask in a mixed group of friends after dinner and tune in on the Prime Minister from 9 p.m. to 9.30. Then the fun begins. Ideally, the gathering should include representatives of right and left wings, but your "standpatters" and "pinks" should be but spice to the great leaven of sensible "centre" people. Ideally, too, the party should contain both men and women, and—most particularly—should prove a meeting ground for older and younger citizens, if only to demonstrate whether the real division in Canada is not along age levels.

"It is extraordinary how quickly 'Bennett parties' have caught on. They are already playing havoc with social engagements, such as bridge parties, since hot partisans will not risk missing the next Bennett installment and can be caught only with the assurance that the prospective host has a good radio. There has been nothing like it known for some time. Contrast the interest shown with the general boredom displayed at the logomachies of the 1930 campaign, those huddled, minute marathons wherein the party leaders sought to outdo each other in mere litane."

The WOMAN with TWO SMILES

or Maurice Leblanc CREATOR of Arsène Lupin

READ THIS FIRST:

Fifteen years before the story opens Elisabeth Horman, a beautiful singer, who is a divorcee, is mysteriously murdered as she sings on a high mound on the pretentious country estate of Monsieur and Madame de Jouville at Volnic for the entertainment of the latter's luncheon guests, including the Marquis Jean d'Eriemont, a distinguished society favourite. The tragedy caused the de Jouvilles to sell their chateau but the identity of the purchaser could not be learned; in fact it was occupied only by a caretaker, who died, and then his wife, Chief Inspector Gorgéret, who had worked on the Volnic chateau mystery years before without success, and his aide, Flamant, are endeavoring to arrest one Blonde Clara, friend of Big Paul, a fugitive crook, who is scheduled to arrive by train at Saint-Lazare. A pretty girl alights from the train who they presume is Blonde Clara and they follow her.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 3 BUT GORGÉRET WAS TOO OLD

A hand at the game to "stick close" in actual fact to a young woman who had already given him the slip so cleverly, and who must necessarily be on the alert. He kept well in the background, observing the hesitation—real or assumed—of Blonde Clara, who seemed to be trying to find her way out of the station as though it were her first experience of Saint-Lazare. It was easily apparent that she was too timid to ask the way, and just fluttered about as though uncertain of her destination.

"She's a clever young thing!" muttered Gorgéret.

"Why?"

"She'll never make me believe she doesn't know the way out of the station! If she's pretending not to know, it's because she thinks she will be followed and she's taking precautions."

"I believe you're right," agreed Flamant. "She looks like a person with someone on her trail! Rather nice girl too—easy to look at."

"Now, now, Flamant, hold your! Clara's a very sought-after young person. Big Paul's crazy about her. Hullo, she's allowed herself to find the stairs at last. Here's where we hurry!"

They followed the girl down the stairs to the Cour de Rome just outside the station. There she hailed a taxi.

Gorgéret got close to her. He saw her take an envelope from her bag and read the address on it to the chauffeur. Although she spoke in a low voice, he distinctly heard her say:

"Drive to 63 Quai Voltaire."

She got into the taxi. Gorgéret turned haled a cab. But at that precise moment the detective from the prefecture whom he had so impatiently awaited came up to him.

"Ah, there you are at last, Renaud!" granted Gorgéret. "Got that warrant?"

"Here it is," said the man, giving Gorgéret the warrant and further instructions.

Alone once more, Gorgéret found that the taxi he had hailed had disappeared, and Clara's taxi had turned the corner of the square.

He wasted another three or four minutes finding another taxi. But the delay didn't matter. He knew the address.

"Sixty-three Quai Voltaire," he directed the chauffeur who drove up. But Gorgéret might have felt less self-satisfied had he known that someone had shadowed himself and Flamant from the moment when they leaned against a pillar in the station, waiting for Train 368. This someone was a slim man of medium height, bearded and of a bronzed complexion. He wore a dark green raincoat, somewhat the worse for wear. Unobserved by the detectives he had managed to steal up close to their taxi just as Gorgéret gave the address. And as their taxi started, he jumped into another that had just driven up, telling the driver:

"Sixty-three Quai Voltaire and step on it."

Number 63 Quai Voltaire was a high gray house whose big windows An arm slowly emerged from the



"Drive to 63 Quai Voltaire."

right side of the armchair facing the overlook the River Seine. The ground floor and part of the first floor were occupied by an antique shop and a bookshop. On the second and third floors was the vast and luxurious flat of the Marquis d'Eriemont; his family had owned it for over a century. Formerly a wealthy man, the marquis had latterly been obliged to reduce his style of living.

For that reason he had partitioned off a small self-contained flat on the first floor, comprising four rooms. His agents let this when he could get a sufficiently handsome rental, and it had been tenanted for the past month by one Monsieur Raoul who scarcely ever slept there, and only spent an hour or so in the place every afternoon.

Monsieur Raoul's flat was just over the concierge's lodge and below the rooms occupied by the marquis' secretary. A rather dark hall led straight into the drawing-room. To the right was a bedroom, to the left the bathroom.

On that particular afternoon the drawing room was empty. It was barely furnished with odd pieces picked up here and there. There had been no attempt at arranging the room; it lacked any intimacy, looking like a temporary abode, a forced refuge that the tenant might at any moment be called upon to leave.

An armchair was drawn up, back to the door, between the two windows overlooking the beautiful perspective of the Seine.

Close to it on the right was a small table on which stood a sort of casket like a receptacle for liquors.

A grandfather clock against the wall had just struck four. Two minutes passed. Then came three knocks on the ceiling, at regular intervals, like the three strokes announcing the rise of the curtain in some theaters. There followed three more knocks. Then a bell shrilled, the sound seeming to come from near the liquor casket, like a muffled telephone ringing.

Then silence again.

And then it began over again. Three raps on the ceiling, followed by the muffled ringing of a telephone bell, only this time the bell continued shrilling from the liquor casket as though from a musical box.

"For heaven's sake!" groaned the husky voice of one just awakened in the drawing room. "What the hell is it?"

Windows an arm that stretched out to the casket, raised its lid, and

Byron. Second, a naturally sound taste in literature. And third, the invaluable journalistic faculty of seeming to know much more than one does."

It was this last quality that started him writing. So well planned was his time that in spite of his prodigious output throughout life, he did not neglect other interests; water-colour painting, playing the piano, first-nights at the theatre and opera, and his weekly book column in the London Standard.

Coming to Bennett's recipe we find a warning against undertaking too much at the start. Allow for accidents. Allow for human nature, especially one's own. He takes the case of a Londoner who works in an office from ten to six. Bennett urges him to arrange another day from 6 p.m. to 10 a.m. During all these 16 hours there is nothing to do but cultivate one's body, one's soul and one's fellow men. "Full energy given to those 16 hours will assuredly increase the value of the business eight."

One of the chief things which any typical man has to learn is that the mental faculties are capable of a continuous hard activity; they do not tire like an arm or a leg. All they want is change—no rest, except in sleep."

The chief element of Bennett's recipe is to concentrate the mind on some thing, it does not matter what. "By the regular practice of concentration (as to which there is no secret—save perseverance) you can tyrannize over

your mind every hour of the day, and in no matter what place. I do not care what you concentrate on, so long as you concentrate. It is the mere disciplining of the thinking machine that counts. But still you may as well kill two birds with one stone, and concentrate on something useful." Among the subjects for concentration are art and literature. Bennett, though a novelist, excludes novels from the serious reading which he prescribes "for the reason that bad novels ought not to be read, and that good novels never demand any appreciable mental application on the part of the reader." But one need not be devoted to either art or literature in order to live fully. The whole field of daily habit and scene is waiting to satisfy curiosity which means life.

Bennett declares that having once decided to achieve a certain task, achieve it at all costs to fedium and distaste. The gain in self-confidence of having accomplished a tiresome labour is immense. Finally, in choosing the first occupations of those evening hours, be guided by nothing whatsoever but one's taste and natural inclination.

Chatham News:—France is now planning to have a bigger navy than Italy. This business of keeping up with the "Davey Jones" is as foolish as it is expensive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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