

# PURDON & LAFLAMME

TIMMINS—PHONES 111 and 133  
SOUTH PORCUPINE—PHONE 150

- Pineapple Marmalade, 32 oz. jar 31c
- Bee Hive Corn Syrup, 2 lb. tin - - 19c
- BUTTER Sweet Rose 2 lbs. 59c  
Eagle Brand
- SUGAR 10 lbs. 59c
- LIPTON'S TEA lb. 58c
- TOMATOES Large Tin 12c
- HABITANT PEA SOUP, 2 tins 25c
- KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes, pkg. 9c
- SNOW CAP PEAS, 2 tins 21c
- EVAPORATED MILK, tall tin 9c

## MEAT SPECIALS

- Sliced Breakfast BACON lb. 38c
- Roasted VEAL lb. 19c
- Pork and Beef Sausage, 2 lbs. - 35c

## In Hopes of Influencing the Thoughtless Driver

If Motor Drivers Would Only Realize the Tragedies They May Bring Upon Themselves and Others! All Motorists Asked to Read and Heed.

A Timmins friend of The Advance has sent in a pamphlet issued by the Industrial Accident Prevention Association, Toronto, with the suggestion that it would be well if all car drivers would read and heed the article. The further suggestion is made that The Advance publish the article in full, and accordingly it is given herewith:—

### —AND SUDDEN DEATH—

(By J. C. Furnas)

Like the gruesome spectacle of a bad automobile accident itself, the realistic details of this article will nauseate some readers. Those who find themselves thus affected at the outset are cautioned against reading the article in its entirety, since there is no let-down in the author's outspoken treatment of sickening facts.

Publicizing the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with \$6,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is vivid and sustained realization that every time you step

on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in America. If you really felt this, perhaps the stork of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the quer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her

chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, every-day sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way you won't last long. Get going, but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper. "I had to spoil their party. 'Too bad you didn't,' said the motorist. 'I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick up my stomach. The car was faked up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital.'

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 in one hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—in-escapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the "Twentieth Century" at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have

dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterwards. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its head bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favourite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off the matter is settled instantly by the steering column plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road were there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like silver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in the back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and each other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sideways twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered-shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent interna-

hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in your eye, travelling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under a butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who broke the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rooled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull—down to the eyebrows—was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little disimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collar-bones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

## Conditions Surely Look Bad for Italian Troops

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

The Missouri mule is one of the hardest beasts known to man. His race has a record of grit, determination, stamina and ruggedness that is unsurpassed in the animal kingdom's annals. So when it is reported that this indomitable creature is wilting in the forbidding climate of Ethiopia, that's news.

Twenty per cent. of the Italian army's American mules (many of them from Missouri) have given up the ghost, says the report. The survivors, it is said, have become acclimated and will "live forever." That isn't news; it's characteristic.

Does the Italian censor who passed this dispatch realize its significance? A climate that takes such a death rate among these practically indestructible creatures must be a veritable Black Hole of Calcutta for Mussolini's human cannon fodder.

Missourians who know intimately the mule's indomitable qualities will realize the import of the situation and understand fully what Mussolini is up against. Trying to conquer a region where a Missouri mule can't live is the height of butting the head against a stone wall.

Huntingdon Glenfer—The longest telephone call ever made was recently put through by the Post Office at Sydney, N.S.W. It connected a subscriber in Rockingham, an Australian city, with California, by way of London. The total distance was about 12,000 miles.

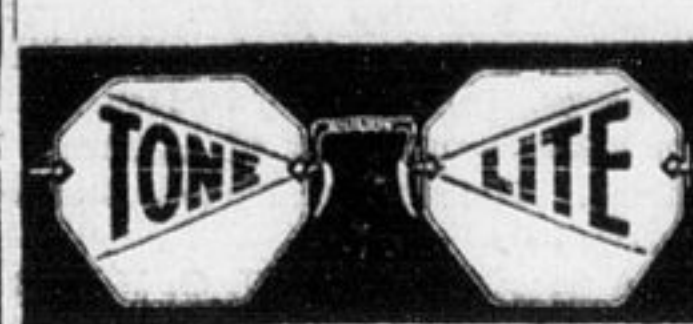
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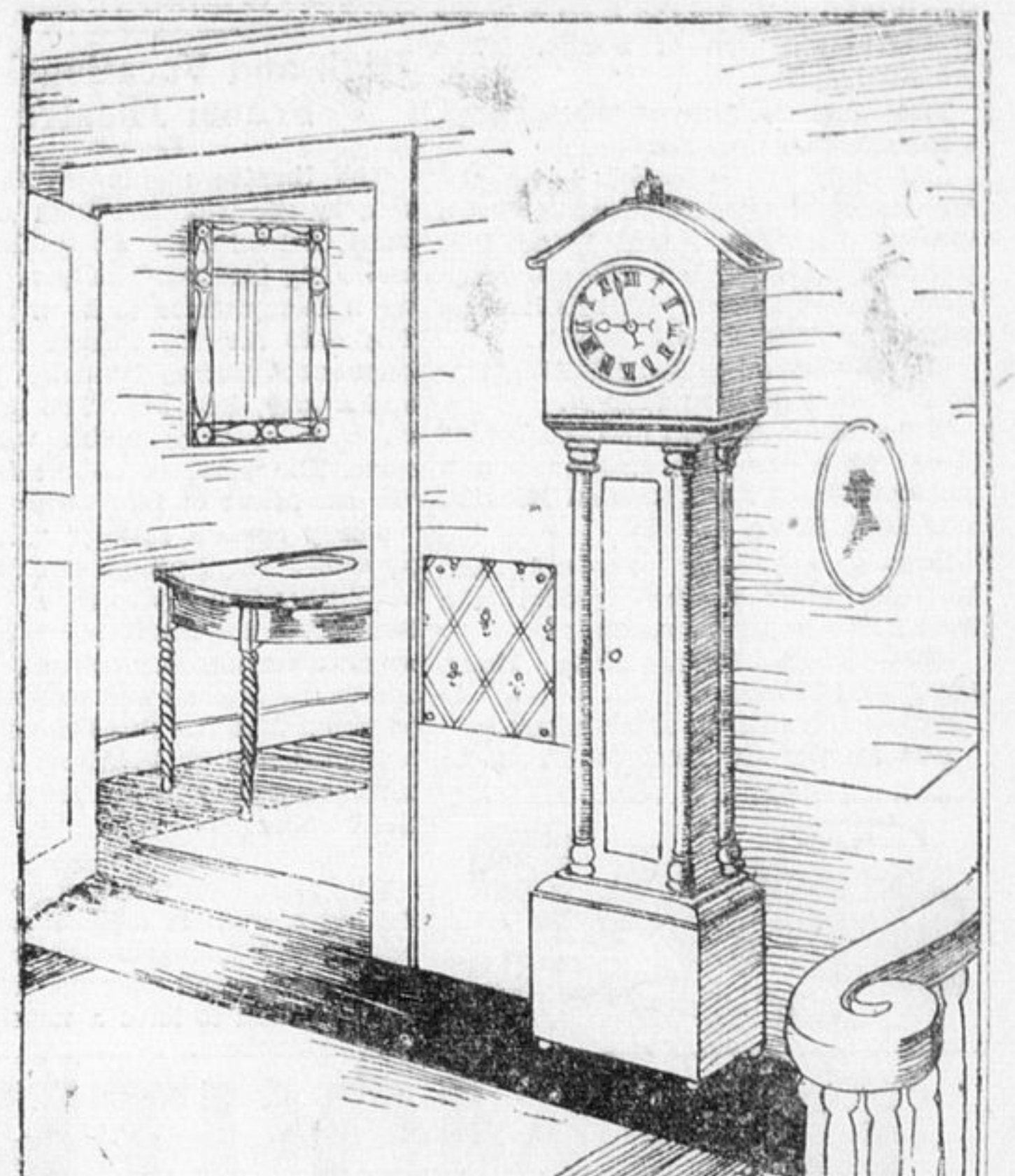
### FRANK BYCK

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## The Household

by Lydia Le Baron Walker

CONSIDER THE EFFECT OF DARK AND LIGHT WALLS OF ROOMS WHEN RE-DECORATING



When re-papering a room pin a sample of paper to the wall and see whether the tone would darken or lighten the walls, as desired.

When a homemaker selects wall papers or decided on the colour of paint if the walls are to be painted, she would have some idea of the effect of dark and light wall surfaces. Fashion may dictate one style or the other, and the home decorator wish to follow the vogue, but it is unwise to do so to the detriment of interiors. A good expert decorator will always modify a style to accord with the beauty of rooms. This must not be sacrificed.

**Effects**

There are certain effects that can be determined in reference to any rooms. Light walls will contribute to an appearance of enlarged space. Dark Rooms with sunny exposures can better afford to have dark walls than can rooms with northern exposures since walls will give a diminished effect. The brilliance of sunshine is absent from the latter. If a southern exposure is in foliage winter and summer, or if any shaded by evergreen trees that keep room is shadowed by high walls or tall houses or fences, such rooms should not have dark walls. A gloomy effect will result.

**Small Rooms**

Small rooms should not have walls treated with dark paint or subdued wall papers. The walls should seem to be forced back by having them lightened in tone. This does not mean that walls should be white which soils quickly, but that tints of delicate hues should enter into designs of wall papers, if they are used. Also surfaces should be pale if paint covers the walls.

**Dark Walls**

The times when dark walls are advantageous are comparatively few. Very large sunny rooms lend themselves well to this treatment. Rooms of magnificent size, such as drawing rooms used chiefly for receptions and functions, ball rooms, and vast halls can be given dignity by subdued walls. Panelling is apt to be featured, dark antique oak and mahogany Medium Tones

being favourite woods. But even in these grand rooms, walls of medium or even light tones are as often found.

Medium tones for walls have light effect on appearance of enlarging or diminishing space, but it is advisable to have the balance in favour of medium-light, rather than medium-dark walls. No reference has been made to specific colours for walls, with the exception of white. These should suit exposures, furnishings, and personal preferences. Degrees of light and dark beside including these elements appear also to values and effects of more

**GOLDEN BEAVER LODGE TO HOLD DANCE FRIDAY EVENING**

There are a large number of dance events scheduled for to-morrow (Friday) evening, but it is safe to say that none of them will be more pleasing than the invitation dance under the auspices of Golden Beaver Lodge, A.F. & A.M. On account of the death of King George V the event was postponed from the original date of Jan. 24th. The dance will be held in the Masonic hall on Friday evening of this week, Jan. 31st.

LEGION OF THE MOOSE

## DANCE

Moose Hall, Friday, Jan. 31st

ANDY CANGIANO'S ORCHESTRA

Door Prize. Dancing from 9 p.m.

Bedroom Suite to be given away to the holder of the lucky number.

Admission, including tax: 50 cents

## Mr. CAFFEINE-NERVES... he's ushered out!



WHY PUT UP WITH IT? GET EVERYBODY UPSET—MAKE A FUSS—BRAWL OUT THE USHER.

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY TO GET IN HERE... THEN WALK YOUR LESS OFF HURTING SEATS!

THOSE SEATS ARE TERRIBLE... WE DON'T WANT THEM! COME ON, MARY... I'LL GET OUR MONEY BACK!

GO AHEAD... SPOIL THE MOVIES FOR EVERYBODY—GET 'EM GOOD AND SORE AT YOU!

ON—HELLO, SIS!

WE DIDN'T SEE IT, JOHN'S TIED AND IRRITABLE, HE LOST HIS TEMPER AND LEFT THE THEATRE MAD AS A HORNET. I WAS SO EMBARRASSED.

HELLO, THERE... HOW WAS THE PICTURE?

WATCH OUT, NOW... YOUR SISTER'S PLOTTING SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!

POOR JOHN... STILL HAVING HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION? YOU KNOW... IT MIGHT BE CAFFEINE-NERVES. WHY DON'T YOU STOP DRINKING TEA AND COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM INSTEAD?

CURSES! THAT SISTER HAS STARTED SOMETHING! I'M SUNK AGAIN IF HE'S GOING TO SWITCH TO POSTUM!

OH! YOU'LL NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL I DO!

**TO BE SURE**, many people find that tea and coffee do not disagree with them. But others—and there are lots of them—cannot and should not drink them at all. You may be one of these—without realizing it. The caffeine found in both tea and coffee may be working night and day to rob you of sleep, upset your digestion, or undermine your nervous system.

If you suspect that tea and coffee do not agree with you... try Postum instead for 30 days. It is simply whole wheat and bran roasted and slightly sweetened. It is a delicious drink, and contains nothing that can possibly harm you.

**FREE**—To help you get started in your fight against caffeine-nerves, let us send you your first week's supply of POSTUM—Free! Write for it to Consumer Service Department, General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

**30 DAYS LATER**

SWELL SEATS WE HAD AT THE MOVIE'S LAST NIGHT. YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE THE PICTURE ARE MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THEY USED TO BE!

THE PICTURE HAVEN'T CHANGED, DEAR... BUT YOU HAVE! SWITCHING TO POSTUM HAS MADE YOU FEEL SO GOOD THAT YOU GET A KICK OUT OF EVERYTHING!