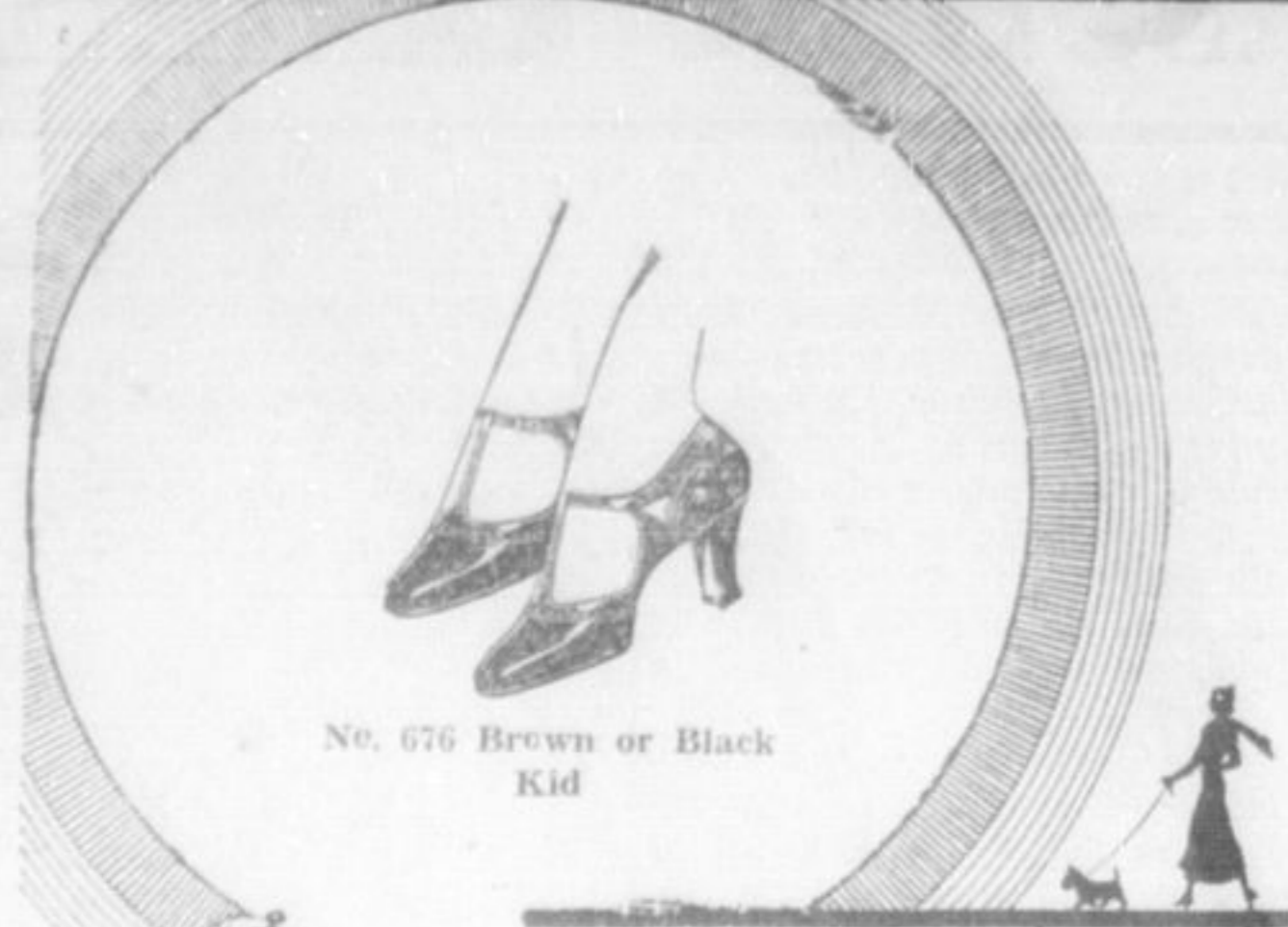


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Put Your Best Foot Forward

Still Another Cent a Mile Excursion on the T. & N. O.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario and Nipissing Central Railways announce they will operate another of the popular One Cent A Mile Coach Excursions Friday, April 26th, to Toronto, Brantford, Brockville, Buffalo, N.Y., Chatham, Coburg, Cornwall, Detroit, Mich., Foley, Geraldton, Goderich, Guelph, Hamilton, Hardrock, Huntsville, Kingston, Kitchener, London, Meaford, Owen Sound, Oshawa,

Sarnia, Stratford, Woodstock, and Windsor.

Tickets are valid for travel via North Bay and Canadian National Railways Friday, April 26th, valid to return leaving the destination point not later than Tuesday, April 30th, except in the case of Windsor, Geraldton, Longlac, Hardrock, and Jellicoe, when tickets will be good to return leaving those points Wednesday, May 1st.

Guelph Mercury:—Figures don't lie when they are served up in bathing suits.

Unnatural Natural History Notes Here

Old-Timers Tell of the Wonderful Ways of Moose and Beavers in the North.

Wherever one or two prospectors or other old-timers are gathered together, there are sure to be some tall yarns. If the stories are taken in the spirit in which they are given, then a good time is had by all. But if, as sometimes happens, the stories are taken in a different spirit to that in which they are told, then there is disastrous consequence for the veracity of natural history. Many of the outrageous conceptions of climate, people, animals and things in the North as held in some places in the South arise from one of these round-table conferences between a supposedly sophisticated newspaper reporter from the city and an apparently innocent old-timer from the back trails.

The gentleman who writes "Grab Samples" for The Northern Miner is one of the experienced newspapermen who know the prospector of the North and appreciate to the full the spirit in which he gives what one old-timer here calls "information and inflammation." In last week's issue of The Northern Miner, Grab Samples has the following: "The Winter Prospector, the veteran of a thousand trails, hibernating in Schreiber at the Y.M.C.A., had gathered around him the usual group of youngsters, sons of railwaymen, listening with all their ears and looking with spellbound eyes at the master raconteur tell of portage and pack, storm and strife, gold and its glistening in the rocks of a hundred hills.

"In the spring of 1928," quoted he, "my partner and I were going up Dry Bone Lake in a canoe loaded with all we needed for a summer's prospecting. It was a long, narrow lake and a hard paddle when the wind was against you, as it was that morning. When we had got up about two miles we rounded a point and there was a big bull moose, swimming to the other side. We put on a little pressure, ranged up alongside and discussed the situation. We did not want the meat, it was illegal to kill at that time of year and besides it would have spoiled on us. But we could not pass up the chance to have a little sport.

"So, we took the rope from the bow of the canoe, made a lasso, threw it over the horns of the moose and reeled it to our craft. Then we just naturally steered the animal up the lake; we navigated him. When he tried to go to one shore or the other we sheered him off with a waving paddle. We made him act as outboard motor all the way up that long lake against the head wind.

"We just made one little miscalculation, boys, and that cost us a lot of trouble in the long run. The moose suddenly got his feet on the bottom, before we expected. He gave one enormous lunge, lifting the canoe, the cargo and ourselves right out of the water dumping the works. He plunged up the muddy shore and disappeared in the bush with the canoe dragging behind him.

"That was pretty serious for us, lads. I tell you. Here we were about 100 miles from the railway, with no canoe. We were in an out-of-the-way place, where we had not seen a soul and it was impossible for us to either back-track through all those muskies and over those hills, or to go ahead through country just as bad. So we made the best of things. Fortunately, when Mr. Moose decided to ditch us he had given such a heave that he had emptied the canoe. So we had our axes, rifles, food, tent and tools and could live where we were comfortably enough. But we were plenty worried, just the same. Unless some one came along during the summer we would have to wait for the frost to enable us to mush out over the frozen lakes and muskies or stay all winter. We did not do much prospecting. I can tell you, what with keeping an eye peeled for passers-by.

"S-meshow or other we put the season in, fishing, hunting and building a cabin in case we were stuck for the winter. Along at the end of August one day we were fishing on the point when we heard a commotion in the brush behind our camp. We sneaked over to get a rifle, thinking it might be a bear. But lo and behold, it was our old Bull Moose, straggling out on to the shore with our canoe dragging behind him. And, would you believe it? Sitting in the canoe was a moose calf and walking sedately behind was its mother. They had been using our canoe all summer for a cradle.

"The Winter Prospector knocked out his pipe on the circular header, letting his glance slide around the ring of young listeners, who leaned back, one breathing, "Oh, heck!" and the others exchanging glances and whispers.

"Silence reigned around the stove for a short period. Bill the Brakeman, enjoying a layoff, had been an auditor of the Winter Prospector. He had enjoyed the tale and the young lads' enjoyment of it. So he cleared his throat and said: "Lots of funny things happen in the bush and some of them happen when you're looking. One day last fall I was out flagging the rear end of old No. 6 while they were trying to fix up the engine up front. It was a nice, sunny day and I sat on the gravel bank near mileage 106 where some beavers had been working on a dam right against the grade bank. When the train stopped they disappeared but pretty soon they were all out again, scrambling around and swimming, hauling saplings and roots. I kept quiet and studied the critters. After a while I sensed that there was something wrong with the manoeuvres. They seemed to be all young beaver and somewhat in a dither. They would plant some uprights for the dam and start plastering the mud around but as soon as the water rose everything would give way and float off, leaving the engineers with nothing to do but start all over again. They did this several times and the last time they all held a sort of conference as they watched their largest dam disappear down stream.

"After the meeting two young beaver started off upstream while the others gathered more material. Presently down the creek comes a strange procession. There was an ancient dog beaver sitting on a crutched branch and you could see at once that he had lost both hind legs. The two youngsters were towing him on this branch. They landed him at the end of the dam, he scrambled up and gave the works the once over. Then he evidently issued some orders, as he lay there. He would study the layout, call over a youngster, give him some silent instructions, the crew would scramble around to obey the orders, setting saplings, twigs and branches and then shovelling in the clay and mud, stamping it down. The old one would raise a row once in a while, make them remove a piece, put it in different, stamp it down well. The dam progressed rapidly as I sat on the bank in the sun where I could hear the boys up front pounding, with a sledge on the old kettle.

"Pretty soon there was as tight a little dam as you could see anywhere. The water began to rise, all hands moved to the bank to see if she would hold. She was tight as a drum and when the water was flowing over nicely the old beaver grunted, the two youngsters came along, slid him into the water, manoeuvred the crutch under him and towed him off upstream again out of sight, around a bend. He was the consulting engineer, see?" concluded Bill the Brakeman, as he drew on his long leather gloves, hunched himself out of the chair and departed.

"It's great to be a youngster in the Y.M.C.A. in Schreiber in winter when the old-timers spin their yarns around the hot stove."

"No," came a voice, "it was last summer!" —Exchange.

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All Schools to Close on Thursday Before Easter

All Timmins schools close on Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, not to be re-opened until Monday, April 29th. Easter is very nearly as late as it is ever possible for the festival to be this year, and so the spring term will necessarily be a very short one. The Department of Education's plan of having all examinations over by the end of June also tends to shorten the term.

Old Timer "Huh!" the Big Time comedian sneered at the rural audience. "I suppose you'll laugh at the joke I just told you next summer!" "No," came a voice, "it was last summer!" —Exchange.

Greater Than the League of Nations

There is a league in the world today that knows no barriers. Members exchange ideas and results of their lifelong work despite the fact that they live in countries that may be unfriendly to one another. Nationalism or chauvinism has completely disappeared in this one great division of men.

The members are true men of science. They may be engineers, mathematicians, cosmologists, botanists, zoologists, or any one of those professions that deal exclusively in science. Nearly every country of the world has its own great men whose lives are given over to the advancement of knowledge. Canada has been the home of not a few of the world's truly great scientists. Standard time belts were the idea of a Canadian; insulin was given to the world through the work of an Ontario doctor; important astronomical data garnered through years of work at the Victoria observatory are among the most precious of world astronomers' records; the list could go on and on without end. The same is true of all the other nations of the world.

You can't join the league. No amount of money the world can give would admit any particular person to the magic circle. To those who are honoured with a membership, the chance to help some one else has just to come of itself. There is no lobbying, no pressure that can be brought to bear, no rule of procedure to follow. Your qualifications must include one most important thing—the desire to see a better world.

One small incident recorded in the files of the Ontario Research Foundation tell the story simply; Late last year, one of the research men employed at the foundation received the following note written "in somewhat illegible writing," "Dear Doctor, Please send me results of your labours. My address: Moscow 69, Merzjakowski 16, Prof. Dr. M. Sereski, Yours sincerely," Did the Moscow professor get "results of labours." Indeed he did. Why? Dr. H. B. Sueskman, director of the foundation speaks thus on the subject of this indefinable league: "Its existence is a challenge to cynicism and despair. It brings strength and guid-



ance to lonely workers in quiet places, and without personal contacts establishes over a working lifetime friendships for which success or wealth are poor substitutes. Like many other intangible things this loosely knit body is efficient in its own peculiar way. A problem arises in your plant, or in these laboratories. At once there is available a store of published data and the generous help of fellow workers in this or that part of the world. It is potential power of this experience and knowledge that I would commend to your attention and your imagination.

So science has discovered what the political world never has: it pays, in the end to help one another. No greater proof of the truth of that statement exists in the world to-day than the realization that not one true scientist is working for his own good alone. No country has a monopoly on brains. Unfortunately for the people of the earth, some of those who have proven to the world that they are of superior intelligence or have known how to apply that intelligence better, have done so

for the advancement of themselves alone or for that of their own nation. This would appear to be the real reason behind almost all war, to say nothing of the wars of trade. Science frowns on this attitude, having proven to its own satisfaction that individuals who work only so as to better the general condition of mankind, are those who manage to keep the old world turning.

We take a lot of science. What do we give in return? Measured by usual worldly standards, it is indeed very little. What satisfaction the research man does get must come from within—a knowledge that he has contributed in a small part to the betterment of conditions on the planet.

Fraserdale, north of Cochrane, had the distinction last week of registering the highest temperature shown at any point on the T. & N. O. It was 12 above at Fraserdale, while it was 42 at Timmins, 36 at Cochrane, 44 at Perquits Junction and 48 at North Bay.

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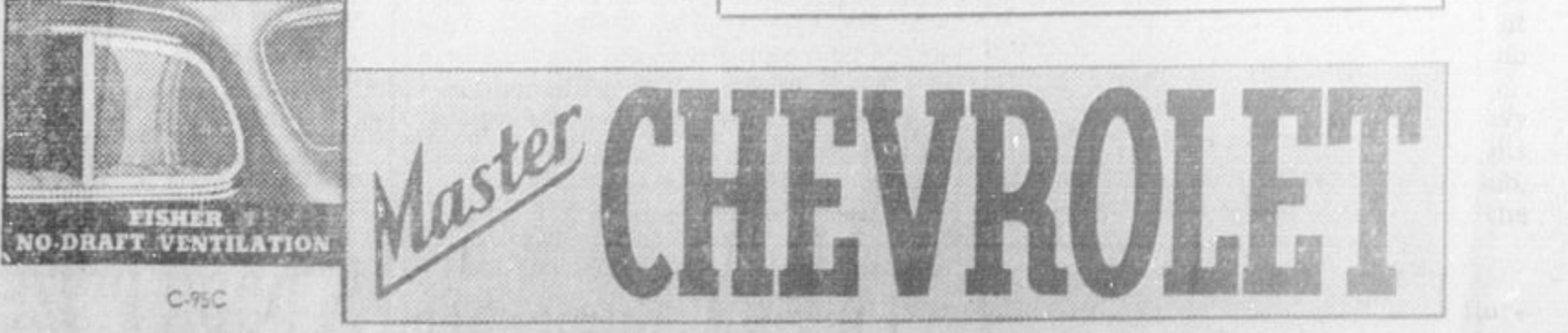
WE can tell you that Knee-Action makes the back seat ride just as smooth as front seat comfort... that it makes possible shockless steering... that it is always smoothing the way on good roads as well as bad... that it takes every last jar, pitch and bounce out of your motoring.

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